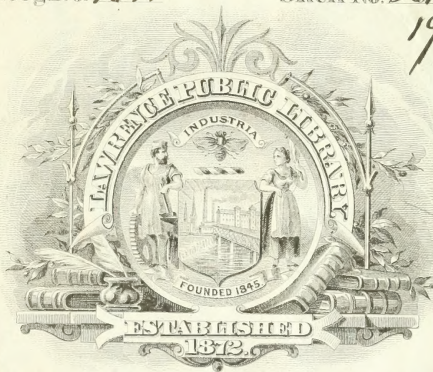




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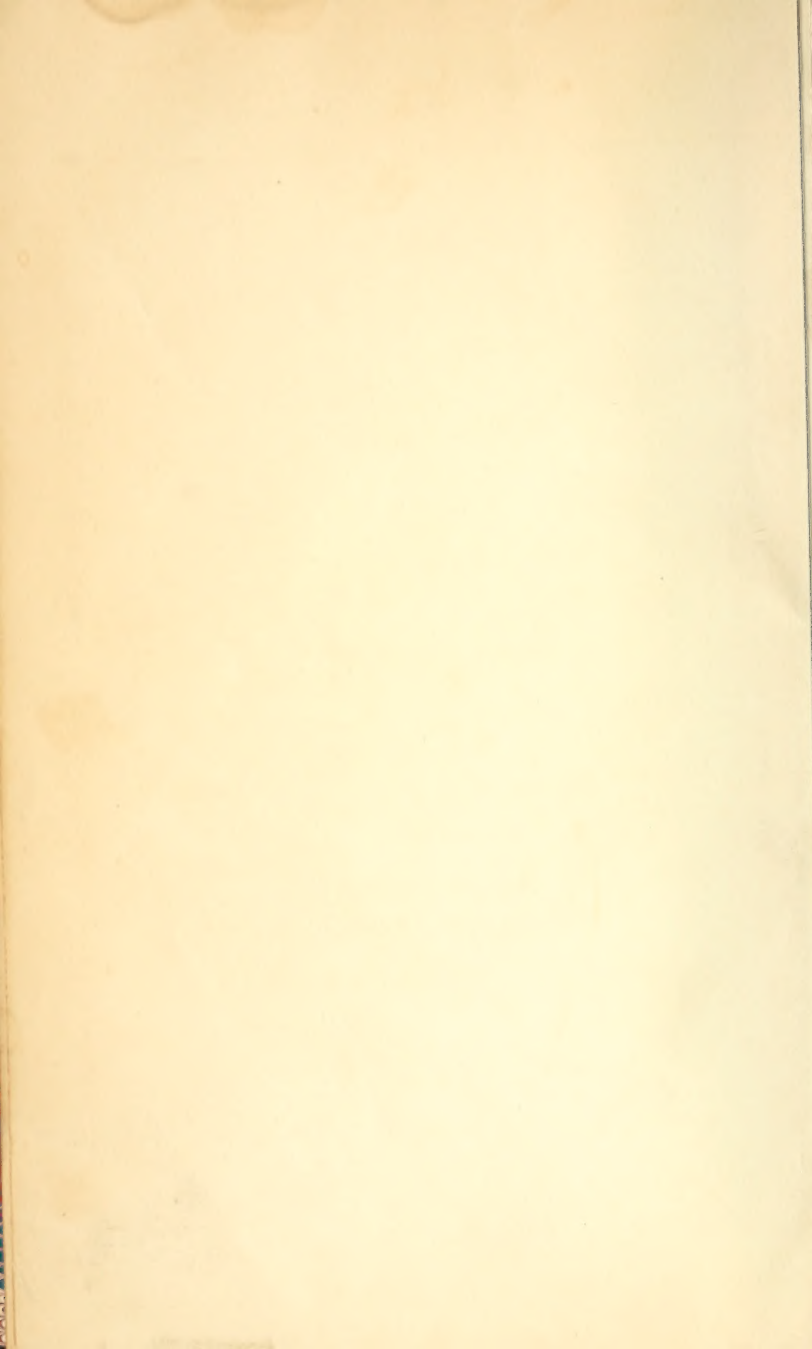


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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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A RIDE THROUGH THE RAISIN COUNTRY.

It was three o'clock of an August morning, and the soft deep blue darkness of the Andalusian firmament was punctuated with golden and diamond stars that seemed to wink at me as, half-sleepily, I tugged to my carpet-bag, eventually, after a hard struggle, got the better of it and locked it with a chirping click of triumph. I descended the silent stone stairs of the Fonda Europa, thinking of Gil Blas's scampish but amusing night adventures, fell over two pails, one pair of boots and a tin dust-pan, and debouched by a side door into the now silent diligence office, where the shuffle and pawing of hoofs indicated the presence of horses.

But I must go back, or I shall never get on with the story of my wonderful ride through that enchanted Moorish country. My ride came to me thus. I and Major Hodgins, of the Mounted Bombardiers, at present stationed at the Rock (as subs, with half-fretful love, call Gibraltar, when they do not contract it to Gib,) had come to Malaga from Bailen, the scene of the only real victory over the French the Spanish ever gained in the late Peninsular War. Tired of the City of Raisins, we determined to push on at once, hot and fast, for Granada, the city of the Moorish palace. Before we had well got down our muscatel-grapes and white bread, we hurried to the diligence office, invited by a red-lettered board inscribed with the names of a dozen or two cities. A severe old Don looked at us over his stern steel spectacles, and referred to endless books muttering. It was of no use; people were hurrying back from bathing and the bull-fight, from Malaga to Granada. There were no seats for fifteen days. Imagine no conveyance, or, rather, no places vacant, from London to Derby for fifteen days! My blood rose to two hundred and fifty in the shade, and I am afraid the Don grew offended at our impatience, closed his books, nibbled his pen, and refusing to answer any further applications, began piling up a Nelson column of figures and then running up red lines with his pen as if he were climbing a ladder. In vain we clung to the mahogany rails of his desk, and, through the bars, put imaginary cases of possible misfortunes

attendant on fifteen days' delay. Don Fulano was deaf and dumb. In vain we talked about the Swiss system of Supplements, which were put on the road as post-scripts for residue travellers who could not be accommodated by the regular diligence. In vain we enlisted allies in the shape of a valuable negro boots in a yellow jacket, who, with a shoe in one hand and a brush in the other, addressed entreaties to Don Fulano worthy of Cicero in his best days. In vain he was joined by a friendly one-eyed touter in a rusty black-craped hat, who threw himself into pathetic attitudes worthy of the old judicial Roman mimics who did the gestures while Cato did the speaking. All they did was to drive the Don almost to personal violence. The black Cicero and the Cyclops touter fled before his uplifted ruler. After some quieter diplomacy, however, and the shovel-boarding of a stray half-dollar, Don Fulano grew more civil. Don Denaro had done what neither Cicero nor Demosthenes could do.

Joy, joy in Avelon! Don Fulano erases the name of an old woman, who can safely be defied, and whose fifteen days are of no importance, and inserts — ? "Whose name, Senor?" Hodgins and I looked at each other. We agree to toss up. Don Fulano puts his pen behind his ear, and huddles up to the rails to see the "sortes," the old divination by lot. Up goes the dollar in a silvery somersault.

"Heads or tails? Man or woman?"

"Woman," I cry.

It comes the Queen of Spain, and I win.

Hodgins, before convivial and noisy, looked blank. I drew him apart into the little den of my friend the negro boots. I proposed to him that he should hire two horses and a guide, and ride over the spur of the Sierra Nevada, by way of Velez, Malaga, and Alhama (Byron's Alhama), to Granada—fairly-land, sugar-canes, oleanders, Arabian nights, &c.

"And perhaps get murdered?" said Hodgins, taking to his cigar-case. "I don't seem to see it. Riding, when off duty, is a bore."

"My dear fellow," said I, with a quiet diplomatic smile, "I only said this to try you. I will be knight errant, and ride over the mountain, as you will not let me over-ride

your objections. I start to-morrow morning at three; you at twelve to-night. You will be fourteen hours going, I two days; but never mind—

Come what, come may.

Time and tide wait for no man.

"Delightful plan," said Hodgins, gaining heart. "Bravo! I admire your pluck: I have a great mind to get with you. Good-bye. I'll go and order a cold fowl and a melon, to take with me for the night, for I shan't sleep a wink."

Hodgins was a lady's man, and a polite man; but self-denial was a virtue he had not learnt. If I had been murdered in the mountains, he would have said: "Bless my soul! Poor devil! I thought he was doing a foolish thing. I am sorry I cannot stop for his funeral; I must be back, you know, at Gib; my leave expires!"

My preparations were soon made. I filled my flask with Amontillado, and ordered some biscuits. El Moro, the guide, was to knock at my door at half-past two. Till then—it was now six—what to do? I read Ford and Don Quixote for half an hour: then got out on the balcony, and listened to the military band performing a dirge in the Alameda for some Don Donothing; watched the ladies with the fluttering fans, the priests and soldiers. Then as it got darker, I sat on my chair and marked the houses opposite—so open and transparent—each window a little domestic picture. That shop at the bottom, with the luminous red curtain before the door, is the barber's; a little toy brass basin dangles over the threshold. The barber is a Madrid man, for I can hear him lip his th's as the Northern Spaniards do, calling it Castilian; much to the contempt of Andalusians. That sort of sable-door next to it with an iron grating over the top, (there being no visible window at all) is the entrance to a billiard-room; for, now that the lamps are lit up, and down the street of the King's Fountain, I can see the luminous golden-green clock and the ivory balls running about, knocking their heads together. There is a great hum of voices in the street; but no fierce defiant whistling for rebellious street cries, in protest and insulting. That place opposite, with the wide open doorway, is the diligence office, the boards at the door-posts are painted with red letters on white ground, and remind me of the ferrets in a pack of cards. There eight dusty harnesses seated on chairs at the door, and people waiting to go by the Madrid diligences at eight o'clock. Part of them are El Moro's condalle (cong) of half-bright, going back to Madrid. They would be pleasant company, and full of stories of gladiator danger, with the short-haired Neros would have rejoiced to see through the emerald eyes that we are told to use. I ring the bell, and a young person comes in, in a syrup, pour out a deep draught of wine

and water, and amuse myself by listening to the new sounds, and determine to save up my system for the next day's fourteen hours in the saddle, slip under the pink mosquito curtains and try to sleep; though the hour is supernaturally early. First one side then the other; the curtains make it close and hot, and there is a hum in the street; but I dare not shut the glass windows, for there is no chimney in the room. I determine to sleep. I clench my eyes, and think fixedly of nothing. I try all the old tricks, count till I outrival Cocker, Bidder, Babbage, and De Morgan. I try to wear myself out with staring at a veil of darkness. I fancy smoke rising from my knees in a blue, wavy column. I know that, when I get my mind to the focus in a single thought, unbroken and entire, that one thought will be sleep. But all these mental efforts rouse me to quite a creative state of wakefulness. Now, at last, I am getting into a fancy of sinking on my back through miles of sea, in search of the flaw in the Atlantic telegraph, when the door bursts open, and Hodgins enters.

"Farewell, old boy! I admire your pluck. You'll have a delicious ride. They're putting the horses to. Good-bye, God bless you; we shall meet again at Phillipi." He was gone. "I heard the old diligences ten minutes after, roll, toss, and jumble off on its fourteen hour course.

I fell asleep, and when a sharp hurrying knock of El Moro woke me, I did as I have before told you.

"Full purse and full stomach never tire," said El Moro, a dry thin old young man, in a grey jacket.

"A merry heart goes all the day," said I, capping him from the divine Williams.

I had taken the greatest possible precaution the day before, to get the best horse in the landlord's stable, knowing that a long and even dangerous ride lay before me. I had gone into the dark shrine of Jupiter Ammonia, all but arm in arm with the negro boots in the yellow jacket before-named, and had had my pick of the row of sullen-eyed, lank steeds that pulled at their chains as I passed behind their rows of heels. I rejected the special horses pointed me out by the Boots, and fixed on a good-natured, robust black cob, sound of wind and limb, and able, I was sure, from his sinewy flank, to bear much fatigue. I chose him in a solemn way; and El Moro, the guide, approved likewise.

He quite agreed to is, yet now, when I get out of the shadow of the houses into the clear daylight, that seems all in a glow-worm flutter and twitter, at the first chill of dawn, will you believe it? I find myself hoaxed into a vile, flea-bitten grey, with a hiccupping stumble, that seizes him at regular intervals of four minutes. I am, however, afraid of disturbing the temper

of El Moro, as I am at his mercy for nearly two days; so I pocket the insult, and go hiccupping on. If I hint at Hiccup's infirmity, stolid El Moro asserts he is muy fuerte (very strong,) a horse of fortitude that never tires; then quotes the proverb, "He who goes on, gets there," and, tying his saddle-bags pinchingly tighter, remarks that "fast bind is fast find," or, as he rhymes it, *Quien bien ataca, bien desata*. There is something Quixotic in El Moro as he clinks over the trottoir erect and lean in his grey jacket, his neat shoes with rusty spurs in them, a good apple-twig for a switch, and my red and green umbrella, fastened at his pummel above his own cloth jacket, which he keeps for the cold mountains, when we shall get near the all but perpetual snow patches of the Sierra. There is a determined gravity and caution, as of a Hadji or Bodouin guide, in his air. His black turban cap is tied on by a string fastening under his beardless chin. If I stop a moment behind, he turns to look after me. He is as faithful, dull a Sancho as English traveller ever had.

It is very quiet in the streets; the lamps burn dim like yellow flowers with glow-worms inside them; the trot and clatter, and dust of our horses' hoofs, sound quite startling in the hush of the night. The drowsy sentinels, in the brown coats, try to look vigilant and suspicious when they see us. We clink along the dusty Alameda with the faded acacias and deserted seats—pass hundreds of grated windows and closed shops—chink and scuffle alternately past merchants houses and over public walks, and come out at last by the broad quay, to the sea-shore; where the be-plumed waves, a little white and angry about the lips, seem complaining, and asking where the men are gone who, all day, sift maize into heaps, crush raisins into tubs, and roll melons in and out of ships; where the little terra-cotta images of boys that, all day, dive and splash off these brown rock-slabs—where the striped awninged boats and the bare-footed fishermen?

Our pace is not fast, because the horses have got fourteen hours of it before them. We amble under the castle whose low lines of wall look much as when Blake threatened it. We look down from the dusty hill that commands the town. The white column of the light-house by the Quarantine harbour, where the deadly yellow flag flies, is to the right; reminding me, though I can hardly believe, that it is the same place that I spent an hour at this morning, down at the jetty-head, watching the blue waves race up to kiss and tease the land; when the distant hills looked like brown velvet and solid amethyst, as they were either far or near. Then there was that great American steamer there, with one great red port-hole open, as if it had received a gory stab which would not heal,—now all mystery and dimness that clears, however, every moment. One mule,

laden with grass-net panniers of charcoal, is all that passes us till we get past the first poor suburb cottages and out into the broad sea-shore road, which is a foot deep, in thick lava dust.

Then rises a great whirl of dust in the distance, answering to that which clouds from our eight hoofs, and suddenly a string of donkeys bear down upon us by twos and threes, and in clumps of eight and ten. Now our trouble begins; for they raise a dust so thick that the distant ones become quite invisible, and it is difficult to avoid them but for the monotonous clip-clap, ding-dong, bell, that the leader-donkey wears consequentially round his neck. These are donkeys from the vineyards round Velez Malaga, bringing the Christmas raisins of England for shipment at Malaga, where the holds of dozens of vessels gape and cry for them, that the ships may depart and be early at the Mincing Lane market. Every donkey carries twelve small, square deal boxes; six on each side of his panniers, which rest on a padded pack-saddle. Every donkey has a head-stall or fillet, or shaving-brush of red, with plaited ornaments or cruppers of red and rhubarb yellow, that give them an oriental and novel look. Let the donkey be of a silvery-grey or brown, and scrubby as an old hair port-manteau that has been rubbed into sore patches, still there was always the pink-shaving-brush on the forehead, the smart neck-trapping, or the black and yellow crupper.

As for the drivers—for there were generally two and a boy to each half-dozen donkeys—they were not all Andalucians, with linen jackets and black round caps; but many of them were Valencians and Asturians, wearing the loose white linen drawers and plaids of their province,—wild, elf-haired, hard brown men, generally doubled up and riding on hide-saddles, their bandaged and sandalled-feet jogging recklessly to the caterpillar propulsive jog of the favoured donkey. You always saw their approach indicated by the red sparks of their cigarettes, breaking through the white dust clouds that wrapped them. As to the raisin-boxes, which were all stamped and branded, they were banded together with grass ropes. The boys ran by the sides of the donkeys, shouting out their names—Pepe, or Juan, or Maraguita—for a dearmint, and occasionally thwacking a truant beast that strayed to nibble gluttonously at road-side patches of Indian corn, or some thorny-looking bush that stuck itself spitefully out of the black way-side sand. It was a sorry meal; but then the epicure, you must remember, was only an ass. Poor creature, he had never read a cookery-book. Every now and then, as the endless troop after troop, with more or less speed, scuffled and jostled past, I heard a lusty ballad about a certain Don Antonio or El Capandero, break out and quicken into a chorus, nasal but stirring.

These were the raisins that will smoke at many a Christmas table at home. I shall see them at Mrs. P's and Mr. S's, and shall little think that those were the old friends I saw driving along in the small boxes on the sea-shore of Malaga. I now am burning hot; then I shall be pinched with cold, and amongst a crowd of eager, happy faces, shall forget all about Hiccup, my Rosinante, and grave El Moro.

Now and then, at a bend of the sea-side road which sloped down to the sea, where a stranded Dutch ship still held up one drowning arm out of the water, we would come to a patient donkey, standing by an alarmed boy kneeling over a white pile of square brick-shaped boxes which had fallen to the ground, owing to some unlucky flaw in the cord that is usually twisted and knotted a thousand times round, over and under the precious cases that contain the future Christmas plum-puddings of England. Woe to little Perez, should his strong-armed father guess the nature of his loitering, if one lid be split, or one box leak out its withered grapes. Now laggard at a wine-stall canters past us to join the caravan of his companions. Now a dozen boys who have leagued together for mischief or talk, or perhaps a bath in some quiet pool under a sun-scorched rock, huddle past in a rough trot, trying to make up for lost time. All day, from dark and dawn to sunset and dusk, these strings and trains of pack-asses, with their smoking, tramping, side-saddle drivers, pass us in twos, threes, and dozens at a time, for the vintage has begun on the low, red earth-hills, and the raisins are drying fast on the hot terraces of rock round Velez Malaga, at the foot of the Sierra, where the Moors held out so long against the Christians.

By road, you must not imagine a sharp, defined, level billiard-board Macadam road, such as runs from Kennington to Clapham, or from Leicester Square to Kensington, with tomb-stone records of departed miles, and banked terrace side-walks. Oh, no! This is quite another thing. Even just under the castle of Malaga, from which Blake threatened to bombard the town, if the priest who had raised the mob against his sailors was not surrendered,—it was but a lane, ankle-deep in black dust, rutted and stony; and now it is quite a joke as we leave the broad, flickering blue sea, with the wreck and the dancing, bare-legged fishermen who, knee deep in tumbling surf, are dragging in a net, or gathered under a boat, held up with oars, are boiling something in a fiery pot. It is a mere sand track bordered by desert, where nothing grows but sea holly and a few abnormal weeds. The road looks like deserted building land, for it is uneven, and baked in mounds, running in places to mere sea-beach, loose, grey, and shifting, with here a white cuttle-fish carcass, there a dry star-fish. There are beautiful glimpses, however,

of sea, under rock and round points, and I am sorry when we turn abruptly to the left and leave a shore which is wild enough for mermaid dances or syren's carollings. It reminded me of the wild coast Don Juan, in Molière's play, is thrown upon.

Now we begin to pass long avenues hedged by huge cacti twelve feet high or more—their great, semi-tubular, thorny plumes flaunting far above my horse's head—their strange guttered leaves jagged like sharks' jaws, and sometimes the dry stalk of their dead flower stretching up from them as thick as a sapling ground ash, and at the base of the circumference of a strong man's arm. Miles of these till I know their metallic worn spiked fronds, and snapped, jagged tumble of growth by heart—oriental and unreal as they are; and then come intermingling miles of prickly pear, growing like prickly flat fish matted together, and at all strange corners and angles studded with fruit as large as eggs, ripe and unripe, the unripe green and fleshy, the ripe of a dull unhealthy red—the food of Spanish kings and Spanish beggars. They are such things as I should use to decorate the country of an ogre king in a pantomime: for they look gigantic, antediluvian, and maliciously eccentric. For fences they would keep out an army, their stalks harden into knotty stubs, gnarled and tough as forest wood. I amuse myself wantonly as I pace along on Hiccup, piercing the fleshy arms of the aloes with lances of my riding switch, with slicing off the fruit or severing them, so that they show their seeds like a laughing man's teeth. Or I slash at the quilled leaves till I beat them into a green pash, and can draw out the white moist threads which the Spaniards use for so many purposes of ornament; for they are almost as serviceable as the cotton which I saw growing near Seville.

This amusement I obtained chiefly when I and El Moro drew bridle at some small farm, where a rugged gipsy sort of woman would be driving a donkey that, fastened to a yoke, kept plodding lazily round in a circle turning the noria (the anaoura of the Moors) or large water-wheel, which, covered at intervals with red water-jars, kept dipping them into the well, and discharging their contents into the garden reservoir.

Why did we stop when it was getting so burning and fiery hot? To buy a draught of water from a green pipkin, and to give our horses each a precious halfpennyworth of water out of the roadside tank. How we turned up our elbows, and how the horses sucked and panted and drained! Even the mill-wheel donkey made the event of our halt a pretext for stopping, and was only roused by a shout and a clattering ignoble wallop that sent him on, twitching his ears and swinging his rope of a tail deprecatingly. At every hut we pass there are calabashes tied up for the passing traveller

who wishes to buy water, and generally a rude stall with a dirty red decanter of wine and some greasy tumblers to attract the muleteers. But we want to get to Velez Malaga before noon; and push on. Sometimes there are opaque-looking grapes and shelly, earthy-looking pomegranates, or a melon with a green slashed sample sliced out of its circumference.

Hotter! hotter! What will it come to? Shall we not be shrivelled or turned to statuettes? More donkeys trumpeting to each other, and winding down from the distant rock angles, by the red crumbly earth-hill, green with vines, where the vintage is beginning, and where the white-walled hacienda, fenced in with orange-trees, stands like a beacon to this winding road, where we only begin to ascend by a viaduct that winter torrents roll under, and under the Carthaginian martello-tower on the cliff, now left for the hawk and lizard to settle their differences in.

"Did Hannibal build that?" I ask El Moro.

"It's only an old castle," replies my untiquarian guide, loading with brown dust-bacco the white paper tube of his fourth cigarette.

Now the scene of my Spanish panorama changes; for I leave the undulating red hills and their procession of stubby vines and trend away to the left through a low lane shaded (a blessing on that word!) by hedges, or rather groves, of immense green rushes, with stalks like wild cane, and willowy leaves always on the stir. They are twice my height, and I slash at them as if I was charging a phalanx of Mussulmen; for Don Quixote is in my mind, and I am in the old region of the water-loving Moor.

Now the rich farms of the Sultan Boabdil are before me, and I amble past broad, hedgeless fields, where the sweet green melons—globes of liquid honey to the taste—lie weltering about, surrounded by a dry entanglement and cordage of withered branch and tendril. There are fields of sugar-cane, too, green and pleasant to the eye, already high as ripe wheat, though not to be bled and cut till spring; low-lying batateras, or sweet potatoes, fantastic shaped jagged leaves; tracts of indigo, and enclosures of white tasseling maize. There is pepper, too, and there are orange tomatoes and orchards of pomegranates; and everywhere through this Eden rippling canals of running water—the sweetest music to the ear in a climate all but tropical. Here, too, are hedges of my old friend the prickly pear, rough as lions' tongues or flattened crusted hedgehogs, and, everywhere among the dusty evergreen trees and blossoms I hear the droning hum of the cicada; now like a fairy spinning-wheel, now metallically sharp and gustily restless and monotonous. It singularly affects the excited mind does the chink and singing clatter of

these invisible insects hid among the aloes. You are alone; there are no birds singing; it must be to you they call. What do they say? What do they want? They are in the trees, too, and ten feet high among the red-green fruit of that prickly pear, and up behind the green scoops of the aloes, and all singing in whirling unison and at once, with a metallic pulse as if the heat had become vocal. The sound is as of a factory at work, deafening and shrill. We have left the mules laden with planks and raisin-boxes, the crumbling Carthaginian seaside towers, water-mills, creaking, straining, and splashing, wine-stalls with resting muleteers, cliffs, desert commons and sloping vineyards. We leave oxen—patient, waddling beasts—dragging at a snail's pace, high matted carts. We left savage looking fishermen staggering fifteen miles to market with yoked panniers of glittering fish upon their sturdy, sunburnt necks. More dry, dusty beds of winter streams, more herdsmen knawing melons, more fishermen mending nets under tents; and we reach, amid a pressing fury of growing heat, the place of our noon-day siesta—thanking God for breakfast after our eight hours' ride.

I will not relate how the toadying, smiling landlord of the posada at Velez Malaga kept, all the time I ate squares of the red saddle he called pork, fanning me to keep the flies off my august face, or how he divested me of the rich thick coating of white road-dust except where the water of streams we had splashed in and forded had turned it to wet mud. They had no butter; for the Spaniards get all they use salt, stale, and smelling, from Holland; no cheese, because the Spaniards do not care for cheese; so, at last, weary, vexed, and burnt up with the glare of the last few hours' ride, I threw myself down on the landlord's bed over the stables, and went to sleep till the horses had fed and rested.

I did not stop long at the birthplace of the great enemy of Wellington, and chiefly renowned as having lost more than a hundred battles! I had seen the Atalaya towers, and seen the spires and Moorish fortress of the old Roman station. I had tasted the famous sugar-cane honey; I had seen the sugar-canes from which sprang all those of South America, and had heard the legend of Sebastian Pelao, who sacrificed himself to save Ferdinand the Catholic from a Moor's javelin. I had now to mount the barren Tejada mountains, on whose tops nothing but the wild rosemary and a few aromatic shrubs grow. I have to reach to-night Albama, the Roman and Moorish city of hot springs, the unclean mountain Cheltenham of Spain only accessible by muleteers.

El Moro gives the word below my window to boot and saddle. I, torpid and drowsy, stagger up and mount on the bad eminence of Hiccup, who now seems more than usually stiff and lazy. We trot slowly in the face of a raging sun you dare not look at, past the

trim Alameda, with its avenue of young dry trees, and its benches on which a few loafers are sleeping. We get out into lanes and gardens, opening to the level dusty plains, lined with water-courses that are formed by the grey dust and stony detritus from the Tejada mountains. There is no road now at all, only a padded-out track in the dust, such as leads you across the black lava dust round Vesuvius.

We ford shallow purling streams, and work round a river in which muleteer boys are bathing with intense delight. We pass dusty, bloodless olive-trees of great age, that remind me of Palestine, and cross brooks which are fringed by purple oleanders. Now a stony dusty climb, as round the base of Snowdon; till we make a certain windmill, at the mouth of a gorge that has been two hours tantalisingly in sight. More dusty rock and barren mule-track, bedropped here and there with gauged melon-rinds, and we come suddenly upon a green valley of orange-trees, hidden in a scooped-out bowl of the mountains, beautiful as a glimpse of the enchanted gardens that lured Thalaba into sudden rapture in the Desert, and bright as the Happy Valley of Rasselas. How glossy green and burnished the round serrated leaves are; how close-grained and seamed the light brown trunks; why, in spring, when the white-blossom is out, this valley must have the perfume of Paradise, and the scent as of the wings of encamping angels, floated hither on eastward clouds. To guard it as with drawn swords wreathed with green, stand the dark cypresses, those patient, watchful trees of one fixed idea of stuck-upedness and gloomy hypochondria. I look for the omega-shaped palm, but it is not there; yet there is the fan-leaved tamrisk, and the Egyptian lupin, in the gardens, and children picking the tunas, with clothe-line hooks fastened to long spear-handles. As for the orange-trees, their fruit is still in light green glossy globes, and is not yet turned to the redder gold of perfect ripeness. Shall I know ye again in Garcia's window in Cheapside? I trow not.

It is all very well to talk of Paradise, but I know, on the mountains where you catch your first purple glimpse of the Sierra Nevada, I shall pass ruins of murdered monks, with "Pray for the soul of Sancho Panza," killed here, such a date, and so on. So I will push on, while it may be called to-day, up these white burnt mountains, to the Byron's Ay de mi Alhama, or, it may be, Ay de mi for the friend of Hodgins, of the Mounted Bandaliers.

Now, hotter and hotter—with my red and green umbrella up (ah! I don't use it to ward off Hiccup,) and El Moro, who the last makes sullen and silent, with his landier-chief streaming down the back of his neck—was at a mountain village, up green and water-splashed sloping lanes. Every where a hot scented steam of drying raisins rises in

the fiery golden air. From every white-washed house you hear the smith's hammer pound and tinkle, as he coopers-up Malaga raisin casks. Under every open shed, thatched with dry reeds, you see busy carpenters planing and shaping those little raisin boxes that adorn the Christmas windows of London grocers. Down the rocks come more mules, laden with boxes. We have scarcely room to pass them, especially when a water-course boils and bubbles on the right hand side of the rocky pathway. The dark-eyed village girls are beating clothes clean in the rivulet below us. Under the sheds are old women, sorting dry yellow maize husks, to stuff mattresses with; and others are plaiting the grass cordage that is used in tying the boxes on the mules and donkeys.

The heat has become glaring and intolerable, as we toil round and round the upward path, sometimes in solid grooves of rock, only just wide enough for the horses' hoofs: sometimes over broad, slippery table slabs of rock, over which Hiccup, who drives me to the use of violent interjections in English—perhaps the reason he takes no notice of them—drawls, struggles, and strains with difficulty. I feel like Hagar in the desert, struck through and through with sun-arrows, my eyes dazzled, my limbs red-hot, my lungs on fire. We stop nearly every ten minutes or less, at the wayside chozas (hut's), where a jar, tied to the post, indicates water is solid, and before the landlady can shuffle off, seize it, and tip over a good pint. It rolls down my throat nectar, liquid manna, sweeter than the wine which I keep for medicinal fiery sips at certain turns of the road where the scenery demands some vinous backing up. We hand the crone the usual cuartos, and ride on, cheerful, talkative, and rejoicing. It is no use; five minutes more of clamber and circus feats over that perpendicular, hot, white rock, and again the roof of my mouth is like a dried potsherd, my saliva is gone, I pant and pine and moan for water. So we go on, circling, climbing and scrambling over loose stones, through hot dust that we seem to breathe. In vain I loosen shirt and waistcoat; the sunlight comes down like raining fire, and drains stamina, pluck, vigour, hope, energy, ardour, and almost life.

At last, after miles of these burning mountains, by degrees, as we leave man and man's home, and rise higher and higher, through defiles where the mailed Moors must have poured down often to succour Alhama, or threaten the Velez valleys, the sun seems to get a little soothed and softened. We get up to higher tracts, cloven with water-courses, as by earthquake fissures. There are distant mountains, brown and stony; nothing grows but broom, the dry discs of half-withered thistles and sweet-smelling bright evergreen rosemary, some of which I pick for remembrance. The ghosts of the night bear down

in purple cloudy phalanx, through breaks of the snow mountains, just as I come to the murder-crosses, where long ago old vendettas were wrought out, and good blood shed by bad men.

I get in that state of fire and romance, that I should not be startled by meeting the Cid, of a giant size, and lapped in gold armour, mounted on his black charger with the white star on its forehead, riding down to see if his portmanteau has come from Gibraltar by the Peninsular and Oriental steamer. I half expect to see old Boabdil wiping his eyes with a Crystal Palace exhibition handkerchief, and wending to exile as a waiter at the Dromedary Tavern, in the Moor's Street, at Algiers. But I do really meet nothing but some more mules, the drivers of which pronounce the usual grave salutation, "Vaya con Dios."

It was late when we got to Alhama, which we approached by a road that traversed dreadful ravines, and which compelled me to dismount from Hiccup, and lead that fitful beast, now more stammering and intermittent in pace than ever. In the darkness, the yawning gulfs at the side of the road looked abysses of purgatory, and we both gave a hearty and involuntary exclamation of satisfaction when the twinkling lights of Alhama broke upon us from what seemed the bottom of a well, down which we seemed doomed to ever wind and wind, jaded and forlorn, from dusk to midnight. More stony and tumbly the road became, more rutted, and unsafe, and moss-trooperish; but at last we wound round all the screw, and crawled into Alhama, sore not of foot, but wearied to the bone.

I soon secured a room away from the sort of stable court-yard and blacksmith's kitchen, which was crowded with muleteers; ordered a charcoal fire to be irritated and put on its mettle; and, seeing the horses first both put to their niggard but wholesome meal of chopped straw, which is the horse-diet of Spain, stumbled up the brick stairs to my bedroom,—a white-washed enclosure, with no bed, and no furniture but a chair and a rickety table. It was a caravanserai room, and that is all.

A grinning Mariternes soon put this to rights, rattled in a trestle-bed, shook it in place, put on clean sheets and a motley counterpane; brought a great pitcher of water, which I kept for five minutes at my mouth, and only dropped at last from exhaustion; she fetched clean towels; shaking nearly everything that she could shake in my face, and calling out, "¡Muy limpio!"—my own words, tolled out so often, and at so many Spanish inns. Then eggs, bacon, a bottle of wine, thick and strong, some fruit, and some fat chocolate, that ran over the cup in a brown paste; that was my supper. Didn't I sleep afterwards, till daybreak and past! when we started again for the mountains.

Of my next day's ride I will not say much.

After more thirsty walkings, more scramblings over barren mountains, more windings round whity-brown cliffs, and more fordings of half-drained streams, we got to El Ultimo Sospiro (the last Sigh,) or the mountain where Boabdil the exiled king is said to have turned back to take his last look at his native city, which he had not defended like a man, and yet wept for like a woman.

Granada, Granada lay before us, as we rode down into the green and still fruitful Vega, that spread far and wide below.

SAVING LITTLE: WASTING MUCH.

PEOPLE shook their heads at the marriage. He was too old, too grave (some said austere: others sullen) and she was too young and too inexperienced to understand herself. It was a pity, they said, that the father allowed it; but, he was such a careless, indifferent, good-for-nothing fellow, that he was neither guide nor father to her, and did not trouble himself as to what became of her. Therefore, some among the friends took the other side, and thought anything good which should rescue her from an uncongenial home, and give her that protection and respectability, which she scarcely received from her father, with his dyed hair and padded coats: out all day and up all night: filling his house with strange men of questionable habits and associations. The Ayes had it, and the marriage preparations went on. Pretty Annie Farre indulged in her quiet dreams of peace and home, and drew out for herself the plan of her housekeeping, which was to be so wonderfully perfect and complete; and pictured the delight that she should find in the order and regularity of her married life, and was contented, satisfied, and quite resolved.

Percy Clarke himself, though he was grave and somewhat stern to those with whom he had no special connection, had been a devoted son to that unloveable old mother of his; and was not that a guarantee for Annie? Then, how calm and uniform he was in his manners to her; and this was much to a timid reserved nature, such as Annie's; whose nerves had been jarred by her father's noisy life and dissolute imperative ways, and to whom that whirlwind of passionate, demonstrative, insatiable love, which novelists and youth delight in, would have been simple destruction. Annie reasoned deliberately about her marriage, and did not think it a bad thing on the whole. Although she was only twenty and he eight-and-thirty, and though her rich brown hair hung bright and thick and warm over her young face, and his wandered spare and grey down his fallow shrunken face. She was not romantically in love with him; she knew that; but she respected him. He was quiet, regular, and unexacting. Above all he was a relief and a release. It was not a future to turn from without some special

cause, wretched as she was in that almost disgraceful home of hers: and a young girl, unhappy at home, can find many good reasons why her lover is just the man she would have chosen, had she had the privilege of choice.

They married, and a week after the marriage he took her to his house in Bloomsbury, and Annie's real life began.

Percy was the junior partner in a lawyer's office; with a respectable income and of a respectable position. Indeed, no other word was so well suited to him as this most comprehensive term; for he was in all things eminently and thoroughly respectable. Mediocre, too; which English middle-class respectability implies. Of fair average intellect; of fair average social standing; of middle height; by no means bad-looking (but by no means handsome;) of just such fortune as professional men have when they are comfortably off; without an expensive habit, an unusual taste or a wild idea,—he was the very type of the ordinary middle-class Englishman; loved by none, hated by none, but respected by all. He performed the customary duties of life with regularity and without enthusiasm. He went to church punctually once every Sunday, in fine weather. He was a silent man at all times; rarely heard to express an opinion even on a leading article or the foreign intelligence: parliamentary committees sat uncriticised by him; he read the debates without advocacy, and he did not censure the conduct of the Generals abroad in active service. Yet no one said his silence arose from stupidity. On the contrary, his friends believed him to be a deep and thoughtful man; and that he could, if he would, say much on all matters. His behaviour to his young wife was in harmony with the rest of him. He was never harsh to her, never ill-humoured; but never tender or caressing: not even during that first week spent at a Devonshire watering-place, when he had lain silent on the sands all the summer day, with his hat over his eyes and his arms crossed behind his head, while Annie worked beside him, and strangers thought him dreamily and luxuriously happy. What a lucky fellow to have the dear little woman in that round hat for a wife, and how madly in love with her he must be! But, after that brief and shadowy honeymoon, when he brought her home, and recommenced his daily work at the office as if nothing had happened, he might have been married many years for all the lover-like attentions or tenderness he bestowed on her. Annie had never been accustomed to attention or tenderness, so did not miss them from her married life, and was quite as happy and contented as she expected to be. She had her house to manage, her servants to initiate into those mysterious secrets called "ways;" her weekly bills to make up and ponder for hours where that mistake of twopence farthing

could be: she had her needlework to do, her collars to embroider, her pocket-handkerchiefs to hem, and his shirt buttons and woolen socks to superintend; so that she got through her days in all gentle tranquillity; never idle and never hurried—a smooth life running on its even course, in which there was nothing to distress, to enrapture, or to excite.

Percy Clarke impressed but one thing on his wife—the need of strict economy. In token whereof he made her a very meagre allowance for the house. Yet Annie contrived that it should be sufficient, in the wonderful way in which clever housekeepers can save unseen expenses without curtailing the public comforts of the family. She studied all the best economies and devised private and peculiar savings of her own, and thus was enabled to make an appearance of luxury and domestic refinement decidedly beyond her allowance.

"I hope you are not getting into debt, Annie," Percy would sometimes say, if she had provided a dinner more showy than ordinary; though she always contrived to have one special delicacy at the least on the table.

"No, Percy, you may see my books," Annie would answer with a little quiet triumph: if it were allowance day, perhaps adding: "I have made it do exactly this week, and have just fourpence over."

"Very well. I do not want details; only do not exceed, that is all." And Annie did not.

Old Mrs. Clarke, the mother, lived in a small house at the upper end of Islington. She was an invalid; and not softened by her infirmities. She was as hard as her son, and not so even-tempered; a good deal more exacting, and actively selfish: for Percy's faults were but negative at the worst. Mrs. Clarke was accustomed to say, that "she had never taken to that Anne Farre." She thought her too young, and did not believe in her house-keeping: for Mrs. Clarke was of the old school, and believed in nothing that did not include constant supervision and active doing among the servants by the mistress. She was one of those, too, who looked up everything, and would have thought it infinite negligence if a mistress gave her servant the key of the tea-caddy, or suffered her in the store-closet unwatched. She it was who continually impressed on Percy her conviction of waste and unthrift in his house; pointing to Annie's little table elegancies, which the young wife had obtained by the most cunning devices of hidden savings, as evidencing extravagance and needless expenditure. But, as Percy knew that he allowed a very moderate sum, he was not incited to active participation in his mother's views. Nevertheless, her perpetual recurrence to the subject did not tend to make his money-dealings with his wife more liberal.

One day, Percy came home half an hour later than usual: he who was so methodical

and punctual. He was paler than Annie had ever before seen him, as if internally agitated; dining in more than his customary silence; replying only by monosyllables to all that Annie said, or not replying at all, if her words were not put in the form of a direct question. In the evening, while they sat together in the drawing-room, suddenly he looked up from his pamphlet on the Corn Laws and, said:—

"Annie, my mother has lost her fortune. It is not necessary to enter into the business details of the matter: besides, you could not understand them, if I did. It is enough to tell you that she comes to-morrow to live with us. Let the best bed-room be given up to her; and I trust I need not impress on you the necessity of dutiful and affectionate attention."

Annie's heart sank. She felt that all her quiet happiness in her home was at an end. But she had too high notions of wifely duty to utter a word of protest. She merely drooped her eyes over her work, and said, "Very well, Percy," in her usual calm, undemonstrative manner. Nothing more was said; and no one knew that, while she sat hemming that precious little robe, tears were silently falling within the shadow of her curls, steeping the muslin held in her trembling hand.

Mrs. Clarke was a difficult person to deal with in a house. Her times and tempers were contrary to those of most people; and she had no idea of yielding. Annie's quiet petinacy irritated her beyond measure.

"God bless the girl!" she used to say, blazing up in her fierce, passionate way, "has she no blood in her veins at all, that she can never be angry, or speak above her breath?"

But, harsh critic and undisguised contemner as she was, she did not intend to be cruel. She was only mean and sour-tempered. The day after she came, she spoke to her son about his house-bills: asked how much he allowed a-week, what average he made for each, and what sum he appropriated for that future day which, in some people's imaginations, is always raining furiously. Percy, over whom his mother exerted a great, but acknowledged influence, detailed his arrangements and position without reserve; adding up, for her edification, how much each person in his household was supposed to cost.

"So much as that? Well! I must say you are a generous husband, boy! I am sure your wife has no right to complain! When I was with your dear father, I had not half that sum."

"Is it much, mother? I thought it moderate. I do not think we could manage on less."

"If not actually on less, then it ought to include me as well," said the old lady, tartly.

Percy was silent; giving only a little

inquiring hem, as he sat puckering his lips contemplatively.

"I hope you were not, thinking of any addition on my account. It is bad enough to be ruined, and forced to come to you for a home at all: old people are best by themselves; but it would be intolerable if I were any extra burden to you."

"I was thinking of allowing six or seven shillings a-week extra," said Percy, hesitatingly.

"Nonsense, child! your wife must learn economy: she knows little enough of it now. I tell you—and surely I ought to know; I, who have kept house these forty years and more—you allow quite enough for us all; and it will be useful to her to learn how to make the best of everything."

"But she is not very extravagant now, mother. Is she?"

"Quite extravagant—quite! At all events, take my advice, and make the trial. If she cannot make it do, she will tell you, and then you can alter your arrangements. Take my advice, Percy; you are soon to be a father, and all that, and you ought to be doubly careful, considering what expenses are before you."

"Very well, mother, I will. I can but make the trial, as you say; and, if Annie is hard pressed and tells me, I will enlarge the allowance."

"Yes, yes, that's all very well, as between you and me: but don't tell Ann."

"I am a lawyer, mother," said Percy, with a grim smile, "and can keep my own counsel."

So the law was passed in this domestic Star Chamber, that Annie was to learn experimental improvement in the art and science of housekeeping: a law which never would have been passed at all but for Annie's private and peculiar economies, and her careful concealment of painful details. Percy was inclined to be mean and stingy, certainly, but he was not revoltingly so: and, to do him justice, he would not have imposed a task that he knew was too hard to be accomplished. He was not sorry to lay even a heavy strain upon her, just for experiment's sake; but he would not have done more, willingly. So that poor Annie's very care it was which now caused her discomfiture; her very economy had created distrust of her management.

At the end of the first week the young wife was behind in her accounts. There was brandy for the old lady, and not a little of it; and there were her early dinners and her hot suppers, eggs and teacakes for her breakfast; special tea-making; bedroom-fire and the extra candles. The housekeeping books showed frightful figures—increased by a full share and a-half. But Annie was not disturbed; but reserved the revelation of those multitudinous figures as a simple fact with which her husband had to be made acquainted.

This illness was expensive. Percy did not insist on the house paying for the doctor; but the thousand little luxuries and the inevitable waste of a sick-room made sad havoc with Annie's calculations. Once or twice, when she was very hard pressed, she impoverished her husband's dietary. He always spoke of it, gravely and displeased; and once he said that he did not approve of her negligence; which was becoming marked, very marked, and excessively unpleasant. If she neglected him, her husband, how could he feel satisfied that his dear mother, sick and infirm as she was, and obliged, after her long life of independence and well-doing, to come to him for support; how could he feel sure that she received due attention when he was away? He was afraid that Annie's motherhood, instead of opening her heart had narrowed it. Annie broke her heart, in her silent quiet little way over these reproaches, and she inwardly resolved not to offend again whatever it cost her, or whatever other means she must use.

But those horrible bills! She could not keep them under; not though she cried for vexation and wounded pride to think what a bad manager she was, and how unfit to have the guidance of Percy's household expenditure. Then her baby wanted some new frocks; and Annie, true to the instincts of a young mother, had set her heart on having them robed and worked, and had been quietly trying to save up for them little by little, ever since she sold the pearl brooch, the companion to the necklace. But to no purpose. So Annie sold another little trinket, and another, and another; paid her bills, and bought her baby six pretty white worked frocks, and a white cashmere pelisse; and went to bed that night proud and blessed as a queen; free from debt.

But Mrs. Clarke complained to her son that yesterday her cutlet was tough, and she was sure Ann bought inferior meat for her, that she might save for such senseless extravagance as she had just been committing; for did he not see how she had bedizened up that miserable little baby, who would look much better too, in nice clean prints, instead of with all those useless fallals about him? In her day, indeed, such folly was never thought of, and, for her part, she thought what had been good enough for her children might be good enough for Ann's. And she wished Percy would mention it.

Percy was hard, but not small. Provided things went the way of his ordering, he did not care to criticise the stages. He soothed his mother, spoke to Annie about the offending veal, but said nothing ill-natured of the frocks. He had not the heart to do it, with the boy laughing and crowing in his mother's arms, and kicking out his little feet, in full freedom of a first day of short coats.

By degrees, every little article of private

property that Annie possessed was swallowed up by extra housekeeping expenses. When she had nothing left that she could appropriate, she had nothing for it but to dismiss her two servants. She hired a strong good-natured maid of all work, clumsy, strong, and ignorant: one of the tribe who are prone to fall up-stairs with tea-trays: and who, if they were not watched, would fry potatoes in blacking, and lard boots with the butter. Thus, all the directing fell to the young mistress, and half the work: for the girl was too uncouth to do anything well, or anything of herself. Day by day she slowly faded and drooped: day by day, patiently and steadily continuing her work: her cheeks paler, her eyes dimmer and larger; the lustre of her warm brown hair dulled, and its colour faded; the slender waist shrinking, as the round young throat grew thin and spare. But there was no one with eyes so keen, or love so quick to mark the change; no one to cheer her by a kindly word; no one to help her with sympathy or aid; no one to step forward to save her. Unpitied and unnoticed, she dedicated her precious existence to those who did not love her, nor care to watch or guard her. Too heavy a burden had been laid upon her, but her faithful hands bore it bravely to the last; and, with all a woman's trust and fortitude, she neither thought it hard, nor cried out to be relieved. If she had but spoken! If Percy had but cared to win her confidence!

At last, one day, she failed. She had been for some hours ironing, when, very quietly, she gave a deep sigh, and fell fainting to the ground. The red-armed maid ran screaming away, and Percy hurried down-stairs. He found her to all appearance dead on the kitchen-floor, and taking her in his arms, bore her tenderly and gently to her room. For he loved her as much as he could have loved any wife, and terror frightened him into nature and demonstration. A doctor was sent for; Mrs. Clarke snappishly repudiating all idea of danger, or the necessity of making a fuss because of such a common thing as a fainting fit; but, when the doctor came, he looked grave, ordering his patient to be kept in bed, and to be most zealously tended; ordering her, in fact, the attendance of a person dangerously ill, and for whom the only chance lay in loving watchfulness and care. But he found her so extraordinarily reduced, and with such distinct evidences of organic mischief, that he himself had but little hope of the result. He inquired minutely into her life; and the whole mystery was revealed. She was dying, literally from fatigue and exhaustion, he told her husband frankly, but severely.

Percy never left her bedside. Night and day he nursed her, as she would have nursed her sick child. But this love had come too late. Not all his tears could give back the life which his blindness and hardness had

helped to destroy. Neither could it now call out the love in that young heart, which had lain like a sleeping child that would have smiled back love for love to the one who had awakened it. All too late! too late! Happiness, love, and life all gone, and the hand that might have stayed them now stretched out imploringly in vain.

When Percy left that death-room, he looked a shrunken, grey, withered old man; as if years, not hours, had passed over him since his young wife died. From that day no one ever saw him smile, and no one ever saw him lift his eyes frankly to theirs. He kept them fixed on the ground, or turned away like a man who has committed a crime; and so dragged on a life which had no need to ask of another the mystery and iniquity of torture. Even his mother cried a little when the baby died a month after its mother.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

I TAKE to think of the domestic pleasures.

The homely fancies and the human cares,
The joys and griefs of heart the numerous treasures
Beneath the tinsel of the garb he wears.

Th' prebald clown upon the saw-bust tumbling,
With mouth elastic and flash tooth-beavies;
The Master of the Ring, with aiguillette fumbling
While with the jokes of Motley going halves;

The flitting fury in her gossamer jacket,
With silver sash, and loosely flowing hair,
And dandy whip—she well knows when to crack it,
While leaping garters from her flying mare;

The sole-chalked acrobat on padded saddle,
Who turns the sommersault at wildest speed,
Or spans four chargers with portentous straddle,
While deftly guiding onward steed on steed;

These, I delight to know, are men and brothers,
Are sprightly sisters with a touch of grace,
With filial tenderness, some nurturing mothers,
Some, with paternal love, a toddling race.

Thus, yonder, winking through vermillion sockets,
His tongue grotesquely thrust in whiten'd cheek,
With sausages purloined crammed into pockets
That were a paradise to area sneak—

May be but one who midst the peals of laughter
Has secret cause in truth for saddest tears,
Perhaps beneath whose squalid garret rafters
There droops the partner of his hopes and fears.

Yet again, that more preposterous fellow
In discoloured boots with a sinister jangling spurs,
His coat all frogs, his swill-gloves dirty yellow,
Who always struts when'er a step he stirs—

He perchance may have a chubby rattle,
Among whose gambols he gambols with ease,—
His dearest joy to hear their infant babble,
Their chief delight but then to climb his knees.

Thus, yonder biggest elf in spongy raincoat,
With sauciest air, who holds the sinewy reins,

Perhaps but hardly earns the niggard payment
That some crippled elder's life sustains.

Even yon rider, bounding like a cricket
Above the crupper of his snorting horse,
Who skims a five-barr'd hurdle like a wicket,
Wheeling clattering hoofs around the whirling course—

Nay, ev'n this agile Indian-rubber antic—
Quite independent, seemingly, of feet—
He but ties himself in knots, and twirls half-frantic,
With the homeliest view to make the two ends meet!

It lends a dignity to humblest labour,
That reverent tending of the household hearth;
It draws sweet music from the pipe and labour,
To which th' itinerant player tunes his mirth.

And hence the sympathy I love to sander
Among all mimes I note, no matter where,
Feeling sure these golden threads oft wander
Thro' the tawdry warp and woof they wear.

BRITANNIA'S FIGURES.

LAST week we began, according to the fashion of the coming season, an examination of the British Housekeeping Accounts, and by help of Mr. Fonblanque's blue-book of Miscellaneous Statistics, measured progress by comparison of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven with the two years that preceded it. Eighteen hundred and fifty-eight is the year now due for examination in the households of the country, but the national housekeeping accounts, or Britannia's figures, are not to be dealt with easily until they have gone through a few months of official calculation and arrangement.

The memoranda we have noted down already, were those that related to public health and education; now, we reckon up our expense in poverty and crime, and a few other items in the great profit and loss account.

As to poverty, we first note generally, that there are, in England and Wales more than three-quarters of a million of people in receipt of out-door relief, as paupers, and more than a hundred and twenty thousand more sustained in workhouses. Of the whole number of the people, four or five in every hundred always are receiving workhouse help. Poverty has not followed the increase of population. There was a slight reduction in the gross number of paupers for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, and a corresponding reduction of about three-half pence a-head in the average poor rate, charged per individual, in the population; that average rate being in England about six and three-pence; in Scotland about two shillings less; in Ireland about four shillings less. The figures yield no brilliant result. They simply show that the number of the destitute last year was not increasing in this country. Within the workhouses there was, last year, a marked increase in the number of lunatics and idiots taken care of, and in the quantity of occasional house-

relief afforded to the homeless class, called vagrants. On New Year's Day, in eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, there were a thousand vagrants housed in English workhouses. On the same day, in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, the number housed was one thousand five hundred. Of out-of-door relief to vagrants there was some decrease, but of out-door relief to lunatics and idiots a decided increase. There was in every way a fuller recognition of the needs of this unhappy class, which, in the good old times of tough roast beef, used to wander at will in our streets, markets, and fairs, scoffed at and worried by the rabble.

A table of the number of pauper lunatics and idiots chargeable to the parishes in each county, tells us that the average proportion of these unfortunate people to the population is about one in seven hundred; that the proportion chargeable is greatest in Gloucestershire, and indeed, almost three times greater there than in Durham, where there is but one to every twelve or thirteen hundred. There is also an excessive number chargeable on Berks, Wilts, Oxfordshire, Leicestershire, Hereford, Hertford, Salop, and Somerset, here named in the order of excess; and, next to Durham, a disproportionately small number chargeable on Staffordshire, the West Riding of York, Cheshire, Lancashire, Cornwall, and Northumberland, here named in the order of deficiency; whence we may infer the very well known fact, that it is not activity of mind, but torpidity of mind, by which an increase of idiocy and lunacy is favoured. Over-work of the brain, against which we hear so many people cry, and which we hear so many cosy-looking men deplore very complacently in their own persons, is not by a good deal so dangerous as under-work of the brain, that rare and obscure calamity from which nobody is supposed ever to suffer.

The Reverend Onesimus Howl drops his chin and elevates his eyes, upsets his digestion with excess of tea and muffin, and supports upon the doughy face he thus acquires a reputation for the great strain on his brains caused by the outpouring of a weekly puddle of words. His friends labour to prop up his brain with added piles of muffin. Paler becomes his face, and more idiotic his expression, as he lives from New Year's Day to New Year's Day rattling about in his empty head the few ideas of other men he has contrived to borrow, and tranquilly claims all the sweets of indulgence on account of the strain put upon his wits. Doctor Porpice is wheeled about from house to house in his brougham, prescribes his cordials and his mild aperients; treats, by help of what knowledge gathered from a past generation may happen to have grown into his habit of practice, all the disease he sees; now and then turns to a book when he is puzzled, but more commonly dozes after

dinner. Yet very gladly does the doctor hear the talk about immense strain on his mind, large practice, great responsibility, and the wondering that one poor head can carry all he knows. He seldom passes a day without having taken care to confide to somebody that he is overworked. Once a week, indeed, if his practice be large, he may be forced into some effort to use his brains: but that he does really exercise them once a week, I am not certain. The lawyer elevates his routine into a crush of brain work. The author and the merchant flatter themselves, or account themselves flattered, by an application to their labours also of the same complimentary condolence. The truth is, that hard work of the brain, taken alone—apart from griefs and fears, from forced or voluntary stinting of the body's need of food or sleep, and the mind's need of social intercourse—does infinitely more to prolong life and strengthen reason in the workers than to cut or fray the thread of either. Men break down under the grind of want, under the strain of a continuous denial to the body of its half-a-dozen hours a day of sleep, its few necessary pounds of wholesome food, and its occasional exercise of tongue and legs. If an author spends his whole life in his study, his mind fails under the pressure of the solitary system. If a great lawyer refuses himself month after month the necessary fourth part of the day for sleep, he wears his brain out, not by repletion of study, but by privation of something else. Under all ordinary circumstances no man who performs work for which he is competent is called upon to deny himself the first necessities of life, except during short periods of enervation which occur to men in every occupation, and which seldom are of long duration, and can almost invariably be followed by a period of ease, sufficient for recovery. Healthy men, who have bed and board assured to them, while they can eat, sleep, stir, and be merry, will have sound minds, though they work their brains all day, and provide them for the other five or six hours with that light employment which is the chief toil of Doctor Porpice or the Reverend Onesimus.

From considerations of disease, ignorance, and poverty, we pass to the tables on which are set out the year's supply of crime.

During the three years, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, five, six, there was a steady decrease of crime, indicated by decrease in the number of convictions before the criminal courts of England and Wales. The decrease was very marked indeed. Twenty-three thousand convicts in the first of those years became twenty thousand in the second, fifteen thousand in the third. This decrease took place entirely in the class of offences against property committed without violence. Crimes accompanied with violence against the person, as assaults and burglaries, were increasing; but, in the number of committals and

convictions for offences against property alone, there was the striking fall above expressed: closer analysis in another table refers nearly all of it to the head of larceny and stealing. Another table shows that the chief decrease is in petty theft. A decrease of five or six thousand in the twelvemonth is not accounted for by the interception of the young offenders in reformatory schools. The number detained in the reformatory schools is but about two hundred in the year. We may infer, therefore, that the labour done by many men, for bettering in many little ways the home condition of the poor, is bearing fruit. Provocation—or it might be called compulsion—to small crimes is weaker. There is better support given to right feeling and honest effort, as the old fog of antagonism between class and class is lifted from the surface of society. On the other hand, it is to be observed, on reference to the tables for London, Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Dublin, that the decrease of crime is very much less marked in the great towns than in the country generally.

In other tables are to be found striking illustrations of the growth of our material strength. A calculation, extending over six years, shows that Lancashire brings into use every year a million of additional spindles, and a new host of almost ten thousand power-looms. In Yorkshire, during the three years over which our calculation has extended, sixty new collieries have been annually opened, and the quantity of pig-iron made in the West Riding, which, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four was seventy-three thousand tons, became one hundred and seventy-five thousand in the next year, and two hundred and seventy-five thousand in the year following that.

We need no more details to show that the Housekeeping Accounts of this country are in a very hopeful state. Prosperity increases, population grows; nor does poverty keep pace with the growth, but an almost settled number of the poor we still have always with us. Yet there is increase of general education, and a marked improvement in the bodily and mental health of the community, shown by the decrease of preventible disease and petty crime. Therefore we may face Christmas cheerfully, conscious, as a nation, that we have not been labouring in vain for self-improvement, and right steadily determined to go on and prosper.

The number of emigrants from the three kingdoms was a hundred and seventy-six thousand in the first of our three years, the same in the second, and two hundred and twelve thousand in the third. The chief outlet of emigration is to the United States. The number of emigrants who go to the United States is twice as great as that of those who go to the Australian colonies. The number going to Australia is three times as great as that of emigrants to British

North America; but there go to British North America six times as many as the whole number left to distribute itself about the world in other places. To the United States there go for every Scotch emigrant, six English and twelve Irish. To the Australian colonies there go for every Scotch emigrant, two or three Irish and six English. To British North America the emigration from each country in the three years was so exceedingly unequal that no general rule can be stated. At the beginning of the period, emigrants went nearly man for man from each of the three kingdoms; but in the third year, there went two Englishmen for every Irishman or Scotchman. In rough numbers the character of emigration from these islands is thus fairly enough stated.

To these notes of the state of our domestic housekeeping accounts, we may as well add a glance at the state of those outlying properties to which the fates of so many emigrants are turned, and with whose well-being our own prosperity is closely bound. Here is a blue-book of "Statistics of New Zealand," for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, and the three years preceding, "presented" (last April) "to both Houses of the General Assembly by command of his Excellency the Governor," printed at Auckland, for the New Zealand Government, and exactly resembling similar works printed in London by George Edward Eyre and William Spottiswoode. This is a general view of the state of New Zealand, compiled from the statistics published separately by its respective settlements, and from colonial blue-books. The materials it presents are defective, but the effort to produce a well-digested housekeeping account once bravely begun, will create means for securing the information that is now deficient. We read here that in the five years ending in eighteen hundred and fifty-six, the population rose in Auckland from nine thousand to fifteen thousand; in New Plymouth, from one thousand five hundred to two thousand five hundred; in Wellington, from six thousand to ten thousand; in Nelson, from four thousand to seven thousand; in Canterbury, from three thousand to nearly six thousand; and that in Otago, the population was, during five years, more than doubled. As to education, so far as the tallies go, they show that in five years there was an increase of seven per cent. upon the number of the colonists able to read and write, the proportion now seeming to be three in every five. During the same period there has been a steady increase of the shipping trade; and the live stock possessed by colonists had multiplied so rapidly, that on comparing their state at the end of the five years with their state at the beginning, they were found to possess more than three times as many horses, nearly three times as many heads of cattle, and more than four times as many sheep. The criminal statistics show that in New Zealand serious crime is not common,

but there are a large number of convictions before the resident magistrates' courts, of which one-half are for drunkenness, and of the remaining half, nearly a third are for infractions of the Cattle Trespass Ordinance. Our Blue-book of accounts from the antipodes, therefore, permits us to face Christmas, as a nation, with a comfortable knowledge that the housekeeping accounts here also leave a considerable balance in our favour.

We now turn to the Melbourne Directory; not yet so thick a volume as the London Directory, but who shall say to what thickness in after years it may expand? Melbourne has now a public library, as fully attended as the reading-room of the British Museum, and a well-edited Directory, preceded by an almanack, in which we find such anniversaries recorded as, "*May 15, Melbourne founded, 1837.*" "*June 25. Geelong and Melbourne Railway opened, 1857.*" And in the same year "*August 10. The streets of Melbourne lit with gas.*" Next, we look to the Report of the Colonial Registrar-General, printed at Melbourne, which compiles from official records the chief details relating to the Progress and Statistics of Victoria, from the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-eight; that is to say, a report of the whole life of Victoria, since the time when it ceased to be a dependency of New South Wales. Within that period, the population has increased in thousands, from seventy-seven to four hundred and ten. The population of the city of Melbourne itself, in six years, increased four-fold. In the three years from eighteen hundred and fifty-one to eighteen hundred and fifty-four, the whole population trebled, and the increase has been six-fold during the last seven years. Where there were two towns seven years ago, now there are twenty-one. One hundred and ninety-six miles of new street have been formed, and the expenditure on streets has been about two millions. During the last three or four years the progress of agriculture has been even more rapid than that of population. From the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four to eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, population increased only by seventy-three per cent., but the increase in the average of cultivated land was not less than four hundred per cent. Two lines of Railway are completed, a third is nearly complete, for a fourth Government has accepted a tender, and a fifth is planned. Seven hundred miles of electric telegraph wire have been already laid. A gigantic system of works for water supply has been established at the cost of three-quarters of a million. Trade, also, has grown even more rapidly than population. Exports to Great Britain and Ireland have in the seven years increased elevenfold. Victoria is now to England, among all the markets of the world, fourth in importance. Let us only add that deposits in the savings-banks have increased tenfold, that a university and

a public library have been established, and that the increase of schools has fairly kept pace with the increase of the population.

IRRITABLE PLANTS.

THE name of irritability is given by botanists to the movements made by certain plants when touched. These movements are influenced chiefly by light and heat; but, like many phenomena occurring in organised beings, they cannot at present be explained by merely chemical or mechanical laws; although such plants may be excited by stimulants of a chemical or mechanical nature.

The most remarkable example of the irritability of vegetables occurs in a foreign species of saintfoin, called the moving plant (*Hedysarum gyrans*). It grows on the banks of the Ganges. It is an annual plant, rising up three or four feet: the leaves are of a bright green colour, and the butterfly flowers are generally in clusters of a pale red. The leaves, which consist of a large terminal leaflet, and two smaller lateral ones, possess the singular property of moving without being touched. Sometimes one of them will move suddenly while the rest remain still; at another time they all move together up and down, and circularly; this last movement being performed by the twisting of the footstalks. And even when the leaves are detached from the plant, they sometimes retain their power of motion for four and twenty hours. If any obstacle happens to retard the motion, upon its removal the leaves move with greater velocity. These movements are most evident when the sun's rays are striking upon the plant; thus making it appear that the action of the sun's rays is the cause of the perpetual motion of the leaflets.

In India, where the plant is in full vigour, and has every advantage which its native soil and air can give it, all the leaves are in motion at the same time. And the Indians,—who observe these motions with a sort of superstitious reverence, and are ever ready to place confidence in the subject of their admiration—gather, on a certain day, two of the lateral leaves of this plant, while they are in the act of approaching each other. These leaves the Indians pound with the tongue of a species of screechowl, and firmly believe that this preparation will prevent their being crossed in love.

Venus's fly-trap (*Dionæa muscipula*) another of the greatest wonders of the vegetable kingdom, is an American plant, which was brought to Europe from Carolina about the year seventeen hundred and eighty-eight. It is a pretty plant, bearing several elegant white flowers at the end of a simple stalk. All its leaves grow immediately from the bottom of the stem; each terminating by two lobes surrounded at their edges with prickles. These lobes when undisturbed lie open like the leaves of a book, and their surfaces are

covered with a number of minute glands, secreting a sweet liquor which attracts the unwary fly. Between the two lobes, just where they join, there are three sharp bristles; and, when a fly or any other insect crawling over the surface of the lobes happens to touch either of the bristles, the irritability of the plant is excited, and the lobes, suddenly closing, imprison the insect like a rat in a common gin. Soon after the death of the insect the lobes unfold, and wait for another victim. It is supposed that this plant requires animal food for the healthy performance of some of its functions. In support of this theory, it has been stated that Mr. Knight, after having secured some plants from the possibility of providing themselves with flies, furnished some of them with scraped beef, and left the rest without any such provision. The result of the experiment was, that the fed specimens were in a far more flourishing condition than the unfed ones.

Another illustration of the same phenomenon occurs among the sundews (*Droseræ*) of which three species are natives of Britain. The round leaves of these plants are covered upon their upper surface with long hairs, tipped with glandular and viscous globules like dew. When an insect settles upon these leaves, it is retained by the gumminess of the glands; and, in a little while the hairs exhibit their irritability by a remarkably sudden and elastic spring—curving inwards so as to encircle the fly, and thus securely hold its prey. These movements are attributed to the same causes, as those of the fly-trap; but their ultimate object is likewise unknown.

In a species of dog's-bane (*Apocynum androsamifolium*) a native of the United States, this fly-catching propensity exists, to an equal degree, in the flowers. A little honey-bag of nectarium, seated at the bottom of the flower-cup, and guarded by five converging anthers, invites the fly to enter and enjoy the sweets; but, as soon as the little insect inserts its proboscis between the anthers to arrive at the honey, they close with violence and detain him prisoner.

There are two other sensitive plants, called the sensitive and modest acacias (*Mimosa sensitiva* and *pudica*) which display these movements of their leaves in a remarkable degree. They have leaves subdivided into four partial leaf-stalks, each furnished with about twenty pairs of leaflets, which are expanded horizontally during the day. When in darkness, or touched, or irritated in any way, each leaflet moves upward towards its fellow on the opposite side; which, in its turn, rises up; so that their upper surfaces come into contact. If the movement commences at the top of the leaf, it generally proceeds downwards to the base; thence is communicated to the leaflets of the next partial leaf-stalk, and ultimately to the common leaf-stalk, which then falls down towards the stem. The partial leaf-stalks then converge

towards each other, having a tendency to become parallel to the common leaf-stalk at the extremity of which they are suspended. When the plant is shaken by the wind all the leaflets close simultaneously, and the leaf-stalks droop together.

Such indeed is the sensibility of these acacias in their native country, that the trot of a horse will cause a whole forest of them to droop and apparently fade. If, however, the agitation is long continued, the plant seems to become accustomed to the shock, and the leaflets will expand again. This fact has been satisfactorily ascertained by placing some sensitive plants in a cart, and driving them a great distance. At first the plants became dreadfully agitated, every leaflet hanging down against its stem; but, soon getting used to the jolting and gradually unfolding their leaves, they remained fresh, and expanded for the rest of the journey. The stem itself of the plant has nothing whatever to do with these movements of the leaflets, because they come from swellings at the base of the leaf-stalks which form a sort of knee-joint spring, or hinge, and allow the stem to bend and lie down.

The camrunga (*Averrhoa carambola*) or Coromandel gooseberry tree, possesses, like the sensitive acacia, the faculty of moving when touched; and is another of those instances of irritability in the vegetable kingdom of which we daily witness the effect, without being able to explain the cause. The leaves of this plant consist of alternate leaflets with an odd one at the end; and, their common position in the daytime, is horizontal, that is, in the same plane with the branch on which they grow. On being touched they move downwards, frequently with such violence that the two opposite leaves almost touch each other by their under sides, and the leaflets come into contact, or even pass over one another. By striking the branch with the finger-nail, or any other hard substance, the whole of the leaflets of one leaf move; or each leaflet can be moved singly by making an impression which shall not extend beyond it.

A wood sorrel (*Oxalis sensitiva*) a native of Amboyna, is reported by Rumphius to be so delicately sensitive, that it will not bear the blowing of the wind upon it without contracting its leaves; and he remarks that it is like a maiden—who may be looked at, but is not to be touched.

Light exercises a great influence over all these phenomena. When a sensitive plant is exposed to artificial light during the night its leaves expand, and if put into a dark room during the day the leaves close. If, however, the plant is kept for a long time in darkness, it will ultimately expand its leaves, and the processes of folding and opening will go on, although at very irregular intervals. Any sudden degrees of heat or cold, the vapour of boiling water, the fumes arising from sulphur, the odour of volatile liquors, or,

in short, anything that affects the nerves of animals, will also affect the sensitive plant. Any violent application, such as exposing the extremity of a leaf to the rays of the sun, or burning it either with a lens or with a lighted taper, or squeezing it between a pair of hot pincers, causes the leaflet of the acacia to close instantly; and at the same time, not only the leaflet which is opposite to it does the same, but all that are upon the same stalk, the drooping taking place, more or less, according to the strength of the impression. When the injury is very great, the plant will be violently agitated for some distance round the spot.

The sleep of plants, which was discovered by Linnæus,* is something akin to the phenomenon of irritability caused by the different influences of light and darkness, cold, heat, and moisture. The common chickweed (*Stellaria media*.) of which birds are so fond, furnishes a beautiful instance of the sleep of plants. Every night the leaves approach each other in pairs, so as to include within their upper surfaces the tender rudiments of the young shoots: and the uppermost pair but one at the end of the stalk, are furnished with longer leaf-stalks than the others, so that they can close upon the terminating pair, and protect the end of the shoot.

The flowers of the Marvel of Peru (*Mirabilis jalapa*.) which are very beautiful, do not open in hot weather until the evening; but if the weather be cool, or the sun is obscured, they open in the daytime. Another variety of the same plant is called Four-o'clock flower, from opening at that hour of the day.

The scarlet pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*.) which is a plentiful weed in corn-fields, is called Poor man's weather-glass, and Shepherd's barometer, from the flowers always closing before rain; and should the weather be ever so bright, they always shut up at noon.

The flowers of a sort of convolvulus (*Rivea bona-nox*) are large and white, expanding only at sunset, and perfuming the air to a great distance, with a fragrance resembling that of the finest cloves. It is a native of Bengal, where it rambles among the forests, and is called the Midnapore Creeper.

The common goat's-beard (*Tragopogon pratense*) grows in many parts of Britain, and is called Go-to-bed-at-noon, from the fact of its flowers closing about that time.

THE REVEREND ALFRED HOBLUSH'S FURTHER STATEMENT.

THE story of the unfortunate clergyman who writes this has been told before.† It has been already told how with his feelings wrenched, as it were, from their sockets, he fled in disorderly rout; and it has been thought that the further miscarriages of Reverend Alfred Hoblush may not prove unfruitful as warning to the unwary. An out-

line, therefore, of the subsequent career of this clergyman is now submitted.

That fine piece of philosophy which I believe some one has set to music, to the effect that, A heart bowed down by weight of woe, To weakest hopes will cling, has been exemplified abundantly by suffering victims through all ages. My faltering signature must indeed be now set at the bottom of that list: for, when I cast about me, in direct straits, after my abrupt resignation of the curacy of Saint Stylites, for new clerical employment, I must have had but faintest hope to cling to, when I thought of the Right Reverend Doctor Bridles, Bishop of Tweakminster, and my own relation on the maternal side. When I say my relation, it must be conceded that there is a certain dimness over the steps of the pedigree. It stood something in this wise: my mother's second cousin was twice married; and my mother's second cousin's second wife was first cousin once removed to Doctor Bridles's wife. To which prelate, therefore, I naturally looked, as to the head of our house; and, with but small confidence, wrote humbly to his lordship, craving some ecclesiastical preferment in his diocese.

That same evening, very much to my surprise, there came a letter couched in the handsomest terms, in which the Lord Bishop of Tweakminster hoped he would see his kinsman Hoblush at the episcopal breakfast-table next morning: that, over that agreeable meal, they might discuss my business conveniently. But what a sudden change in the postscriptum to a tone slightly testy! for it said, "Don't keep me waiting. I hate cold tea. Indeed, I dislike it so much, that I never wait for mortal;" which testiness I knew, from tradition, to come of sudden gouty twinges which had seized him in the very act of signing his right reverend autograph.

Punctual, then, to the instant, the Reverend Alfred Hoblush was shown into the breakfast-room precisely at the instant when his lordship was filling himself out tea.

"Just in time, Hoblush," he said, with that short manner for which he is so remarkable. "Just take the muffins off the hob, will you. Mrs. Bridles, I regret to say, is indisposed. Help yourself."

No words of mine can describe the kind manner with which my venerated kinsman interested himself in my concerns. He was even good enough to let me detail to him my wordly prospects, and what likelihood there was of their being advanced when Providence (as he put it) was pleased to remove that parent to whom I was indebted for the blessing of existence. When he heard that on that event I should come into, as it is called, a handsome income over one thousand pounds yearly, I noticed that the good bishop's lips insensibly became oval-shaped, as if about to give utterance to a whistle. Almost imme-

* See Household words, Number 123, page 446.

† See page 113 of the eighth volume.

diately he took both my hands into his, and said with fervour:

"Have no fears, Hoblush. You must be taken care of. For two mortal hours last night I lay awake thinking of you. I have the very thing for you in my eye. There is," continued my excellent guide, philosopher, and friend, in easy, narrative tones, "near to the coast of one of the adjacent counties, an agreeable and salubrious parish known as Duckings-cum-Shampoo. Hither repair, in the summer season, a highly select and fashionable company, for the sake of the agreeable society, as for the healthful and invigorating properties of the sea-bathing. The emoluments of the parish are; I regret to say, no more than sixty-five or seventy pounds a year; but—"

Here the good bishop paused, fixing his eyes upon me; while the Reverend Alfred Hoblush, with a sickened heart felt that unless there was some extravagant counterpoise in the episcopal But, he must decline those parochial duties as too burdensome for a person of feeble health.

"But," continued Doctor Bridles, his eyes still on me, "there is within the limits of my diocese another parish, Tepidstone—an exceedingly comfortable thing—a snug, compact thing; the incumbent of which is verging on eighty, and, I grieve to say, much broken. I am informed," adds the bishop, confidentially, "that he has coughed away one entire lung, together with the major part of another. The reversion of Tepidstone is yours, Hoblush!"

I was out of myself with delight. I could have embraced his knees.

"But," adds he again, fixing me once more with his eyes, and making me rise from that mental genuflection; "But," adds his lordship, lifting the weight once more out of the scales; "But," the Bishop goes on, "you must in the meantime go into that other vineyard and work diligently. It may perhaps be some solace to you in your banishment to learn that my nieces, the Misses Bridles, are now residing at Duckings-cum-Shampoo. They are young and unprotected things. You shall know them; visit them; be intimate with them. Your characters will, I know, assimilate. Yes, I am convinced," adds Doctor Bridles, reflectively, "he will come at last to have the run of the house—the run of the house. Heaven bless you, Hoblush! Good young man! Those muffins are excellent."

Within one week from that date I was inducted into Duckings-cum-Shampoo. But for the fact, that my poor heart was still seamed and scarred—its wounds being as yet barely closed—I should have noted with pain that it was a damp, dismal-looking place, made up of a few scalded edifices, with a market-cross in the centre; about which country folk transacted their business on the proper days.

"It was more lively than it looked," said the housekeeper left by the predecessor, and who was good enough to take me on in his stead.

There was a quiet austerity of manner about that person, which put aside, of course, the absurd notion I had formed of introducing the steady elderly female who had worked for me at Saint Stylites. So, to the steady elderly female I had to write by early post, and say that the Reverend Alfred Hoblush was grieved to be obliged to deny himself the services of so invaluable a domestic. The housekeeper who had taken me on, continued meanwhile to impart (what I believe are termed by the fast school of the day, wrinkles, of the traits and manners of the population of the new parish: a pot'o'graphic pictur' o' the sawciety! as the engaging woman put it.

Of which there were the usual country town constituents; the social structure of such places, being usually built upon more or less the same lines. I had dim suspicions overshadowing me that a solicitor with neat brass door-plate would play the protagonist, or the leading man's part, in the great whirl of country town life, and I found it as I had anticipated. It had struck me as being just on the bounds of possibility that there might also be a person who had studied medicine in early life, displaying his brass-plate, and deriving abundant emoluments from attendance on a dispensary, from practice among country families. Strange to say, I was right here, too. And further, growing bold enough to imagine that where there is monopoly, there will be, most likely, competition, I conjured up a phantom of my brain, in the shape of a smart London practitioner, of manners most insinuating, driving a new light coach against the heavy, slow-going, stage-waggon of the established mediciner; and I found that I had made a good guess. There was a gentleman connected with the excise interest, who had served in his youth, and was hailed captain. There were many single ladies, too, who had successfully resisted all efforts to force them from that superior vantage ground; and there were a few who had once enjoyed the blessings of the more heavenly state, but whose companions had gone on before them to celestial mansions.

It may be thought, perhaps, that there is here a tone of unbecoming levity scarcely in keeping with that heart bowed down which Reverend Alfred Hoblush was bearing about within him. But think, for an instant, of the sickened spirit going forth with a mask of wreathed smiles on, nay, mingling with the crew of revellers, and quaffing the flowing bowl with many a quip and crank; shrieking even with artificial laughter, and all the while writhing internally under the ravages of a hideous cancer. Bear this picture in mind when weighing Reverend Alfred Hoblush in

the balance. Conceive that he bears his sorrows under his cloak.

But the Misses Bridles? A golden episcopal cloud seemed to hang over those dear ladies, and I yearned to know more concerning them. From the grave and stately manner in which the person who was to housekeep for me introduced their names, it was easy to gather that they were persons of awful consideration in the town. The episcopal consanguinity hung about them like a halo. The mitre overshadowed them from afar. The town—not excepting the great medicinal and legal interests—looked to them affectionately, daily and hourly, just as they looked to the old village clock. The inhabitants took their time from both. Nay, was there not raging, at that instant, a furious vendetta, between two great houses—a vendetta, like enough to be handed down with solemn oath from mother to daughter, the end of which no man could see—all to be set down to the account of Miss Bridles? Well! I would wait on Misses Bridles.

They lived at Dorkingscoop, a little way out of the town, a quiet, sequestered retreat, with a green paling in front. My name was taken up. Would the Reverend Alfred Hoblush walk into the drawing-room? Would he sit down and recreate himself, as best he could, with the light musketry of holiness which covered the table? He took especial notice of Balm for the Benighted. By the Reverend C. B. McCuddy. To Miss *Jemima Bridles*, respectfully presented by the author. Moving slowly round the table—which might be taken for a saint's mariner's compass, with the points marked by comforting tracts—he read off *The Sinner's Cordial Drops*; or, *The Confidential Pocket Pistol*. By the Reverend C. B. McCuddy. To Miss *Jemima Bridles*, with the author's affectionate duty. Together with many more works of similar character; mostly by the same divine, and laid at the feet of Miss *Bridles* in terms of dedication more or less ardent. While thus boxing the spiritual compass, and at the same time not a little troubled as to the footing of this particular minister of the gospel, two ladies entered in Indian file, and welcomed me simultaneously to Dorkingscoop.

The elder of the twain, whom I knew afterwards to be *Sophia Dorothea* (named, I believe, in compliment of the ill-fated Princess of Zell, who involved the wretched *Koningsmark* in dreadful consequences,) was of tall, nay, magnificent proportions. She had a stout, manly bearing, and a firm tread, indicative of the decision of character which flashed continually from her eye. Her cheek was embrowned, perhaps by exposure to the rays of the sultry summer sun, perhaps from imperfection of the cuticle arising from natural causes; for these things are inscrutable. Nay, at times, I have seen

her face assume an inflamed aspect, almost akin to the visitation popularly ascribed to Saint Anthony. She was arrayed as lightly as was compatible with the season, being not foolishly overburdened with steel mail underneath, but went slimly down to the earth with garments whose folds clung closely to her frame and showed off the matchless symmetry of her limbs. That was *Sophia Dorothea*.

But for *Jemima*, the second and remaining sister; at whose feet had been laid the awakening literature, to *linn*—yes, *linn*—her features becomingly is beyond the strength of the Reverend Alfred Hoblush. Her person was short and small, and her exquisitely proportioned throat might almost be spanned by the hand; while through its transparent skin all the tendons and cartilages which abound so plentifully in the great human system, could be made out with startling vividness. Her skin was stretched so tightly over her finely-moulded features that not so much as the smallest wrinkle could display itself. She must have been the very soul of motion, being always busy, and shooting from her seat periodically with extraordinary activity. That was the beautiful *Jemima*.

"I was," I said, in low, gentle accents "the newly-appointed minister of the parish. The Lord Bishop of Tweakminster had been kind enough to—"

"We know it all," broke in the elder, in a manly voice. "Sit down! there is a chair behind you."

Much disturbed by this curious *usus naturæ* (for he could not divest himself of the idea that he was being addressed by one of his own species,) Reverend Mr. Hoblush did as he was desired; but incontinently sat down on his own hat. It became at once as a *Gibus* or opera-hat. A hoarse laugh broke from the namesake of the unfortunate Lady of Zell; but I at once saw sympathy in the eyes of the gentle *Jemima*. She must have noticed the glance of grateful tenderness in my eyes as I restored my hat to its natural shape. That gentle bosom felt for my misfortune.

Bishop *Bridles* had been pleased to write concerning him in very complimentary terms. Said sweet, nun-like *Jemima*,—"We know you already, Mr. Hoblush—know you nearly as well as our own dear brother who is now far far away in the Carribee Isles. We have heard of you, and talked of you through the lone winter nights, when the winds were howling dismally, and sweeping athwart roof-trees, and moaning in the chimneys. Have we not, sister?"

Here was a friendly bosom to lean upon! Hither accordingly I used to repair, almost daily, ever afterwards. Before very long I had poured into *Jemima Bridles'* sympathetic heart the whole story of my blighted loves and my young sorrows, the rehearsing of

which narrative brought me abundant consolation. But I stood unaccountably in awe of the amiable Sophia Dorothea. That masculine voice of hers, together with her extraordinary power of eye, making me feel uncomfortable. She, therefore, was not present when I told the doleful history of my early love.

Thus I grew in favour daily with the sisters Bridles. I came at last, as the good bishop had foretold it, to have the run of the house. I entered it at my own hours and own convenience. A particular chair, to which I appeared to lean at our first acquaintance, was set apart for my special use. I noticed a sort of tabouret growing under Miss Jemima's fingers, and which I had a dim notion, was, in some degree, connected with me.

The old grief was gradually wearing itself away, and the Reverend Alfred Hoblush was seen moving about cheerfully, busy with the concerns of his parish business, perhaps with the concerns of Miss Bridles.

One day he entered abruptly and found the two ladies sitting, as it were, at the feet of a short and fat person, very unctuous about his lips, who was speaking in a broad Scottish accent. On those unctuous lips the sisters Bridles had manifestly been hanging wrapt, while the Scottish tongue rounded periods concerning certain missionary wanderings, and concerning a little paper pamphlet held between the fingers. There was a manifest confusion at the entrance of the Reverend Mr. Hoblush, in the amber cheeks of the younger of the twain especially.

Mr. Hoblush knew instinctively this person to be that Reverend C. B. McCuddy, whose works formed the mariner's compass, before described. He bowed stiffly to him therefore as an introduction followed. He did not love the man in his soul. What did he mean by intruding his literature and his vulgar person into that circle?

It was but too plain that Reverend C. B. McCuddy was regarded with favour by the sisters Bridles. He had been absent for some time on his travels, and was now retailing pleasing little spiritual adventures to amuse the ladies. It was plain, too, that these things to hear did Miss Jemima especially incline; and it was to her that unctuous person pointed his narrative. How I loathed him! I hearkened grimly, and took leave abruptly.

Henceforth he seemed to grow into a rock a-head. By a cruel fatality he seemed to be always in the Bridle's, when I arrived. He usurped the conversation, and cut me short in the most lawless way. Worse than all, they both seemed to look on him with favour. Jemima, perhaps, not so much, though I could perceive she was dazzled by his rare spiritual gifts. Hence, bitter struggle in my wretched soul;—I would fly them—desert the house—give all up, and let the unctuous

man have his way. But there was the bishop's, my spiritual father's admonition—was that to be disregarded? True, he was my spiritual father—a good notion! He was theirs too—why not therefore place confidence in him, and entrust to him the whole story. By the next post he learnt it all; and pending his reply I withdrew with dignity from the society of the Bridles.

"They shall choose," I said, "between McCuddy and me. They shall elect between a wretched shaveling and the ill-fated, but resolved, Hoblush."

I waited and waited long, eating my soul out all the while.

To me there came no reply; but there came presently a sad and sweet note, telling me that all was over between them and McCuddy. If there had been any cloud between us, let it now be dispelled and float away into the past. The arts of a designing person had been exposed. Could I be noble, generous, and forgive!

I flew to her feet. All was forgotten in the triumph of that hour. Sophia Dorothea alone grovelled in a corner glaring at me. She had loved the oily periods of McCuddy. He had been cast down, and her idol was broken. But I heeded her not. Sweet and soft Jemima told me she had always shrunk from the man and his offerings. Occasionally came a letter from excellent Bishop Bridles. The good man was thinking of me, though far away. He knew now where were the finest muffins in the world. When in town I should be sure to wait on him. He trusted his dear son Hoblush (that filial relation to be taken ecclesiastically) was growing in friendship and confidence with his nieces. Those ladies were worthy of all the love and confidence his son Hoblush could bestow on them, and that in proportion as I grew in their esteem and favour so would he hold that to be a certain test of my merit, and of the propriety of further advancing me in my sacred profession. He was happy to add—no, he meant to say, grieved—that the aged incumbent of Tepidstone was breaking every day, more and more. Let me but justify myself before him and the Miss Bridles—let me but reach to the standard which he and they had formed of curatorial perfection, and I should be hailed at the proper time Incumbent of Tepidstone.

Reverend Mr. Hoblush took his counsel home to himself, and would carry it out in all faithfulness. What was meant by the justification alluded to by good Doctor Bridles, or by that standard which was to be reached, cost him many hours of painful thought. What was the standard or who was the standard, as it finally seemed to him it should be read? It was an awful mystery—a thing of trouble.

We read poetry together of evenings by the lamp's soft light, when she—Sophia Dorothea of Zell—marked articles of wearing

apparel in a distant corner. She performed that operation in a ferocious manner, glaring over at us every now and again. And yet, when she took notice of me, I marked how she tried to mollify that rough organ of hers, altering it to a less discordant key. Nay, once, when circumstances of a peculiar nature had compelled me to absent myself for two whole days, she struck terror into my heart by the heat and violence of her reception, bringing me to task, as it were, in a menacing manner, for this backsliding of mine;—not in words, indeed, but by that awful manner of hers. My soul shrank away within me, and my heart rattled as a nut within its shell. I would never so offend again.

It came to pass that one sultry summer's evening, we—Jemima Bridles, that is, and I—went forth, looking abroad through nature. We would wander by the brookside, by the mill-stream, communing as we walked. I unfolded the great mysteries of the planets, suns and adamantine spheres, to use the words of the poet, for in such matters she was unsuspecting as a child. Perhaps through the long course of years it might be my task to mould, with plastic finger, this gentle untaught soul.

"Sit, Jemima," I said, ingeniously adapting the words of a great master to the occasion; "sit, Jemima. Look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."

The gentle creature looks in the direction pointed to; but I see has but faint glimmering of the great master's meaning. No matter.

"These things, I said, "we shall one day look closer into, perhaps wandering forth together, in the cool of the evening, in the sylvan groves of Tepidstone! By glittering waters—should there prove to be such in that parish—we shall sit," I added, looking into her face tenderly, "speechless,—rapt in sweet contemplation all day long. We shall be all in all one to the other! Life shall be a sweet dream for both of us. Shall it not be so, fairest of creatures? Wilt thou follow thy Hobblush to Tepidstone."

She blushed a sweet consent. The delicate cartilages of her neck quivered spasmodically. "I will fly with thee—die with thee!" said the trusting girl, with pleasing euphony.

The stars came out; the moon rose to its full; the chill night air crept down my back, causing an uncomfortable sensation. "Let us go in, beloved," I said. Sophia Dorothea had tea waiting, and received me with ogish good-humour. She became playful as a lion's cub. She guessed, but did not know our secret.

Precipitate clergyman! led away in an unguarded moment! Too true: yet consider but this. How the appreciation of a peerless woman's perfections may so force itself upon

a loyal heart, that it must become outspokening, or die! It may be worth mentioning as one of those curious coincidences sometimes found in a life history, that there had arrived that very morning a hasty letter from a dear friend residing not very far from Tepidstone, and who had charged himself with the task of reporting to me any news of general interest that might arise. The hasty letter from a dear friend, mentioned, in a promiscuous way, that only the day before the venerable incumbent of the parish had fallen into a profound stupor, from which it was to be feared that all the aid of silence would be insufficient to awaken him. Which news troubled me not a little; and I made up my mind not to impart it to Miss Bridles until the day following. In the whirl of excitement I went forth into the night, and outspoke my soul freely to Jemima, as I have set it down.

I could scarcely close my eyes the livelong night; I was in such anxiety as to the fate of the good man who, now at the close of a pious and laborious life, lay wrestling with the grim King of Terrors. How would it be with him eventually? Would the stupor ever leave him? Nay, do not stupors usually rather thicken and fall heavier on the wretched victim? At his age, too, when the sword has outworn its sheath, and the candle flickering in its socket, it was to be feared he could not wrestle effectually with the powers of death. Poor, poor soul! To lay this bitter anxiety for the sufferer, I made advances to the medical practitioner,—putting a case hypothetically, as to the effect of stupors at an advanced age. Were they fatal? "No," the practitioner said, coolly. "He had known many, many instances to the contrary."

"Surely—surely, you would not say it was beneficial to a patient?"

"Upon his soul," the practitioner answered, "he did not know but what it might be. There were the Miss Bridles's who had a friend or relation with precisely the same symptoms, and who had been with him but an hour since, asking his opinion. Stupors were very likely to be beneficial."

"What? to a very, very old person?"

"Yes; the older, the better chance."

Not at all relieved in mind by this reassuring opinion, Mr. Hobblush went his way. Presently the post bears him a hurried letter from the Bishop, conveying to him the same melancholy news, and full of protestations of grief.

I have heard.

—continued the bishop—

from confidential sources, that it is next to all over with our poor incumbent, that he is, I would say, on his last legs; only that he has never quitted his bed since yesterday morning. He is in a deathlike stupor, from which no efforts can rouse him.

Heaven help us ! In the midst of life &c.,—you know the rest. My nieces are beginning to know you better, which was only what I always expected. You are a good youth—*puer bone indo lis*, as the Latins say—and Heaven, I know, will reward you, and advance you in this life, as well as in another. Our poor brother may not last out the night,—may be in extremis before morning.

Yours ever,

RICHARD TWEAKMINSTER.

That day wore on. I wandered about absently, down the street, through the green fields, by the river, but could not rest. Somebody passed me,—it was Reverend C. B. McCuddy, with a darkling brow. At another season, perhaps, I could have exulted over my fallen enemy: but now, my eye rested vacantly on him. I heard him, but I heeded not. My thoughts were far away. What were such earthly passions, when human life was quivering in the balance ?

There was permanence of council all day long at Miss Bridles's. I came in and out ceaselessly: and we could read in each other's eyes the same question, Any news? It was the same the next day, and the next. I was worn to a shadow. The anxiety was growing too much for me. About noon on the third day, one of those curiously-attired blue pages, bound with white braiding, placed in my hands an envelope. It was a telegram from my good friend. With trembling fingers I opened this telegram, and proceeded to decipher the lead-pencil characters of the telegram. It was in the curt language peculiar to such documents.

This morning he awoke from the stupor, called for some soup, looked about him, and said he felt better on the whole.

Wretched Hoblush ! Was all thy anxiety, then, for nothing ? I took the open telegram straight to where the permanent council was sitting. It was received with disgust—with loud execration, even. Nay, there was a tone of hostility towards myself personally, as though I was at the bottom of the business.

"Ugh!" said the person called Sophia Dorothea, "you should have known better, you should! What do you mean, bringing your cock-and-bull stories here, frightening us out of our senses!"

"Sister, sister!" said gentle Jemima, in whose manner I had nevertheless observed a certain acridity.

"Madam," I replied to the House of Zell, "these matters are not in my hands. Why add to my sorrows by this violence? Do you wish for a fellow creature's death?"

She glared at me with her furious eyes: and, it struck me at the time, that she had intentions of wreathing her fingers in my hair. I stepped back a pace or two, trembling in every limb; when to us enters a maid, with word that one of the little blue-coated pages was waiting below. Telegram once more. Curiosity suspended hostilities;

and, after signing the proper receipt, with beating heart I read aloud (rather Sophia Dorothea, who had snapped it from me in her impatience:)

Stupor again, deeper than ever. Desire for food merely superficial—general break up—Not expected to last over the night.

I am ashamed to say, that on receipt of this news, there was tumultuous, if not indecent joy in the countenance of the elder Miss Bridles. She forgot her hostility on the instant, and at once became cordial in her manner. We sat together the whole of that day, waiting for further intelligence.

In the gleaming of the evening I returned for a short time to my own modest mansion. Perhaps I was dejected; for I was thinking of the aged incumbent, then, perhaps, wrestling with death. Old men must succumb, I believe without a struggle. That was the usual, the understood thing. But if he should rally? O, no—no—no—impossible. Better for him, poor soul, to be released at once from his suffering—far better.

A knock. It made my heart jump. Yes; another telegram announcing the end. These melancholy, short-hand dispatches should have mourning borders, like other mourning letters. Yes; all was over. "Sir," it said, "I am grieved to inform you of the sudden death (poor, poor soul!)—the sudden death from apoplexy, of your excellent relation, the Right Reverend Doctor Bridles, Bisop of Tweakminster!" The telegraphic characters—always indistinct—now swam before my eyes. I was stunned; knew not where I was; and, crushing up the fatal bit of tissue paper, sank back into my chair. If I had read on, I should have seen that the bishop had been found by his servants after dinner, with his head back, having been carried off quite suddenly. Pah! what boots the manner? No; I don't mean that; but it was a cruel blow it must be confessed; the most inopportune demise that ever took place. For only that same night the incumbent of Tepidstone closed his long and weary pilgrimage. Break it to the sisters Bridles? Ha, ha, ha! Break it to them tenderly, of course. Pah! Let them break it to themselves. They will bear ironing! Was I growing delirious?

Next morning, moving slowly in the direction of the Brides' mansion, McCuddy passed me. The oily monster looked at me with a leer of triumph. He had learnt the news. So had the whole town, who looked on me with a compassionate interest. But I drew my robes about me, and surveyed him with a quiet look of dignity, such as misfortune imparts to those who have great souls. He passed on cowering.

Miss Jemima Bridles was in the parlour.

"You know," I said, falling into my

accustomed seat, "you know, doubtless, of the great misfortune that has overtaken us all. Believe me that you have my sincerest sympathies."

"Indeed we are aware of that, dearest Mr. Hoblush," said Miss Jemima, looking at me with tenderness; "and I can assure that it lightens our sorrows much to have one that can so feel with us. You are our only support now."

"I am sorry to say," I answered, "that circumstances of a rather peculiar character, will necessitate my absence from this part of the country. The emoluments of this parish are a disgrace to a Christian country. No gentleman could continue with decency in such an office. It was monstrous." I said this with some heat.

"You will not stay long," Miss Jemima said, more tenderly than before. "How I shall long for the day of your return."

"Have I not conveyed my meaning?" I answered, coldly. "I fear I do not carry you with me," using here a popular legal phrase.

"Carry me with you," she said, in ecstasy. "O, not as yet, dear Alfred. Afterwards, afterwards," she added, with a meaning look, "I will go with you all the wide world over!"

"My travelling arrangements," I said (observe how changed was now the nature of the man Hoblush, when he could speak thus,) "my travelling arrangements will, I fear, preclude such a plan. I would recommend you to remain in this sequestered retreat in preference to any spot the wide world over. It is admirably suited to your means, and here you will suitably journey down into the vale of years, deserving the respect of all who know you! Believe me you have mine. I shall never forget the agreeable hours passed in this—in that chair." Here I took my hat and rose to go.

She gave a sort of shriek, and rushed to the door.

"What do you mean? how dare you? You must wait, you shall wait!"

I tried to get past her to the stairs, for I felt unequal to a scene.

"Time presses," I said, "and my bark waits. I speak figuratively, of course."

"Here, sister, sister!" she called out. "come down quick. You shall speak to her, sir. You shall account to her for this."

Which was precisely what I desired to avoid. I trembled at the bare notion of meeting that infuriated woman; and so desiring an opening between Miss Jemima and the stairs, I slipped quietly by, muttering something about calling again. A terrible voice sounded in my ears, coming from over the banisters. "Come back!" it said in

hoarse, thundering accents; "come back! Do you hear!"

My heart sank within me, my eyes became dim; and a sense as of something awful being at hand stole upon me. As the rattlesnake fascinates its victim, so I, by some irresistible impulse, was drawn back up-stairs by those terrible sounds, "Come back, sir!" repeated slowly and with menace; until, being fairly in the drawing-room once more, she placed her back to the door, and with her face close to mine, hissed out the word "Monster!" I thought she was going to strike me, and put my hand to shield my face.

"Don't," I said, in feeble tones, "it is unwomanly."

"Ugh!" was her reply. Its tone was at once savage and contemptuous.

It were bootless to describe the distressing scene that followed. Suffice it to say that for the sake of public decency and quietness, I promised to fulfil what she called my engagement to her sister. As this was extorted under the influence of terror and violence, I considered it would not be binding on me. But, that same evening a better notion occurred to me. As the shades of night fell, it matured, and took a tangible shape. Hoblush, than whom, that night there was not a more wretched being in this world: Hoblush, the miserable, the forlorn, the trepanned, the bamboozled, the victim of unlawful terrorism: conceived this desperate idea. There was a night-mail just starting, and he thought wistfully of the night-mail. He was unpacked,—what of that? Perish worldly goods in such a cause? Wrapping his cloak about him, the Reverend Alfred Hoblush went forth into the darkness—unrecognised, unthought-of—took a seat in the night-mail, and was taken away into the broad world, where the disappointed spinster, and the parishioners of Duckingscum-Shampoo, shall look for him in vain.

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TRADING IN FETTERS.

THERE are records of dancers who attained considerable celebrity, although they did not display more grace, agility, nor inventive power than their competitors. Whence, then, arose the merits of their performance? One young lady had her eyes bandaged, and threaded a blindfold fandango, through the midst of a dozen eggs placed on the floor without endangering the prospects of a single chicken. Another hero did Vestris's gavotte, wearing, instead of the usual pumps, a pair of the heaviest French wooden shoes. Gentlemen have also executed sailors' horn-pipes with their legs incumbered by iron fetters. No doubt, they would have danced better without those impediments. But, dance they did: hence their glory.

There is a nation, not far distant, which is now performing the same feat, commercially. She is trading in fetters; and the wonder is that she trades so well as she does, or that she trades at all. By trade is not meant mere buying and selling amongst themselves; which a people must do to keep life going, and which is nothing but a mercantile pas-seul or solo-step. A country really trades when it takes part in the grand ballet of nations; performing its share in the complicated figures and evolutions which are danced to the tunes of supply and demand, scarcity and plenty.

But our neighbours, having decorated themselves with chains, originally put on to serve the purpose of a coat of mail, hug them still, in the belief that their fetters bring profit as well as adornment. Instead of dancing on a free, clear stage, our friends have overspread and carpeted their boards with a complicated piece of network which greatly detracts from the ease, grace, and vigour of their movements. While England can step out boldly and show her paces, France must pause, consider, and hesitate, at every new mercantile attitude she desires to assume.

That these different results are caused by the respective customs' systems of the two countries, will have appeared from a previous article, and the subject is so rich and suggestive that it merits a few additional illustrations.*

The French Tariff, with its elaborate notes,

is an amusing document to read; only, you accompany it with a mental commentary of commiseration for the unhappy men whose business it is to make its daily application. So learned is it, that, in some things, it knows as much as is actually known by anybody: perhaps a little more; as, when it refers the gums of Africa to the trees and plants from which they ooze. The evil of this custom-house pedantry is, that it is not easy for officials to identify many of the articles enumerated. A customs inspector sometimes has to run about a sea-port town for half-a-day, showing to the chemists, doctors, dyers, museum-keepers, and other erudites of the place, samples of unknown wood or rare dried medicinal herbs, without being able to make out what it is, and to what duty it is liable. The loss of time and the waste of patience and temper, so incurred, are considerable.

Surely black-lead might have been disposed of and suffered to find its way into commerce at the moderate duty of five francs the hundred kilos, without a lecture on that graphitic article:

Graphite (carbure de fer, called mine de plomb noire, or plumbagine,) a product which has long been considered a carburet of iron, is nothing but carbon of a particular nature, mixed with a very small quantity of iron. People are now of accord to recognise that it does not contain any portion of lead; accordingly, mineralogists range it amongst the combustible minerals. Graphite is shining and of a blue, drawing near to black: it is very soft to the touch, it soils the fingers and leaves a blackish trace on paper. Its principal employment is to serve for the fabrication of the pencils called black-lead. It is also one of the matters which enter into the composition of refractory crucibles. By means of graphite reduced to powder, and kneaded up with grease, is made a sort of cambouis, or cart-grease, proper to soften the friction of the wheels and cogs of machines, and to which, at its entrance, the duty on tallow is applicable.

The English tariff dismisses iron-wares with a light duty, and easy distinctions; but iron alone causes France to incur as much thought, trouble, and expense, as would almost suffice, if properly directed, to administer an important department of the state. Iron ore is admitted exempt from duty; its export, with a few exceptions for particular ports named, is prohibited. All higher forms of iron, as

* See page 481 of the last volume.

they rise in the iron-scale of being,—from the primitive ore to the finished razor,—must cause anxious days and sleepless nights to the inspectors appointed to ascertain what's what. Iron wire is considered to be iron wire only when it has a diameter of less than seven millimetres. Iron having seven millimetres or more of diameter, is iron in bars. White metallic strings for instruments, made of iron wire, must pay the duty on wire-drawn iron when rolled into ring or couronnes. Those rolled on bobbins are subject, on entrance, to a duty of from seventy to seventy-six francs the hundred kilos. When declaration is made of the importation of metallic strings not rolled on bobbins, they must be subjected to the duty leviable on the wire-drawn material of which they are composed; that is to say, to the duty on iron wire or steel wire, as the case may be. Query: When is steel wire, steel wire? And when is a pianoforte string, a pianoforte string? Also, when is a needle a needle, if the question be not impertinent? Sewing-needles, four centimètres or less in length, pay eight francs the single kilo weight; between four and five centimètres in length, five francs; longer than five centimètres, two francs. According to a recent tariffication, the length of needles alone, not their quality, determines the duty to apply to them; saving, nevertheless, what concerns packing-needles, mattress-needles, and sail-sewing needles, (called *carrelets*), which remain ranged amongst the Tools of pure steel.

Ploughshares are exposed to like doubts, difficulties and ambiguities. Curling-irons and irons for ironing and gaufring, pay fifty francs the hundred kilos. Plane-irons, a hundred and forty. Old iron causes no little anxiety to the authorities, particularly that which is fished up from the sea. In order to smooth the thorny question, the Director-General of Customs addressed, from Paris, last August twelvemonth, a circular to the chiefs at the sea-port towns, to the effect that anchors and cables recovered, by French dragners, from the bottom of the ports and roadsteads of the empire, are admitted to consumption by the payment of an entrance duty of one franc per hundred kilogrammes. The act of dragging must be certified in an authentic manner by the navy agents. While admitting to this favourable régime, not only anchors, but also cables, the eye of the Law only recognises the fragments of cables which hang to the anchors dragged from the bottom of the sea.

The Department of War and the Department of the Marine enter into a childish correspondence on this little matter. They explained that it would be useful to extend to anchors and cables dragged in the ports and roads of Algeria and in those of the French colonies, the favourable régime enjoyed by anchors and cables fished up in the ports and roads of the mother country.

It is acknowledged, in fact, that in the colonies, as formerly in the mother-country, the compulsion either to re-export the anchors dragged, or to fulfil the ordinary claims of the Tariff, was a serious obstacle to the act of dredging; the results not being sufficiently remunerative. Consequently, his Excellency the Minister of Finances decided that in the colonies, Algeria, and French Guiana, anchors and cables dragged in the conditions proscribed by the law, should be admitted at a duty of one franc the hundred kilos, exactly as if they were the result of a dragging operated in the ports and roads of the mother-country. When these anchors, instead of being consumed in the colonies are directed to one of the ports of France, they enjoy the favourable régime, on the condition that the act of dragging be testified by the certificates of the local chiefs of the naval service. A profane looker-on might deem all this favour, and this certifying to be an entertaining example of much ado about nothing. Pounds'-worth of time, pen, paper, and ink, are spent about the admission of a few shillings'-worth of old iron; which, after all, is only allowed to be utilised because it becomes a dangerous nuisance by remaining where it was. 'Tis sweet to trifle now and then, even with the links of iron cables.

The principle on which the French Tariff is based, the key to all its apparent eccentricities, is, protection, at all costs, to National Production, and excitement, by all means, of National Industry. If the soil of France is capable of producing any given material, were it even so humble as skewer-wood, and were three men only willing to earn their livelihood by converting that material into butchers' skewers, those three men are to be protected from foreign competition by the whole stud and staff of the French douanes; because they are the producers of an indigenous manufacture. The same of excitement to industry: the tax upon vipers appears to us ridiculous; but it is only the carrying out of a principle. Its meaning and intention are, that supposing a demand for viper-flesh and viper-fat to exist, it is better to rear up a race of native viper-catchers, to catch vipers in the national forests, where there are plenty to be caught, than to let in foreign-caught vipers, whose capture had furnished employment and wages to stranger hands.

When direct means are insufficient to work out the principle, let indirect means be added to them. For the protection of a little knot of scientific-instrument makers, a duty of from thirty to forty per cent, is not enough, in the eyes of the protected, to obtain an absolute protection. Therefore, the importation of their wares must be hampered with additional impediments. All optical instruments; all instruments employed in astronomy, navigation, mathematics, natural philosophy, and, generally, all that are neces-

sary for scientific labours, must, besides paying the heavy duty, be accompanied—as is the rule for all machines or mechanism—by a coloured plan, drawn to a given scale, of every form, dimension, and detail. It is not enough to pay ten or twenty pounds duty on a microscope with a complete and elaborate apparatus; but you must also send a drawing of it, on scale, to Paris, for the criticism, (perhaps the instruction,) of French microscope makers. If the final destination of such instruments be Paris, these formalities may be abridged by sending the imported articles from the coast or the frontier to the metropolitan custom house, under double lead (seals) and accompanied by a permit-warrant. But, if your machinery be not intended for Paris; woe betide you, unless your plan on scale is regular and acceptable. You may plead special urgency, and may write your heart out to the Director General. After much delay you will receive a polite but flat refusal to any favour. Your mechanism must be assimilated (the technical phrase) to the French customs law. Were the authorities inclined to help you (and it is only right to say there are some good fellows amongst them,) they dare not.

Seemingly favourable and liberal exceptions often turn out to be delusive hopes. The protective principle is carried out rigorously. Thus, instruments of husbandry (*aratoires*) may enter by the maritime bureaux in packages of any weight; but without the admixture of any other kind of implement paying differing duties. By the designation of Instruments of Husbandry, are understood only the simple instruments necessary for rural industry. Wooden rakes, hay-forks, et cetera, and treated as *boisillerie*, which pay a nominal duty of four francs the hundred kilos. As for instruments of wood and iron, such as ploughs, extirpators, turnip-choppers, straw-cutters, harrows, drills, and ventilators (winnowing-machines?) they belong to agricultural machines and mechanism; and must down with their duty, and their drawing to scale. Again; it sounds amiable and philoprogenitive to let in lambs for threepence per head. But none are admitted as lambs except those which weigh less than sixteen pounds French each. Still further, to prevent all fraud such as the smuggling in of dwarf fine-woolled Welsh muttons under the guise of lambs—it is enacted that, when the wool of these lambs is found to have more than four months' growth, a duty is to be levied on the wool, according to its kind, independently of the duties appertaining to the animals.

A composite object—an object made up of parts—is not always considered as an object fiscally, if its separate parts are separately subject to a duty of their own. Thus, wooden clocks with a metal movement, pay two francs each; bird-organs (being musical instruments) pay three francs each; but a bird-organ adapted to a wooden clock, must

pay its own private duty over and above the right of the tariff to its dues on the clock. Therefore, a wooden cuckoo-clock with a metal movement, pays an import duty of five francs—to the delectation of French cuckoo-clockmakers: Foreign wooden-clockmakers are made to bite the dust. The tax on musical instruments does not, however, save the public from musical nuisances. Portable instruments imported or exported by travellers, for their own personal use, are exempt from duty; in virtue of which, barrel-organs, seraphines, and horrible blasting German bands, roam over the fair land of France, untaxed and unrestrained.

The sacrifice made by the French nation to carry out her universal protective principle would be admirable could we believe that she were only fulfilling a conscientious duty, and that selfishness had no part in the system: That she thereby sacrifices revenue, is clear; which is a pity, because France needs, and deserves to have, a handsome revenue. But, for the protection of the three hypothetical skewer-makers, for the training of indigenous viper-catchers, the State has to maintain an enormous establishment of custom houses and custom house officers, whose costliness is oppressive to contemplate. The enormous line of frontier and coast to be watched and guarded, extends from Dunkerque to Brest; from Brest to Bayonne; from Bayonne all the whole length of the Pyrenees to Perpignan; from Perpignan on the Mediterranean coast to Antibes; from Antibes along the Alps and the Rhine to Strasbourg; and, from Strasbourg, along the Belgian frontier to Dunkerque again, completing at last the great circumscribing chain of trade fetters. All this vast range has to be watched and guarded with unceasing care, night and day, in fair weather and foul, because France believes it her mission to maintain an exclusive right of manufacture to a score or two individuals of a score or two trades. While, in fact, by giving up the protection to those few individuals, an enormous reduction and a large increase of revenue may be effected; but then, the protective principle in its integrity would be abandoned; a precedent would be established; the first of a thousand reformatory wedges would be driven in; the tariff would soon be split into a thousand pieces, like a turret of glass struck by a cannon-ball.

We, who have sworn national fidelity to no such principles, have gained in effecting a reduction of expenditure, a vast increase of revenue. By diminishing exaggerated duties, by suppressing prohibitions, by simplifying the tariff, we have sensibly augmented the sum received by the state. The increased quantity of merchandise paying duty has been demonstrated by the increase of customs receipts; while the expense of collection, following an inverse movement, have been reduced to an important amount. From eighteen hundred and thirty-one to eighteen hundred

and fifty, the reductions made in the British tariff, according to official calculations, represent a sum of nearly eleven millions sterling. In spite of this enormous drawback, the produce of the customs, far from being reduced, rose to a higher figure than it had ever reached before.

In England the expense of collecting the customs' revenue does not now exceed more than five or six per cent. In France, it may be stated, without any great fear of error, at more than a quarter, and nearly amounts to a third of the total produce. But we must not forget that the great extent of the French land-frontier offers a serious disadvantage. France, therefore, can scarcely hope to reduce the expense of collecting so low as one twentieth or thereabouts, as in England. Nevertheless, the overwhelming cost of the customs' machinery may clearly be cut down by the mere process of simplifying it. While making the comparison, it is also just to observe, that in France the sale of tobacco and its preparations produces nothing for the customs, as it does with us. Its manufacture being a government monopoly, the proceeds enter (as likewise does a portion of the duty levied on sugars) into the inland taxes which are claimed by the administration of the Contributions Indirectes.

In old countries, like England and France, the civil relations of the government with such of its subjects as are not criminals or lunatics, may be compared to the authority which a parent exercises over his grown-up children. Their education, the experience of past ages, has raised them above the position of babes whom it is necessary to support with leading-strings; they are supposed to be capable of going alone and taking care of themselves. The wise parent does not intermeddle with the private routine of his daughter's housekeeping, nor with circumstantial details of his son's business; those persons being considered competent to manage their own ordinary affairs. If all goes right, the parent is satisfied, and takes no further care or thought. It is only at any great crisis or emergency, in any unforeseen important case, that the elder volunteers his advice.

The effect of the French Tariff upon the children (native or adopted) of France is the very reverse of this dignified non-interference. It is like the conduct of a fussy mother-in-law, who insists upon auditing trumpery weekly accounts, balancing candle-ends, and half-pints of milk; who pries into matters she had best let alone, makes mischief, scolds, annoys, vexes, causes needless expense, must have a finger in every pie, never lets her young folk have their own way, punishes them when she can, and is sometimes sorry for it afterwards. To judge by the Tariff—losing sight for an instant of the long-armed nightmare-phantom Protection—you would take French commercial men to be raw apprentices who require con-

stant checking and admonishing. You musn't do this, they are told; you can't take that; you must sell this instead of the other; these drawers are not to be touched without word of command.

The youngster starts in the cotton line, for instance. He asks what he may do with cotton, and what he may not. Answer: "Cotton in wool or in sheets carded and gummed; see Filaments. Cotton, spun; see Thread of cotton. Cotton, seed of; see Fruits to be sown for seed. Cotton, in powder; see Wool, Wadding, Flock-paper." Depressed and bewildered, he resolves to confine himself to thread of cotton. He learns that unbleached cotton threads (of the kind called number one hundred and forty-three of the metrical system, which is represented by number one hundred and seventy of the English system,) may, as well as higher numbers, be imported on the payment of eight francs the kilo, which, with the war double decime, amounts to a duty of from ten to fifty per cent. upon the value of the cotton. For, whether thread of the coarser number cost seven shillings the pound, or of the finer numbers five-and-twenty shillings, the duty is the same. The lower numbers of English cotton thread are the coarser: they begin at numbers twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and so on. But the French Tariff chooses to protect the spinners of coarse cotton because they cannot spin fine cotton. It will not therefore let coarse cotton come in; but it will fine, because it must and cannot help it. To keep coarse cotton thread at a distance, it is only when thread has arrived at the fineness of number one hundred and seventy, that it is allowed to come in at all. Every lower number, without distinction of kind, is prohibited. Our youngster therefore orders cotton thread from England, especially mentioning number one hundred and seventy. It comes, and is sharply examined at the custom-house. By an almost unavoidable circumstance attendant on the process of spinning, some of it is found to be a little coarser than the motherly Tariff allows it to be. The whole of it is seized; he is ruined, and retires to a garret or a lunatic asylum.

The above is no imaginary picture. Only very lately, a seizure of the kind was made, though happily not ending in ruin, small thanks to the benevolent Tariff. Cotton thread is allowed to be imported only at the ports of Dunkerque, Calais, Boulogne, and Havre—another agreeable little shackle on industry. All numbers of thread below number one hundred and forty-three French being entirely prohibited, any thread which might correspond to number one hundred and forty-two or number one hundred and forty-one is mercilessly seized. No margin—not the least in the world—is allowed. This is a grievous injustice, because English cotton-spinners only use such numbers as are multiples of ten. For instance, they have nothing

between number one hundred and sixty and number one hundred and seventy. Consequently, a skein, whose weight should make it number one hundred and sixty-seven, is marked number one hundred and seventy, although it is a very little coarser than the standard number one hundred and seventy. In France, this difference is of the highest importance. The French customs will grant no such latitude. If there is the least encroachment on the wrong side of their limit, they seize forthwith—as they did on the occasion referred to. The number one hundred and seventy, without the least intention of any fraudulent transaction, happened thus to be spun to about number one hundred and sixty-six (which does not exist in the English trade,) and was consequently within the French limit and liable to confiscation. But this is not all. In company with the illegal number one hundred and sixty-six there came other numbers far finer, quite above what could possibly be touched by the French margin, all the goods being in one bale. Therefore the douaniers logically seized the unoffending cotton, together with the offending; because it was travelling in bad company. Perhaps, when it goes to Paris to be verified, the legal thread may be restored to its owner. The joke is that the act of bleaching—Protection to bleachers!—should make, in addition to the quality of fineness, all the difference between admissibility and inadmissibility. Had this cotton of contention been bleached instead of unbleached, none of it could have entered France at all, fine or coarse, on any conditions whatever. A weaver in France wishing to have cotton thread ready bleached, cannot get it for love or money.

The department of the Tarif in which a liberal spirit makes the hardest struggle to manifest itself practically, is the class comprising objects of art and natural history. Articles forming parts of collections, and not belonging to commerce, pay no more than one per cent. on their value. When imported for the national museums, they are entirely freed from duty, but it is requisite that the destination be justified. It must be acknowledged that the French unreformed tariff is a kinder patron to this branch of liberal study than was the English unreformed. We may remember how Water-ton's hard-won collections were delayed, despised, and injured by custom-house difficulties. Finally, rare, curious, or learned animals, conducted by jugglers, are exempt from duty on their entrance to, as at their exit from France. An unenlightened pig pays twelve francs for his admission; a learned pig, if he has only got as far as his A B C, marches in triumph gratuitously with—homage to letters!—the trade fetters handsomely knocked off.

It is natural to ask, how long such a tariff is likely to sacrifice national welfare and international intercourse to the supposed

advantage of a few? Answer: For some time to come. There are Frenchmen who are less apprehensive of the outbreak of Revolution than they are of the outbreak of Free Trade; because the horrors of Revolution are known and can be grappled with, while the horrors of Free Trade loom, in a dark, menacing, and incomprehensible mist. The milder class of Protectionists, in their moments of incipient thaw, will admit that it would be a good thing if certain duties could be reduced or abolished; but before that can take place, France must be able to produce the same articles at the same price as they are sold at by the stranger. Then, and not before, will be the time to open the ports. Until France can make iron, prints, and muslins, as cheaply as England does, the great bulk of the French people are to continue to be deprived of them, only to favour the very few who can manufacture them. Suppose England were to promise to reduce her duties on French wines as soon as we can produce home-grown champagne and claret from English grapes of equal quality and price, with that which we now receive from France!

HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

THE Hothams were left orphans—the brother at twenty-two, the sister at twenty-one years of age—but their desolation was by no means extreme: it was tempered to them, as the Reverend Applepy Swete observed, by a considerable sum of money in the Three per Cents. Besides, the girl found in Cecil Hotham at once a parent and a brother; more devoted to her happiness than a lover; for his devotion exceeded that of a wooing time; it lasted for life.

Even if one had not been related to her, it would have been quite possible to have become exceedingly fond of Nina Hotham; as Mr. Swete, the curate of Brentfell, where she lived, proved. Swete was not a strong-minded young person, but he was very honest and well meaning, and the living would be his own as soon as the then rector (who was eighty-two) should be removed from what was denominated, more technically than literally, his present sphere of usefulness. The old gentleman had indeed been put in at seventy-four by Mr. Swete's father, the patron, as a warning-pan for his son, and he had already taken five years longer to keep the place warm than was expected of him. Still, it was plain that he could not persist in such annoying conduct much longer, and Mr. Applepy Swete's expectations were—since the living was a good one—proportionately excellent. Nina liked him well enough, though not passionately, and her brother Cecil, seeing that, was, in consequence, his warm friend and supporter; for, if her opinion of the young divine had been unfavourable, he would have been his determined and uncompromising foe.

It is probable that Nina—she was fair, tall, and blue-eyed, with a carriage like that of a princess, and a will of her own to match—would have become Mrs. Swete, and lived and died the wife of a country rector, had it not been for a circumstance no less trifling than that of an acting charade.

It was winter; and, at the hall where the old squire, who was king at Brentfell, lived, a large party had assembled, among whom were the Hothams. Private theatricals were a novelty in that part of the country, and such acting even as the guests attempted—which partook more of the nature of tableaux vivants than anything else—aroused immense enthusiasm in the locality, and attracted more spectators than the double drawing-room could easily hold. Nina Hotham, magnificently attired, and imitating the silence as well as the attitude of some sublime statue, made a profound impression. Accustomed from her youth to a country life, and knowing nothing of the world in these volumes of the unreal, mis-called of the imagination, the poor girl became intoxicated with this partial and unreasoning applause. In it, her fancy caught the herald notes of a burst of triumphant acclaim, which was to sweep perhaps, one day, through the length and breadth of England; of Europe; of the world. The calling of the actress, she had often thought, was a something little less than divine, and now she had the exquisite pleasure of persuading herself, and of being persuaded, that that high privilege was her own by natural right. Vain, indulged, and accustomed to no other influence than that of her own impulses, this young gentlewoman—brought up in affluence, and imbued with the usual social prejudices—nevertheless found herself stage-struck.

The Reverend Applepy Swete had not hailed very eagerly the appearance of his intended as Rowena, the Saxon Princess, in a charade; but when he discovered that, in consequence of the success of that mystery, it had been determined that the last scene of the play of *Othello* was to be represented, the part of Desdemona by Miss Nina Hotham, the young curate looked almost as black as the Moor himself.

"I do trust, Nina," he urged, with suppressed feeling, "that you will think again of this."

"I mean to do so," replied the girl, who was annoyed that the only eyes which had not beamed admiration, the only hands which had not spoken approval, on the evening of her recent triumph, were those of Mr. Applepy Swete; "the part requires considerable thought, sir."

"Nina," he said earnestly, "do not answer me thus. You and I, as I hope and trust with all my heart, are, at no very distant period, to be one, as man and wife. Our interests, our sympathies, our actions, are to be similar and united. If I suffered you to

take this highly imprudent and unbecoming step (I cannot apply a term less strong to your acting in such a scene with such a man as Colonel Chowler) without reproof, you might, in after life, reasonably reproach me for an unwonted harshness; since, as your husband, I should not surely—"

"Silence, sir," interrupted the embryo tragédienne, imperiously, "you are going too fast. I thank you for the warning you have given me of what I am to expect as your wife. You have not a good temper. 'This bloody passion'—that's what I have to say to the Colonel—'shakes your very frame. These are portents. Have mercy upon me. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-day.' Most reverend signor, you are very terrible!"

"If you do act that scene," cried the curate solemnly, and certainly in a rage, "you and I, Miss Hotham, never speak of love again."

That five minutes of irritating conversation probably altered the whole tenor of a couple of human lives. The lady persevered in her determination to play Desdemona, and the young clergyman, upon his part, kept his word.

If the charade was a Success, the play was a tremendous Hit indeed. The gallant colonel handled the sofa cushion as if he had all his life, done nothing else but smother people with that implement; and, as for Desdemona, she, according to universal testimony, was well nigh faultless: her skin looked whiter than snow, and smoother than the monumental alabaster; while her tones—except upon one occasion when she got the tassel of the cushion into her mouth—were Desdemona's own. When she desired to be commended to her kind lord, and died forgiving him so sweetly, with an *O*, farewell, upon her closing lips, there was not one dry eye in the double drawing-room.

This second triumph put an end to what few prudent reflections yet remained to Nina with regard to her becoming an actress. Her admiring brother protested, from the bottom of his heart, that she was the most perfect Desdemona that ever played, and that she would make her fortune in a fortnight, if she were only to go upon the stage.

"I am glad to hear you say so much, my dearest Cecil," was the girl's delighted answer. "I feel the power within me. It has been slumbering long indeed; but now is all the stronger for its rest. I have made up my mind, dear brother, to become an actress—to immortalise myself—aye," she added in her deepest notes; but not until after a little pause, "and you, also, Cecil."

Cecil Hotham shuddered. He had the most undoubted faith in his sister's powers; but all his instincts rallied round his preconceived opinions of the stage, in arms against this scheme. He knew his sister well enough to feel that it was something more than an

idea of the moment engendered by excitement and success; and he knew himself too well not to doubt his own ability to persuade her to abandon the resolve.

"Remember, Nina, whom you shipwreck by this course," he urged; "poor Swete now dreams that you are his—"

"Not now," she cried, "we are not to speak of love again. He has told me that I shall not act on the stage. SHALL not! I am glad to think that I have escaped the man. But he shall hear of me, as all the world shall hear; and you, my Cecil, brother—now that all familiar faces will be set against me—you alone, I look to now for help."

They too had many more conversations of this nature. There was endless talk and oceans of advice, and almost universal censure poured upon them from all sides, as well. But the end was, that Nina had her way.

Their comfortable Brentfell home was let; and, since it was of course absolutely necessary that a tragic star of such a magnitude should make its first appearance in the metropolitan firmament, the Hothams removed to London.

Nina went through a course of training in elocution and deportment, with a patience hardly to have been expected of her; and, in six months' time, was pronounced by her theatrical Coach (a gentleman at the very top of his profession) as perfect as art could make her—which indeed was true.

While she continued to occupy herself in the study of various characters—each of which, however, was the most ambitious in its particular piece—Cecil set every wheel within his reach in motion, to provide her with a suitable engagement. With money and friends in plenty, her position was of course a far more favourable one than that of many a more gifted débutante. Still she did not find the thing she sought. More than one manager of this and that great house had interviews with the young lady at her private residence without the expected offer of the position of first tragédienne being made. They saw her, and were charmed. Her face, her figure, her carriage, her action even, delighted them; but the words themselves were often wanting, and the sense of them it had been out of the power of the theatrical Coach (who, perhaps, did not know it himself) to convey.

Nina grew sad and heart-sick at the lack of generous enthusiasm in these personages; whom she had pictured to herself all eager to secure her for their own. Cecil was indignant beyond measure at their ignorance and want of taste.

"These persons who have the leading theatres," said he, kissing away her tears, "are given up to particular styles; to mechanical and stereotyped characters; to women more like lay-figures than actresses. They know absolutely nothing of genius. They do

not understand the language of Nature, even when they hear it spoken by one so noble as yourself. It is the people only who have the power to put you upon your rightful throne. You shall appear at some minor house under an assumed name; and afterwards, when your success is proclaimed by the public voice, these mistrustful men will be ready enough to open their doors to my own Nina."

Accordingly, it was not long before a lesser monarch of the stage paid a business visit to the disengaged young lady; approved her speech as well as her action, her delineation of passion, and her majestic method of crossing the room. Finally, in offering her the leading part at his theatre during the ensuing month, he promised to respect the secret of her name until an enthusiastic public would be denied the revelation no longer.

"And now that you have made your business arrangements with my future proprietor," said Nina, with laughing eyes and radiant countenance, as her brother returned from an interview with their visitor, "do pray, dear brother, tell me how much I may be worth per week."

"Well, love," replied Cecil, with hesitation, "considering that you are entirely unknown and quite inexperienced: that you have not the great theatrical lineage which some possess to give an interest to your début; that (I am only quoting the manager's words, you know) you have no decidedly original readings of any well-known—"

"Am I worth nothing?" interrupted the girl, passionately. "What does all this tend to? Was the man lying to my face ten minutes ago?"

"No, Nina, no," stammered her brother; "but the offer seemed so small, so insignificant, that I scarcely liked to come to it. Fifteen pounds a-week. It would be positively distressing, were it not so ridiculous; but Siddonses, O'Neils, and Nina Hothams must begin, you see, even upon a trifle."

She tossed her head and pouted a little at this intelligence; but presently left the room to pursue her studies, in her natural high spirits. Cecil stood looking at the door through which she had departed, with loving but melancholy eyes. He had schooled the manager in the part he was to play with Nina before he saw her, and his subsequent business arrangements with that gentleman had been different indeed from that which he had represented them.

"I think I was right," he mused; "I trust I was right. To have told her the miserable truth—that I have had to pay fifteen pounds a-week for the privilege of her being permitted to act—would have gone well nigh to kill her. After next month, too, all these things will be changed. Such beauty, such grace, such genius, cannot remain long unappreciated by any who have eyes and ears."

At the little transpontine theatre the effect of this pecuniary dramatic arrangement was tremendous. The first tragic lady, who had to become the second tragic lady at once, enacted a little extemporaneous tragedy upon her own account by going into hysterics. The second and third tragic ladies were each proportionately indignant at being unceremoniously thrust down a peg a-piece in the dramatic scale. The sentiments of the whole corps of female artists can be only paralleled by those of the military, when the highest step is not allowed, for some unexplained reason, to go in the regiment. The male actors protested in soothing tones that they would scorn to act with the interloper; or, if they were obliged to do so, that they would act exceedingly ill.

Accordingly—for to this universal jealousy of his sister's position, poor Cecil always ascribed the catastrophe—when the nameless tragédienne made Her First Appearance at the transpontine theatre, no failure had ever been so complete, on either side of the Thames. There was pretty general applause when she made her first majestic appearance; but, from the moment when she began to speak, until she closed her eyes in mimic death, the Noes had it.

The second night was not so completely unfortunate as the first; only because there were not so many people in the house to express disapprobation. On the third night the deposed first tragic lady of the theatre resumed her sway.

It would be painful to narrate in detail, how, at this and that inferior theatre, Nina Hotham attempted again and again to assert her fancied pre-eminence, and always in vain; how hundreds of pounds were spent on this costly whim of hers, although her brother never had the heart to tell her the truth; and how he himself never lost his loving faith in her; but believed that the world would welcome her, one day yet. Peevish and fretful at the slightest cross, as she had ever been, she now began to pine under this great reverse. Her vanity, so far from being crushed by these repeated disappointments, grew ranker and wilder than ever; stretching out its too luxuriant tendrils on all sides, and finding nothing to support them, anywhere. It really seemed as if the glare of the foot-lights and the breath of popular applause were as light and air to her, and that, both being denied her, she must perish.

Cecil Hotham, knowing so much better than she did, in what light estimation her talents had been held, was yet so blinded with admiration for her as to determine to risk his all in one more grand attempt to get her a public hearing. One of the two great London theatres being advertised to be let for a certain time, this good young man—sensible enough in ordinary circumstances wherein his sister was not concerned, but about as fitted for the part of manager of

such an establishment as the Vicar of Wakefield—resolved to undertake the management of it. Matters were the more difficult and unfavourable for him, inasmuch as all things were made subservient to the interests of Nina. The stars who chanced just then to be not fixed, were excluded from his company lest they should dim his sister's brightness; but the minor constellations exacted from him the pay of their superiors. They were not going to do second business (how indignantly poor Nina echoed that word!) to a person without an established name, unless they were well compensated for that humiliation.

In spite of the two theatrical agents in his employment, or, perhaps, because of them, the young manager paid double the usual head-money for every recruit in his enormous corps dramatique.

However, the plan of the campaign was in the end arranged, and the object of all his preparations at last placed in a position to wear the crown of triumph she had so long desired.

Nina Hotham's name in letters of all the colours in the rainbow, and bigger than the poor girl herself, wearied the metropolitan eye wheresoever it fell. The newspapers proclaimed to the whole country, including the little world round Brentfell, how the ambitious debutante had chosen one of the first characters in the range of British drama in which to make her appearance upon the first stage in Europe, on that day fortnight. Nina Hotham had selected no less a part for herself than that of Lady Macbeth.

The hour to which brother and sister had looked forward with a secret suspense that was almost agony, at length arrived. The vast theatre was densely crowded from floor to ceiling. Puffing had done its work. Vague rumours also of failure at other places, and under a feigned name, had got about, and excited curiosity to the utmost. A great number of her private friends, too, were there; besides at least five hundred hands, which, if they did not applaud, ought to be ashamed of themselves, since they had been admitted by orders, and upon that very condition.

In the third tier, far back in the darkness of a private box, sat the Reverend Applepy Swete, now rector of Brentfell; who, for all his hasty words and rigid resolves, had an interest in the fate of the heroine of the night only second to that felt by one other. The ocean of murmurous talk in that vast concourse ebbed and flowed about him bringing her beloved name upon its almost every wave. He had behaved violently to her, he now thought, and too rigidly. Perhaps her haughty spirit had even been driven into its present course by his harsh words. He it was, not she, who was to blame. He had need to offer her reparation as well as forgiveness.

All sounds suddenly died away as the curtain rose upon the new heath scenery that had been painted, regardless of expense, for the present occasion. The witches prophesied ; the Thanes did everything that was expected of them ; but Mr. Swete had neither eyes nor ears for them.

A room within Macbeth's castle at Inverness. A pause, wherein you might have heard a pin drop, and then a roar of applause which shook the house. Nina Hotham was in the centre of the stage, magnificent, majestic ; the object upon which the eyes of thousands were concentrated. The letter from Macbeth was in her hand, from which she ought to have already spoken the first sentence. Another roar of applause. Still Nina spoke not one single syllable, nor was she fated to speak ; her faculties were numbed ; her tongue powerless ; her limbs immovable. She was paralysed by stage-fright. Applause mingled with disapprobation, succeeded : then disapprobation only. Finally, the curtain descended upon the voiceless Lady Macbeth in a perfect storm of hisses.

Even Cecil Hotham knew that Nina's chance as a favourite of the public was now gone for ever. The final opportunity, thus lost, had cost—with the previous expenses upon her account—nearly all their fortune. Nevertheless, not a word of sorrow, and far less of reproach, did he ever utter. After paying every farthing that they owed, he left his expensive residence, and removed with her to a suburban lodging ; their Brentfell house having been sold. A room was appropriated in their humble home for the vast assemblage of theatrical properties which now seemed to form her sole comfort. It was her melancholy delight to catalogue these relics of what she was wont to consider her palmy time ; to array herself in the most gorgeous mimic vestments ; to represent to her own satisfaction still the characters which she was never destined to perform before others.

The Hothams courted obscurity ; and, like all who have got through their property, and lived only for themselves or for each other, they easily obtained it. Only one visitor was ever seen to enter their door. The Reverend Appleby Swete came to place his heart at the disposal of Nina, in spite of all that had come and gone. She received him very kindly, and indeed with a greater appearance of affection than she had at any time exhibited towards him ; but it was only to dismiss him for ever. Anxiety, disappointment, and, more than all, disgrace, had undermined the poor girl's constitution to an extent that no physician could remedy. She had only a few months in which to live,—and she knew it. She told him this, with an earnestness against which he did not dare to hope.

She found it much harder to persuade her brother—always anxious to believe pleasant things about her—that her case was indeed

so bad ; but at last, even he was brought to believe it.

"If I had years and years to live, dear Cecil," cried she, one day when she had grown very weak and ill, "they would be all too short to prove how grateful my heart feels to you : it has been a selfish, foolish, blinded heart, all along, I fear."

"Hush, hush !" he whispered, fondly. "I have done nothing which my judgment has not approved. To me you are as great as you are dear. We have done with all that now, but only yesterday, when you spoke those noble words as a queen should speak them, and looked every inch a queen, and felt—"

"Hush, hush, dear brother," she murmured, "no more of this. I will act no part with my own Cecil again. You have been deceived, and I have deceived myself. We two have both been wrong : you through love, and I through shameful vanity. I am no actress, and no genius ; have no wisdom, power, nor truth. I am a poor, weak, sinful girl, who has ruined the kindest brother the world ever saw."

Yet, when Nina died, her brother missed not only Nina, but a being of infinite radiance, knowledge, skill. He never lost his faith in her, dead or alive. And, when he died himself—which was not long afterwards—the effects belonging to him which were found most religiously preserved, tied up and sealed, were certain monstrous boxes filled with theatrical gewgaws.

MOSESSES.

MOSESSES, although not the most useful, are certainly one of the most interesting groups in the vegetable world ; and winter is the time to study them. They belong to the class Cryptogamia, or Hide-flowers, and vary in size from a foot to an eighth of an inch, and in colour from a pure white, through intermediate shades of grey, yellow, light green, and dark green, to a jet black. These plants are generally evergreen, and able to grow in much colder climates and situations than most other vegetables. In the dreary country of Spitzbergen, the rocks, which rise out of everlasting masses of ice, are thickly clothed with mosses ; and a botanist named Crantz, who travelled in Greenland, is said to have counted about twenty different species, without moving from a rock where he was seated.

Of the use of mosses in the economy of Nature very little is known, except that they are often the necessary precursors of a higher order of vegetables ; for which they prepare a soil, by retaining amongst their matted branches the drifting sand and dust in places which would otherwise remain bare and sterile. They afford refuge in winter, and food as well as lodging in summer, to innumerable insects. They overspread the trunks and roots of trees, and, in winter

defend them against frost. In wet weather, they preserve them from decay; and, during the greatest drought, provide them with moisture, and protect them from the burning heat of the sun. Indeed, to the traveller in the dense and trackless forests of North America, they are pretty sure guides to the points of the compass; growing chiefly upon the northern sides of the trunks and branches of the trees; as if, it is said, to shelter them from the cold north wind, but, in reality, because they find there most shade and moisture.

The poor Laplanders derive several of their comforts from mosses. Of the Golden Maidenhair (*Polytrichum commune*), one of the largest species of the moss tribe, they form excellent beds, by cutting thick layers of it: one of which serves as a mattress, and the other as a coverlet. Linnaeus tells us that he himself often made use of such a bed when he was travelling in Lapland. These mossy cushions are so elastic that a bed may be rolled up into a parcel small enough to be carried under a man's arm, and the inhabitants take them about with them in their journeys. The Lapland women also make great use of the grey bog-moss (*Sphagnum palustre*), which is particularly soft like a thick fur or fleece. In this they wrap their infants, without any other clothing, and place them in leathern cradles; which are also lined with the moss. The little babies are thus completely protected from the cold, like young birds, in soft and warm nests. The Greenlanders use this moss as tinder, and for wicks to their lamps.

Such indeed is the elasticity of some mosses when dried, that a pillow stuffed with a particular species named *Hypnum* will explain, it is said, if it may not have originally suggested, the name from the Greek word signifying sleep.

Mosses possess the singular property of reviving when moistened after having become dry and to all appearance withered; so that, even after they have been gathered and kept in a dry state for many years, if put into water, every part of them will expand, and become apparently as fresh as when growing. In a living state, they are useful as package for the transmission of growing plants, not being apt to grow mouldy, and retaining their vitality and moisture for a long period. When dry, they are suitable for packing delicate and fragile articles on account of their elasticity.

Mosses are often so diminutive in size, and so unpretending in colour, as to escape the notice of any but an educated eye; but, when examined by the aid of the microscope, display such exquisite symmetry and beauty of forms, as to call forth the admiration and delight of the beholder—delight not in the outward senses only, for, as good old Gerard truly said, "The principal delight is in the mind, singularly enriched with the knowledge

of these visible things, setting forth to us the invisible wisdom and admirable workmanship of the Almighty God."

Who has not read or heard with emotion of the effect which the sight of a little moss produced upon Mungo Park, the African traveller? "When," as he himself describes, "I found myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and by men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement; I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. At this moment the extraordinary beauty of a small moss irresistibly caught my eye; and, though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsules without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image? Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed." Sir William J. Hooker, in his *British Flora*, says: "The moss which engaged Mungo Park's attention so much in Africa as to revive his drooping spirits was the species *Dicranium bryoides*, as I have ascertained by means of original specimens given to me by his brother-in-law, Mr. Dickson."

The story of Mungo Park and this tiny moss, illustrates strikingly the difference between eyes and no eyes. If Mungo Park had not been an acute observer, the beauty of this wee plant would have been unseen by him, although it was close to his eyes. This beautiful fork-moss is not so minute but that its beauty can be perfectly seen by the naked eye; and a bank carpeted with it in a state of fructification (not an uncommon sight even in our own country) is one of the most lovely spectacles which it is possible to behold.

Culpepper, in his *British Herbal*, confounds the mosses and the lichens together; making only a distinction between ground moss and tree moss. He says, all sorts of mosses are under the dominion of Saturn; and alleges that the ground moss, being bruised, boiled in water, and applied, easeth the pains of the gout. The efficacy of this remedy is however, greatly doubted now-a-days.

There are a great variety of mosses known. There are apple mosses; beardless, bladder, bog, and bristle mosses; cavern, collar, cone-fringed, cord, and cylindrical mosses; earth and extinguisher mosses; feather, fork, four-tooth, fringe, and frond mosses; hair mosses; screw, split, streak, and swan-neck mosses; thread, thyme-thread, and tree mosses; veil,

water, wing, and yoke mosses. And in all these different varieties the fructification, or flowering, is so similar, that a single example will suffice for all.

Mr. Wilson, in his admirable work upon British Mosses, says, if the common cord moss (*Funaria hygrometrica*), which is to be found upon almost every bank, and easily recognised, is examined in autumn or early winter, previous to the appearance of young fruit-stalks, reddish star-like flowers will be found at the tops of the young shoots or stems. These are the barren or male flowers; and, on dissection in water, are found to consist of a cluster of oblong bladders (antheridia) mixed with jointed transparent filaments (paraphyses,) and surrounded by several rows of spreading leaves. The oblong bladders are at first filled with a jelly-like mass of loose cellular tissue. In each cell of this jelly-like mass there is a small grain of pollen (spermatozoid,) composed of a spiral fibre, with a very small oval or roundish particle attached to it, generally near the middle of the spire. When ripe, the bladders burst at the top, and the contents escape, with more or less of explosive action. Soon afterwards, the grains of pollen begin to whirl rapidly within their cells, and at length escaping from confinement, move about (in the water) in various directions. This motion is often continued for several hours. The empty bladders are visible long afterwards, and assume a reddish-brown colour.

At the same season, and on the same individual, the fertile flower may be easily found by dissection, at the tip of a young branch. The fertile flower consists of slender flask-shaped bodies (archegonia,) mixed with jointed filaments (paraphyses,) and surrounded by a cluster of erect leaves. The flask-shaped bodies are somewhat longer and considerably more slender than the oblong bladders, and are thread-like, except towards the base, where they are slightly puffed up, and at the tip, where they are slightly expanded. A central canal extends from the tip to the swollen cavity near the base, where is lodged the roundish germ of the future fruit-stalk and capsule. In general only one of the flask-shaped bodies comes to perfection, the rest being ultimately found in an abortive state attached to its base. The perfect flask soon becomes enlarged and distended by the increase in size of the germ, and is at length torn asunder at an horizontal fissure near the base, the upper portion being converted into the hood or extingisher (calyptra,) and the base into the cellular sheath surrounding the base of the fruit-stalk, called the vaginula. The rudimentary germ is now converted into a fruit-stalk, having its tapering base inserted and firmly fixed in the sheath, and its tip sheathed by the young hood. When the fruit-stalk has attained its full length, and not before, its tip swells and becomes changed into the

capsule. The capsule contains a central column (columella,) around which the seeds (spores) are generated within a membranous sac (sporal sac,) which lines the cavity formed by the internal walls of the capsule. The mouth of the capsule is closed up at first by the lid or operculum, and an intermediate coloured ring (annulus,) composed of large cellular tissue, which by its hygrometric or water-pressure action, causes the lid to fall off from the ripe capsule, disclosing the beautiful fringe of teeth (peristome) which regulates the escape of the seeds. The fringe of teeth is double, the outer one being a continuation of the inner wall of the capsule (called the thecal membrane,) and the inner one a continuation of the sporular sac. At this period the short branch which bore the fertile flower is much elongated, and overtops and conceals the barren flower, now apparently at the base of the stem. In this example, the two kinds of flowers are separated; but in many mosses the antheridia and archegonia are intermixed in the same flower.

In the classification of mosses, the structure of the fringe of teeth is of the first importance; after which come the form of the extingisher, and the insertion of the leaves.

LITTLE BELL.

I.

BESIDE her father's cottage door
A little maiden play'd,
With many a baby-treasure round,
In careful order laid.

A parrot perch'd above her head
Answer'd her merry chat;
And, on the bench beside her, purr'd
The sleek old tabby cat:

Watching, with winking furtive glance,
The petted kangaroo
That, with mild, deer-like, gentle face,
And movements quaint, yet full of grace,
Hopp'd softly to and fro.

Newest and dearest prize, the doll,
With doll-like pruniness sat;
Hollyhock leaves for parasol
Shaded her silken hat.

For the cottage garden had shrub and root,
And fair Home-flowers as well;
But the brightest and cheeriest blossom there
Was blue-eyed little Bell.

Hers was the father's last fond kiss,
Ere daily toil began:
The sound of her voice, the mother's bliss,
Through the house, like music, ran.

Three other dear ones they had laid
To rest in the far old land;
And the mother yearn'd to that hallow'd spot
Where the thick dark yew-trees stand;
And the dial, beside the grey church wall,
Points upwards with its hand.

And when, in a strange, unloved clime,
One other babe was given,
With a holy light in her pure clear eyes,
As if through them you gazed on heaven.

She thought that the three who went before
Up the angels' shining track,
Had pray'd to the Great and Pitiful,
Who sent one cherub back.

And thence that poor, o'ergrieved heart,
Through sorrows, alas! not few,
Thought of her, not alone as a child,
But a comforting angel too.

"My Bell, I leave thee a little while;
Wilst still sit here and play?
I must go and take to poor old Jane
The cap I have made to-day."

"She is sick with fever; and if thou went,
Thou, too, mightst ail and pine:
"O God!" she murmurs, "preserve this child—
This choicest gift of Thine!"

She looks back fondly twice or thrice
From the short trim garden walk;
And Bell nods gaily, prattling on
Her sweet, low baby-talk.

Now the doll is laid to go to sleep
On the mother's Sunday plaid:
With hat in hand, at the cottage door
Pauseth the little maid.

The parrot calls; on tiptoe perch'd,
Bell peeps within the cage;
"Now, Polly dear, don't bite my hand,
Nor scream in such a rage.

"I'll fetch you nice fresh bread to eat,
And put some sugar on;
And, see! this bunch of wattle-leaves
Will shade you from the sun.

"There, Polly! Now I'll wash your cup.
And fill it up anew
With water from the clearest pool
The river runneth through.

"I know dear mother bade me stay
Here, where my dolls I nursed;
But then she did not think that you,
Dear Polly, were athirst.

"And mother never lets you pine
For food when she is by;
She loves and cares for everything—
And so, my Poll, should I.

"I'll only just run down and fill
Your cup with water bright;
And, if dear mother comes the while,
I shall be close in sight."

And, tripping lightly off, she pass'd
Down that short garden walk,
Where the wistful mother had heard last
The low, sweet baby-talk.

Then, brushing through the branching ferns,
Where a path, like a winding thread
In a garden maze, all over-grown,
Down to the river led.

The tiny cup she fill'd, and set
It safe beneath a tree,
Where happy birds were fluttering
And singing in their glee.

Bright flowers, fringing all the banks,
And trailing creepers, made,
Such tempting beauty, little Bell
Her homeward walk delay'd.

A giant tree, long prostrate lain,
Bridged the small stream across,
Cover'd all o'er with creeping ferns,
Lichens, and cushion'd moss.

And, sitting on the huge old trunk,
Above the rippling brook,
She watch'd the silvery fish at play,
With long, delighted look.

A butterfly, with glorious wings,
A long the sunshine came;
And golden beetles, gleaming bright,
Like jewels turn'd to flame.

And Bell, beguil'd, went wandering on,
Chasing now one, now other,
Forgot alike the parrot's thirst,
And the bidding of her mother.

Then cluster'd lilies in a bunch,
With blossoms deep and blue,
She ties up lightly with the string
Pull'd from one tiny shoe.

And on, on, on, she rambles, far
Through the forest deep and still;
And then up steep and rocky ways,
Over a craggy hill.

Then weary grown, her little hands
The gather'd flowers let fall;
And coming night, and terrors vague,
The baby-heart appal.

"Mother!" No mother hears the cry.
She kneels, and says her prayers:
"Bless father—mother—for His sake!
And O, bless Bell, for theirs!"

"Dear God, O lead me home to them!
I'm cold and frighten'd here:
Though sinful, wicked in Thy sight,
They hold me very dear!"

On, on again, with faltering step,
The small feet slowly pass,
Through rushy swamp, and bramble scrub,
And tall brown tussock-grass.

Over long, desolate, heathy flats,
And prickly thickets too;
And now the fainting child has lost
The little untied shoe.

On, on, though wearily and slow,
Footsore, and torn and weak:
"Mother!"—but very faint and low
That dear name can she speak.

"Father! I hear the litten boom,
And the mepe-hawk's doleful cry.
I've heard them oft, nor fear'd, at home,—
But then I had *thee* nigh.

"There's one bright star looks straight down here :
I wonder if it sees
Me, shivering, hungry, weary, lost,
Amongst the great tall trees.

"God seeth all things, mother says,
And listeneth when we pray :
King God, O guide my father here,
Where my heavy head I'll lay !
He is so tall and strong, he soon
Would carry me away,

"And lay me in my mother's lap,
Where she would let me sleep :
Dear, loving mother ! if she knew
How tired I am, she'd weep.

"So tired and sleepy. Hark ! I hear
Opossums in the tree :
Their little ones lie warm and soft,—
Not lost and cold, like me !

"O, is not that the tiger's howl ?
'Tis coming very near !
I see it moving, and its eyes
Look at me sharp and clear !"

II.

MORNING ! And anxious greetings pass
Between rough men, who cry, "Alas !"
And brush quick tears away.
Some have gone forth with gun in hand,
And some consulting, gravely stand,
While careful schemes proposed and plann'd—
Then part, without delay.

Anon, a torn and weary wight,
Who hath not sat nor slept all night,
Is met, with eager word.
You need not question. Had he found
The missing one, the joyful sound
The very clouds had stirr'd.

"No !" was as plain upon his face
As on a felon's brow, "Disgrace !"
Needed few words to tell
That hill and forest, crag and moor,
And swamp and marsh, they'd searched o'er,
But not found little Bell.

He said her father would not turn
From the pursuit ; but, with a stern
Unflinching purpose set,
Had pass'd beyond them all, and gone,
With keen observant eye, far on :
Trusting to find her yet.

Three tokens of their child he sent
To calm the mother's wild lament,
And prove that, by no erring scent,
His onward quest was led.

One was the favourite parrot's cup,
With fair, bright water brimming up :
This had they view'd with dread :
And traced the river banks along,
Lest in the current fleet and strong,
The loved and lost lay dead.

One youth, more hopeful than the rest,
Across the mossy bridge had press'd,
Beyond the river-bowers,

And found—now dim and withering,
Tied safely in the ribbon string,
Poor Bell's last bunch of flowers !

Then hope new-strung each eager heart :
Forward again they swiftly start,
Searching each bush and tree.
In loud and simultaneous cry
They shout her name, and wait reply,
Then screams the shrill "Coo-ee !"

Peals, ringing far o'er vale and hill.
Listen ! No. All is silent still :
No little voice replies.
"These flowers are faded : dropp'd last night !
She may have wander'd far since light,"
The wretched father cries.
"And here, in this moist sand and peat,
Are two—three prints of little feet !"

Then onward : through the swamp, the marsh,
And scrubby moorland rough and harsh,
With shout and loud halloo.
Listening, they pause between each cry
"What's that, besides you rock doth lie ?"
A little, stringless shoe.

"'Tis damp all o'er with dews of night,
I feel (I cannot trust my sight :
'Tis, o' the sudden, dim.)
This, many hours since has been left
My child ! and are we quite bereft ?
Art thou, too, gone to Him ?"

Then, with a struggle crushing down
The choking grief, he hurried on,
Hope striving with despair.
And the sad relics must be given
To her—the mother. Anguish-riven
And lone, she waiteth there.

III.

In her still, desolated home,
Gazing and listening. "Do they come ?"
Then, midst her utter woe,
Busied in laying forth with care
The simple cottage breakfast-fare
While aye she sobbeth low ;

Adding, amending something still,
She strives against the weight of ill,
With fond and faithful love.
And now she goes within, to spread
And smooth once more the little bed ;
Nest of her late-flown dove.

Then looks out garments neat and small ;
And, with caressing hand, hangs all
The glowing hearth before.
"And is there nothing else ?" she asks :
Nothing but these few loving tasks ?"
Yes : Prayer, and tears,—no more.

A footstep ! Ah, it cometh slow :
Good tidings do not loiter so :
A rough, but kindly friend,
With sympathising sorrow, lays
The relics down ; and simple phrase
Tells how their hopes now tend.

With wordless lips, compressed and pale,
And tear-glazed eyes, she hears the tale.
Her hands, with lingering touch,

Stroke softly down the flowers ; the string ;
The pretty shoe ; all visions bring
Of her beloved, too much.

IV.

THE ceaseless quest, pursued till night,
Is aided then by fires alight
O'er all the country round ;
And shot, and shout, and blast of horn,
Upon the midnight wind are borne.
The answer ? Not a sound.

Next in a circle wide they spread
Beyond where those small feet could tread,
Like hunters, beating game ;
And slowly, keenly searching, draw
Up to a centre : not a straw
But notice there must claim.

No child : no voice : not one small sign,
Beyond the broken wandering line
Of footprints in the sand.
Hours grow to days, and days to weeks,
And still the haggard father seeks
Each spot, so closely scann'd.

The mother ! Silent, bow'd, and old
(If time by sorrows may be told.)
She keeps within her kerchief's fold,
Against her bosom true,
Wrapped softly round, some withering,
Wild woodland flowers, in silken string,
And one small baby-shoe.

But never more did search or chace
Discover sign, or track, or trace,
The drear suspense to close.
Conjectures, terrible and wild,
Vague and mysterious, o'er the child,
With dream-like horror, rose :
But none could ever truly tell
The strange, sad fate of little Bell.

KING COTTON.

THE quantity of cotton wool brought into England every year might be piled into a pyramid which would rival that of Cheops. The eight thousand five hundred and seventy-two millions of miles of yarn spun in England in a year, might be wound round and round the earth, as a boy winds string round his top ; or, we might throw the shuttle over distant Uranus, and then tangle together the "red planet Mars," the Earth, Venus, Mercury, and the Sun in our net of cotton. The whole of the British Islands might be wrapped up in cotton wool, and put by carefully for the inspection of future ages, in not very many years' consumption of that raw material.

Ninety years ago, at the commencement of our manufacturing career, the population of Britain was about eight millions. Now it has reached twenty-one millions. If it were not for cotton, we could not keep our millions in England, clustering in masses round the central manufacturing towns. If it were not for cotton, we could not clothe them ;

and, if it were not for cotton, we could certainly not feed them.

It is calculated that the value of the cotton goods retained in Great Britain for home use, if equally divided amongst the whole population, would amount to fifteen shillings and fivepence for each person. But it is still more astonishing to consider that, if our exports were equally distributed, each of the eight hundred and seventy-eight millions of the inhabitants of the earth would have English cotton goods to the value of fifteenpence. A rise in the price of cotton is considered in Lancashire to be a national calamity. When the increase in the price of cotton is, as it was last year, threepence a pound, it is not the manufacturers only who suffer. The thirteen millions of money represent, not so much the losses of the few, as the failing of bread and meat, and beer, in the cottages of our workmen, and the pressure which tells heavily on tradesmen.

If we look to the early part of the present century, we shall find that we then received our supplies of cotton from upwards of thirty different parts of the world, and that amongst the smallest of the contributions were those from the United States. At the present time, from most of those thirty countries, we receive no cotton whatever. We depend now almost entirely on the United States ; that is, we receive from them nine-tenths of our supply, and because that supply is insufficient, cotton rises threepence per pound.

Not only do we suffer at present from this insufficiency, but we know that it must continue, and that it must be increasingly felt in this country. For, in the first place, the planters of America have not an adequate command of labour ; the amount of cotton grown is limited to the extent of negro labour, which has now become so valuable—that is, so inadequate—that upwards of three hundred pounds are often paid for a single slave. For this, as the planters themselves feel and acknowledge, there is no remedy ; except, indeed, one that is contrary to the laws of the country, and is desired by scarcely any of the planters themselves—namely, a fresh importation of slaves from Africa. The land in the United States, capable of producing cotton, is not, it is true, fully cultivated ; nor can it be, while labour for that purpose is deficient.

England, then, with her vast requirements, not only for prosperity and political pre-eminence, but for the very daily bread of millions of her inhabitants, is not in a better position than Ireland was before the famine ; for cotton is, to the English, more than the potato to the Irish ; we must remember that if a blight should fall on cotton like that which converted the potato-fields into a graveyard, or if this plant of the mallow tribe should be attacked by an epidemic like that which has left the fertile vineyards of Madeira desolate, our manufacturers and

trading classes would be involved in hopeless ruin, and millions would be deprived both of work and food.

Now, it scarcely needs a political economist to tell us that there was more safety when we drew our supplies from thirty different sources than now that we receive them almost exclusively from one.

A Cotton Supply Association at Manchester, papers by Mr. Ashworth, and speeches from Lord Stanley, ought hardly to be required to urge manufacturers and merchants and Englishmen of all classes to look about and around them for the much-desired cotton. But where? Not certainly to the West Indies—for there the difficulties of the labour question seem insurmountable. Not to our new colonies—even though soil and climate may seem favourable; they have hard enough work just now to obtain the actual necessities of life for themselves. Cotton might be grown in Turkey, but we cannot intrust our capital to the Sick Man. India remains: the government is in our hands, and we have made ourselves responsible for the well-being of the country, which must, for the future, largely depend on and affect our own. But again we are met by difficulties and delay, and find ourselves in the position of a man dying with hunger to whom a well-wisher shall give a handful of seed, assuring him that in a few months it will produce him an abundant meal. The two essentials for making India a cotton-producing country are irrigation and means of communication; but with the present social and political difficulties of that country, it cannot be expected that we should, for many years, supply these two gigantic wants. No fear need be felt, however, for India, even if meanwhile we should convert the cotton-trade into another channel, for she might ultimately furnish tea, coffee, rice, sugar, and almost every other colonial and tropical produce. It seems, indeed, impossible to avoid and difficult to surmount the obstacles that meet us on all sides; we cannot find land suitable for cultivation, or, if we do, it is in a country convulsed, or possibly soon about to be convulsed, by great political changes: everywhere labour seems to be insufficient, and even if we could find labourers, they would require training for a work like picking cotton, which needs practice and skilful manipulation; indeed it is often asserted that none but negro fingers are sufficiently nimble for it.

And all this time, whilst the scarcity of cotton creates almost a panic; whilst it is calculated with alarm that the entire stock of all kinds of cotton in England is only equal to a consumption of four weeks; whilst our manufacturers declare, with a tragic mixture of resignation and despair, that raw cotton might be, and ought to be, half the price it is at present; and whilst, in spite of this, the price of cotton rises, and our thirteen

millions of money are as good as lost to us,—all this time there lies a vast and unexplored territory in which from all times cotton not only has grown, but has been cultivated. While we—or our predecessors—were tattooing our naked bodies, the inhabitants of this land were spinning cotton cloths, and clothing themselves with a certain approximation to decency, and were transporting it to the sea-coast for exportation in caravans similar to that with which Joseph travelled when his brethren left him in the pit. At this very time, whilst we seek labour here, and land there, and cotton everywhere, the tribes we allude to possess, not a narrow belt some hundred miles in width, but a vast unexplored region, where

The Cotton blooms below the barren peak;
The Cotton blows by every winding creek.

so that any man who is so inclined gathers as much as he needs; the rest falls and drops, and is wasted. Labour is superabundant; and the manufacture of cotton has never ceased since the ancestors of these people brought their rude spindle and distaff and looms out of Egypt, where the “tree-wool” of Herodotus was hardly known.

The legitimate metropolis of King Cotton's territories is undoubtedly Western Africa. “Africa,” says Doctor Livingstone, “is the very territory for cotton.” And this assertion, which stands good for the parts of Africa with which he is acquainted, is most fully borne out for other parts by the testimony of Mr. Campbell, our Consul at Lagos, and that of Commodore Wise, and others. We learn that “cotton grows in wild profusion throughout the vast province of Angola, in the settlement of Sierra Leone, within gunshot of the citadel of Cape Coast Castle; in the neighbourhood of Bolola: in the Byonga Islands; and from end to end of the territory of Liberia;” and that these districts possess the requisites for the production of the Sea Island, or finest kind of cotton, namely, sea air and periodical inundation by rains. It is to Mr. Campbell that we are indebted for the fullest information and most accurate details as to the growth of cotton in Africa which we at present possess. He tells us, that there is no tribe or country, from latitude sixteen degrees north, to the Equator,—that is, a tract in width about equal to that part of Europe which lies between the Black Sea and the North of Russia, and stretching out in breadth indefinitely,—who do not more or less cultivate the cotton plant, and clothe themselves with cotton goods of their own manufacture. Clothe, is scarcely the appropriate word, when we consider the elementary knowledge of the art which the natives of Africa possess. Still they do wear a something; they have the rudiments and first principles, as it were, of dress; so that the clothes-philosophers, may be encouraged, may even hope

that the development of these will ultimately lead the Africans to broadcloth and crinoline.

Many of the tribes, Mr. Campbell tells us, manufacture thousands of heavy cloths, which are sold in other countries, chiefly those that the rivers flow through, down which the palm oil is brought. Yoruba, lying south of the Niger, and extending to the Bight of Benin, not only produces enough cotton to supply the wants of its inhabitants, estimated at about a million and a half, and sends cotton goods into the interior of Africa, but actually exports manufactured articles. In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, two hundred thousand cotton cloths, weighing five-hundred thousand pounds, were exported from different parts on the coast to the Brazils. Raw cotton is also exported, and Abbeokuta alone,—a town of one hundred thousand inhabitants, in the vicinity of which cotton is now extensively cultivated,—exported two hundred and forty-nine bales, or thirty-eight thousand six hundred and ninety-five pounds, in eighteen hundred and fifty-six.

This is a very insignificant supply, if we consider that the whole exports of this part of Africa in eighteen hundred and fifty-six, that is, eleven hundred and thirty-five bales of cotton, would, at our present rate of consumption, serve us just one hour. But it is encouraging, when we remember that in seventeen hundred and ninety-one, only sixty-four bales of cotton were brought to England from the United States.

We have in Africa, not a country, but a continent, where cotton grows spontaneously, and has been cultivated from times anterior to history; a supply of labour abundant and cheap; and means of communication by the rivers and paths through the bush, sufficient for our present purpose. We seem, therefore, to have within our grasp the one element of continued prosperity wanting to us, namely, an important and accessible increase of the dominions of King Cotton.

It is not necessary to begin by persuading the natives of Africa to undertake a new thing. All we have to do, is to supply them with seed of the kinds of cotton most suitable for our looms and markets; and with efficient machines to separate the cotton seed from the fibre which surrounds it. There are chiefs and leading men at Abbeokuta, at this very time, cultivating cotton to a large extent. They are prepared to pay the value in cotton on receipt of the cleaning machines, which they are most anxious to obtain. Mr. Clegg, a merchant of Manchester, who has made the experiment of supplying seed and instructions to the growers, and taking the cotton at a fixed price, considers it an eminently successful one,—is encouraged himself, and encourages others.

But we must not conceal from ourselves

that there are great difficulties in our way. A vast country has to be explored, natives to be civilised and christianised, and raised to the rank of free men. No doubt it would be very much to our advantage, if we could induce them to take all these steps at one bound, but it is as impossible for them as it was for the naked savages who traded with the Phœnicians in the Cassiterides or Tin Islands.

We cannot galvanise the natives of Africa into any appearance of political or intellectual activity; but because it is very much to our interest to trade with them, and our duty in and through this trade to teach them to do justice and love mercy, and because for many years we have tried at an immense cost of life and money to suppress a hideous traffic, which can only be suppressed by giving the slave a value in his own country, let us endeavour to do all these in a new way, and one that will be as advantageous to us as to them.

CHIP.

SIAMESE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Up to the age of ten years, Siamese children of either sex are not troubled with any superabundance of clothing, and it is seldom that a child is seen wearing the smallest shred of a garment, except on days of festival. Jewels, sometimes of very great value, are put on young children. Among the higher classes, girls and boys, up to the age of twelve, wear a number of gold chains, sometimes four, six, or seven at a time, all different, and each having some amulet or ornament attached. The hair is allowed to grow long on the front part of the head, but the rest is kept shaved, leaving this circular patch to be twisted into a knot, which is kept in its place by a long ornamental pin. Often, a wreath of the white jessamine is twined to fit closely about this knot, and the effect is pretty. Both boys and girls are dressed (if their scant measure of clothing may be called dress,) exactly alike, so that it is not easy to distinguish them. At the age of twelve the lock of hair is cut off, leaving a patch which bears a strong resemblance to a small black hair-brush. This, in the man, is combed back, and allowed to grow a degree longer than in the woman: not so much so, however, as to suggest any marked difference to a stranger. The women keep their lock carefully oiled, combed, and gummed, to stand upright, and they take infinite pains to keep the top of this brush as smooth as velvet. A Siamese lady's hair is held to be in perfect order when she can plunge into the river, and duck her head many times under water without disturbing the smoothness and uprightness of her national hair-brush. The ceremony of cutting off the lock of hair, is kept

with entertainments and rejoicings. It is the great event in young Siamese life, and resembles the coming out amongst young ladies in other countries;—for in Siam children are supposed to reach years of discretion rather early.

After a girl marries, she gives up the wearing of ornaments and trinkets. These are set aside and reserved for her children in their turn. Boys, as I have mentioned before, have an opportunity of learning to read, by entering themselves as neophytes, or attendants on the priests. Whether girls have any schools or persons authorised to teach them, I do not know; but it is not uncommon in Siam to find women able both to read and write. I met with three or four myself, and these were persons of the lower ranks. The occupations of the females are various and far less circumscribed than in many other parts of the East. In fact, the women in Siam occupy a moral position many degrees superior to that of their sisters in neighbouring countries. The wife of a Siamese has no unimportant voice in the domestic arrangements of the family. She is cash-keeper and seems to possess the right to claim all her husband's earnings. The women, as a race, are very intelligent and observant; those belonging to the higher classes seem to have pleasing and modest manners. The head wife of the prime minister, is a very interesting woman; she is not young, but is by no means wanting in personal attractions. She has no children; but that does not seem to disturb her husband's affection, or her influence over him. She came with her attendants by invitation, to lunch with us, and although our talk was limited for lack of words, she could contrive to make herself agreeable. It was the first time that a Siamese lady of rank had ever visited on equal terms a foreign family but it would have been difficult to guess this from her perfectly easy and quiet demeanour. She sat at the luncheon table, with the gentlemen; and, although she had probably never before used a knife and fork, or any of the appliances of an English table, she acquitted herself with perfect propriety and good breeding, even to the overwhelming act of taking wine with her host. Her step-son (the Siamese admiral,) accompanied her, and she was attended by about thirty maidens, two of whom were her younger sisters, very pretty girls; the rest were slaves. The whole party of attendants remained sprawling on the ground during her visit.

An absurd little incident will serve to show how diligently these people observe the custom of prostration. The lady requested permission to visit the sleeping apartments, in order to see how English people arrange rooms; she was accordingly taken up-stairs, followed by the entire body of maidens and her step-son, who did not at all see why he should not have the benefit of a peep as well. She expressed

her satisfaction at all the arrangements, and especially her delight at a small iron crib belonging to my child, which seemed to strike them all as a device of luxury and refinement not to be equalled. Finally, when everything in the room had been duly handled and examined, she inquired in a perplexed manner, where we kept our money, as she could not see a strong box of any kind. It should be mentioned that on a previous visit to her own house, I had been shown over her private apartments, and in the sleeping room, saw four large iron safes, which she pointed out as seeming to add much to the honour of the family. There happened to be a box of mine in a corner, however, covered over with the usual arrangement of cushions and frills; this being shown her, she seemed greatly relieved to find (judging from the size of the box; which, however, was empty at the time,) that we had, or appeared to have, some worldly pelf, and delighted at such a charming way of covering it up. As she was about to descend the stairs, a commotion disturbed the whole bevy of damsels, to whom it appeared suddenly to occur, that by going down first, their mistress would place herself beneath them; a thing not to be tolerated for a moment. Accordingly, with a sudden rush, the young ladies passed her, on their hands and knees, just as she was about to descend, and the whole twenty scrambled down-stairs head foremost, with a hurrying and scurrying, a laughing and giggling, that was as amusing as it was surprising.

The Siamese women as well as men are terribly disfigured by the effects of constant and excessive betel chewing. It is carried to a disgusting extent amongst people of all ranks and ages. Even little children may be seen with their lips dyed red and the crimson juice running out at each side. Their mouths are never, by any chance, empty; as soon as one quid is disposed of, another takes its place, so that a Siamese always speaks as with a pebble in his mouth, and that no small one. The effect of the incessant chewing of large quids, is, to enlarge the lips considerably, to dye them a sort of black red, and entirely to alter the shape of the lower part of the face. The Siamese say that the chewing of betel acts as a continual stimulant, and that they could not exist without it. It is highly injurious to the teeth, but I think it does not destroy health to any great extent. Smoking is another habit carried to an extreme in Siam: men, women, and children seem to live upon cigarettes and tobacco rolled up in palm-leaf. I was told as a fact by a lady, that she had seen a nursing child of two years old, taking whiffs of its mother's cigar alternately with its own more natural nourishment. For this, however, I will not vouch. But I have frequently watched a very pretty little girl of five years old, smoking a cigarette, while she made mud-pies. Most

of these inveterate smokers carry a reserve cigar stuck behind each ear, as clerks carry pens.

GIB.

THIS is how we first saw Gibraltar, generally known to subs of the Driver and Spanker class, familiarly as The Rock, or Gib.

The Firefly French steamer bound from Carthage to Cadiz, bore me towards the heights. It was quite dark, and I was hanging about on the "fo'ksal," talking with a Newcastle lawyer, whom I had picked up at Granada, round the tall, raw, square-looking old castle. We were captivated by the huge flying banner of white smoke which blew from the great black funnel, and I was trying to abstract my mind from my friend's touching narrative of the expenses of the late Chancery suit, Niggle versus Naggle, in which he acted for the defendant, to imagine myself borne through white clouds upon the wooden horse of the beautiful old Arabian story. This was not difficult; for the soft, white, warm vapour blew straight down on us, and wrapped us in so closely, that we could not, for minutes together, see the grim, silent man at the wheel far away opposite, the captain on the paddle-box, the men up aloft reefing, or the fussy old boatswain with the chirping and importunate silver whistle. The talkative Frenchmen smoking on the quarter-deck, the steward peeping up the cabin stairs, were hid and shown to us only by fits. Every now and then, however, the long trailing white cloud lifted or veered, and we saw again the living blue darkness vaulted over us, and the quivering glory of the southern stars, nearer, larger, and thicker set than in our honest, cold English heavens. Suddenly, the lawyer sprang to the vessel's side (I had heard a sailor mutter something to him, leaning forward over a coil of ropes) and cried "Gibraltar." I looked where he looked; there was nothing but the darkness. I beat the dark jet line of the horizon as a dog beats a covert, and at last—dark as with an inner, deeper, and more majestic darkness—I became aware of a huge nightmare shape, like a black whale's back looming out of a nightmare sea; like a great shapeless sorrow rising through an evil dream. It was the Rock. On the other side, could I but see it, lay Africa; that mysterious region still haunted and unknown; the region of Robinson Crusoe, of the Moors, of Hannibal and Dido; of Saint Augustin and the Donatists; of Carthage; and of that terrible coast where Tommy and Harry—especially Harry—was torn and eaten by lions. I looked up with wonder at the voiceless but keen-eyed stars, and felt a throb of pride burn through my heart and up into my brain to think I was one of that great nation who had put such a bridle as this fortified and impregnable rock into the

mouth of the ancient world. At that instant, as if in personal compliment to myself for my transitory and unusual patriotism, there rose from the long dark mountain a flaring column of light, and the next instant the deep, bulldog bellow of the evening gun sounded defiantly across to Africa. It was a loud-tongued assertion of something more than mere brute power shouted with a spirit's voice to angry Spain chafing in its distant cities; it shook the roofs across the Bay in Algeciras; it was to all a triumphant assertion of a nation in its full stern manhood.

That night I fell asleep in the hot boarded bedroom of the Club House Hotel, Gibraltar, which rears its yellow-ochry bulk in a small market-square just out of Waterport Street, which is the High Street of Gib. I fell asleep after doing battle with the mosquitoes, and thanking Heaven for again getting, after many wanderings, under the red and blue cross, and sank down a sort of dark well-shaft into abysses of balmy forgetfulness. A great boom and bellow, a twiddling and chirping awoke me. I ran to the great folding glass window and looked out. Good heavens! the waits? A gigantic military serenade given by the Governor to some hidden Moorish beauty? No. The usual night-tattoo, only go-to-bed-Tom, on great drums and little drums and shrill, petulant fifes. There they are just opposite the guard-house, where all day languid young fops in scarlet lounge in the balcony, and read the Times. Great drum flinging out his arms as if going to hug the instrument, or cooper a cask. Little drums subservient but vociferous. Fifes with heads on one side (wry-necked as the great Williams calls them) whistlingly military and official. Now they burst out with The British Grenadiers, with a tow-row-row that must make the sleeping Spaniards turn in their beds and finger the long knives under their pillows. Now they form two deep, and storm away down the main street, and I fall asleep before God save the Queen has died out in the distance.

Many a night afterwards, tired from wild-boar seeking in the cork-woods, or after wild Tartar scampers on horseback over the sands to Saint Roque, or after cavalry charges to outpost stations at Catalan Bay, or through the parade to Ragged Staff and Europa Point; after pleasant noisy revelries in Spanker and Driver's mess-rooms, or smoking chats in chairs outside the hotel door, I heard that band, yet never did the exhilarating insolence and tumultuous exuberance of military stirring national ardour rouse me as it did that first night in Gib. I sleep, I thought, beneath the countless guns of England, guarded by her sons, who are my brothers. Gib's governor is my governor.

I saw Gib often again. From distant sea-shore mountains, from the broad green washing bay that always frets about the

English rule, from Ceuta and the green Morocco coast, always it looked mysterious, unexpected, threatening, impregnable, but never so magical as through that first darkness from the French steamer's side.

There is an exquisite sense of contrast in coming into Gib out of Spain. At once from the land of black fans and red sashes round the waist you pass to English bonnets and black coats: from quails and garlick to roast beef and pudding. Yesterday, you were in a bull-ring; now you see a cricket ground and a race-course, though it does run round a churchyard. Yesterday, stunted brown-caped soldiers, mean and beaten; to-day, bold scarlet-jackets, big-boned, large-hearted, and of an honest white and red. Yesterday, high grated windows with bars that are but ladder steps for daring lovers—to-day, grimy glazed windows and the snug dirtiness of Wapping. Yesterday homeless, comfortless posadas that you walked into uncared for and ungreeted: to-day, the Old King's Arms spreading its gallows-sign across the main street, and with some faded emblazonry of the old periwig Elliotage. Only a few miles over the bay, in Algeciras, there is guitar tinkling, knife fighting, and everything national and Spanish: here, all the brave decorum and level-paved streets of an English market-town, old vulgar names breathing of Chatham or Rotherhithe—such as Bombproof Lane and Barrack Alley, greet us on every side.

The men we meet here are not dry, brown-faced, under-sized Andalucians, but plethoric, red-faced majors; no dancing-footed and Arab-blooded majos, but puff-faced privates in white blouses, talking at the corners of streets, about how many "goons" such a battery held, in the broadest and cheeriest Lancashire. As for the shops, they are real higglers', and chandlers', just as you see about the Minorities; and out of their dim snuffy recesses, break at intervals, real old Englishwomen, real, genuine, motherly, old laundresses and charwomen, such as puff at your winter fire in the Temple, or stir the dust about (which they call sweeping) in Gray's Inn.

Not that the Spanish element is at all dead in that cluster of houses under the great battered rock. No; you still see the pale brown girls with the shining black hair, the dusty muleteer with the embroidered gaiters and string of pack-mules; still the quick-eyed Spanish children, munching melons, or wrestling in the old Roman way, that you see in bas-reliefs, holding each other's wrists. You still hear in every shop, Spanish curses and Spanish greeting. The cigar-shops are Spanish; the names over the doors are all *José Pepes* and *Pedro*, or if not Spanish, Jewish.

And is there nothing to remind you that you are close to Africa, scarce a gun-shot distance from the pirate-country of the Lower Atlas? Surely. There are some thousand Moors resident in Gib. You meet them

everywhere. Kindly and erect in their rhubarb-coloured slippers, bare brown legs, and blue and white robes, *Cthellos* every one. You meet them at sunrise, trooping to some eastward-pointing ramp, where they may kneel towards Mecca, and think of the Prophet, as the saffron fire kindles to burning rose. There they go, past the Jew's synagogue, and the new Moorish-looking church by the King's Bastion, with their haiks and striped camel's hair looking hoods, black and white lined. It is good to see the quiet gravity and the imperturbable regularity with which they repair to their early matin service, as if religion were something else than a thing to quarrel about. With what pride they pass those sneaking-looking Jews in their slouching trowsers and blue, white cloaks and black-tufted caps.

Let us enter this shop of Hadji (or pilgrim) Ben-Azed, dealer in Barbary curiosities. He is quite Sultanic as he leans with crossed legs against his counter. He shows us necklaces of little sharp-pointed white shells from the Morocco (Rif) coast, fit for the necks of Abyssinian princesses; bracelets of gold sequins, such as maids of Athens would clasp their white wrists with; yellow slippers, turned down at the heel, barred with blue and stamped with seals of Koran legends; Arabian leather sacks, of rare, fragrant tobacco, which smells like flowers. He pats, with regal complacency, princely cushions of red morocco, worked with gold thread, and roundels and lozenges of green velvet. He shows me clumsy pouches, stiff with tarnished lace, knives large as scythes, and huge straw hats, with brims wide as cart-wheels. When I shrug my shoulders, and do not headlong buy, he warns me in good Spanish and bad English of one Ben-Nerood, a black merchant, who deceives The Anglis and sells spurious cigars too cheap—"frightful thousand and one, too cheap." He assures me in a whisper that the governor had been that very day in his shop, and said, "By the Prophet! Ben-Azed, you are the honestest rogue in all Gibraltar." Nevertheless, that very night, just at gun-fire, as I sat busy over oysters at Driver's social board, Spanker looked up, the pepper-box in his hand, and said; "By-the-by, Blank, if you want any Moorish curiosities of the Scorpions, don't go to Ben-Azed's in Waterport Street. He is the most awful rogue in all Gib." [Nota Bene.—Scorpion is a military term of contempt for Gibraltar tradesmen.] So much, thought I, for regal-looking *Cthellos*, with brown skins, serene eyes, spotless white robes, and rhubarb-coloured slippers.

But what sort of a place is Gib? Well, it is a curious huddle of semi-Spanish houses, flocking together down as near to the water as the strong lines of ugly-looking forts will let them; and, because they cannot take up all of what would in another place be quay,

there are batteries run up to the steep sides of the rocks as high as they can go; gathering round the tall, raw, square-looking old castle of Tarik, which French and Spanish shot in the great old sulphurous-flaming sieges have punched with holes till it is pock-marked all over. With its flimsy-looking red and yellow stucco, it stands, just as when Elliot stood near it, or old Heathfield, amid the smoke, as Reynolds grandly painted him, with the fortress key clenched grimly in his hand. It is now, Spanker tells me, giving it a look of scorn, a prison for debt; and wonderful stories are told of the strategic skill with which several Gib officers contrive to keep out of it.

Everywhere in Gib the perpetual sense of vigilance and defiance fills your mind: you pass down Big Gun Alley, where a huge bomb-shell of the old siege is let into the corner of the street wall, and, lo, but a turn from Main Street, with its cigar-shops, stores, chandlers, clock-makers, and Moorish curiosities, you are on the outer road, which is walled in with batteries. The King's Bastion (this is where you stand, faces the Spaniards of Algeciras, grinning at them with its fang teeth :) how neat, clean, and firm is the stonework that the convicts still chip and hammer at, with its bomb-proof barracks, its terraces, and slanting roofs for yawning guns! Yonder, a little in the sea, is a low line of wall for fresh batteries. This long jetty with guns is the famous Devil's Tongue which Drinkwater mentions. Line after line, all along the rock, first the harbour, then the Ragged Staff, then the black headland called Europa Point, where the great attack was once made, are everywhere mechanical-looking sentries, red or blue, threatening and defiant to angry, scowling-looking Spaniards, who talk of Gib as a place only lent to us, and one day to be given back with thanks. Everywhere pyramids of black cannon balls, stacks of gun-carriages, and rows on rows of dismantled guns, mischievous and cumbersome; and wheels in heaps like black cheeses. Everywhere Death's playthings laid up in ordinary. The civilian in Gib seems a mere tolerated accident, and the young military "blood" delights to tell you that, in case of revolt or war, the Government, to whom nearly all the houses and shops belong, would sweep them away at one swoop and plant fresh batteries upon their sites.

But with all this parade of war, I have not yet mentioned the great rock galleries that honeycomb the rock, particularly on the north side facing the Neutral Ground, which looks towards Saint Roque. Look up at the great hull of grey rock, scarped and unscalable, with the dark square spots in irregular lines around the middle of the crag. Those are the galleries. That end one, with eyelet holes facing east and west, is Saint George's Hall. They have vomited fire and death before now, and are always watching the Spanish lines. On this side is the Water

Gate, with its herd of latteen-shaped boats, with their yards sloping back like greyhound's ears; its guards and gates. Outside, is a broad, sandy track, called Campo, where the white tents of a regiment under canvas gleam in a sun almost African in violence.

This heat is not always so extreme. It is the levanter, or east wind, the dreaded sirocco of the rock, now blowing; the tyrant of Gib, as the west wind is the liberator; the noxious fire-blast that spoils old generals' tempers and produces extra parades; that tosses all the great ships to and fro between Cabrita and Europa Point, and strews the shore with broken nut-shells of stranded barks. This is the dry, hot wind that makes the mosquitoes more shrill of song and more poisonous; that drives old General Martinet to break Spanker, and Spanker to call out Driver, merely because he set his Skye terrier on his (Spanker's) pet Barbary ape, which is chained to a pillar on the wall outside the bomb-proof officers' rooms in the King's Bastion. This is the wind that brings flocks of scarlet-coated subs to the golden grapes at the King's Arms to drain, thirstily, sangaree, shandy-gaff, claret cup, and endless foaming tubes of Bass's bitter. This is the wind that blights and shrivels, and gives you a sense of unhealthy strained breathing, and of checked perspiration that stirs your bile and inflames your liver. It brings on court martials, cashierings, rows, insubordination, quarrels at mess, and is liked only by the apes that steals the figs in the high rock gardens.

I am just fresh from Algeciras. That sleepy Spanish town across the blue bay from whence Gibraltar looks at night to be a huge couchant sphynx, wearing a brilliant necklace of lamps; or like a huge ark, not yet finished, those lights being the twinkle of the thousand shipwrights' candles. I am fresh from the inn of Ximenes, facing the landing-place, where I sit all day and watch the ferry boats start and come in or the cows swimming off to be embarked in the Xebec, for the Spanish garrison at Ceuta, on the Morocco coast. My door has been beset with sleeping sailors, custom-house officers, and stray soldiers, who ignore England, and look at the great floating man-of-war with contempt or hatred. I came across in a one sailed passage boat, with a crew of old women, who cross to smuggle English handkerchiefs and stockings. It is only five miles across from this faded town, that some of Edward the Third's chivalry helped Alonzo to win from the Moors; but we take I don't know how many hours doing it. Crescenting the bay, tacking, luffing, diving in with the speed and keenness of an arrow, missing the harbour and then tacking out again, again to miss our mark. At last we are in, under the low mischievous lines of

harbour forts, where concealed cannon snarl and make faces at you; and under the great pile of limestone and marble, which soars high and broad fourteen hundred feet above the crowd of jostling red, blue, and yellow boats, that push for the water-gate, close to the Fish Market. This is the port of Gib, with its three miles of forts—forts high and low, out of sight, and so near the water that you can fling a biscuit from our boat into their gun-holes. This is Gib—the Phœnician Alube, the Greek Calpe, which those astute classical rascals likened to a bucket. It is in Hebrew, Ford says, “the caved mountain,” and it outfaces the African Ape Hill, the opposite pillar of Hercules. This is the hill of Tarik, the Berber chief, who helped to conquer Spain for the Moors, and if we remember right, in a grand paroxysm of ambition, rode up to his horse’s neck into the waves, lamenting that there was no more land to conquer. This rock has been more scorched with gunpowder and fire than any other citadelled height in the world.

Now out on Campo, outside the race-course and the bare-looking military burial-ground, or round the other side of the Rock, where narrow bridle-roads, elbowed by rocks on one side, and a raging sea on the other, lead to outpost stations, and small fishing villages, are not the places to judge of the picturesque contrasts and motley population of Gibraltar. No, to see its four thousand Moors, fifteen thousand Spaniards, hybrid tradesmen, pimps, Jews, rogues, and higglers; let alone its five thousand soldiers, its stiff generals, stuck-up doctors, and starched red-faced majors, you must go to Commercial Square, where the Exchange is, and General Don’s bust, the club, library, and open air auctions. Here you will see the yellow-slippered, purple-robed, brown-legged Moors, looking complacently at the long row of hams, or the piles of empty beer bottles that the ivory hammer is knocking down for sale, or standing proudly and stoically before the gold-laced band, or the groups of red-sashed captains chattering at some guard-room door. Here, proof to all Gibraltar fevers are the real scorpion women, of a pale, clear, brown complexion, in their red cloaks and hoods edged with black velvet, in such a peculiar dress, but we are in the region of odd costumes, and not a day’s journey from the Tarifa women, who still wear the veritable Oriental yashmuk. Next those soldiers, with breeches half of leather, and who from the turtlets of gold-lace on their breasts, their straddling gait and obtrusive switches, I take to be horse artillerymen, is a group of shirking effeminate Jews, in loose blue cloth gowns, white linen drawers, straggling sashes, and white buttoned caps. They are talking with the well-known negro date merchant, who lives near the Four Corners, where the Moorish captains wait for passengers or consignments. Then, going up to some quiet tavern, “Ale and spirits sold

here,” under the sign of the “Good Woman,” in Horse Barrack Lane, strolls a white-bloused party of Crimean men: and, mixed up with the crowd that push us roughly through, backward and forward, are Spanish ladies, bare-headed, with fans held up to keep the sun off; English nursery maids and refractory “Master Alfreds,” who will pull the stray dogs by the tail, regardless of consequences; white-plumed and mounted generals, returning perpetual salutes; yellow gartered muleteers, with donkeys laden with strings of water jars—four in each rack; staring looking travellers, looking at maps of Gib; subs in mufti, cavalierly gay; and subs mounted on spiteful hacks, tearing off for a mad gallop to Saint Roque or the Cork woods. Step out of this past the Governor’s house, once a convent, just to get a quick look at the slopes of gunners’ cottages and officers’ quarters, slanting down from the middle heights of the rock, and you get at once to a parade flanked by answering batteries, where silent sentries, under suspended mats, wait grumblingly for the relieve guard. Fifteen hundred miles from England, yet such a sense of England’s power.

This is Gib by daylight; but, at gunfire, there is a wondrous change. You are seated in an officer’s quarters, perhaps, watching the ape’s tricks at his door; or discussing the military trophies over his mantelpiece. Suddenly a yellow glare flashes across your eyes. You look up to see the lightning. At that instant a shattering report shakes the roof, makes the window quiver, and the canary in the cage at the door leap up, take its head from under its wing, and flutter. It is the evening gun; the signal for all stray Spaniards to toss off their last nip of brandy, and hurry to their smuggling boats, with their packages of bad cigars, and devil’s dust calicoes. If you go out now just beyond the terraced roof of the King’s Bason, where some Moors are praying, you will see the Key serjeant and his assistant going round, locking up the three miles of gates, and pallisaded wickets. Look across, at the Ronda mountains, and you will see a great red glare where the shepherds are burning the dry grass on the mountains. If you are on board a tub of a steamer not yet rounded Europa Point, tremble, for you will be kept all night on board, as no vessel enters the harbour of Gib after gun-fire. Remember Mr. Smith, though squeamish with a long voyage, there is no use in tearing your hair or wringing your hands. This is not Southampton or the London Docks. This is Gib, that Ford calls “a bright pearl in the crown of an ocean queen,” and Burke, “a post of power, a post of superiority, of connexion of commerce; one which make us invaluable to our friends and dreadful to our enemies.” Therefore is not to be imperilled, Mr. Smith, because you have not yet found your sea legs, and you are still squeamish.

Know that there are crowds of angry men sleeping under yonder quarantine flag off the harbour, merely because there is cholera at Hamburgh, plague at Tripoli, and yellow fever at Vigo; yet the angry men submit, because England chooses to trundle to ridiculous timid Spanish quarantine laws. So Mr. Smith, it is no use your bribing the boatswain to pipe the men to haul up your pompous-looking trunks out of the hold; it is no use to snub the first mate.

But Gib has other features than this one word of threat. We pass along the shore line of defences, the old Bateria of the Spaniard, pass some gangs of convicts lazily working, guarded by an officer with sword and revolver,—and get to the transport harbour half way to Europa Point just in time to see the huge wall of a transport from Cork disembogue its armed men like a second wooden horse of Troy. There is not much done yet; but broad planks are thrown from the tall ship's sides to the great stone quays, under whose sheds are heaped mountains of black coal ready to feed government steamers. The quays are laden and piled with great sarcophagi boxes of officers' baggage, and wine crates and other stores. The Doctor in his feathered cocked hat, is very particular about the regimental medicine chest. The Major is anxious about the plate-chest. Till the impediments are removed by the dirty shirt sleeved soldiers, the restless men must not land. But they continue on various pretexts to tramp in and out, eager and troublesome as boys in spite of the sentinels on the gangway. Now the women come down. Such women! Dirty with the rough sea weather, and the wretched covered cabins; brazen, pale, neglected, with dirty hair, and dirty children crying perpetually. They descend in ghastly file under the coal sheds: a small drizzling rain now setting in, they look so homeless, wretched, and unhappy, that my heart bleeds for them. Now the men, in grimy shirts, their hands and arms unwashed, descend; buttoning their tight shining stocks; their heavy muskets in their hands, their knapsacks on their arms. In the midst of them, waving a tin can, which drips with brandy, comes that Private Patrick Riley, raving for drink. He runs recklessly down the plank—stumbles. What a piercing shriek from the women! He is in down between the vessel's side and the stone rampart of the quay. Are the good for nothing villain's brains beaten out of him? No; there is a Providence for the mad and the drunk, the Spanish proverb says. He shouts and swears, as if somebody had pushed him in. Dozens of men find themselves down after him. The chains are dark with men. They will drown him by encumbering him with help. He emerges, wet, screeching, violent; and is carried up into the ship. A moment after he appears, fighting with a swarm of men, on the fo'castle. They overpower him by num-

bers; a dozen to each leg, as he kicks and plunges like a mad horse, or a demon in convulsions.

"Put Riley in irons," says the officer in command, who has been quietly walking with some ladies on the quarter-deck.

"The officers seem a pack of muffs," says Spanker privately to me; "I see we shall have a pretty trouble in Gib with these Irish-men."

"We've half a dozen fellars in the ship, surr," says a serjeant, coming up and touching his hat, "as bad as I think you'll find anywhere. They might as well be hung at once for all the good they'll ever do."

"Had a good passage, serjeant-major?"

"Pretty well, sir," (with great sternness.) "Eight days from Dublin. Had a tidy little tossing in the Bay of Biscay."

The men, dressed and stocked with bayonets fixed in a bright shining row, form on the quay; the band a little way before, with drums and fifes, clean and smart. The officers meet and chat. The ladies, smiling and gay, are handed down and congratulated. The loungers above, their white smocks showing through the embrasures, discuss the new comers not over favourably. Riley, handcuffed, is placed between two guardians, and seems to believe he has been promoted to extensive and onerous command. Mysterious words of command run along the scarlet line, there is a shuffling sideways, a veering, a clanging, and the regiment moves along with a measured, one, two tramp as of one man. They pass up the quay steps, and march along to the Windmill Barracks, "unhealthiest on the Rock," to the clang opened by the full band of a noble regiment sent to welcome them. The new Gib omnibus bears us back, amid a cloud of coaches and mounted officers in white canvas shoes: who carry horse-tail whips to keep off the importunate flies.

This was the landing—but I also saw an embarkation for India, a much pleasanter and more cheerful sight, though perhaps more fallacious in hope than the other was in disappointment. I was walking one day near the same place, watching the King's batteries saluting a Turkish frigate. First a puff of smoke; then, through it, a sharp sudden string of fire thrust out and withdrawn like a serpent's tongue; then, before the clotted smoke had ceased to hang about the guns, a loud bang! A mounted officer meets us and asks us if we have heard that the Fiftieth were just embarking for India. We shall be too late if we do not hurry. We hasten. We meet an artilleryman, and ask him if the transport is under weigh. He says he does not know; but the blue Peter is flying at the fore. Just as we get down, the commanding officer, for whom they have been waiting, is putting off in his boat. A hot quick ride he has had from the governor's house, along the dusty Alameda, with its aloes and cacti. The shore

rope is tightening and dipping. The anchor is up. I heard the last tug of the capstan, the last tramping chorus of the soldiers who help the crew. There are some sweethearts of the band near me waving their handkerchiefs to two fifers, who seem afraid to appear interested in them, but wave signals surreptitiously. There are a few soldiers looking back at Gib, thinking of its Black Hole and brandy shops. Some ladies upon the quarter-deck: on the shore, a wail of deserted wives. But careless of all this, floats out the brave strong ship, red flags flying, the band's mechanical Auld Lang Syne greeting us by whiffs as passing the French ship that mans its yards, she grandly rounds the rock corner, and disappears eastward from our eyes.

SULTRY DECEMBER.

AFTER six years of life in the climate of Victoria, I speak as I feel of its hot wind. And upon this head what is said of Victoria apples, with some modification, to the neighbouring colonies of New South Wales and South Australia.

The hot winds generally begin to parch us in the middle of November. I have known them to come in October, but they seldom do so. It is in December that they are most felt: their season extends over January, February, and March; and, in a subdued way, reaches sometimes to the middle of April. To a healthy man the first day of an ordinary hot wind gives no trouble; but, unless it veer round to the south by evening, the night is oppressive. The second day of the wind affects every one with more or less of languor; the third, makes the strong man look jaded: and it prostrates the delicate. Should there be yet a fourth day of the northern blast after a suffocating night, every one talks with dismay about the thermometer, and has his mind filled with the one thought—when will the wind change? Fortunately, this wind rarely lasts in Victoria beyond the third or fourth day. A cool moist seabreeze, setting in from the south, conquers the dry furnace blast of the desert.

The manner of change from the hot wind to the cool, varies in different summers. During the first year of my residence in Victoria, there were frequent showers of rain in the summer months; the hot winds, when prevailing, generally blew in the morning and changed in the afternoon after a struggle of thunder, lightning, and rain. The air then became fresh, and a cool evening was but the pleasanter for coming after the discomfort of a sultry day.

The second of my summers in Victoria was very dry; we were without rain for five months, and the hot winds that often blew for three or four successive days, were very trying to the constitution. The changes of wind did not come with rain. The seabreeze

met in waterless conflict the blast from the north, and, in the hour of strife, darkened the sun with thick columns of sand and dust until its victory was perfect.

Thirty degrees is about the range taken by this wind, in altering the temperature of the day. The average heat of summer, in its absence, is about seventy-five in the shade: the ordinary hot wind raises this, perhaps, as high as ninety five; but a severe blast from the desert carries it yet higher. One of the hottest days I ever knew in Melbourne was the day before Christmas Day last year, when the thermometer stood at the extreme height of one hundred and nine in the shade. The heat so much resembled the blast from a furnace that, when facing the wind, the eye smarted with heat from the contact.

The average number of days on which the hot winds prevail during the whole summer in Victoria, is about seventy-five. Delightful weather is to be enjoyed on days that intervene. It cannot be surpassed by that of the sunniest and freshest June and July days of England.

Some days after the hot winds have set in from the north, their effects are to be seen in the withering of vegetation. The natural grass of the country, deprived of all sap and moisture, is ready, if a spark fall on it, to leap out into sheets of fire which, borne with the speed of the wind, may climb great trees, and, sweeping away blazing foliage and bark—fresh brands to beget new conflagrations—carrying ruin to the homesteads of the settlers within hundreds of miles of country. The worst bush fire ever known in Australia occurred in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, on the day bearing the ill-omened name, Black Thursday, already described in this Journal. On that occasion the thermometer reached one hundred and seventeen degrees in the shade. Such a day has never since been suffered; and, as seven years have elapsed without the recurrence of a like calamity, it is to be hoped that affliction so severe may prove of rare occurrence.

One trouble attendant on these winds arises from the sudden and great alterations of temperature to be endured by those who live under their influence. On certain days last summer, in Melbourne the thermometer varied thirty, forty, and in one instance, fifty degrees in a day: whilst scarcely a week passed that was not marked by rapid changes. Another trouble is—or, more particularly, was—the dust in the neighbourhood of great thoroughfares cut up by extensive and incessant traffic.

Before there were any facilities for watering the streets in Melbourne the dust nuisance was awful. In a main street the townsman suddenly found himself enveloped in a gritty cloud, which put his eyes to a sharp torture. Beset by the shouting of unseen bullock-drivers, and the angry cries of horsemen who had just escaped from riding over him,

he might rush away to the first place of shelter, and there labour in vain to clean his eyes out and allay their smarting. The new arrival—or, in colonial language, the new chum—after his first dusting, generally wears a veil; and veiled men abound in Melbourne streets on a dry windy day. This year an excellent supply of water, from a source high above the site of the city, enables us to fight our enemy. By screwing a hose to the pipes that pass along the streets, a jet of water can be made to play upon the road and conquer him.

As to the effect of the hot wind on health, it should be first observed, that none of the Australian colonies have the contagious epidemics commonly found to be fatal in hot countries. Just after the gold discovery, Melbourne became one of the dirtiest cities in the world. Men, women, and children landed from ships, and sought in every nook and corner the protection of a roof. No underground sewers carried off the drainage of the city. Even surface drainage was arrested by the broken state of the roads and pathways cut up by incessant traffic. The accumulated filth of city life, part filtering through the soil and part collected in unsightly stagnant pools, lay festering beneath the glare of the sun and the blast of the hot wind; yet no fatal epidemic came. Nevertheless, health is the worse for the hot wind. My private opinion is confirmed by that of an eminent Melbourne physician, who considers that the duration of life in Victoria is from six to ten per cent. less than in the mother country.

It is not on men in the enjoyment of good health that our sirocco shows its power openly. But the sick man, woman, or child, catching, perhaps, eagerly at the first sensations of returning health, pants in a hot air bath suddenly and frequently administered without the doctor's order, or, when first tottering out of doors, finds, in the dusty and scorched aspect of the country, no refreshment to the languid eye, and breathes vain longings for a sight of the green meadows and copses of Old England. If our dry air is good for the consumptive, is our changeable thermometer good for them too? I fancy not.

Women feel more than men, the test to which the hot winds put their constitutions. Often there are to be seen ladies who came rosy out of England, showing in Melbourne only pallid distressed faces; not as of persons seriously ill, but suffering from a weariness that ends, perhaps, in positive disease.

According to the statistics of the register general of Victoria, for the year ending the

first of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, the mortality among children under five years of age was equal to one half the deaths occurring among the entire population, and the number of deaths of infants under twelve months, exceeded one third of the entire mortality. It is furthermore ascertained by registration, that the number of deaths among children in summer, is four times greater than in winter.

The resident of Victoria, who wishes to feel the extent of infant mortality, can go to a graveyard. Last April, I walked through the Melbourne Cemetery, and read on the head-stones names of little children by the hundred. The day was one of the few in the month of April when the hot wind blows with clouds of dust. Finding a grave with reclining slab, conveniently placed under the shelter of a tree, I shrank from the heat of the sun, and rested there. Presently a woman approached, whose sad face and dust-whitened mourning dress told me that she came hither not for curiosity, but for her great love to some among the dead. Without observing me she hastened to a grave not far from where I sat: it was one of those which had arrested my attention, because at the head, upon a simple tombstone, the deaths of four young children were recorded.

I have witnessed many forms of grief over the dead, on land and far away upon the sea. But never before or since, have I looked upon such agonising grief and hopeless sorrow as was in the face of this poor woman beside the grave, which had four times opened and closed over the objects of her love. She bowed her head, and, believing the solitude unbroken, poured forth her soul in prayer over the tomb of her children.

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DOCTOR DULCAMARA, M.P.

ARTS are forgotten and revived; thrones are pulled down and built up again; heroes of war and heroes of peace have their alternate seasons of favour and neglect; vast political schemes and daring social speculations inflate themselves to enormous dimensions, burst, and are seen no more; national reforms are projected and abandoned; public abuses are exposed to universal denunciation, one day, and are comfortably huddled up again in oblivion the next. But, one human institution remains perennially unchanged—the institution of Imposture. One man among us can boast of a field of action which never contracts or changes; that man is no other than our beloved old quack; our eloquent, or far-famed, our magnificent impostor, Doctor Dulcamara, M.P.

Freed by the arrival of the autumn from his engagements on the politico-operative stage, this eminent and melodious public man has, of late months, been going his rounds gaily in provincial England. He has assumed a great variety of characters, taking especial care (for the Doctor knows his public intimately) to seek his originals in a world of rank and title, and never to impersonate any individual who stands lower than a member of the House of Commons. Now, as a noble lord, now as a noble and learned lord, and now simply as M.P., he has been calling meetings all over England. Among other announcements he has proclaimed his discovery of a new soothing syrup to be taken largely in a great many table-spoonfuls, called "Social Science." (Wisely saying nothing whatever of the many years during which it was endeavoured, by hard labourers, to force that nostrum on his attention: or of his taking no heed of it until it by slow degrees became popular.) He has referred, with his usual brazen self-complacency, to his long-established pills and powders, devoted to the cure of exhaustion and weariness in mechanics' institutions, and artfully adapted never to attain the end which they profess to accomplish. He has revived with greater success than ever, that admirably-impudent performance of his which he calls "Giving an account of his stewardship to his constituents." And in each and all of these cases, he has once

more achieved that amazing feat of oratorical jugglery on which the main foundation of his celebrity has from time immemorial reposed. In other words, he has talked for hours together without the slightest intermission, and, at the end of the time, has said—nothing.

The one striking difference which we discern between the practice of this consummate conjuror on the metropolitan stage, and his practice on the country platform, is, that, in the former case, he does actually produce his specifics as well as talk about them; while, in the latter case, he merely promises to produce them when he goes circuit again next year. That next year will come; the platform will be swept again for use; the water-bottle and tumbler will be set up on the little table; our Dulcamara's nearest friend and admirer will solemnly preside in an arm chair; and the Doctor's audience will to just as unaccountably large, just as amazingly patient, just as unreasoningly ready to believe, as ever. Wonderful institution of Quackery! Unrivalled, unblushing, unchangeable Doctor Dulcamara!

Among all our old friend's appearances in the country, this season, none has struck us with more wonder and admiration than his presentation of himself, on the twenty-eighth of October last (in the character of the Right Honourable Mr. Sidney Herbert,) to prescribe for the Warminster Athenæum. Dulcamara's Address, or—to speak of the Doctor in his assumed character by way of tribute to the excellence of his impersonation—the Right Honourable Mr. Sidney Herbert's Address, on that occasion, has been commented on pretty strongly already, by the few perverted people—the obstinately-incredulous minority of Englishmen—who offend the orator of Warminster by expressing themselves anonymously (that is to say on the anti-Dulcamara principle) through the medium of the daily and weekly press. We have no intention of echoing, in these pages, remarks that have been made elsewhere, or of pointing attention to any parts of the Right Honourable Doctor's remarkable oration which have received their full share of notice already. But, there is one passage in this masterly piece of assurance, touching on the subject of Literature as seen from the

Dulcamara point of view, which has been sadly neglected by our brethren of the press, which has produced a strong impression on our own minds; and which we must now beg permission to present to the attention of our readers.

Speaking of novels, viewed of course as *nostrums*, in a tone of indulgence which we gratefully appreciate, the doctor proceeded to deliver himself of these remarks:

"There is another class of novels—novels of the domestic class—which has also a great influence. I recollect hearing a very eminent Frenchman, Monsieur Guizot, say, that the literature of France would match—by which, of course, he meant would beat—all our literature, with one exception, and that was our domestic novels. He said: 'In science we match you; in poetry we match you (though in that he was quite mistaken :) in history we match you; but we have not got anything in our literature like "The Heir of Redclyffe" and your domestic novels. All books of that class are peculiarly English. They are books describing a virtuous domestic life—books describing a simple domestic life. They do not go to the tragic or dramatic for interest, but they draw it from the simple springs of natural life. This we have not got in the literature of France.'"

If the Right Honourable Doctor had selected "The Heir of Redclyffe" on his own authority only, as the type and pattern of all English domestic novels, we doubt whether the expression of his opinion, in this matter, would have produced much impression upon us. But, armed with the authority of Monsieur Guizot, who is a writer of books and consequently, in a literary sense, one of ourselves, he has exerted over our minds an influence not his own. Besides acknowledging Monsieur Guizot's claims on our attention, as a man of letters, we have felt, of late years, a kind of sympathy for him, as a political Dulcamara suffering under the misfortune of having been found out. On all accounts, therefore, we have thought it only fair and just towards Monsieur Guizot to welcome him (under his present total eclipse as a vendor of state *nostrums* in his own country,) when he appears before us in his new character as a critic of modern English fiction. Accordingly, we resolved to do, on the recommendation of this "eminent Frenchman," what we had not done on the recommendation of any of our own countrymen—in print or out of it. We determined, at last, to read "The Heir of Redclyffe," and see what it is that they can't do in France.

Our previous want of acquaintance with this Pusey-Novel arose from no barbarous indifference to the important literary events of our age and country. We abstained from reading it, solely from dread of the effect which it might have in unfitting us for enjoying any other works of fiction afterwards. We were well aware, from our own personal knowledge, of the disastrous influ-

ence, in this respect, which the work had exercised over that large and discriminating portion of the reading public of England which is chiefly composed of curates and young ladies. Among other sad cases, in our own circle of acquaintance, we met with two which especially struck us. One instance was that of a curate (still living, and still, through the scandalous neglect of his friends, unprovided with proper accommodation in an asylum for the insane,) who, after reading *The Heir of Redclyffe*, expressed himself critically in these frantic terms:—"There are only Two Books in the world. The first is the Bible, and the second is *The Heir of Redclyffe*."

The other instance is perhaps still more afflicting. A young and charming lady, previously an excellent customer at the circulating libraries, read this fatal domestic novel on its first appearance some years ago, and has read nothing else ever since. As soon as she gets to the end of the book, this interesting and unfortunate creature turns back to the first page, and begins it again. Her family vainly endeavour to lure her away to former favourites, or to newer works; she raises her eyes for a moment from the too-enthralling page, shakes her head faintly, and resumes her fascinating occupation for the thousandth time, with unabated relish. Her course of proceeding, when she comes to the pathetic passages, has never yet varied on any single occasion. She reads for five minutes, and goes up-stairs to fetch a dry pocket handkerchief; comes down again, and reads for another five minutes; goes up-stairs again, and fetches another dry pocket handkerchief. No later than last week, it was observed by her family, that she shed as many tears and fetched as many dry pocket handkerchiefs as ever. Medical aid has been repeatedly called in; but the case baffles the doctors. The heart is all right, the stomach is all right, the lungs are all right, the extremities are moderately warm. The skull alone is abnormal.

Knowing of these two cases, and of others almost as lamentable in their way, we think it argues no common respect on our part for the authority of Monsieur Guizot, that we overcame our natural feeling of apprehension, and boldly risked the possible consequence of reading the one domestic novel which he and the Right Honourable Doctor agree is the roc's egg not to be discovered in that fair France which Monsieur Guizot's statemanship has happily led to its present Millennium. The task we set ourselves was completed some weeks since. After having been carefully treated with restoratives by Mrs. Inebald, Miss Burney, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Gaskell, and a few other charitable ladies, unknown to Monsieur Guizot, we have recovered from the disastrous effects of our bold undertaking.

The idea of the book we find to be briefly and plainly this. A young Englishman of rank and fortune inherits from his ancestors the one serious defect of a very bad temper. By dint of excellent moral and religious principles, he not only learns to control this bad temper (which would be natural enough,) but succeeds in so completely rooting it out of his nature (which no man ever did,) that he ultimately dies a sacrifice to his own devotion at the bedside of his bitterest enemy. Philip Morville has systematically misjudged, injured, and insulted Sir Guy Morville. Philip falls ill of a fever in Italy. Sir Guy, in Italy also on his marriage tour with his young wife, hears of it, goes forgivingly to his kinsman's bedside, nurses him tenderly through his fever, catches the infection, and dies at the fair beginning of his happier and better life.

This is the story of the Pusey-Novel which is the Wonderful Lamp not to be found in France, or it would (we suppose) have lighted Monsieur Guizot to better things than Spanish marriage diplomacy, the one idea of governing men by corruption, and the abdication and flight of the late Mr. Smith. The characters by whose aid the story is worked out, are simply impossible. They have no types in nature, they never did have types in nature, and they never will have types in nature—unless, indeed, it be when the Right Honourable Doctor Dulcamara, M.P., is again prescribing for a whole English army, and Monsier Guizot is again administering state affairs in France. Imagine the hero of Redclyffe, young Sir Guy, going about the world in this present year of grace, to the admiration of Doctor Dulcamara and Monsiur Guizot, with the “lion roused in him,” his “hazel eye gleaming like an eagle’s,” and a whole zoological-garden-full of symptoms constantly making him uncomfortable, on the subject of King Charles the First!

From that time Guy seemed to have no trouble in reigning in his temper in arguing with Charles, except once, when the lion was fairly roused by something that sounded like a sneer about King Charles the First.

His whole face changed, his hazel eye gleamed with light like an eagle’s, and he started up, exclaiming, “You did not mean that?”

“Ask Strafford,” answered Charles, coolly, startled, but satisfied to have found the vulnerable point.

“Ungenerous, unmanly!” said Guy, his voice low, but quivering with indignation. “Ungenerous to reproach him with what he so bitterly repented. Could not his penitence, could not his own blood—” But as he spoke, the gleam of wrath faded, the flush deepened on his cheek, and he left the room.

In about ten minutes Guy came back: “I am sorry I was hasty just now,” said he.

“I did not know you had such personal feelings about King Charles,”

“If you would do me a kindness,” proceeded

Guy, “you would just say you did not mean it. I know you do not, but if you would only say so!”

“I am glad you have the wit to see I have too much taste to be a roundhead.”

“Thank you,” said Guy; “I hope I shall know your jest from your earnest another time. Only, if you would oblige me, you would never jest again about King Charles.”

His brow darkened into a stern, grave expression, etc., etc., etc.

Throughout the book, up to the scene of his last illness, Sir Guy is the same lifeless personification of the Pusey-stricken writer’s fancies on religion and morals, literature and art. He is struck speechless with reverence when a rhapsodical description of one of Raphael’s Madonnas is read to him. He occupies three summers in studying the *Morte d’Arthur* (not Mr. Tennyson’s poem, but the old romance;) and, in spite of this romantic taste, when he gets to Italy he will not read the magnificent descriptions of scenery in *Childe Harold*, because Lord Byron was a profligate man. He goes out, one Sunday afternoon, to take a walk with his bride in northern Italy; and, sitting down under a tree, at Lady Morville’s request, he performs an amateur Service by then and there chanting the afternoon’s psalms with her. Even his death-scene (tenderly and delicately written in some places,) is marred and made absurd, either by the writer’s want of experience of human nature, or utter incapability of abstraction from one narrow circle of ideas.

As to dialogue—thus it runs through hundreds upon hundreds of pages, and thus it makes up the book (that can’t be made in France,) in combination with a most ludicrous disparagement of all those base writers of fiction who are not inspired by Pusey and his late blessed Majesty King Charles the First.

“What a delicious day!” next exclaimed Guy, following Philip’s example by throwing off hat and neck-tie.

“A spontaneous tribute to the beauty of the day,” said Charles.

“Really it is, so ultra-splendid as to deserve notice!” said Philip, throwing himself completely back, and looking up.

“One cannot help revelling in that deep blue,” said Laura.

“To-morrow ’ll be the happiest time of all the glad new year,” hummed Guy.

“Ah, you will teach us all now,” said Laura, “after your grand singing-lessons.”

“Do you know what is in store for you, Guy?” said my. “O, hav’n’t you heard of Lady Kilcoran’s ball?”

“You are to go, Guy,” said Charlotte. “I am glad I am not. I hate dancing.”

“And I know as much about it as Bustle,” said Guy, catching the dog by his fore-paws, and causing him to perform an uncouth dance.

“Never mind, they will soon teach you,” said Mrs. Edmonstone.

“Must I really go!”

"He begins to think it serious," said Charles. "Is Philip going?" exclaimed Guy, looking as if he was taken by surprise.

Doctor Dulcamara and Monsieur Guizot may rest assured that France will have no such book as this, until she has the two classes which such a book addresses. The first class, drawn from a large and wealthy section of the so-called religious world, which looks to the obtrusively professed intention of a book solely, and knows and cares nothing about the execution. The second class, represented by a body of romantic young ladies, whose ideal Man (name and all) is exactly represented by such a character as Sir Guy Morville. We believe it was Mrs. Kenwigs who invented the name, Morleena, for her eldest daughter; from a kindred spirit of gentility we derive the masculine, Morville.

For anything we know, representatives of these two classes may have come together in Warminster, to be prescribed for by Doctor Dulcamara and Monsieur Guizot. If so, they have their reward. If otherwise, a suspicion will, by this time, have dawned upon them that they have been benighted and bemuddled in the usual Dulcamarian manner.

To go from Warminster to Bradford, which is a long way, we are pained to notice an appearance of Doctor Dulcamara in the Bradford market-place, under the guise of the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. Very few men of this age, if any, have done more good than Lord Shaftesbury, or are deserving of higher respect. We differ from him on many points of opinion, but we hold his labours in the highest respect. Precisely for this reason, we are unusually grieved and mortified to find Doctor Dulcamara in such good company. However, here was the doctor at Bradford, vending an antidote against fiction in general, and against tragedies in particular; and THE TIMES reports the Doctor as addressing the multitude to this amazingly quackish effect:—

"He remembered a very hard-hearted man, a most profligate and wicked man, but he once made a very true remark, 'I never go to hear a tragedy,' he said, 'but it wears out my heart.' That was just what he did; and that was the case with all reading of this description; he (Lord Shaftesbury) meant, if indulged in to excess."

Now, Lord Shaftesbury, at the head of the Lunacy Commission, knows very well that Bedlam has often come of indulging in the Bible to excess, and that the balance of good and evil in anything is always to be struck, by sane men, with a reference to the use of that thing, and not to its abuse. The sea, if indulged in to excess, would swallow up the land; the Sun, if indulged in to excess, would consume all animal and vegetable life. But, Doctor Dulcamara, putting off his antidote among the crowd, puts it off anyhow and everyhow, and will strike the scales out

of the hand of Justice herself, that his light weight may pass. Lord Shaftesbury, as an upright man, knows perfectly well, when separated from Doctor Dulcamara, that this story (of the feeblest and most unreliable, at the best,) has another honest and plain interpretation on the face of it: to wit, that the "most profligate and wicked man," whose detestable authority is to consign to oblivion the noblest flights of human genius, and the Art that of all others strikes to the Soul like Reality, could not endure a Tragedy, because he was "a guilty creature sitting at a Play," and felt that it awoke the conscience slumbering within him.

For the love of Heaven, let there be hope that men like Lord Shaftesbury, at least, will keep out of the company of the ubiquitous Dulcamara! Let the Doctor go about, addressing Athenæums, of the Warminster, Warminster, and other kinds; let the Athenæums take his physic, if they like it, and feel the better for it if they can; let the Doctor sing duets with Monsieur Guizot, to any extent; let him render accounts of his stewardship without end; let him puff off altar-cloths, altar-candlesticks, and the rubric of the Fancy Ball; let his eagle eye start out of his head, if it will, at the martyrdom of King Charles the First; but let him be held at a distance by earnest men with definite objects before earnest minds, and those objects tending—not to the retrogression of their country into the dark ages, but to its advancement in a plain road that was opened eighteen hundred and fifty-eight years ago.

THE GRINGE FAMILY.

I.

If an antiquary were to amuse himself hunting up all the queer families in the kingdom, and then pick from each the queerest member, and so make up a new family, queerest of the queer, he would at the end have gotten together pretty much such a bunch of odd creatures as sat together on a certain October night. A lamp of oldest machinery (ante moderator, ante argand even,) and of dullest oil, burnt lazily on a spindle-legged table beside a tall old man. He had the fee, so to speak, of that illumination all to himself for whatever business he was about; so that it very much presented the notion of a light in a cave, and the other figures, who were all held fast in the shadows, might have been smugglers, dividing their booty, or brigands asleep, or any other denomination in the world. Brigands or smugglers, there was present there a barbarous crew enough, made up of these human items:—

Tom, primogenitus, and unlicked beyond all credibility; Gill, cadet, and rather more unlicked, if such were possible—which exhausted the male line. There was then Sue, primogenita in her sex; rough-skinned

and raw-armed, rude in dress, uncombed in hair, with high cheek-bones. She might have gone out a-charing or a cooking by the day, or as aid to the scullion, and been accepted as such without demur or smallest astonishment. That was Sue. Here was Sal, her sister: a gawk, long in body, reaching nearly to her father's head: always in her own way, in everybody's way. Sal could not so much as stretch forth her arm without hitting or knocking something down. Then there was the imp or Puck of the family, baptismally known as Hannah Maria, but familiarly (and without any disrespect in the world) hailed as Froggy. She was a dwarf, virtually; but without deformity. She leant over to the he-side, having a hoarse, gruff voice that made you start. She did nothing from morning till night, not a hand's turn for any one, save wagging of her tongue in the coarsest way; being a good one at abuse and at hitting on stinging names. There was also Jen the gentle, keeping to her old father like wax. There was the old French poodle, joint pet of old Gringe and Jen. There was the African hound, pet and delight of Tom, Gill, and the Imp.

The whole crew, men, women, and dogs, were kennelled together in the huge sitting-room. But a word—just one word—for Tom. Tom was the great uncouth member of the Gringe family. In the Irish tongue he was *gaum*; which syllable stands for mouth projected foolishly; for cerebral conformation on the lines of the late Messieurs Burke and Hare; for inarticulate animal noises in lieu of ordinary sounds of assent or dissent; for horse-laughter, mild and on draught, always ready: for, he was of the stables, stably; having been suckled, weaned, and reared on those premises. Grooms had been his dons, and he was senior wrangler of the great equine university. Ostlery was his classic world; his Olympian Jove sat aloft on the coach-box. In short, the Gringe family had no manners, no breeding, no schooling, no catechism. They were all in a sort of mourning for their mother, who was Gringe's second wife. Excepting little Jen, they were in fact, none of his; being brought into the family with her. However, he accepted them without complaint; and in his house they grew and fattened. She, good soul, had been of easy going nature and of Jumper persuasion; having supernatural Jumper lights—the waiting for which consumed most of her time. So, having brought them up, as she fancied, in strict Jumper principles, she had turned over on her side one morning, and died with great decency under the hands of the Reverend Joshua MacScarbriar, Jumping high-priest. Not, however, before she had bound up her harum-scarum offspring to reverence, respect, and care for the father she left to them. For, in all their roughnesses they had a soft corner and a sort of rude attachment to this mother. Nay, Gill,

the savage, was observed shedding big tears about the size of hailstones. Tall old Gringe therefore fared well among them.

II.

Tom sits on the floor in sweet fellowship with the hound, busy cutting up a stick, or rather, club. He is all in the dust and dirt of the corner. Gill, who is the savage, is busy walking up and down, his hands in his pockets, whistling; making kicks at fanciful footballs, and rasping his great hobnails on the floors. It has extraordinary charms for him, that fanciful football play. Jen is on a stool at old Gringe's feet: the old French poodle being in that region too. Sal sits at the fire, her long legs well out before her, resting on the hob. Sister Sue asleep, with her head on her red elbows, as though she were just come off char, and had had a hard day of it. The Imp is in the middle, wide awake indeed; hopping on one leg, and chattering eternally with that boy's tongue of hers. Her eyes are shooting busily to all sides, seeking something to be at, and her two arms are akimbo. When she gets tired of standing with arms akimbo, she sets off on a progress of mischief. For she is highly ingenious in the discovery of subtle and annoying tricks. This was her evening's diversion (his or hers to doubtful stranger) all the year round: no lack of piquancy in it for being so often repeated. Thus, to take this very October night as a sample: Remember that Sue is sleeping stertorously after that figurative charing, and that long Sally is surveying her unnatural feet with a dreamy stupidity. The Imp—furnished with a wisp of stout brown paper, which she ignites gingerly—hops over on tiptoe to where Sue is nodding over the fire. As comes natural to stout brown paper, no flame results; but prodigious clouds of smoke. Then, turning with a whisk, into the likeness of Puck, she holds it knowingly under the nose of unconscious Sue, who snorts uneasily, and goes through all manner of diverting convulsions; but in the end is waked up, only on the bare verge of suffocation. Such gaspings and clutchings for breath were never seen: Puck, all the while, shrieking with laughter. But our char-girl, when somewhat brought round, fetches up a huge coal and launches it furiously—to be dodged, however, by shrieking Puck. It lights on Gill the savage, who starts with a growl and swears. Another shriek from our Puck. But Sue—just now all but asphyxiated—is not to be so balked; and, jumping from the chair with her big arms squared, offers to fight the Imp, or any of them. Which, as before said, was very much the tragi-comedy of every night of the long year, as well as of this special Friday night.

All this while Old Gringe had been sitting thoughtfully back in his high chair, regarding their antics wearily, with his hands some-

times over his face, sometimes on the head of little Jen; with his eyes at times fixed to the ceiling with a stony stare; at times racing round the room like horses, neck and neck. Now a sigh, now a groan, now a clasping of his thin fingers together. There must have been some deep anguish and distress of mind at the bottom of all this (it may be as well hinted at once, it was something penitential) the whole mystery of which lay in the fact that this night was a Friday night, and that the month was the Ulalume month of October. Like enough there had been a wrong done of an old Friday night in an old October month. However that might be, after a long spell of such weary throes, he turned to little Jen and softly said, "Lend me your arm, child, while I go up to my cabinet;" and so leaning on her, who was as his stick always, he passed out of the room and was presently unlocking that notable buhl cabinet of his.

"Father," says little Jen knowingly, "you want to fetch down the big writing-book?"

"I do, child," he answered, "and to-night above all nights in the year. O, if I could but write my soul clean and clear!"

Jen thought he must have done that long since, if writing could do it: for every night of their lives, unfailingly, the big book came down. It was drawn forth from a little safe inside the cabinet, which had a spring and a click, and a shooting bolt; and that little safe was inside again of a little cupboard; so there was positively no getting at the big book. Little Jen wondered what he wrote in it; but never asked. So he came down; and, with the racket raging high about him, began to write. No one therefore heard those short groans and weary heart-sore sighs that came from him as he warmed to his writing work. It was indeed likely enough that Mr. Gringe had somewhere among his chattels that ugly thing known as a closet skeleton. It was rather a great swollen human body, all purple and blue with decomposition, such as the curious may see every day through the glass windows of the Morgue. This horrid visitor used to come forth every night and walk up close behind him, and never go until nearly morning. An importunate, insolent, horrid visitor—never to be denied seemingly—more importunate on this October night than any other in the year.

"Restitution, restitution!" he whispered to himself, his pen writing the words he whispered, "which has been sounding ding dong in my ears for so long back: it is the only cure, the only salvation. Better work-house than such a hell of thought and——"

Here the universal racket struck in, and general outburst. The Imp having privily fixed a needle upright in a chair where she knew Tom would sit down. She lost a good bunch of her hair by the transaction.

"Here is another year come about now," he wrote on. "A year more of wretched

thought and conflict, and not one step nearer to a resolve. Riches never brought with them so complete a Nemesis! It must end. Restitution it must be!"

With that he took forth a great foolscap sheet, and began to write something headed, "I, John Gringe, being of sound mind and body," &c., &c., and worked down steadily to the foot, when it would have been a very perfect instrument indeed, but for the absence of the signature and the two attesting witnesses. But the poor brain-tost man had written a whole century of such instruments; yet, not one of them was ever executed. For there were other influences tugging at him, making the second party to the conflict. "Then these poor witless wretches must go out and beg, or starve and die. Restitution or starvation! Starvation or Restitution, which, which? And all my doing!" Here he covered up his face; and, swinging his long upper person to and fro, groaned and groaned again.

Perhaps it was this that prevented his taking heed of a letter that little Jen had been vainly pushing into his hands for the last few seconds. The postman had just brought one. He opened it, and began to read mechanically; but was presently trembling all over with excitement. Yet he merely said, in a low voice, "It wanted but this—it wanted but this!" and read it through some half-a-dozen times. The letter was on soiled paper; was dated from the mean house-of-call in the city, and was very short,—so short that it may be given here:

Old Three Tuns Inn.

DEAR MR. GRINGE.—You have never seen me—very likely never heard of me. I am the daughter of your brother, Will Gringe, who, as you may remember, went out quite destitute to the Gold Fields, with his family, and died there of starvation. My husband, who went after them, is dead some two months since, of a fever. I am left with a child, and without a farthing in the world. Help me if you can.

Your niece,

MARY CORAM.

"Poor soul!" he said, "if she only knew!"

III.

SUCH a night as that budget brought to him! Old Gringe tossed and wrestled, and sobbed over his dead brother and family, saying that it was all his work, and seemed likely to go mad. No one heard those ravings though, for his room was fast barred.

Next day he had gotten on deeper mourning and had sent to the Three Tuns house-of-call, for Mistress Coram.

She came in a trice, and was standing before him, demurely, with her little girl of some six years old. A tall, sharp, black-eyed, reflective girl (for she was no more than a girl,) of very few words, but prodigious observation. She took them all in—in her careful first glance—and was digesting the fruits of that observation all the time after.

Old Gringe, who at first has covered up his face, thinking he sees his defunct brother, trembling bids her be of good cheer, for she shall not want for anything while he lives, (no, nor after, he adds to himself.) She shall come, he tells her, and live with them—she and her child; to which she answers shortly, that Uncle Gringe is very good to her, and that she will try and be as useful as she can.

The family gather round and survey her curiously; much as the Otaheitan folk did Captain Cook and his men. Nay, Tom the Gaum approaches, and, with a stupid reverence, lays his hand upon her sleeve, making as though he would worship like the poor savages. But she at once, and without more ado, had taken off her bonnet, and was busy setting things to rights which she pronounced to be in confusion. Before the end of the day she was about as much at home as though she had been there a whole twelvemonth—nay, had taken up a quiet tone of influence and authority over the wild crew, which they fell under at once unresistingly.

"You are as bad as Bosjesmen, dears," she said, positively calling them dears: "you are really too old for these child's tricks! Only consider, Tom, a great strong man like you, ought to be working and helping your family!"

"Dig i' the fields, eh? plough, eh?" Tom asked, with a wise look. "Ecod, I'll think of it."

Gill the Savage stopped his kicking all at once, and the Imp's occupation seemed to be gone. It was only little Jen who stood away from her, looking at her distrustfully and keeping close under the shadow of old Father Gringe. Mrs. Coram knew it well too. Having said to herself, as she measured them all round, "This is to be the only rebel!" For all that, she was dear Jen, good little Jen, and what not.

Before the week was out old Gringe protested that Mary Coram was the greatest comfort in life to him, and she had wrought the completest reform in the house's economy. No riots at night now. She was teaching the girls women's work, and the men useful things. A great woman was Coram: but she had eyes always open, and there was one little matter that exceedingly mystified her.

"Tom, dear," she said, one day, when Gringe was rooting up-stairs among the lumber, "Tom, dear papa seems to take a deal of trouble about his accounts every night!"

"The're not accounts," says Tom, "they're his life and adventures. My eye! they must be full of dogs and horse-racing; don't unthink so?"

"And, Tom, dear," she went on, "has he always those fits going to bed of nights?"

"Aye," says Tom, "Whist, Cousin Coram, don't tell now on me; but, d'ye know, I think governor is feared o' being hung! so

does Gill and Sue. Like enough he's got a body on his mind, aye?" And he walked away mysteriously on tiptoe.

"Tom has, really, for a fool," she said to herself, "wonderful powers of observation."

"He must keep it under his pillow," she said (it was about this time, a good hour past midnight, and Snorer's Oratorio was being performed noisily; she standing with a dark lantern at Old Gringe's bed-side,) "he must keep it under his pillow," she said, reflecting.

Nor was she out; for, putting in her hand softly, it rubbed against the key and brought it out. A long, ancient, quaintly-shaped key—the key of the buhl cabinet. She went over softly, and fitted it in carefully. Though it gave a short shriek in turning, and Old Gringe moved uneasily in his bed, it did not stay her: for she knew that old men slept heavily. Then there were the inside safes, and the shooting-bolts, and there, at last, was the writing-book, with its key beside it. Moving the dark lantern full upon its pages, she began to read hastily, up and down. Very curious revelations they were; giving her, as it seemed, extraordinary satisfaction. It was the same story written over and over again (say five or six hundred times) with unmeaning tautology; begun and written out afresh nearly every night; for this sort of confessional practice gave the writer relief and comfort.

"May heaven in its infinite mercy forgive me," headed nearly every page. Forgive him what? a single but heinous transgression. Here it is in a sentence:—his starved brother had been the eldest brother, and their father's pet, and, by ingenious sophistry, prodigious lying, with terrible calumny, he had gotten that father to cut off the eldest with one shilling; to drive him from the door with a paternal curse, and to brand him publicly. The poor outcast had gone forth to struggle, and had, day by day, sunk lower and lower until it was ended by starvation and death.

As she read the same story told over and over again, her face was contorted with fury and something like grief, not for a few seconds did she perceive that there was another person standing beside her looking also at the book. No other than little Jen. She was caught in the fact.

"You spy!" said Coram, in a rage, "go to bed!"

"I shall tell father in the morning," little Jen answered.

Coram laughed under her breath.

"You had better," she said. "I know a secret of his. Take care, my girl, don't play tricks with an old man. You might put him out of the world." And little Jen went off to bed, cowed for the time.

Coram's plot, from that time forth, was wonderfully ingenious. Old Gringe, who had done murder in her eyes, was fraudulently in possession of her money and her child's. The

feeble old wretch should be brought to make what atonement was left to him; which indeed he was struggling every night to do. Here was her tactique, or at least a hint of it; for she wrought it out in a thousand subtle and complex ways; never losing sight of her aim for an instant.

One of those lonely October nights when all, save the two, were gone to bed, she was sitting beside him, close under the dull influence of the lamp, harping on the one theme, till long past midnight. Abundant tears from her as she told, so naturally and so minutely, the sad history of her father's slow decadence; of his weary progress downward into the poor man's slough. Painfully she dwelt on his wrestlings, his spasmodic struggle and poor shifts; his gaspings for life and substance, up to that final collapse and miserable ending in a lonely place and strange country. Not a throb, not a pang was passed over by her, bending over to the dull flame. It was all told in low, mysterious voice; while Old Gringe, with sharp face, bent forward to the lamp also, and, his thin fingers clutched together, hearkened and breathed hard. Thus she would send him up to bed, reeling and tottering, at something past one o'clock.

You may be sure that the mottled Morgue's man had a brave night of it. While she, the torturess, would smile to herself, as she stood alone when he was gone, and say softly, that it would do. Indeed, it promised fairly enough, for those being of sound mind and body. Papers came thick and fast, one being drawn out nearly every day. But always incomplete; without signature, without attestation. She knew well of all these maimed and halting instruments, and stamped impatiently in her chamber. But she held on fast to her torture, working it remorselessly, but ingeniously.

"Dearest uncle," she said, "there is some mystery over the business. Poor father often said that wicked people had got between him and his father, and poisoned his ears against his son. I think so too. But who?"

"Who indeed?" said Gringe, trembling.

Coram (in a low, subdued voice.) "They were murderers, uncle—real murderers. There is blood on their hands at this moment. Don't you think so, uncle?" (No answer.) "Their wretched souls are haunted with remorse; and, in another world, they will have murderers' pay! Don't you think so, uncle?"

This treatment certainly ought to do: but she noticed, with uneasiness, that little Jen, who had been always held to be silent as a church mouse, had begun to talk with him at length, and in private; and that he seemed to be soothed by her talk. Little Jen, too, was looking at Coram defiantly, almost ever since that night of discovery. Perhaps, if she held the poison, little Jen had the antidote. Likely enough: for she once overheard little Jen something to this effect:—

"Father, you have something on your mind. Tell your own little Jen? Or don't tell me a word of it." And she would unfold—good as any preacher—what comfort, for even greatest sinners, lay in certain good books and treatises.

Coram hated little Jen: but still her poison was better than little Jen's antidote, and worked all this, while it was getting on to the last day of October. Here was another bit of her tactique, which she plied simultaneously:—

"Gill," she says, "I thought you loved horses and riding?"

"So I do," says Gill, rapping out an oath.

"Then why don't you ride?"

"Why? because the old man won't keep a horse for 'un."

"Well," she answers, "all young men of your age have horses, and ride."

"Have they now?" says Gill. "So they have, I believe."

"Your father should let you have a horse: you don't cost him much in other things."

"Dang him, he shall," says Gill. "I'll speak to 'un to-morrow."

"Tom," she says, at another time, "how much pocket-money does your father give you?"

"Not a copper," Tom says, opening his eyes wide.

And thus she worked on Sue and Sal; until, before not many days, they had all, as it were, struck for wages, and had given the old man a bit of their mind. He met them surlily, and told them to get about their business. Nearly open riot was the consequence. Gill was a regular savage now.

Little Jen that same evening came up to her privily, and with courage.

"Cousin Coram," she said, "you are a wicked woman. It is you who are setting them all against father. But I promise you I will tell him all about the book, and that night, and what a hypocrite you are. I know your game."

"Bah! was the only reply she got.

The truth was, Coram knew she durstn't speak: for they were now approaching very fast to the thirty-first of October—a date written down very often in the book: and it was noted how Gringe was getting hourly more excited and more miserable. She, too, had read of that date, and was looking out for its approach. The conflict within him seemed to rage terribly: and outside, the insurrectionists gave no peace. With angry growls and menaces they assailed, gathering round him at all hours.

"Give 'un horse!" "Money!" they shouted at him, until he grew furious at last and shook his poor, impotent fist at them, and all but cursed them.

Executioner Coram, vigilant torturess, never slackened an instant in her insidious work: and, as little Jen stood in her way full as much as the others, she very gingerly put a spoke in her wheel also. Something in

this way it was: Old Gringe, raging and tearing over his book, shedding miserable tears, and vowing there is no salvation for him here and hereafter; that evil genius exhorts him to spiritual comfort at the ministrations of the Reverend Josh MacScarbriar, or even at her hands. Why not tell her the secret of the book, as well as to little Jen? Note how cleverly this is put. The old man awakens from his dreams.

"Jen," he says, angrily, "knows nothing of this book! Or does she?" For he had noted, with angry suspicion, how this key had plain marks of being disturbed from under his pillow, and his book was not in the same spot in his cabinet. With trembling eagerness he puts Coram to the question, and extracts from her reluctant soul, that she had indeed surprised little Jen one night fiddling at his cabinet. But strict secrecy as to this revelation was enjoined. Henceforth distrust and sour glance at poor Jen. But, by that time it had finally come to be the morning of the thirtieth of October, eve of that mysterious thirty-first.

IV.

A GREY, cold, shivering day, with keen, razor-edged blasts all abroad: dark, sunless, and dispiriting. The crew, who were, as it were, on strike, prowled sullenly in corners, as if they too felt its influence. Old Gringe was not seen at all; but kept himself close in strict retreat in his own chamber. He must have written prodigiously: for every time that Coram's ear was laid to the keyhole, it heard the feeble scrapings of a pen over paper.

It grew darker, colder, and more miserable, until it came to five o'clock, when the Reverend Josh MacScarbriar, sent for at Gringe's own request—arrived, and was shown to Gringe's own chamber. That swaddling divine ranted and raved, and shrieked eternal torments at him, for a good two hours; until, indeed, froth gathered on the man's mouth, and his eyeballs protruded. He then went his way.

Finally, about seven o'clock, the old man himself came tottering down, candle in hand, looking like a true ghost, quite ghastly, and all shrunken away since morning. The skin was tightened, drum-like, over his face, and he was bent down like a tall tree in a gale. The day, and the Reverend Josh MacScarbriar, conjointly, had done their work. What was to be the end of it all?

But, when that spectral figure came tottering in feebly, the candle dancing up and down in his fingers, looking just as though he had come from his family vault, instead of his room, he found complete Pandemonium rife. Then came Babel noise and confusion: and a ring formed in the centre of the room, with cries of Well done! At him, boy! and other

encouragement. In short, there was a dog-fight going on between the poor old French poodle and the hound, being set against one another by the crew; not being got to fight, it must be owned, without difficulty. Just as the old man entered, the sport might be said to be over; for the old poodle had toppled over on his head, and was kicking out his hind paws in extremity of death; the hound having made his fangs meet in his throat. A very easy victory it was. Somewhat sobered, the crew looked round, and were quite scared at seeing this ghostly old man shaking his shrivelled arm at them, invoking speechless punishment on their heads, and then tottering away as he came. They heard him call feebly for Coram, who came to him:

"Tell Scrivendish and his clerk," he said, "to be here the first thing in the morning."

Joyfully and sweetly she laid herself down to rest that night; for she knew now that everything would be signed, sealed, and delivered with perfect regularity in the morning. True, little Jen had come to her, and told her that she now saw what her wicked plot was; that she, Coram, was killing her poor father by inches, with what end she knew perfectly, and that, surely as the sun rose, she would go to him and expose to him the whole plot.

"Bah!" said Coram, with a loud laugh.

The morning of this anniversary—the thirty-first of October—was now come, and Scrivendish and clerk were waiting below in the gloomy chamber. They were shivering; blue with cold. They were bidden to be in waiting at eight o'clock punctually, and there they were at eight o'clock with writing materials all ready. Coram came down with secret glee.

"You are to go up-stairs, gentlemen, I hear Mr. Gringe stirring in his room. Please to walk up."

Old Gringe, with face sharpened from overnight into hatchet shape, peered out at them from the half-opened door.

"Who are there?" he said, in a prying, inquisitive way. "O! I know now. Walk in. Be seated. Everything is very comfortable, as you see."

They walked in and got out their papers.

"Glad to see you looking so well," Scrivendish said, not regarding much the truth of his speech.

"We had a death in the house last night, sir," Gringe went on: "an old poodle dog, sir. A very sad thing. He is to be interred to-morrow with every respect."

Scrivendish looked at his clerk.

"You wished your will, sir, to be drawn?"

"So I did," said Gringe; "are you ready?"

"Quite," said the other.

"Just wait a second," said Gringe, going over to the bed; "we must do these things in the regular way—according to law."

And he put on a paper cocked-hat, and

took a walking-stick solemnly into his hand, and sat down before them with cheeks puffed out and ridiculous dignity.

He was mad.

v.

THE game was up for Coram, just as she was winning, too: which was the more provoking. In a comfortable and select establishment for lunatics Old Gringe sojourned for the remainder of his days, having at last to be measured for a strait-waistcoat; he gave so much trouble. In this uneasy garment he one day raved out of the world, with all his sins upon his head; leaving not so much as a ghost of a will behind him. So little Jen got all. And, if any care to know what she did with it, we can tell them that she did not forget those two wild step-sisters, Sue and Sal; nor would she have forgotten Tom and Gill, only they had gone to the dogs long before. She even offered a share of her wealth to wicked Coram, who actually went out as a governess in respectable families where there were widower fathers.

MINERVA BY GASLIGHT.

LADIES tell us that they do not look well by gaslight, except when their daylight charms are questionable. Minerva, being commonly regarded as a studious and fallow dame, may be one of those who ought to look well under gas. But the common opinion about Minerva is a libel on the ruddiest and cheeriest, the busiest and happiest of all the goddesses. She stands for wholesome occupation of the mind. There are, to be sure, people who spend their lives in covering their persons in flimsy attire, and in enveloping their minds with the dust of old books; whose hearts leap up at the sight of black leather, because it is crooked, and not because there lie throbbing under it the struggles and the aspirations of the far-off past. The motives to the effort made by generation after generation, for the rolling of the great stone of human society up to its present place on the hill of Difficulty, at the top of which, we take for granted, there is everything that mankind desires.

The true Minerva, the true spirit of study, is no crabbed genius with fishy eyes and a mask of dirty parchment. She is radiant with hope: blooming with exercise. She kindles enthusiasm in the youth who puts his shoulder to that heavy stone. She believes in work; but it is in happy work that she believes; in work done for the love of man, woman, and child; in work done for the love of all that is bright and pure, and holy; in work done for the love of God who (let us ever thank Him for it!) made this world a work-a-day one.

Upon a steady, practical spirit of work among men, the progress of society depends.

There are many aids to it in England, and we do not forget fifty others, because to-day we make mention of only one. There is a college in London—King's College—which formerly takes Religiously and Wisely for its motto, and makes a direct effort to animate with spiritual thoughts its course of study. Most of the religious bodies in this country have institutions in which they speak to the young after the manner of their hearts, and there is the same matter in all who do this earnestly.

King's College, London, has long been opening its doors during daylight to class after class; prompt to supply any special instruction of which a want is indicated as society moves onward. It trains the scholar and the surgeon or physician. Years ago, when the profession of the engineer became important, it opened a department for the engineer and architect, which was at once widely accepted as the answer to a want. It provided law courses, when the better training of young lawyers was demanded. It opened a military department when the neglected education of the officer became an evil, asking for its remedies. In this spirit the college worked, and its Minerva was a wholesome goddess, handsome enough in the sunshine. Then it occurred to somebody within the college walls that the machinery of education, working steadily till sunset, still did not perform all that it might.

When all doors of colleges were locked, and the great public libraries were closed, young men with aspirations hardly to be satisfied were thrown loose on the solitary lodgings or the streets of London; young men who had been withdrawn from school as soon as they had really learnt the use and need of mental training, who had been distributed among the public offices and counting-houses there to toil and dream of heights that they might climb if they were not denied equipment for the difficult ascent. "Let us open doors to these," said Mr. J. W. Cunningham, the college secretary; and his proposal was, in due time, heartily responded to by the Principal, adopted by the Council, backed by the Professors. It was an opening not only of college doors; but it was an opening of doors into a higher life for hundreds of men who have since shown how prompt and how able they were to pass over the threshold when the bolts were once withdrawn. The evening classes at King's College were, in this spirit, opened for the first time in the month of October, eighteen hundred and fifty-five. That was the first month of college by gaslight in the Strand.

In justice to other institutions labouring in a good cause, we must say at once that these are not the only evening-classes open to young men in London. There are such classes at Crosby Hall, and they are well conducted; but they set up a different and lower standard of education, and they offer

none of the advantages attendant upon union with a college. There are evening lectures given to the Young Men's Christian Association; but these do not attempt systematic instruction, of the formation of classes in which there can be established any close personal relations between those who teach and those whom they are teaching. Mr. Maurice's Working Men's College, in Great Ormond Street, is a true college by gaslight. It led the way to broader views of the nature of a university, widened the field of labour for the highest class of teachers, and demonstrated how possible it is to do good work outside the pale of old collegiate prejudices. The Working Men's College happily prospers. It is admitted into union with the University of London, and it is doing noble service to society. The evening classes at King's College were not designed to occupy its ground, and are not occupying it. They offer help to a distinct section of students; which includes chiefly the sons of persons in the middle rank of life, who are compelled to begin for themselves early in life, at the office desk or elsewhere, the toil for a livelihood. Into a clerkship in a government office it is desirable to enter while still young; and there are not a few ways in which an abrupt stop may be put to the training of youths who have received, with little or no stint, up to a certain point, the usual middle-class school education. They form a community in which there is contained a large number of young men who are at the level of the general public in intelligence, and whose intelligence, helped by their share of schooling, has enabled them to create for themselves, with information picked up on the roads of life, unsorted heaps of knowledge. They have, in very many cases, excellent capacity and great desire for learning steadily and systematically what, until within these last few years, there was nobody in London offering to teach at hours when they could learn. It is chiefly for this class of students that King's College has become an evening college; but it aims also in every possible way to regard the individual requirements of each man who comes in search of help. The fees asked from the students are in moderate accordance with their means; but are beyond the means of working men. The greater part of the instruction given to them is based on the understanding that they come prepared with an average amount of preliminary education not to be expected of the working man, and that they bring with them a readiness in the use of their wits that it must often take the working man at least a twelvemonth's training to acquire. Thus it occasionally happens that a young man earnestly desirous to improve his education, but below the common level of his class in general ability, finding that evening lectures at King's College put too great a strain upon his power, goes to Great Ormond Street, and,

in the Working Men's College obtains the facilities that he wants. It is always desired to help also the brave efforts of such students as these, and for that purpose the teachers not seldom impose extra labour on themselves. The want of their class, however, is the peculiar system and tone of instruction that King's College offers, carefully tempered and adjusted in accordance with experience obtained among the men themselves.

The evening lectures at King's College, whatever may be the class of students more especially appealed to, are open to all comers who believe that they can profit by them all, or by any single course. There is no exclusion; no question of rank or of religious creed. The theological instruction given in these classes is not imposed on anybody. It consists of a weekly lecture by the Divinity Professor, on the Wednesday evening which is otherwise, like Saturday, a holiday in all the classes. This course of lectures none are required, but all students of the other classes are invited, to attend, exempt from the small fee payable by those who happen not to be attending any other class. The subject of the lectures never has been technical or controversial. They have, hitherto, followed the course of Church History from year to year, beginning with the Gospel History, passing on to the History of the Apostolic Church, and now dwelling upon Church History from the second to the end of the sixth centuries. They are evenings with Tertullian, Clement, Origen, descriptions of the rise of monasticism, the age of councils, the last struggle of heathenism, the beginning of Mohammedanism, the careers of Chrysostom, Augustine, Jerome, Gregory the Great. Substantial knowledge of this kind is given freely and is freely sought. The interest shown in the current course is great, for there are seventy or eighty students in attendance on it.

The general subject of instruction in these evening classes correspond with the usual course of college education. Latin is taught and the students of Latin are arranged in two divisions. The lower of these works at grammar, elementary exercises, and a piece of Virgil; the upper is now reading books of Cicero and Horace. Of the Greek class also there are two divisions; one engaged on grammar and *delectus*, and the other upon Xenophon and Homer. It is worthy of notice that there is, in these classes, a tendency to increase of attendance; while there are symptoms of a decrease of regard for German literature, though that class (also in two divisions) is in the hands of a teacher who is very popular and skilful. The French class is a large and increasing one, taught in three divisions. The lowest of them is engaged upon elementary grammar and exercises, reading and translation out of French. The middle division works at grammar, reading, idiom, conversa-

tion, and translation into French. The first division joins the best kind of practice in the use of the language with instruction in its history.

English is studied in a single large class. This year the language is being taught by the tracing, in a weekly lecture, of its literature through all the period of change between the earliest times and the invention of printing. At the same time suggestions upon composition are being given in a concurrent course of weekly lectures on the History of English Criticism; the aim of the two courses being not only to give each student as lively a notion as may be of the spirit of our literature, and of the place each of the great authors has in it; but at the same time to make everything directly helpful to his efforts for the education of his taste and increase of his power of expression.

The class of History and Geography has been smaller than it ought to be, but is now growing rapidly. Its members are this winter engaged upon a weekly study of the advance of England to the days of our complete achievement of the Reformation, and attend a concurrent course of the geography connected with the same period, the geography, physical and social, of our land itself, the battle-fields of the civil wars, the development of towns, the voyages of Cabot, Wiloughby, Frobisher, Drake, Raleigh, and others.

The mathematical class, in several divisions, is a large and strong one. Its teachings range from the elements of algebra to the differential and integral calculus, and the theory of annuities and life assurance. This may, perhaps, be considered the most popular of all the studies for which fees are paid. The French classes rival it in numbers, but there is a fact here very worthy of remark. When some students of these evening classes talked last winter about summer lectures, it was left to each individual to say what courses he would attend; and, if any one course was desired by a sufficient number, that course was to be given in the summer session. That there should be seventeen or eighteen entries to a summer class of English was not a remarkable occurrence; for even in days of laziness, young men may be supposed capable of feeling active interest in the books they read, in the great world of thought and fancy for which they acquired new eyes when they passed out of boyhood, and of which they are in all the enthusiasm of a first enjoyment. That was almost matter of course, but the remarkable fact is, that the only other class for which a sufficient number of entries was obtained directly, was the mathematical; and, if for English there were seventeen or eighteen, for mathematics there were nineteen or twenty applicants. A greater number of the mathematicians, too, held steadily to their work throughout the hot weather.

To this enumeration we have only to add

that arithmetic, book-keeping, and mensuration are among the winter evening courses at King's College; that there is a capital course of lectures upon chemistry, to the use of which few students seem to be alive, and a practical course on the laws affecting commercial contracts—that is to say, on commercial, banking, and insurance law,—from which merchants and directors of joint stock companies, were they to attend, might get as much profit as their clerks. Finally, there is a course of economical science in which are taught the theories of customs and mercantile law, banking, capital, labour and wages, price and value, profit, and so forth. And it is further promised, that, if any recognised branch of study not included in this list, be sought by any number of pupils not less than ten, arrangements shall be made to meet their wishes.

These are the dry details of an effort made by men accustomed to be helpful fellow-labourers with young heads and young hearts, to light up something better than the gas within the College walls during the winter evenings, before and after Christmas. Studies that look in a prospectus dull and difficult, it is the teacher's duty to endue with life, and place within the reach of those who gather round about him. These are young men who come, not because others have sent them, but because they have chosen for themselves the nobler path. They come with bits of their own earnings in their hands, abandoning, of their free will, the plea that they have already spent six hours or more in daily labour at the desk, and earned a fair right to be idle; abandoning the trivial pleasures that the same money would purchase; and they ask for help, one to French, one to mathematics, one to Latin, and another to his share of the wealth bequeathed to him by the great writers of his country and to a skilful use of his own language. Many enter to two courses or more; others entering to four courses; and, studying thus in successive years, put themselves in the few hours that are their own, through a complete course of college training. Some going farther yet—through the connection of those classes with the University of London—are enabled to present themselves for university degrees, and to win a step in life that will be serviceable to their fortunes. They are the best men who seek gain after this fashion, and among those who know that such an opportunity is offered, they are the quickest among the best who are the first to use it. Nevertheless, the result of the experiment has, in this respect, exceeded expectation. Nobody foresaw distinctly what we may call the intentness of the men upon their object. There has been no trace—in four years not a trace—of the heedlessness of youth, who come in all moods, willing, passive, and rebellious, to have the designs of their guardians fulfilled upon them. The

earnest, independent purpose that brings these men into the class-rooms, animates them throughout their attendance. They mean work, and they do work. We understand that there is literal truth in the assertion that, since the evening classes at King's College were established, no lecturer has once been met with inattention, or has received from any student even the most insignificant discourtesy. Classes of this character offer, of course, an Elysium to the teacher. All their professors and lecturers testify that the work refreshes and enlivens them, that they go out of the lecture-room less weary than they were when they went into it. And well they may do that. For it is no light pleasure to the lecturer, to be in fellowship with eager and warm hearts of men who, in the first years of their responsible manhood surround him with inquiries of the road they are to travel, asking for this or that little viaticum of knowledge. Within the circle of their friendly eyes, earning only too easily their friendship and their thanks—for an Englishman, we firmly believe, is in his youth of all beings by nature the most generous and trustful—you have a pleasant seat beside a fresher spring than the Blandusian fountain.

At this time last year, after two years' experience of the working of this enterprise, there was held in the college library a soirée of the members of the evening classes, at which announcement was made of a further development of the new system. The classes were brought into complete union with the general work of the college. Not only were students entering to four evening courses, entitled to matriculate as students of King's College, but there was given to them the right of competing with matriculated students of the other regular departments for the three open scholarships and the four open prizes. There was then also established in the evening classes an examination in each class for prizes and certificates at the close of the session. Such examinations were accordingly held at the close of the courses then current, and the prizes were distributed by the Bishop of London; who then first became acquainted with the real character of the work that had been done. It was always a pleasant thing, he said, to gain new ideas; and, though in the course of his life he had had a good deal to do with education, yet he must declare that what had been brought under his notice that night had given him new ideas on the subject. He had long known that there were efforts making in various places, by means of evening lectures, to enable those who were busily engaged during the day to redeem a portion of their time for the purposes of mental culture, but it had always appeared to him that but little could be done, because the knowledge imparted was not sufficiently systematised. Here, however, he saw not only young men assembling together to listen to lectures, but

that the lecturers assumed a new character, and approached to the position of tutors rather than of professors, the classes submitting to examination, the fruits of which had been brought under their notice that evening.

In the first year of these evening classes the energy of some supporters gave them an appearance of extraordinary success. Influence from without on the part of employers, and a belief then prevalent that Government promotion was to be earned in competition by those men who had most knowledge, brought many to the evening classes which are now subjected to no such pressure. The London and Westminster Bank sent forty or fifty gentlemen to profit by the lectures of Professor Leone Levi, on Commercial Law. Since the first year, however, there has been only the pure desire for better knowledge acting on the men themselves to bring them to the lecture-rooms, and the figures naturally showed an apparent, though slight, decrease of attendance. The artificial success of the first year is, however, far surpassed by the real success of the classes of the present session. There are always many fresh entries for attendance during the term that begins after the Christmas holidays; we have obtained, therefore, the numbers which alone can express fairly the recent progress of the effort we are here describing. Before Christmas, last year, there were a hundred and thirty-two men in attendance on the evening classes in King's College, and of these twelve were matriculated students in attendance on four courses. Before Christmas, this year, there are two hundred and nine men in attendance, of whom three-and-thirty are matriculated and attending on four courses. Last year the average attendance upon lectures was of a class and a quarter to each person entering. This year, there is an average attendance of each man upon two classes. So that not only do many more come to be helped, but those who come ask also for more help than heretofore.

For the full meeting of every fresh demand upon them, all who are concerned in the management of the classes frequently take counsel together. At this time, the great increase of the numbers in attendance leads to a complete consideration of the adjustment of the teaching to the wants of those who come. There is a strong desire to establish, not a mere routine of education, but a system with life in it; having a quick power of adapting itself as perfectly as may be to every change in its internal conditions. At the bottom of all, there is a vigorous determination to receive every student entering, whether to one class, or to more—not as a unit in a sum of which the total only is regarded, but as an individual, with powers and wishes of his own—who is entitled to as much direct help as it can be made possible to give. Pains are taken to give to the

whole system the warmth of a kindly social feeling—not only within the limits of each class, but by occasional gatherings of the whole body of lecturers, and of the classes, in the college hall or library, with good-humour to promote right understandings between one another. Two or three days before the work begins, after the Christmas holidays, there will be such a gathering, in which students who then happen to be newly entered, may meet those who are to be their teachers and companions, in simple friendly intercourse, and set out with the best chance of a cheerful, common understanding.

There can be no doubt that this is a Minerva, with her heart in the right place, who looks as handsome by the gaslight as by light of day.

BATHILDA.

THERE is a dim old tale of beauty
Told in the land of Gaul,
And the tender light of love and duty
It streameth through it all.

To serve the good Mayor Archambaud,
There stood a Saxon slave:
Her looks so fair, her voice so low,
Sweeten'd the cup she gave.

Cried he, "A lonely lot I rue;
My wife is laid in grave:
Be thou my bride, in honour true,
My lovely Saxon slave."

A tender sorrow in her face
Spoke in the tear that fell:
It said, "I may not fill her place
Whom once I served so well."

With steadfast but averted look,
Back from the hall she turn'd;
And he whom, silent, she forsook
Long years her absence mourn'd.

Where sad she wander'd none may know,—
Where pass'd her sainted life.
At last, the good Mayor Archambaud
He took another wife.

When high in hall the feast was laid
Before the wedded pair,
Behold, the faithful Saxon maid
She stood beside his chair!

To that same feast, as Heaven would will,
There came King Clovis brave:
Who should the royal goblet fill,—
Who but the Saxon slave?

He gazed: and with a sudden start,
The king the cup let fall:
There ran sweet music through his heart,
And silence through the hall.

Soon, low before the Saxon maid
Down bow'd his soul of pride;
"Wilt be my queen?" he softly said;
And softly she replied:

"Thou lov'st me with no common love;
So, Clovis, let it be:
And help me, Heaven, as I shall prove
Help meet for France and thee!"

Low on the footsteps of her throne
She vow'd a vow of truth,
To crush the slavery that had thrown
Its blight upon her youth.

Right royally her vows she kept,
And strove with heart and hand;
Nor rested, till her power had swept
That scourge from off the land.

When famine dogg'd the peasant's way,
And hunger watch'd his door,
Her jewell'd robes she tore away,
And gave them to the poor.

When widowhood and sorrow came,
A cloister'd cell she trod;
To France she left a deathless name;
Her soul she gave to God.

THE ALHAMBRA.

THE first thing a man generally does when he gets into a new room, is to look out of the window.

And this is what I did, following the traveller's instinct, when I got into my bedroom at the Fonda Minerva, Acerra del Darro Carrera del Xenil, Granada. I had come in from a long ride across broad sandy suburbs, and through villages where old knights' arms were carved over every door; and now, having refreshed myself by slices of juicy melon and the sweet opiate of a cheroot, I ran to the window and got on the balcony, which looked out on the river and the street.

"Whereabouts is the Alhambra, then?" I said to the waiter who was obsequiously shifting a chair, looking out into the intense sunlight, that made me leave go of the balcony frame as if it had been red-hot.

"Up there, senor," said the waiter, pointing to a hill rising above the line of range which my eyes had been skimming.

I looked, and saw a sharp-edged, square, red tower, rising out of trees on the hill before me. My first impression is of a cork model: of a pastille-box: of something almost toy-like; but I remember the old Moorish inscription in the Alhambra bath-room: "What is most to be wondered at, is the felicity which awaits men in this palace of delight." So I cram down all depreciatory doubts, and start off to scale the steep Calle de los Gomeles, that leads to the gate de las Granadas, by which you enter the palace jurisdiction. That small trim summer-house-looking tower, not bastioned and bulwarked, like our own Gothic towers of strength, that deride the thunder and bare their breasts for the lightning to splinter on, raises fears in me, and I hasten to see if the Alhambra is a palace of the Arabian Nights, or only a mere tawdry ruin, bedaubed with faded colour, like a bruised moth's wing.

I pass a fountain-square; and guided by where the citadel must be, begin to win

and climb. I observe that as Seville is duller and more monastic than Cadiz, so Granada is more lifeless than Seville, which is its hated rival. There are no jaunty majos; the women are not flitting about, but slough along, instead of stepping like deer; the houses are poorer, the streets narrower; the exquisite grated doors of iron filagree have thickened to jealous and suspicious-looking wood; the court-yards are smaller and less palpably Roman; the balconies seem less places of gathering and of gossip; there are fewer marble pillars and bananas; no diligences jingle and jumble at the doors. I ask the way to the Alhambra of a tinker who is soldering a kettle under a wall in the open air. He says: "It is only a casa de ratones" (a rat-hole.)

A Spaniard, not yet forgetting the old quarrel, cannot understand why you want to see an old Moorish ruin. The smart new casino in the Bull Plaza Street is something; but that old kennel—bah!

What contempt the man who has been a day in a place has for the man who has just arrived! Just as I left the fonda I spied an Englishman arrive, and instantly set out to scale the Tarpeian rock, for fear of being obliged to share in his crude view of the Moorish city of Boabdil. The last traveller I had met had a genius for contradiction, and a passion for discovering in every place a resemblance to Constantinople; so I thought I would be more cautious this time, and be off with my superior wisdom of one day.

I expected a few olives, or some dusty-leaved vegetables, as I passed a lolling group of thirsty soldiers seated at the Horseshoe gateway, and entered the Alhambra precincts. I rubbed my eyes. Was I already in Fairyland? Why, it was an English park—a great sloping hill-growth of spindly, wispy elms: real English elms, tall and broomy,—run to seed, as it were, from over heat, perpetual irrigation, and want of thinning. Delicious green roofs they formed against those arrowy sunbeams, but no more in keeping with the Old Moorish palace than Bolton Abbey woods would be with the Pyramids. No wonder they form the special pride of favoured Granada, that sweats up the hill to get cool under its shade, and listen to the nightingales, who, like the souls of dead Moorish women, sing all the noon-day long, in this English bramble-chained wood. But, why English? Why, simply because this wood was the present of the Iron Duke, who had the estate of Soto de Roma, with its four thousand once pheasant-haunted acres given him reluctantly by the grateful Ferdinand the Seventh, and who sent out these spindly elms, now spoiled by ill-culture, from England. There is a breezy stir amongst them as I pass. I think they know I am an Englishman, and want to ask me about their kindred; but I don't know

the tree language; and I am in a feverish hurry to see the house the Moors built and coloured for Time to make a meal of.

But still as I toil for the great wooden cross Cardinal Mendoza set up, and the ugly fountain beyond, I turn to look down delighted through the hundred yards or two of cool shaded walk, at the great yellow glare of the street beyond, seen through the Horse-shoe entrance-gate. It is the Valley of the Shadow of Death and Bunyan's Bright City conjoined into one. I go on and on, turning to the left, by a half-ruined tower, at the foot of which is a fonda, where some red-faced men from Gib are frothing up recurrent glasses of beer, and discussing Irving's Legends of Giant Moors, pass round a garden-walk at the foot of the wall, and reach the grand entrance, the Gate of Judgment, where, like Job or Samuel, the Sultan, or Cadi, sat and judged, grave in his green turban. Ever since thirteen hundred and seventy-eight that inscription of Yusuf, the founder, has been there over the inner doorway: "May Allah make this gate a protecting bulwark, and write down its erection among the imperishable actions of the just." The sons of Islam wrote over the inner brick doorway the name (which still remains there) of the warlike and just Sultan Aboulwalid, Abn Maser, the Commander of the Moslems of Granada; and, as the inscription in the long-barred Cufic letters tell us, the door was closed for the first time in May, the month of the birth of the Prophet, when all the almond-trees in the Alhambra and gardens must have been in a tender pink bloom, when the white scented flower was on the orange, and the blood-red blossoms on the pomegranate. This was one of the four entrances to the old fortress. The others were: the Tower of the Seven Stories, through which Boabdil the Unfortunate went out, and which, as being unlucky, was afterwards walled up; the Tower of the Catholic Kings; and the Armoury Tower; all built of tenacious concrete, the doorway-jambs being of white marble, close-grained and crystalline, and the omega-arches of the bygone race, moulded of sharp red brick. I pass through the winding passages between the two arches, intended to make them stronger for defence, in case of a rush of spearmen—who by these angles would be broken into detail and chopped up in detachments—and observe the blind beggars, who chatter perpetually of their infirmity, underneath the tawdry painting of a Virgin, covered with a sort of dairy-grating of wire, such as you put over meat in hot weather. Over that curious horse-shoe arch is a quaint open hand, carved, which has a talismanic and Arabian Night effect. Some say it typifies the hand of God, the symbol of power and providence; other mental spiders, who rejoice in spinning out fine silken threads of fancy, suppose it to be a type of the five

commandments of Islam,—to fast, give alms, to smite the Infidel, make pilgrimages to Mecca, and perform purifications. But the keenest of all steps in, and says it is only the old Roman talisman against the Evil Eye, such as we see in coral on Neapolitan lockets: the evil eye is specially dreaded by the Spaniards even now, their cathedral-towers being generally left unfinished, to ward off such malign influences.

Over the inner arch is a sculptured key, which critics, who always agree, decide was a badge of honour, and an emblem of the Prophet's power, like St. Peter, to open Hell or Heaven's gates. Our keen man, however, again stepping in, pushes by the crossed swords of controversy, and says the key was an old Cufic emblem, intimating Allah's power to open the hearts of true believers. It was a badge on the Almohades' banners, and is seen in many Moorish castles. There was an old legend before the Conquest, that the Christians would never take this red castle till the outer hand gripped the inner key: a story something like the old prophecy of evil to London when the dragon on Bow steeple met with the grasshopper of the Exchange; a meeting, which after the fire at Gresham's building, really took place, but without producing any special earthquake, or even raising the price of turtle soup.

I pass through the strong gates, now unwarded from the Infidel; pass the silent guard-room, where an old woman knits under the supposed miraculous picture of the Virgin, painted by Saint Luke, file up an enclosed lane—a sort of valley between fortress walls—and enter a space, under which are the old Moorish cisterns, which the donkeys that toil up for the water from the low town of Granada have special reasons to curse. I cast a hasty look at the burnt brown giant stones that were heaped up by Charles the Fifth, to form his never-finished palace which the earthquake (felt again only the other day in Seville) frightened him out of—and I run up the Torre de Vela, to see the magical bell that peasant girls use still for their love incantations, and read the inscription relating, with all the exultant freshness of recent conquest, how Cardinal Mendoza, the night of the surrender, waved upon this tower, the flag of Leon and Castille, crying, *con altas voces* (with a loud voice,) "Granada, Granada is taken!" I see the distant Sierra of Albama, the gorge of Loja, the spot where Columbus turned back recalled by the messenger of tardily repenting Isabella, the old Roman Illiberis, the rocky defile of Moclin, the chains of Jaen, and mountains where the mules brought the snow for the Sultan's sherbet from, and the gate where the brave Moorish Decius, seeing the city was lost, sallied, as Irving tells us, to die in the camp of the Spaniard.

I pass through the obscure door that leads to the Court of the Fish-pond, repeating the

verse of the Arab poet: "This is a palace of transparent crystal; those who look at it imagine it to be the ocean. My pillars were brought from Eden, my garden is the garden of paradise. Of hewn jewels are my walls, and my ceilings are dyed with the hues of the wings of angels. I was paved with petrified flowers, and those who see me laugh and sing. The columns are blocks of pearl by night, by day perpetual sunshine turns the fountain to trickling gold."

I left behind me a burning town; I passed through English plantations to a convict's prison, a deserted palace, an unguarded fortress. Now I pass through a rude door, and up some steps, and am in the palace of Haroun; Granada changes to Damascus. The Moorish arches, with their slender palm-tree shafts, rise round me, the walls are no longer stone-ramparts, but pierced trellises, that turn sunshine and moonshine into patterns, and seem like so much Venetian filagree. Surely they are needlework turned to stone, or some great Sultan has built them with panels cut from caskets of Indian ivory, though the piecing be not seen. The myrtles grow green and glossy round the great marble tank chest, one hundred and fifty feet long, which flows with mellow water, in which burnished fish—some apparently red-hot, others of pliant silver—steer, flirt, skim, and splash. Never stop to think that the dry, whity-brown, tubular-tiled, sloping roofs ought to be flat, and are not now Moorish. Do not stop to imagine the pierced marble balustrade that once walled in this bathing-place of the dark-skinned people; nor picture glowing Bathsebas,—Rubens' group of floating and laughing Sultanas, with female black slaves watching their innocent Diana gambols from corner stations under the shady portico. Air and water are the perpetual treasures of this place, and I tasted them both gratefully as I strode under the pointed arches, away from the burning lashes of the sun that drove me under cover. Beyond where the fountain bubbles like a singing slave (whose language I can only decipher as perpetual lamentation for the exiled Moor,) I pass through the oblong Hall of Blessing, which is still as radiant with colors as the edge of fading evening cloud, and where the cornices of inscriptions sing to the praise of some long dead Sultan, who conquered twenty fortresses, whose excellence ran clear through his great deeds, like "the transparent silk thread that joins a necklace of pearls." I learn from the rivers of poems that fret the wall, that this unknown dead warrior made the very stars quiver in heaven, yet guarded the tender branch of the young fig-tree from harm. I learn that the stars shook when he stamped, yet that the bough of the willow bent before him in adoration.

Now I enter—intoxicated with the fragile yet imperishable beauty of the palace—the

Hall of the Ambassadors, the golden saloon, with a dome which bursts like a flower-bell sixty feet high up, is the Tower of Comares. An ingenious friend of mine, clever at theorising (which is a sort of mental tight-rope dancing,) thinks the Moorish dome was suggested by the scooped out half of a melon: a theory which I cap by deriving the scalloped edge of the engrailed arches from the jagged edge of the aloe's leaf. In sober truth, I do not think much of any fanciful architectural theories, believing that sober, drudging necessity suggested architectural shapes, and that ornament was quite a superadded subsequent luxury. We first get our shirt, and then we put on the ruffles. We first roof ourselves in, and then go on refining about the shape of the windows.

The most beautiful thing about these Moorish domes is—not their grand poise and balance, or the spontaneity of their spring—but the airiness of them. They seem mere resting clouds swelling round you and canopying you with colour. You have no sense of their weight or means of permanency. The stalactite ornament, too, as it is called, seems fashioned in emulous rivalry of prisoned, golden-celled honey-comb, in which honey still rests; honey, dyed by the juices of the flowers from which it has been drawn.

I go into the Sala of the Two Sisters; so called from two gigantic sister slabs of Macaei marble, which pave the centre of the floor. I crick my neck with looking up, and let my eye soar upward and flutter like a bird in and out of those flower-cup cells; which seem the first creative types of some fresh world of fairy blossoming. A severe scientific American from "Bawst'n" will insist on telling me that the thing is very simple: it is a beauty put together by mere receipt. Those coloured cells, so shapeless yet so harmonious, are mere prisms, united by their contiguous lateral surfaces, consisting of seven different forms, proceeding from three primary figures;—the right-angled triangle, the rectangle, and the isosceles triangle. These components are capable of millions of combinations, just like the three primitive colours, or the seven notes of the musical scale. A simple receipt; yet no one can, now-a-days, cook anything like it. And grand, too, to think of the old artist, sitting down with his palette of changes on his thumb, with three primary triangles, and three primary colours, producing in this one conical, helmeted roof alone, with his reeds and plaster, an almost eternal sheltering of beauty, and some five thousand prismatic changes! "The carpentry of these roofs is tarnation 'cutely done," says my friend Spry, "and was derived by the Moors from the Phœnicians and Egyptians." (This is the vermilion roof mentioned by Jeremiah.) "But you should see the town hall at Bawst'n!"

The Moors had a keen sensual sense of the necessities of climate. They were always thinking of the Arab tent. They wanted air and lightness. These marble pillars are the tent-spears grown to stone. This network lace veil that flagrees every wall with cobwebs and harmonious colour, is the old tent tapestry, the Cordovan stamped leather hangings, the Indian shawls that canopied the wandering and victorious horseman's tent. They did not want the Titan-dome of the Pantheon, or the great metal bell that hollows over Saint Peter's; they wanted mere pendant flowers woven together into roof and gossamer-pierced panels, that hardly arrest the air. Everything must float and sway; they would not bar out the chirp of the dripping silver water in the garden-court without.

The pillars, they thinned and shaved till they were no longer round blocks of rock; but mere banded flower-stalks, or young palm-trees, slender as spear-shafts. The spandrils are not corbelled beams, faced with figure-head monsters, but perforated props, as to some princess's cabinet. They have no Samson pillars that bear up the Atlas-load, and that, if falling, would bring down roof-tree and bower, in one common destruction. There is nothing to hold up, only ivory-patterned walls, and a honey-combed dome that floats in the hot air. As for the ornamentation—away with your Arabic Euclids and triangles! It was thus devised. The great architect, Ibn Aser, had roofed out the burning blue sky and the lightning heat with a plain bell-dome, after the manner of the Romans; but his soul was not satisfied, and he sat cross-legged on his prayer-carpet between the palm-pillars, looking up, and praying to Allah for more light of divine wisdom. At that moment came dancing in, with shell-shaped castanets, calabash guitars, Moorish cymbals, and the nose-flutes of Barbary, a band of Christian and negro slaves, waiting for their fair mistress, Nourmahal, the light of the world. Wanton in their joy, they flung about their arms, which, mingling together black and white, looked like night, just when it is changing into day. They began to pelt each other with handfuls of snow, which lay there in huge matted baskets, brought that morning on mules from the bosom-clefts of the Sierra Nevada; and the snow on the black faces fell as swan's-down, but on the fairer faces it was as icicle on the early roses. Then, tired of this amusement, they began to toss hundreds of show-balls aloft up at the domed roof, seeing which of them could make most snow adhere to the hollow globe; and when one obtained the victory, she laughed with a laugh that was a peal of silver bells. Then came the loud clapping of a black eunuch's hands, the signal that Nourmahal needed their services with perfumes and syrups in the bath-room,

and they all fled like a herd of fawns when a wolf breaks from the oleander bushes. Then the architect, looking up smilingly at the clotted snow, hanging in bosses and tufts, cells and pendants, fell on his knees, and thanked Allah for so graciously answering his prayer. This roof (you will find the story in the Arabian Nights, or somewhere else) was fashioned from the melting roof of a snow-drift—it suggests delicious coolness—and the soft fretted hollows of half-thawed snow, flung up to the roof by playful hands, and modelled ere it fell.

But what shall we say about the colour as it exists? Is it emeraldine, like humming-birds' wings, or plaited flowers? No, we must tell the sober truth. To call a rose a tulip is no pleasure to our mind. The colour is dim and faded; buried under white flaky icicles of accursed whitewash, or blurred and besmirched as a dead butterfly's plumes. Here and there are revived bright scraps of azure, gold, and vermilion; but generally, it is dull of outline, and dim as a washed-out sign-post. It is not a bit like the hard, opaque, staring red and blue colour you see in Mr. Owen Jones's, at the Crystal Palace—and it never was like that, I am thinking. Blue predominates; red and yellow are subordinated in geometric traceries of starred and crystalline harmonies. The walls are like pages of illuminated missals, framed by cornices of poem and prayer. Where the Spaniards coarsely imitate the Moorish work, the debased greens and purples obtrude, and show how inferior in decorative art civilisation is to instinct. The dados, or low wainscotings, are of square glazed tiles, which form a glittering breast-high coat of mail up to the lower third of the palace walls. Here the colours are the same as those of the old Majolica china: the Raphael ware, which originated in the East, and may be seen now in any London curiosity shop window. The dyes are the same—orange-purple, dull sap-green and a reddish-brown. Sometimes these Azuljo tiles, with their low-toned enamel colours, are formed into pillars, or pave the floors in squares of fleurs-de-lis, or heraldic emblems, the willow-pattern blue predominating. The low, deep, shadow tone of these tile wainscots seems to me quite to disprove Mr. Owen Jones's staring vermilions and opaque blues. In a country where the sun is solid fire, the Arabs wanted shade; and, in these dados, colour is seen in the shade, such as you find in their Turkey carpets, deep, soft, and subdued. They did not want the red and blue stripes you see on child's peppermint. Mr. Jones will have it, too, that all the hundred and twenty-eight pillars of white marble, eleven feet high, that in sisterly groups, as of heaven ice, support the pavilions and porticos of the Court of Lions, were originally of a flaming gilt. Only imagine the Moors cowering under windowless roofs and domes, which were perpetual

caves of scented shadow, looking out on a fountained garden, barred in with burning pillars of burnished glass! These would have scorched their eyes out. There is, in fact, no trace of gold on the pillars,—no shining streak or dull spot, or single dot of glitter. And, to prove our case still more, the ornaments of their strange basket-work blocked out capitals, are of white ornaments on a blue ground; the blue, the blue of the salvia flower: the white leafy tracery, the white surface of the original marble. Sometimes it is red with blue leaves, or blue on white with gilt bands and perpetual pious ejaculations of "Blessing! There is no conqueror but God!" Mr. Jones may say that white too is blinding; but, marble exposed to the air soon grows of a soft mellow cream colour. These phylactery sentences everywhere on the walls are traces of a custom that the Chinese still retain. When one or two lines perpetually stare at you from a wall the effect would become wearisome, or else the sentences would soon altogether cease to catch the eye or rouse the mind. Just as old Montaigne, talking of habit, says, in his quaint Gascon way, that after a day or two he ceases to smell his perfumed pounced leather doublet, therefore, what use was it? A dreadful argument upon the wearisomeness of repetitions. But these geometric Cufic letters crying aloud from the walls, of God's greatness, goodness, and power; of the builder's magnificence; of the Sultan's splendour, are so countless, harmonious, and interweaving—producing such cross-lights of poetry and praise, and sink, when the mind is torpid or indifferent to them, naturally and gracefully into mere surface ornament—that they are never out of place; but always an unsatiating charm. The long broken-shaped African letters wed to the Arabic scrolled writing, which is a later and more current hand; the one, like the Roman, originated in stone inscriptions before men wrote much anywhere but on great men's tombs; the other, in parchment scrolls of physicians and Aristotle commentators. They both, though dumb to us, have a strange enchanted look to the Feringhee stranger.

There has been a great deal of dull disputation about the Alhambra, now ended, though it never should have begun. For instance, on each side of the ante-room of the Hall of the Ambassadors are two high cupboard-looking recesses, or niches, like the piscinas of our country churches. Blundering wise men would have it, that this was where the attendants put their slippers before entering to an audience, till an Arabic scholar coolly pointed to an angular inscription round the aperture, which said, "If any one approach me complaining of thirst, he will receive cool and limpid water, sweet and without mixture." Any Spaniard ought to have known that here was where the Alcaraza, or

porous earthen bottle common to all, was placed; just as it is now placed in Andalusian gentlemen's halls, or on the bench at inns. In Spain, water is a necessity of life. In England, we wash with it and do not drink it; in Spain, they drink it, but do not wash with it.

Facing these apertures, Boabdil's throne was placed. Those living inscriptions still speak of it, like old babbling servants in some deserted country-house, now used as a show place. Hear them how they cry perpetually, "This dome is our father, and we, the recesses, his daughters. We are members of the same body, but the throne in the heart from whence our soul derives energy and life. Yusuf, my master, has decorated me (the throne) with robes of glory, and I am as the sun; these recesses being as signs of the zodiac, in the heaven of this dome."

Now we go down beneath this throne-hall, to a network of dungeon-like passages, by which sultans often escaped in treasonable revolts, when the angry scimitars were glittering in the fountain-courts, or when the Abencerrages were tossing their threatening spears in the buzzing city below.

We go into a prison-sort of Germanised room with whispering holes at each end; which Philip the Second, the sullen bigot, built to amuse the wretched child (Don Carlos) he afterwards murdered. We go into a sort of vaulted wine-cellar, where some rude statuary, too bad to be pitied, has been immured by the prudish monks; who have always a keen eye for indecency, and find it out as soon as any one. We enter the state-prison where so many heart-groans have been heaved, and look out of the window, from whence Ayesha let down Boabdil; who afterwards proved not worth saving.

It puzzles me always in a ruin to realise the actual life of the old inmates. Where did they keep their cold meat? sounds tolling in my ears. Where did they put their coals? Did they bruise their own oats? or did they double up their perambulators? are not questions more often and pertinaciously suggested to me. There seem no nooks nor corners; no lumber-rooms; no billiard-rooms, no pantries, no wine-cellar. True, there are their bath-rooms and alcoves; their little bins or windowless sleeping-rooms, as in Pompeian houses; their doorless porticoes and recesses, which gold tissue tapestries, and Mamelukes with drawn sabres, may have made private. But where are their kitchens? where are their store-rooms? It is true that, opposite the Hall of the Abencerrages where they show you a damp-red stain which is devoutly believed to be their blood, there is the Hall of the Two Sisters, where the Moorish kings resided. Out of this there are square cells, for sleeping on cushions, just as if sleep was not a regular meal, but only a sort of lunch, to be taken in hasty snatches in lulls of business, as Napoleon took it. And, if

you pass under the engrailed arches—like so many lace collars copied large in gilded stucco—you see curiously bolted Oriental doors; and a high latticed corridor, whence ladies in the Harem could look down at audiences or public dinners, seeing but unseen.

When you go up, you fancy a sort of rose perfume, as from Damascus silk, still lingers about the place: you look round, and see it is only Bensaken, the famous guide, lighting his cigarette. Again, if you turn to the right from the Hall of Ambassadors and pass down a heavy Charles the Fifth gallery, you come to what Ford calls "a Bathsebah mirador," which is what the grumbling Spaniards, who hate Moorish antiquities; designate "the Queen's dressing-room." Chilly Flemish Charles blocked up the Moorish colonnade, which was draughty in winter, and daubed this boudoir well with sprawling Italian frescoes of the battle of Lepanto, which his brave bastard won. Thousands of Smiths and Joneses have scratched their names since on these green frescoes, and will obtain, doubtless, the degrading immortality they courted. Certainly there is in the corner a marble slab drilled with holes like a sink; through which, foolish guides say, perfumes were smoked up, while the radiant Sultana put on her rose silks and pearls above.

We also get a glimpse of life as we grope about passages with broken walls, that show the dark hollows of subterranean aqueducts. We come to the Moorish bath-rooms, stupidly called the dungeons of Ayesha. There is, as at Cairo, an entrance undressing saloon, and an inner vapour and shampooing bath, the separate seats of the Sultan and Sultana being duly pointed out with the peculiar lying exactitude of guides. The vapour bath has a blue-dome roof, punched into star-shaped holes; just as you would pierce a pumpkin's rind. Shirking the ponderous-pannelled blue, red, and gilt covered ceilings of Charles the Fifth's apartments which look on the orange gardens of the Lindarajah, I come to the old mosque, afterwards a chapel, purged and consecrated by Ferdinand and Isabella, the conquerors of Granada. The door was once plated with bronze, and, like all the rest of the palace, stripped and spoiled by succeeding generations of guardian thieves who allowed no one else but themselves to steal. You still see above the door the exquisite laced niche where the Koran used to be placed by the green-turbaned moollahs. The inscriptions which were dumb to the conquerors, still protest for the old faith, and cry aloud from barge board and netted rafter, "Be not one of the negligent." "There is no conqueror but God." "God is our refuge in every time of trouble."

I look through the mosque-grated window into the luxuriant garden run wild with a frolic luxury and intoxication of growth. I drag through a stray bunch of transparent gold grapes that sway at the bars around which

its tendrils cling and twine like a creature loving its prison. As I pick the fruit the yellow and black-banded wasps follow each grape to the very door of my teeth. I hear the swallows speaking to me inarticulately from the burnt-up tiles.

Last of all, at least in this day's visit, Bensaken and my vivacious American friend, who still persists that "it is nothing to what we have in Bawst'n," drag me to the Hall of Justice, with its three court-rooms or apses, now blazoned with the royal Spanish badges of the yoke and the bundle of arrows. These three saloons are at the east end of the Court of the Abencerrages which faces the Lion Court, and indeed forms one side of it, with its forest of marble pillars and pavement channels for running water. Here, on the ceiling, are the curious old frescoes, painted on vellum in a rude sort of Byzantine manner by some Christian renegades, it is supposed; for the Moors think it impious to draw the human figure.

Then, to learn our ground plan, we go all round the Alhambra hill, which guide books compare in shape to a grand-piano, the apex of the triangle pointing towards Granada; observe the square where the great mosque once stood, that the plundering French blew up, and the aqueduct that they all but destroyed.

Then, as the blue of dusk gets deeper, and the guide looks uneasily at his keys, I descend through the long avenue walk of the Alhambra, listening to the clatter of castanets from the fonda dancing-booths, and descend to my hotel, through winding, narrow defiles of streets paved with black and white pebbles arranged in scrolls and flowery branches.

COELEBS IN SEARCH OF A DINNER.

My name is Coelebs; I am a descendant of Mrs. Hannah More; I am of a melancholy turn of mind; I am rather an exemplary character; my digestion is not strong; and I resemble Doctor Johnson in being partial to dinner: "Sir, I like to dine."

What is it, that can induce Topper and myself, after the numerous failures we have experienced in trying to make a satisfactory excursion on a Sunday afternoon in the neighbourhood of London—what is it that can induce us to go with these experiments? It may be, that being bound to pass the whole of the week in the metropolis, our desire to get a little change on our one guileless day of respite, is natural and excusable. It may be that a walk through the Regent's Park and up Primrose Hill, though a source of infinite gratification to all persons of well-regulated minds, is apt to pull a little on the senses after too frequent repetition. It may be that we have not well-regulated minds, but, on the contrary, very ill-regulated ones. At any rate—for there is no end of conjectures—there the fact is, and it's no use disguising it—we are

continually in the habit, Topper and I, of starting after church-time on Sunday, making short journeys in the neighbourhood of London, and coming back to dine together, at some convenient place of public indigestion.

Topper is a family man, and is always wanting me to dine on the domestic hearth, while I am of such a traverous disposition, that I am for encouraging the British restaurant whenever it can be done. Have we ever had a wholly successful excursion, or a good dinner, under these circumstances? What recollections I have of unpropitious weather, and long afternoons passed under porches standing up. Rain! Why, I suppose I should be met with statistics to prove that it couldn't be, if I was to put down here the number of rainy Sundays which I remember in one single year. Now, I don't like rain. No more does Topper; who, whenever we are caught in it, takes the opportunity of inveighing against those detestable agriculturists, who, he says, are always clamouring for wet weather, that they may grow a lot of turnips, mangold wurzel, and things one takes no interest in. O, heights of Hornsey! O, flats of Hackney! O, hills of Hampstead and of Highgate, how often have your alliterative but watery regions been witnesses to the discomfort of us two wayfarers! How often beneath your penthouse lids have we spent our afternoons of sadness, listening to the patter of the rain above our heads, and observing the funerals, for which the bell was clanging from the neighbouring church!

Having a thorough knowledge of all the country, north, south, and west of London, and being still tormented with that ever-reviving thirst for something new—to which allusion has already been made, and which has been accounted for by the ill-regulated nature of our minds—it entered into the heads of both of us simultaneously one Saturday night, that we would, though it did not sound promising at all, extend our researches due east on the next day, or perish in the attempt.

"Stop," said Topper, suddenly, "I've got a new idea."

"You don't mean to say that?" I answered, eagerly.

"I have," said Topper, with emotion. "Are you fond of ships?"

"Ships!" I exclaimed, kindly, at the mere sound of the word. "If there is one thing in the world that interests me more deeply than another, it is a ship. (Which had never struck me, before, in all my life.)"

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do," said Topper, "we will go down to-morrow by the Blackwall Railway to the East India Docks, and spend the afternoon among the vessels which are lying there. There shall we see," continued Topper, much excited, "there shall we behold the stately Indianman, so soon about to bid a long farewell to England, calmly awaiting in those deep but

placid waters, the moment which is to consign her for so many long weeks to the mighty waves of the Atlantic—and there——”

“Say no more,” I cried.—“say no more. the idea is magnificent, and we’ll carry it out to-morrow.”

The manner of our carrying it out is this. At half-past one Topper is to call for me; and, after a light luncheon, we are to make our start. Now, Topper has his anxieties.

Who hasn’t? Topper says that I can have none, being a single man. And that, by the bye, used to be a subject of dispute with us. For it is a curious thing, and one worthy of note, that there is a tendency in humanity to lay claim to a monopoly of cares and anxieties, and that nothing is more common than for people to say, because one happens to be single, “Ah, my dear fellow, you don’t know what trouble means. Look at me!” And I am so used to this now, that I have abandoned the field, and given up even venturing to hint that I ever have, or have had, any annoyance, anxieties, or cares of any sort or kind whatsoever. Well, Topper’s cause of anxiety at this moment is this. He has a son at a certain great city school, who, having more taste for green trees and fresh air, than for the attractions of a crowded thoroughfare, interesting though that thoroughfare is, and though the smell from the neighbouring meat-market is one of the most refreshing things, especially in hot weather, that I am acquainted with; this young gentleman, I say, sets off one day without leave for a country walk, and being captured and brought back again to school, is necessarily and rightly there in a state of temporary disgrace and generally under a cloud. So Topper is anxious about him, and we determine, as we are going through the City, to call at the school and see how the boy is getting on.

As we passed the playground of the school on our way to its entrance, we saw this young gentleman squeezing as much of his countenance as circumstances permitted through the bars which agreeably surround that place of recreation. And, indeed, this flattening of the bones of the face against these barriers of iron appeared, as far as we could see at a hasty glance, to be the only means of amusement that was to be had.

Well, it was an embarrassing thing when Topper, who is ever appearing in some new phase of this kind, turned round to me just as we were entering the school, and said: “You know you’ll do the talking, Charley. It will come better from you.”

“Come better from me.” What an extraordinary idea. But there was no time to expostulate, as the boy was before us in another moment, and Topper, with a countenance in which an attempt at severity struggled with a strong tendency to take the lad up and hug him, remained perfectly silent; and, looking loftily over the top of my

head, left all the conversation, as he had threatened to do, to me.

Under such trying circumstances, that Topper is obliged at last, in order to break the silence, to compromise matters in a very remarkable manner, by talking to the little urchin through me. Standing then rather nearer to the lad than I did, Topper, still looking in an exalted manner over my head, asks me, if the boy is penitent, whether he is aware how miserable he has rendered his parents; whether he is going to be good now and ever afterwards, and a variety of other questions equally difficult to answer. The little fellow apparently much puzzled by this course of treatment, begins to cry; and, as he makes a free use of his knuckles as a means of staunching his tears, Topper, still to all appearance addressing the architecture at the back of my head, asks me (with strong symptoms of wanting a handkerchief soon himself,) whether the boy hasn’t got one of those useful appendages of civilisation about him? It is the last question in which I am involved; for, upon the answer reaching us through intervals of sob, that the article in question is in his ward, Topper fairly breaks down; and, the next moment, I find him, all his dignity gone, wiping the boy’s eyes with his own bandana.

It was in walking from this school to the Blackwall Railway, that we naturally enough began to talk of the extraordinary perversity of ideas that could induce any one for a single moment to defend such a piece of rampant insanity as the keeping pent up in the heart of a vast City a number of children such as we had just seen, penned into that gloomy enclosure, and looking as pale and listless as might be expected of boys so situated. It is bad enough, one is apt to think, looking at the white faces that surround one in this town of London, that men and women are obliged by the nature of their occupations to live in this foul air, and surrounded by sights, sounds, and smells, little conducive to health or happiness; but that children should be brought up in such places, where so many of the means of education, using the word in its large sense (including the bringing up of the body as well as that of the mind), are, and always must be, wanting, is an absurd enormity the champions of which might be wholesomely birched, to the great profit and comfort of the community.

Through the City; through Stepney, Limehouse, Poplar; past stagnant docks, but high above them, and almost among the masts of ships that float there; over the roofs; between stacks of chimneys; among garret windows, the rude and iron road we travel by, forces its black, relentless way. Is there, then, no end to the town that way? These frail and squalid-rows of houses—these vast and barren factories—is their line to stretch

on for ever? The people too—we get some glimpses of them as we pass—how sallow, black, and care-worn in their aspect; but how strangely patient. Some of them, sitting at their windows fail to look up as we rush by them; so used are they to the noise we make as we tear, for a moment, almost through the rooms they live in.

It was a relief to us both when we were in a short time enough, disgorged in safety by the side of the Thames; glad to think that the ships we were going among would probably suggest to us different ideas from those which were forced upon us during our recent journey.

I suppose it would be impossible to "go into" ships, as a subject, more thoroughly and critically than Topper and I did that afternoon. We examined them, near, at a distance, in front, behind (I renounce all nautical terms, fearing a mistake,) and at the side. We canvassed the respective merits of the old and new systems of building. Topper—who is the most national man breathing—says, "Give him the good old British wall-sided merchantman;" and it is in vain that I try to inoculate him with the admiration which I feel so strongly myself for that tribe of vessels to which the term clipper-built is generically applied. To me, the long graceful sweep in all the lines of these vessels is one of the most beautiful things in the world, and everything about them has a fast and rakish and, at the same time, a certain feminine look (which all ships should have,) and which, as everything with such characteristics must be, is very pleasant to look upon. It is true that the front view of a clipper-ship is not altogether satisfactory; but then, I have a theory which I would humbly submit to the judgment of the initiated that the front view of all ships is a failure. And it is a curious thing, and one which may be mentioned while this question of front and side views is, for a moment, on the carpet, that this inferiority of the front view to the side is not confined to ships, but that in quadrupeds the aspect of the creature as it faces you, which one would have expected to be the best, is very far from being so, and that this, in the case of such animals, is the less important because we can so rarely get them to look us in the face even for a moment. This is so, we say, with the lower animals, while with man it is widely different; for we mistrust him, and justly, if he will not meet our eye, and he who would estimate truly the perfection of that last work of the creation would surely wish to meet him face to face.

Finding it impossible to convince Mr. Topper that the clipper-ship is the best, and that he cleaves to his original idea that this form of vessel is Yankee-looking, piratical, and un-English, I abandon argument—as I always do with everybody at a very early stage—and we turn to those topics upon which we can both agree. We can both

agree that this a good place to spend an afternoon in, and that it is very kind of the dock officials to let us in for nothing. We can both agree that it would be difficult to imagine anything more hopeless or wildly impossible than the idea of any human agency ever getting any of these ships (locked up, and involved, and intertwined, as they appear with each other) out of the dock in which they lie. We can both agree in marvelling that such a system of ship construction should ever have existed as was in vogue at the time when some of the oldest of the vessels before us were built. They present their broad bows to the waves, and seem to say, "There we set these square shoulders of ours against the water which you fondly expect to force us through, and get us on if you can." Finally, we can both agree that a visit to the East India Docks is a famous thing for the appetite. And here it behoves me to mention a trait in Mr. Topper's character, which I am wholly at a loss to explain. At and before the commencement of our excursion, Mr. Topper, who, as well as myself, is obliged to study economy at times more than could be wished, invariably stipulates that we shall have for dinner nothing but a chop—"they give you such good chops, you know, in the City," he adds. I agree to this, and the subject drops. But, about half-past three, p.m., I invariably notice that Mr. Topper's countenance clouds over, and he appears to have something on his mind. It is then that, after various muttered allusions which I pretend to ignore, to a bit of fish, he at length boldly acknowledges that he shall not enjoy his dinner unless that article of food precedes our chop. It is useless for me—knowing that if I accord Topper an inch in this matter, he will instantly proceed to demand an ell, or, in plain English, that he will want soup next; it is useless for me to contend that fish at taverns on Sunday is never fresh and good; or, indeed, to put forward any argument, however plausible, upon the subject. It invariably ends, partly perhaps because I don't dislike a bit of fish myself, in my giving way. I had just done so on the afternoon with whose adventures we are at present occupied, and having passed the fish bill, we had gone on from the main topic to the discussion of a minor clause, as to what the nature of the fish should be—Topper being all for fresh herrings, I being haunted by visions of a symmetrically browned sole—when the contest was interrupted by the arrival of a stout gentleman in a curly-brimmed hat (an article which I have often seen associated with obesity) who, turned out to be a friend of Topper's and the commander of two of the ships which lay before us, and, as Topper instantly began to talk about craft, and to become otherwise nautical (but inaccurate) in his phraseology, the sole and herring controversy was temporarily suspended. Our new friend had

a vessel in the dock which was under orders to leave the next morning; and, as she was to convey troops, and as a penalty of twenty pounds would be incurred for every day she was behind her time, the men had to be at work on board her night and day, and even on Sunday. We went all over her, and were chiefly impressed by that which, I think, always strikes one in looking on at great undertakings which have to be completed by a given time, and which are fearfully backward—I mean that so little appears to be doing, when so much has to be done; and that that little seems to be utterly immaterial; while all sorts of things of the utmost possible importance are left, apparently, unattended to.

"Extremely interesting," we said to one another, as we left the ships, "and really a most successful and pleasant afternoon."

The words were hardly out of our mouths when we observed what was—though we did not know it at the time—the first indication of the decline of our prosperity. This was a dense volume of smoke which seemed to come from a considerable distance, and which, appearing as it did on Sunday afternoon, could only be attributed to a fire raging somewhere between where we were and the town. We took it as easily as persons commonly do the misfortunes of other people, and proceeded to a railway station, intending, as it was now getting on towards six o'clock, to step at once into the train which was to convey us to London, and, as we had now a very fine appetite, to dinner.

Well, it was a nasty thing to find, after waiting half-an-hour among a crowd of people—every member of which was engaged in eating—that, though the trains were announced to run every quarter of an hour, the doors which led to them were kept locked, and the little hole from which the tickets were issued hermetically closed. It was a nasty thing, after waiting another quarter of an hour, to find out the smoke we had observed was caused by a fire upon our line of railway, and that nobody knew when there would be another train. It was a nasty thing to go and have to stand for another half-hour upon a pier by the side of the river, with the evenings getting so cold as they are in October, and we so hungry, and that river at Blackwall a chilly place in the evening, in the dog-days. It was a nasty thing that when the boat did come it proved to be completely crammed from end to end with Irish hop-pickers going up to London to commit assaults, and to run up and down in hob-nailed boots upon the bodies of their wives, who, thereupon, would become infinitely more attached to them than before receiving such attentions, and would decline to appear against them at police-courts, or otherwise subject them to annoyance. It was a nasty thing that in consequence of this heavy and loquacious cargo having accomplished

the first steamer that arrived, we had to wait for the next; a vessel which, after lingering as long as it could at Blackwall, proceeded to linger as long as it could at Greenwich, and everywhere else where it could get a chance. It was a nasty thing, with the fiend "hop-dance crying in Tom's stomach for two white herrings," to be out in the dark and in the cold upon the comfortless Thames, with the tide against us.

It was in consequence of Topper's unhallowed longings for prohibited luxuries that I consented to dine at an establishment where you pay a certain sum and are provided with a dinner which includes soup, fish, vegetables, an entrée, a joint, a dish of sweets, and cheese. If it was all good, a great deal too cheap, and if it was all bad—and, O, it was so bad!—a great deal too dear. After the first spoonful of soup (an oily compound called mockturtle, with lumps of fat pork floating in it, and flavoured with glue,) I felt that all hope must now be abandoned, and looked across the table at Topper: who evaded my glance, and remarked what a pretty paper there was upon the walls. The soup removed, we next flung ourselves upon the fish. It was John Dorey, an animal I had hitherto considered fabulous. This made it interesting; and, as it had no greater defect than being wholly devoid of flavour, and appearing to have been in the hot water ever since it came out of the cold—which might have been about a fortnight, or thereabouts—we might, perhaps, have got on pretty well with it but for the circumstance that there was so little of it to get on with, well or ill; Topper having been favoured with the extreme tip of the tail, whilst my portion consisted of the back fin and half a gill. Our plates were, on our laying down our forks, promptly whisked away. And then came that fatal entrée question. It appeared, on consulting the carte, that we had a chance of two of these side-dishes. The first was a *Ris de veau à la financière* (but why bother ourselves with French?)—we had, then, to choose between A smile of calf to the female capitalist, and Chicken to the truffles. It ended in our smiling upon the smile of calf, and ordering the sweetbread to appear before us.

It was not till I had wrestled for some time with this article of food that I threw aside the mark of contentment which I had hitherto worn, and, leaning back in my seat and laying down my knife and fork, sternly addressed my friend:

"Augustus Topper," I said, "what is this that we have got upon our plates?"

"I do not," replied Augustus, separating the words carefully, "I do not know."

"Does it not, Augustus," I went on to say, "does it not resemble India-rubber?"—Topper nodded slowly in acquiescence—"and does it not resemble wash-leather that has been steeped in warm brine? Is it not a compound of withered skin and cartilage, Augustus, and

cellular tissue, and twine? Does it not rivet the knife, Augustus, and do you hear a whistling sound when the fork is dug into it?"

"I hear and see," replied Augustus Topper, "all these things which you have mentioned."

The time has been when a waiter on being asked by me what was the joint which, at that moment, he most strongly recommended, has answered, that there was a saddle or haunch of mutton then in cut, of a quality which would rejoice the hearts of aldermen. The time has been, when I have expected to see, upon the table before me, a plate containing two long slices cut as with a razor from either side of the spine of an aged and tender southdown. But this was in my youth. It is not so now; and, consequently, I was not surprised, but only deeply sorrowful, when in the present case some fibrous substance, which exhausted the subject of toughness and tastelessness for ever, came before us. It was the last faint hope of nourishment withdrawn. A little bit of pastry, black with repeated bakings, and two small damsons each, finished the repast. It was a curious circumstance, by the bye, and one full of a sinister and deadly significance, that the waiters seemed in no wise astonished at having to take away the plates of their customers with almost as much upon them as when they were brought. One had only to lean back in one's chair and lay down one's fork,—the hint was immediately understood, and acted upon.

One of the most irritating things connected with this establishment was the air of pretension about it. The waiters brought you the dishes as if they really believed they were eatable; and one tall gentlemanly creature, whose whole business was to walk softly about the room and look on at other people's dinners, bore about him an aspect of such peace and plenty, and had altogether such a butler-like and opulent appearance, that one began at times to doubt the evidence of one's senses, and to question oneself severely whether any establishment with that waiter in it could have provided even a doubtful dinner. There was every external grace and ornament that could be engrafted upon eating, but not a thing to eat. There were elaborately folded napkins, resembling cocked hats of naval officers. There were green and brilliant finger-glasses to wash the outside of that mouth whose inside had been so little studied, while gratuitous tooth-picks were pressed upon your acceptance, till the tables seemed to bristle with them.

It was while noticing these and the like circumstances, with a view of diverting my attention from a deadly combination of hunger, and

a loathing for food, with a sensation similar (as I should imagine) to that which would be produced by the slow boring of a red-hot gimlet making its way through the chest from front to back—it was at this time, I say, that my gaze, wondering from place to place, did finally light upon the form of my friend, Mr. Topper. It was arrested by the ghastly pallor of that gentlemen's countenance.

"Topper," I said, "you don't look well."

"I don't feel well," replied Topper.

Here there was a pause.

"I think you will admit," continued Mr. Topper, who had been writhing uneasily for some moments, "if you will take a glance at yonder mirror, that you don't look quite the thing yourself."

"I am aware, Topper," I answered, "that my countenance is something ghastly."

Here there was another pause, and when I resumed the conversation it was in a low tone, inaudible to the gentlemanly creature, and the other waiters.

"Topper," I whispered, "to what particular part of this squalid and disastrous meal, do you attribute our sensations?"

"I am haunted," he replied, "by the remembrance of the oily soup, and the little swimming morsels of fat boiled pork."

I answered that I, for my part, had ever present to mind, as to my palate, the leathery sweetbread and the blackened pastry.

Again, a period of long and gloomy silence. At length I broke it once again.

"Topper," I said, as we rose to go, "what is to be done?"

"I should say," replied Topper,—"I should say, Soda."

And this was pleasure.

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HOME AGAIN!

ALL alone in the public room of the house of entertainment known, as the Old Rodney Arms. I never felt so dismal in my life. It had been sleeting in this part of the town since yesterday morning the waiter said;—might change to snow that night, or go on with sleet for a week more. On the whole, he rather thought it was as good as set in.

There was nothing to cheer a man in this. There was nothing to cheer one in the room; which was of the penitentiary and silent system order, with its chilling whitewash, sawdust, spittoons, pipes laid saltierwise over the chimney-piece, and other fittings of the true tavern order. Nothing to cheer one in the prospect from the window, of the stable-yard fast turning into a pond; of ducks paddling riotously; of the little heaps of straw floating down the current of thawed sleet; of the poor cur whose house was not being invaded by the flood. Nothing to cheer one in the dripping ostler, exercising his functions on a dripping horse just come in. Nothing in the overcharged spouts, all now dripping, now pouring into the yard. Nothing cheering in all this. Put to it, finally, that he who was so looking from the window of the Old Rodney Arms was an exile newly returned, without a friend in the wide world beyond the captain of the ship that brought him home, and you have as cheerless a picture of solitary wretchedness as need be.

Still sleeting on languidly; but with a purpose that shows it to be in good heart for work—a fitting accompaniment for the high festival now approaching. For this is the vigil of Christmas Eve; and as all the world has learnt in its nursery, Christmas comes but once a-year, And when it comes it brings good cheer. There were famous elements in my case to render this a truly inspiring anniversary;—that is to say, twenty-one hard years in a foreign land, parents dead, wife dead, two elder brothers dropping off one after another, leaving behind them the old family heritage of Mytton Grange, now fallen to me Nicholas Sherburne, last of an old line. No one knew me as a child left; all gone, scattered and passed away!

About this time there appeared at the

door of the public room the old waiter, muttering something in thin wheezy accents: the same who had given such doubtful testimony as to the sleet. There was a sea-captain below, he said, wanting me. No doubt, this was Captain Sharon, of the William Clay, (set down, in the bills of the ship's sailing as that well-known and experienced commander) who had appointed to meet me at the Old Rodney Arms; a favourite house of call with gentlemen of his profession. A rough man, and a ready man, this well known and experienced commander, with his heart in the right place, people said. He entered with a great stamp, bringing in the sleet along with him.

"Hallo, my hearty," says Captain Sharon from afar off; he might have been on his own quarter-deck, speaking through his trumpet. "How is the tide with you now? Heavy-hearted still? Bad, bad to give into those lows; bad for soul and body. I never knew good come of it."

"I am not in the lows, Captain Sharon," I said, affecting a sort of jolting of manner; "I am getting quite into spirits."

"So best," said Captain Sharon, "I never knew good come of the dumps. Now, what I have to say is this: will you come aboard with me to-night, and bear me company down the river? A good berth and rations accordingly. 'For the ship shall sail and the wind is fair,'" added Captain Sharon, chaunting.

"No sooner come home than sent abroad again," I said. "What a queer world this is."

"Aye," said Captain Sharon, "take it as you find it. Will you come? Drop down to-night; and I'll put you ashore to-morrow evening in time for Christmas-day and plum-pudding with your friends."

I laughed bitterly. "Friends! I like that; why, my good Captain, I have not a friend in the world."

Captain Sharon gnawed his under lip reflectively. "I am not going to deny," he said at length, "that this is a poor way for a man to be in. But I tell you plainly, if it was my case, I'd not stay growling in my hammock. I'd get up and work, and look about me. And, if I had not a friend in the world," said that well-known and experienced

commander, turning quite red in the face, to explode a thumping oath, "I'd go and make 'em."

"Make them?" I said, mechanically.

"Aye, make 'em, and plenty of 'em, too. You have money, and lands, and a great house. Well, I'd go down and fill the great house,—I would—I'd take my hat full of cards and go round to squire and parson, and the whole crew. No friends!" here Captain Sharon laughed scornfully; "you have plenty of 'em at this living instant. I'd take my oath of it."

For a single moment, it struck me there might be some grains of wisdom of what the sea-captain had said; but I looked up at the window and the dull sky, and they were straight washed away in floods of sleet.

"I must go," said the captain, buttoning on his rough coat. "Will you come?—No? Well, you're wiser to my mind for staying. Take to the country and your own fire of a Christmas day. Good bye." With that the rough and ready man passed out into the sleet.

His was good and well-meant counsel; but such as I was not yet fitted to take home to myself. Still there kept sounding in my ear with a certain melodious clang those rough notes of the captain. Make yourself friends! Ah, 'tis not too late. For a Christmas dream and a Christmas hearth, no, 'tis not too late! All that day it went on clanging on, chiming quarter and half-hour, and three quarter bells in my ear to the same tune. The bells of old churches hard by seemed to take up that shade of melody, swinging out that old burden, Make yourself friends! Ah, no, 'tis not too late, no, 'tis not too late! But such things were not for me. The bleak walls and cold desolation of the Old Rodney Arms were fitter, and more in keeping: so I fell back into the old up and down patrol, looking out now and again from the window. The dripping ostler as before; the dripping horse as before; stable-yard fast becoming navigable. Four o'clock being told off by the chimes of the neighbouring churches; with which jostle discordantly those other chimes of Captain Sharon's. It was clearing a very little in the west; just beyond the red chimneys, and it suddenly enters into my head to go out and see human faces again, and be set free, for a time at least, from those hateful white walls. With that, I go forth into the sleet, as the captain had done before me, and take the road citywards.

There was a house of business in that quarter to which I had letters, lying up a small dark court, with its style and calling set out on brass-plates at one side. Inside, it found room for other houses of business, each with its own flight and its own brass-plate. Unhappily, the chief was absent—a little old man, very grey and shrivelled, being left in charge—gone down for the Christmas by that morning's early mail, to return by

that day week at furthest. The little old man, very grey and shrivelled, ventures to presume that I and many more will be going down that night or following morning.

"A very pleasant thing must be that Christmas in the country," he says, looking thoughtfully on the fire, and fitting his thin fingers together. "Very pleasant for such as had means. Very pleasant!"

Would he be going too?

Dear no! dear no! He had not been out of London these forty years back. Most likely never should—never should. Was just about locking up and going out to look at the streets. It was so curious looking at the streets of these nights. People seemed so busy and so happy.

I left him there, still doing joiner's work with his poor lean fingers over the fire, and went back again through those streets he spoke of. The lonely waiter's prophecy had come true; for the sleet had departed, and it now looked very much as if it were about to snow. By this time it had grown dark, and the lamps were lighted. There was a hum of voices abroad, and two floods of dark figures hurrying by, on some purpose bent. Shop windows were throwing out dazzling effulgence, reflected brightly from the many little shining pools and ponds in the road; where, too, were reflected cheerfully flaring lamps and flitting forms. Round certain sheets of effulgence especially, throwing out a glare as from open furnace-doors—were gathered crowds of admiring figures and illuminated faces viewing the huge stores within: the holly within: the white-capped and white-robed attendants within: the dispensing of rare Christmas cheer; and the file of buyers incoming and outgoing. With a far more delighted amphitheatre of glowing faces round certain other sheets of effulgence—temples of confectionery—feasting their eyes on the spreading Christmas-tree and its glittering fruit of gold and silver, card and ribbon: on the huge white cakes rising like towers: on the gaudy vista reflected by mirrors many times over, down towards the far end, of men and women packing busily, fitting the snow cake and Christmas-tree fruit into cases—going down to the country that night.

Where shall that tree be set up? What troop of children, far down in some well-wooded English county, be gladdened at its coming? More glare from open furnace-doors—more glowing faces—more trees—more busy packing. I am jostled by hasty men on Christmas errands. I am put aside by men bearing Christmas packages, and nearly run down by heavy wains laden with strong ales for Christmas drinking. Everybody seems to have Christmas business but my poor lonely self. Getting absorbed in contending floods, I am taken up through many bye-streets into one of the great markets where gas is flaring nakedly, bringing

out gaunt Rembrandtish effect: where, too, is Christmas food in the bulk, raw material of coming cheer in huge massive heaps, of which are there sellers in bulk, and buyers in bulk. Sellers entrenched strongly behind groaning counters and mounds of provision; behind monster poultry suspended high; behind primest joints; all with Christmas purpose. Dark foliage overhead of shining green-necked birds newly arrived from those richly-wooded countries with Christmas purpose. Flocks of wild birds, armies of great fowl, with Christmas purpose. Buyers gauging monster poultry, appraising the height and depth of their fatness with Christmas purpose. Sellers giving out ceaselessly, taking in ceaselessly, with Christmas purpose. Housewives, hand in pocket, reflectively taking thought of what store they needed; not so much caring for hard bargains on this eve; thinking, with glistering eye, how little Tom, or Jack, or Harry, now on his way home, would be gathered round her cheer—whose little hearts would be set a-dancing at this sight. Perhaps, even the dripping ostler, after change of his damp garments, had been up here with Christmas purpose. Groves of holly and ivy with Christmas purpose. Everybody, everything, with Christmas purpose, beyond myself; who was now wandering utterly purposeless, cut off from any Christmas hope and prospect. Here Captain Sharon's bells fell on to a chiming, chiming out their old tunes, over and over again they rang out: "Make yourself friends! Ah, no! 'tis not too late—no! 'tis not too late. For Christmas dreaming and Christmas hearth, 'tis not too late—no! 'tis not too late!"

Only this time, so furiously so importunately flinging Captain Sharon's music abroad, that, when I looked on the scene before me, and on all who were going and coming with light hearts under their cloaks, I felt of a sudden an intolerable yearning to be of that happy company. Nor did that possibility seem altogether so hopeless and remote. "'Tis not too late—no! 'tis not too late!" changed the bells riotously. What if I tried? Something seemed to whisper to me, timidly, it could do no harm—perhaps no good, perhaps a little good—and, as the thought came upon me, I found my heart beating faster, and my steps quickening as I hurried along towards home. Such a home as I might find within the bleak walls of the Old Rodney Arms.

I had half made up my mind. With a nervous fluttering, I laid out a sort of programme: a dusky castle in the air. What if I left the Old Rodney Arms far behind me, and fled away through the broad English lands northward—journeying down to Mytton Grange, the ancestral seat of the Sherburnes? I half made up my mind; and, one look at the bleak, whitened walls of the Rodney Arms finished the work. I would go.

As I came to this resolve, the bells of Captain Sharon ceased ringing and were heard no more.

The night mail went down at half-past eight o'clock; and, towards that hour I was on the huge threshold of an iron-way that strikes off north-westerly. Great was the bustle that attended on the departure of that night train. A great clatter, and in-driving and out-driving by different gates, processionally. A dazzling flare of lamps in long lines down the platform, converging to points far away; long lines of pillars; long lines of carriages, first, second, and third, with wagons—all converging, also, to points afar off. Many passengers by this night's mail north-westerly, furnished with hairy rugs against the cold of this Christmas night, with courier-bags hung about them, following their baggage now being trundled along the platform. All mostly going down for the Christmas. Men of business, men of politics, men of law, hurrying down north-westerly for the Christmas.

All through the long and weary darkness the night mail went forward scouring broad countries. All through the long and weary night the dull lamp overhead cast down a sickly light on the travellers sitting opposite me, burrowed in their rags, with heads sunk down on their breasts, and coiled up in all manner of strange attitudes, striving after sleep. All through the darkness the night train swept on; swooping through stations, past long lines of flashing offices; past great and dusky towns; past smelting-works, where fire was bursting from the ground; past other night trains swooping by; and past tall chimneys and illuminated factories.

With sensible slackening of pace, and lifting up of drowsy heads from folds of rugs to let down the glass, and look forth on the chilling night outside; with threading our way among dark shadowy forms of huge black engines hissing and hiding themselves in clouds of their own damp vapour; with flashes of lighthouse reflectors poured into us suddenly, and gone the next instant; with carriages gliding by, with lamps gliding by, with signal-houses gliding by, we roll into a flood of light, reflecting a waste of white wall, glass-doors, with bare counters and empty buffets within—all to the Gregorian chant of porter-monks, intoning loudly, Change here for a long bead-roll of places utterly undistinguishable and unknown.

Some respite here for reflection; a yellow light suffusing the white walls; a clock-face which tells it has just gone three; a file of blinking travellers walking to and fro, and the night-mall sets forward once more, plunging into Erebus again. There are vacant seats opposite, the drowsy figures having been set down with their rugs at the last halt. Two little boys, in wild spirits, chattering of school sports and coming joys, going homeward for Christmas holidays, are just

in for a short stage only; for, when I look up after an uneasy snatch of sleep, I find that they have departed, and that I am alone in the blue-cushioned chamber, under the sickly lamp. By this time day is breaking, with a cold grey that brings out the dark trees flying by; and, looking out, I find the ground all whitened, and that it has been snowing hard, north-westerly. It lightens and lightens and gradually the cold grey fades off. There are long canals behind us, ice-bound and un-navigable. There are stray houses of a rude sandstone common to these parts, and we roll into a great red town: a city of factories and tall chimneys, all in broad daylight, just as the hands are going to work. With weary eyes and stiffened limbs I descend, leaving behind me the sickly lamp burning still. A hall here for some hours in a busy inn; thence northward by another railway. Journeying steadily from noon until close on the stroke of four, we slacken speed; moving across a deep valley on a great viaduct of the rough sandstone. I recognise something familiar in the look of that valley: in the great heavy mountain far off on the right: in the swell and fall of the ground; dim, indistinct, memories of boy years, confused by the new staring viaduct that runs so rudely across the smiling valley. A grey mossy tower—part of old abbey ruins—glides slowly by, and I begin to feel that here is something not altogether strange to me.

A lonely wooden station perched high on the arches; with a lonely man in charge, who came out to wonder what business could bring the stranger into this solitary region, and, presently the train had passed on out of the valley, leaving me with the lonely man on his lonely platform. It was nearly dark, and a light or two twinkling below, showed where there was still an inn of the old pattern not yet departed; whither the lonely porter went off silently to order up a chaise for Mytton Grange, distant some six miles. But I found that the old inn was gone long since: and, in its stead, there had risen a cold public-house, with a new sign, and a new proprietor. The only chaise and the only horse were being got out hastily; and, in a few seconds, I was on the road to my old home.

With a tremulous feeling at my heart. I looked from the window for such old landmarks and tokens, as ought to be familiar to me; for the old bridge just clear of the village where we used to fish (standing under its arches on the mossy bank where the trees stretched over, making a bower and giving a pleasant shelter:); but the road had taken a sweep, and I was now crossing a fresh rough-hewn structure, and yonder were the relics of the old bridge—three grey broken arches, all stripped and jagged. But other lesser things were left us. A good mile further on, the great stone-trough, up the steep hill where the wagon horses used to halt and drink; the stone-cross over the old quarry,

marking where one dark November night old Joe Bradly, the keeper, was cast down and dashed to pieces; the wooden stile leading to the short cut over the fields to Mytton. Strange memories of those days, kept crowding on me as the way shortened, as the darkness gathered. How would the old place look? Had it kept the grey reverend aspect it bore on the day I drove from the door just thirty years before; friends, relatives, retainers, all gathered on the steps under its shadowy porch, watching me speeding away down the long avenue. Never did it seem so beautiful. Its square central tower, broken into stories, each with its mullioned window and supporting pillars, flanked with great wings, and other square towers; its two open cupolas, each capped with a stone eagle, rising high in the centre, all of a grey reverend stone. How was it now with its broad court inside? its broad flight of steps seen through the porch, leading up straight to the great banquetting hall? Did the grass grow there now, and were its grey stones disturbed? How was it with its quaint old English gardens, laid out in long lines of yew-tree hedges, shaven smooth and straight as a wall? its broad walks and terraces, its round Dutch ponds and white leaden gods rising from the water, its grotesque sun-dials and devices, and dark cavernous aisle of ancient yews meeting overhead, through which the sun's rays never penetrated? How was it with all these? Overgrown with weeds and gone to ruin? Question soon to be resolved, for we were now struggling up the east hill, over a little valley all sunk in darkness, where were lights twinkling, and where lay the manor village of Hurst Mytton, now all wrapped in darkness. I could hear the little stream that coursed through the valley, turning a few rude mills, rippling noisily as of old, just as we swept sharply round a corner and entered the broad open avenue, a good mile long, leading straight down to Mytton. With beating heart I could see afar off the dark mass, standing out shadowy with the two cupolas outlined on bluish grey ground. Lights were twinkling up and down, and a red glow came through crimson curtains drawn close before the windows of the picture gallery.

In a few seconds more the great pile was looming out over my head, and the driver was on the ground pulling at a bell. It rang out hoarsely, scaring some shrill birds that under their nest overhead. I was standing under shelter of the grey porch looking into the court. From open windows of that picture gallery on the right, was pouring a flood of genial light through a crimson transparency; prospect ineffably comforting to a lone wanderer's heart! I was walking round, looking up with a strange feeling over me, at the great clock fixed in one of the towers, which used to chime tunes

like Dutch Carrillons, when the door at the top of the flight of steps opened softly, and an old man with a lamp descended, bowing low at the ground—an old man with spare hair and ivory head. He peered at me curiously with a restless, anxious look, shading the lamp with his hand, and bowing with a certain stateliness. He presumed that I was one of his honour's friends, come down for the Christmas. They had been expecting him long, very long, for a year and more. Perhaps I brought news or letters from him, or perhaps I myself—could it be? Here the lamp was lifted up, and my face searched with wistful inquiry. "True Sherburne face," he muttered. At the same time the cloud of old memories which had been floating round me since I first passed beneath the porch, began to settle steadily down in the shape of a certain retainer who used to take me out far over the fells. "Will Dipchurch," I said hesitatingly. He started.

"Will Dipchurch, the steward, surely. Who knows Will Dipchurch that Will don't know? Let me look again. Can it be that young Mr. Nicholas who went abroad beyond the seas thirty years ago? Can it be?"

"It was," I said, taking his hand in mine, "poor Nicholas Sherburne, the wanderer, come home to end his days."

"I knew the Sherburne voice, the Sherburne face," he said, "so glory to God on this Christmas Eve for bringing you back under your own roof. I dreamt of this. I knew that another Christmas would not go by without some one of the old name being at the Grange again. Come in, sir; come in, for you must be tired after your long, long journey."

I followed him silently up the steps, and crossed the threshold into the banqueting-hall. It was dark, and the lamp gave out a feeble light. But I could feel the chequered marble pavement echoing beneath my feet, and could make out, dimly overhead, the dark oaken gallery where, in old baronial times, musicians used to play. I looked for the famous antlers, spoils of old hunting days, hung up high round the hall, and found them in the old spot. I looked for the helmet over the yawning fireplace where was a heap of red wood embers flickering. I looked for the oak panelling, dark and shining with age, running round: for the oaken tables, black and shining, too, and felt as if I had left but yesterday; for nothing had been disturbed.

"Look up, sir!" said old Will. "See how we have had the place dressed against Christmas—all as it used to be," and he held the lamp up high above his head. It was a wilderness of holly and ivy, and red berries. Bunches of it round the oaken bosses of the ceiling, twining up the mullions of the windows, hiding every knot and twist. All those queer stone faces supporting the oaken

arches of the roof, at which, in childish days, I used to glance timidly and with an awful respect, now leered comically out of ruffs and collars of prickly ivy, and the coronas all down the hall were now turned to the likeness of great holly bushes hanging from the ceiling. On sight of which Christmas livery, came the genial spirit of the season invading me tumultuously. The bleak white walls belonging to the Old Rodney Arms, encompassing me close up to that date, began to crumble away slowly.

Said Mr. Dipchurch, half to himself, and letting the light play upon his face with a rare Dutch effect, "I knew this evening would not go over without the master's returning home. I dreamed it three times over the fire. Our garners have been filled, and the strong ale brewed, and the keeper has been over the fells with his gun. And to-morrow the tenantry shall come up for the feast in this hall, as they have done this many a year; and his honour shall sit in the great chair at the head, as his father did before him. A glad day: I may say, sir, I hope,—a jolly day!"

Mr. Dipchurch passed out with his lamp, I following, and led the way through the ante-room—where the guests always gathered before dinner—into the picture gallery. I stood at the door looking down; for it was a long, long room, running full the breadth of the house: down to the far end, where were drawn close with heavy folds, those crimson curtains beacon that had shone out so ruddily on the avenue. Lining the sides, hanging out from the walls, were the tall, full-length Sherburnes, men and women for generations back—a roll, chronological of every age. Often had they been read off to me by our ancient housekeeper. I could tell them truly, even now. Beginning with that frowning warrior just at the door, a captain and admiral at sea, in flowing wig and blue armour, who stands leaning on his truncheon, and pointing back eternally to a cloud. So, too, with that other worthy in the starched frill, doublets, and trunks, who had done good service in the Spanish wars. Next to whom I knew full well (for the black shadows hung over that region) was a peerless lady, one of Kneller's beauties—a shepherdess, in the open country with a crook, and sheep at her feet. And so up that line I could tell them off in their order from where I sat. That famous Sir Ralph, in the Ramilies wig and scarlet coat, pointing back, like the admiral, to smoke in the background: he who had given such good account of the French in the Flemish campaigns. With other cavaliers and noble ladies of Sir Joshua's pencilling: all behooped, and in rich flowering silks. Half way down, just at the great fire-place, I found an old oak table and high-backed chair of the same spiral pattern drawn in close: where, too, was a shaded lamp, shedding

warm soft light, and reflected on the shining oak floor.

Saying he would return. Mr. Dipchurch passed me by softly; and, taking his way down the long gallery, disappeared in a black shadow which hung over the end. Then I drew in the high-backed chair closer, and stirring up the logs till they cracked again, fell to thinking how strangely it had come about that the wanderer was back again in his old home that night, of all nights in the year: an eve of jubilee to all men—vigil of tidings of great joy—which had brought round at last a sort of dull quiet and repose to one who had strayed much, and for whom there was to be now no more wanderings.

Just as the hare whom hounds and horns pursue, (this was the weary yearning of another poor wanderer, long since gone to his rest)

Pants to the spot from which at first it flew.

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,

Here to return, and die at home at last.

Under the shadow of my own roof-tree; given back again to that stately company on the walls. Ghostly company indeed! Cold, fleshless, and bloodless kinsmen; yet all that were left to me in the room of those real living ones who had been taken away one by one! The ghostly company had it nearly all to themselves now, and within a certain span of years were certain to have free, undisturbed range of the old halls. Stiffly and quaintly they might then come down and walk all day long, and all night long to and fro, in stately dances, without so much as one to intrude on them. Strange, chilling feeling this, of being utterly wrecked and stranded upon one's own home; of being cast upon a lonely island in one's own house. They were all gone now: father, sisters, brothers—the cheerful, exuberant houseful! filling every corner of the old place with bright, beaming hope,—with youth and spirits and eternal jubilee! But of this season especially, how this brightness of heart burst forth as in a torrent—sweeping with it friends and neighbours, kith and kin—drawing them all in under one roof, to be glad and make merry, and keep the holy festival with more glory than in any other spot on the face of the land!

With the cruellest aching of heart, with an inexpressible yearning, the lonely wanderer returned thinks of that time—separated now from him by gulf ever so wide. O! thrice happy days, over which steals the soft, golden light, that hangs round things seen from afar! Most vividly do they come floating back upon me now, as I sit looking into the fire making out the minutest pictures. It is as the mouth of a great arched vault, with a high glowing mound of wood embers crumbling down with sudden rustle, and taking all manner of fanciful shapes. And yet with every change I make out (O, so clearly!) small, bright figures with

faces familiar, and scenes long, long forgotten; but, by some mysterious power, evoked on this night of all nights in the year. Though the clock in the court was now clanging out harshly nine, it did not break in upon these welcome visions, and I still see pictures in the red wood embers.

A crumble and a rustle of the ashes, and they slowly take shape, bringing out elements of one child's Christmas, long enough back now to have been rubbed out of all recollection; with one figure conspicuous; a good rough squire, heartiest of his kind. Christmas loving, charity giving, beloved of all friends and neighbours. Best of all fathers, with the gentlest beaming eyes. The truest imaginable picture of the old English squire. To my child's eyes the most benignant, loveable being upon earth. Still more of a superior being at this high festival, in keeping of which worthily, he took such delight.

All were to be happy—all light-hearted. The poor fed and clothed; none within a broad circuit round to have care or sorrow. I see the embers still crumbling and crumbling, and settle at last in the fixed shape of one special Christmas season, now good five-and-thirty years removed.

Figures flit past—Figures well known and recollected; awful personages to my young eyes. One, in old-fashioned blue coat and gilt buttons; top-booted, with a hunting-whip eternally in his hand—Squire Hornby of the Grange. A rough, ready, and agricultural fellow that tramped where he pleased in those great top-boots. A misty vision next, of gloom and awe thrown over young hearts, by feud and terrible strife breaking out between our father and rough Squire Hornby. Fierce looks, fiercer words, angry contention, followed by appeals to law, attended with unspeakable dread for the young people of the house, and all rising out of a petty dispute about a watercourse. Our father's gentle eyes would light up and flash, as, pacing up and down the great room of an evening, he would declaim on his wrongs, and vow hostility to his neighbour. He would fight out the watercourse to the death in the courts or anywhere he should choose. If it came to his last shilling, it should go for the watercourse.

We listened with frightened hearts, appalled at this terrible prospect, not being old enough to know that a watercourse, or right of way, are objects dearest of all things in the world to country-gentlemen's hearts. After Christmas it would come before the proper tribunals. Then father should have justice done him. If not there, he would go on to the House of Lords, and battle it out there. Finally, if beaten at all hands, he would sell every stick in the place, (here his voice would grow tremulous) and retire to a foreign land to end his days. His enemy should not have that triumph over him.

It was getting on all the while to his favourite season ; which promised to be as frost-bound and snow-clad as festival heart could desire.

Great stores of provisions had been laid in. Father was busy from morning till night in the furthering of that design which always lay nearest to his heart ; namely,—that no poor soul in the parish should have a troubled soul at this famous season ; but should be filled and made merry, and as warm as plenty of coal and blanketing could make him. Never was he so busy, so vigorous, so full of the genial holy spirit of the season. Each day that lessened the distance between him and the great day, lightened this temper of his ; until, at last, it came to be the morning of the great eve itself. I see in the red embers figures moving and flitting past indistinctly ; genial faces lit up by honest glow, whitest snow covering the ground thickly. I make out that one figure, centre of all, moving hither and thither, rubbing his hands in glee ; for there had reached him news that morning from high law authority, that all would turn out well for him in the matter of the watercourse. There was a great jubilee through all the house ! most seasonable Christmas present, that horn of news !

That Christmas Eve wore on cheerily, until it came to grow dusk, and lamps were lighted : when I see some one riding up the long open avenue through the snow ; some one to see the Squire, and wish him a merry Christmas, and who mentions, as a bit of news, that neighbour Hornby has that morning heard of the death of his only daughter in a foreign country, and was sunk and bowed down with trouble as much as a man could be. I see on that evening, when the long room is lighted up and the floor so polished that it reflects back the light—I see our dear father come in among us (over to this great fire-place where I now sit looking back into the past,) with a little trouble on his face : then he walks about restlessly, talking softly to himself ; then stops, and finally goes to his desk. I see him sit down and write hastily—we speaking together softly over the fire—and seal the letter with his own great seal ; the I send it off by a man on horseback. O, how I have before me his gentle face, as he comes over again to the fire, rubbing his hands softly, with such a pleasant look.

“Do you know,” I think I hear him say, in tones that make my heart thrill. “dear children, what was written in that letter ?”

“That you were to win the watercourse, papa,” says my little sister, gleefully, “and beat that nasty Mr. Hornby.”

I see his face twitch a little. “No,” he says, gently, “we have done, now, I am afraid, with the watercourse—done with it for ever. Do you know what I told you this morning of Squire Hornby and his daughter ? We are all happy here to-night—O, so happy !—and shall be happier, please Heaven, to

tomorrow. So shall everybody be about us, excepting a poor squire whose house is hung with mourning. Well, to him I have sent the watercourse, as a little Christmas present. Have I done right ?” Then he looks round with those ever gentle eyes upon his children.

And here, with sudden rustle, the wood embers sink down, and that picture fades away from me.

I am still the lonely outcast, sitting over the fire with a most intolerable yearning for flesh and blood sympathy which I cannot have now. O, for something to cling to ! something to hold by—not to be so utterly cast adrift !

The old clock-chimes are again at work, tolling eleven ; for a flood of small details have filled up that hour, which seems to have been barely a few minutes. These Christmas anniversaries at the old Hall were rare times ; they make my poor heart ache, thinking of them. Stir the logs ; cast on a few fresh ones !

Here I am set afloat once more—tided far away, backwards ; until I make out clearly other pictures, other figures.

Sent away to sea from the old house, at fourteen, having always a fancy for the naval profession ; often, when tossing in my cheerless hammock, when roughly handled, as is the fashion on the ocean, I looked back to those happy Christmas days, with a sickening, despairing feel. Often, when lying in dull idleness off a sickly African coast, the Great Festival has come round and been let to slip by without celebration, I thought how far away, in Mytton Grange, it was being kept with mirth and genial warmth. How about four o’clock, or so, the cold evening was drawing close in, and the daylight departing ; and through the snow, which gave light enough of its own, hearty folk were tramping briskly up to the Hall ; for whom there were beacons, in the shape of red patches of fire-light up and down the front of the great house, to guide them. Light enough inside, too, in the great hall ; where the feast was set out, the grand annual Christmas feast, with the squire at the head of his table, from which not one was absent.

A rustle and collapse of embers, and I am set a-thinking of another scene one year later, when I was still upon the seas ; but, on the eve of being temporarily set free. I think of the ardent longing, that eager straining to span across the broadest tracts of sea and land : of hurried marches ; of journeying homeward night and day, with panting excited spirits, all to the one end, to reach home against the Great Festival. I think of that setting down of feet once more upon English ground ; of that furious posting, whip and spur, double gratuities ; of that nearing familiar objects, loved landmarks, and finally of the dark building so longed for, standing

looming out, with a dark background, but with rows and rows of the old genial crimson light that set my heart a-dancing. Most welcome crunching of wheels upon the frozen snow as we turn up to the porch. I see the gate standing wide open, figures standing close, welcoming faces, with one, gentlest in the world and now radiant as an angel! Then shaking of hands by everybody: by many I know not. Then a sweet mist for the rest of the night; long vistas down great hills: softest suffusion of yellow light playing on more faces crowding in on me. O night never to be forgotten! Rather let it sink and be lost in those red embers now once more falling in so suddenly.

How I long for gentle sympathising faces, something that can feel for, feel with me! Here about me are the old walls; the old rooms, the long halls just as they were then. Here is the ivy and the holly, and red berries thick overhead, garnishing every corner and cranny, hiding close every projecting bit of oak, of stone; all just as it was then. Here were the garners full to overflowing, as the old steward had told me; the stores laid in, the feast set out. To-morrow would be the famous Christmas morning, come round again. To-morrow the friends and neighbours would come in crowds and fill the great hall, just as of old. There they would sit, far down along the sides of the long tables, bright happy faces in two rows, all looking to that place at the head, where the squire was sitting; songs of welcome, glad words,—long life and prosperity to the master, returned at last; the head of the old family. There were good hearty families living about,—many who had known the old squire (so the steward had told me)—who would be glad to take by the hand, to know and love his last descendant. They abounded, they waited but for a sign; to-morrow would be the glad day. These things were no dreams, no idle fancies: to-morrow they would be realities. Why should I cut myself off from such cheering hopes? There might be some bright days in store for me after all.

Down they had crumbled once more into a white heap of ashes. They were dying out, and with them the night. For, just at that instant, I hear afar off, most faint tinkling as of silver fold-bells, as though there were shepherds then abroad in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night. Rising up and going over softly to the windows, I see that the snow has been falling thick upon the ground, and can observe out afar off, beyond the white fields in the direction of Mytton church, a little red speck; by which I know that the ringers are in the belfry, ringing in the Christmas morning. O, sweetest, most musical Christmas carols! I take them up with me still sounding in my ears as I go to rest, and fall to sleep, to dream hopefully.

I woke on Christmas morning to the same

merry tunes to find my dream realised. Mytton Grange never saw a jollier day. Old Dipechurch had thoroughly preserved its traditional Christmas; for not a tenant, nor a tenant's wife, nor son, nor daughter, was absent; and many a neighbour, whom the busily spread news of the new squire's arrival had reached, came also to give him a right hearty English Welcome Home! If Captain Sharon, and the grey shrivelled old clerk could only have been with me?

THE INNOCENT HOLDER BUSINESS.

My father was a baker—at least so the world believed—though a good many more watches and jewels came into our bakehouse than sacks of flour. The general public could never understand why our bread was so much dearer than any other baker's, nor why we were so independent in our mode of transacting business. If the general public had seen the inside of some of the pies which were brought into our shop on the pretence of being baked, the general public would have been a great deal wiser.

My father was, in fact, a receiver of stolen goods; and a thriving, because a prudent and accomplished man, at his business. He kept good faith with his customers, and they, in return, were faithful to him. What he said he would pay, he paid; and what he received in the middle of watch and jewel-pies, he settled for, as the money was wanted, in the middle of golden-penny-loaves, and silver-half-quarterons. The only mistake he made was that of sticking too close to his occupation! The result was, that he died suddenly one night.

My mother (she was only my stepmother) took care of herself, and swept up the whole of my father's property. When I returned from the funeral, I found the place in the possession of strangers, and that my mother had quietly left her mourning coach for a hackney cab, at an early part of the return journey. I never saw her again; and when I heard, some year afterwards, that she had repented of the errors of her youth, and had devoted all my father's wealth (for he died very rich) to building a chapel, and endowing a clergyman to serve in it, I took the liberty of doubting the correctness of the story.

I was thus suddenly thrown upon the world at the age of nineteen, with no capital to speak of, and compelled to seek my living. Regular employment, with its small, certain gains and its irksome confinement, was decidedly unsuited to my taste and habits, and I had been brought up in too good a school to rush headlong into any criminal enterprise that involved much labour and risk. I was too young to start in opposition to the new occupants of my late father's premises; although I might have commended the whole of that excellent criminal connec-

tion; so I turned my back upon the old neighbourhood, and went forth to learn wisdom, and to seek my fortune.

After several years, many rebuffs, and some privations, I found myself the marker at a noted West-end billiard-room. Our house was a very late house, where the young gentlemen, and sometimes the old gentlemen, played very high at pool, and I thus became acquainted with the names, the manners, the wants, and the habits of the minor aristocracy. I picked up much information upon loans, loan-offices, discounting, and bills of exchange; and, while I acquired a certain mechanical dexterity in handling the cue, my mind was devoted to far higher things.

One evening towards dusk, when the afternoon play in the public room had ceased, and before the evening play had begun, old Major Fobbs entered into very amicable conversation with me, as he was lazily practising some difficult cushion cannons.

"Pendragon," he said, "are you any relation to the late Governor of the Bank of England?"

"Not that I'm aware of," I replied, thinking that the major was amusing himself at my expense.

"It's the same name exactly," he answered, making a double hazard.

"Indeed," I said, with affected apathy, waiting to hear further.

"Has it never struck you, Pendragon," he continued, "that, with that name, you might do much better for yourself than sticking here?"

"I should be glad to better my position," I said, meekly, "though I do not exactly see how."

"Then I can show you," he returned, throwing down the cue, and speaking confidentially; "become a director of a public company!"

This remark at once opened my eyes to a new field of enterprise; and, a little further conversation with the major enlightened me still more. He was about to open an office—or, as he described it, to get up an association—to be called The Peace and Concord Loan and Discount Company; and he wanted, as he phrased it, to strengthen his Board. I knew something, before this, of the major's mode of life. The major had a small half-pay, as a retired member of some Indian military service, and he now traded on his position as a director of public companies. He belonged to the Chutnee Club, which gave him an aristocratic address that looked well in prospectuses. He was a director of two assurance companies, and the chairman of a trading company for providing the public with something they did not want, at a price rather higher than that of the regular tradespeople. These occupations procured him fees for each sitting (and the boards took care to sit pretty frequently,) and he filled

up his time and his income by playing at pool with unfledged youths about town at our public and private billiard tables.

At the time when Major Fobbs first spoke to me, the trading company had nearly sat out the whole of its subscribed capital; one assurance office was already undergoing the pleasing process of winding-up under the Acts for that purpose made and provided; and the other office—so rumour said—was waiting anxiously to be served with the legal notice of dissolution.

I knew all these things concerning the major, and yet I listened to his proposals; for they promised to enlarge my experience of the world, and to afford me an agreeable change of employment. In a few days I was transformed into Stanley Pendragon, Esquire, of Aurora Chambers, Mayfair, and Marsh Mallows Hall, near Fenny-Tokel, Lincolnshire. The first of these places was a metropolitan attic, the second a rural barn; and as they both belonged to the major, all letters, messages, and inquiries were properly received, and properly and carefully answered.

The Peace and Concord Loan and Discount Office was speedily opened, and fully advertised. There were only two directors besides myself, the major and a gentleman from the Stock Exchange—or rather from the immediate neighbourhood. His name was Owen Griffiths, and he was described as belonging to the Cwmgydyr Slate Quarries, near Gwymw Vale, Caernarvon.

We made no bad debts, for we neither lent money upon personal security, nor did we discount bills; and we existed entirely upon the inquiry fees which we extracted from the applicants. We charged ten shillings a mile (paid in advance) for investigating the character of the borrower and his referee, and we were so fastidious in our choice (as our terms were unusually easy, and our rate of interest very low,) that we could never find any one worthy of being entrusted with a portion of our capital. When we told the expectants, after the expiration of the third day, that our information was satisfactory, but not sufficiently so, and for several reasons we must decline to make the loan, we were, in some cases, loaded with strong epithets, which we received calmly, because we knew they were undeserved.

After the first year, notwithstanding constant and judicious advertising, our business began to show palpable symptoms of dry-rot, and we began to look for some other employment suitable to our talents and our energies. The major becoming involved in some troublesome Chancery proceedings connected with his former companies (in which he had been indiscreet enough to accept shares,) transferred all his interest in Aurora Chambers, Mayfair, and Marsh Mallows Hall, to me, and his eminent financial ability to the region of the Himalayas.

I had acquired a knowledge of loans, and loan business, and I had amassed, I can scarcely tell how, the substantial sum of eight hundred pounds. I was quite a capitalist, and I behaved like one. I opened a banking account with the old and respectable house of Croupy, Dross, and Croupy, and I prepared to commence a business on my own account, that had hitherto been very rudely organised—if organised at all—the business of An Innocent Holder.

Owen Griffiths, of the Slate Quarry, had not been so fortunate as myself in his position as Director of the Peace and Concord Loan Office. In the first place, he had not received so large a share of the gains; in the second, he was not of a prudent and economical turn of mind; and, just as I was about to propose to him some mutual arrangement, he saved me a world of trouble by begging me to devise a scheme that would keep him from going back to Capel Court, and give him congenial employment. After some little apparent hesitation, I developed my plans, and he fell into them with enthusiastic eagerness. A third person was wanted to complete the secret association, and this person Owen Griffiths immediately provided. His name was Affy Davit, a professional witness, who had lingered about the courts of law for many years, attesting deeds, providing alibis, and swearing to identities, births, deaths, and marriages, in a prompt and unwavering manner. His gains had been precarious, his habits had been loose, and his indulgence had been gin, and was so still, whenever he could get it. By degrees his reputation for nerve to stand a cross-examination faded away, and he found himself passed by for newer and, as it was supposed, more reliable men. In this condition he was sent to me, and I approved of Owen Griffiths's choice. His idea of payment was humble, while his powers of impersonation and disguise still remained; and in the event of his ever proving unfaithful, his testimony was too notoriously valueless to be feared.

In a few days Affy was established, under the name of Mr. Barking, in a small but comfortable office, in a good neighbourhood, as a gentleman of some capital who discounted bills; while Mr. Owen Griffiths, acting under my directions, moved about in billiard-rooms and other fashionable circles, in search of young gentlemen and others who had expectations, and wanted bills done. From that hour I held no visible communication with these two men, but lived in such a manner that my respectability increased day by day, while all my payments, large or small, being made through such old-established bankers as Messrs. Croupy and Company, helped to foster the delusion of my being a good member of society. I was the Innocent Holder, and I did nothing that might destroy the

belief in my innocence. Owen Griffiths was the agent, Affy Davit was the discounter, and I was the person who finally held the bill for which I had given full and valuable consideration. When the young gentlemen of full age was found—a very easy task—who wished to anticipate his property by a loan, a bill negotiation was suggested; and, if no companion could be found silly enough to join his friend and write his name across a stamp, Owen Griffiths volunteered to draw and indorse the document for a handsome ready-money present. When the bill was properly manufactured it was taken to Mr. Barking to be turned into cash, and that cautious gentleman always required it to be left with him for at least two days that he might make inquiry about the stability of the drawer and the acceptor. Much against Mr. Griffiths's wish, but with the full consent of the young gentlemen, this was done, and no more was ever heard of the transaction until Mr. Barking had, in a few hours, changed his name, his office, and his wig, and I was in quiet and legal possession of the stamped document. When it arrived at maturity in the course of one month or two, as the case might be, I took steps to recover my property as an Innocent Holder. So careful were Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Barking (who sometimes changed places as discounter and agent) in selecting their dupes, that the amounts were always considerable, and tolerably secure, and the position of the men such that they could not defend any action for fear of an exposure. A crafty advertisement in a clerical journal procured a plentiful batch of curates and rectors, who dared not brave a trial, when they found they had been deceived, and who made the best terms they could with me, rather than risk their gowns, their characters, and their livings. Expectants, on the other hand, were equally tongue-tied, for fear that in contesting the payment of a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds, they might lay bare their lives, their hopes, and their associates, and lose, in the process, a sum of fifty times the value. Nor would their obstinacy have defeated me, for my measures were too carefully prepared. There might have been abundant suspicion as to my moral claim to the bill, but I was its possessor; there would have been no proof that I obtained it without giving full consideration, while my cheque-books (arranged by myself) would have testified in my favour, and the jury would have been directed by the judge to pronounce me an Innocent Holder. I was not harsh—not unreasonable to my unfortunate debtors. I was always to be spoken to; and many a time I have taken something considerably less than the law entitled me to demand.

My banker's balance rapidly increased; and with it my outward respectability and my motive force. I was scarcely forty years of age, but I was beginning to get pursy and to

feel warm. There is no saying how long I might have remained in the business of an Innocent Holder, if it had not been for the notorious case of Pendragon and Fitzhobbledehoy. This sprang out of a stroke of genius—clever, but dangerous—on the part of the unscrupulous Owen Griffiths and Affy Davit, Esquire, alias Mr. Barking, and many other names, too numerous to specify.

The Honourable Algernon Fitzhobbledehoy was a young man about town of very expensive habits, with considerable property in possession, and more considerable property in expectation. He was a long person full six feet in height; long in the legs, which inclined inwards a little at the knees; long and crane-like in the neck; a long nose with a long upper jaw, and a low retreating forehead. He had gone the regular round of education—private tutor, university, and so forth; but it had not added much strength to a naturally weak intellect. He had gone the regular round of idleness and dissipation; and experience seemed to have left him younger and more gushing than ever. His heart was soft, impressionable, and sentimental; and he fell desperately in love with a ballet-dancer. She was ten years his senior, saw her advantage; and, in a few weeks, but for an unlucky volume of poetry, the Honourable Algernon Fitzhobbledehoy would have been a married man.

Mademoiselle Celestina Pomade, as she styled herself, had been to Paris, where she had acquired a French accent, and a foreign fascination of manner; but her birth-place was Ludlow, her name was Griffiths, and she was a niece to Owen Griffiths, my faithful ally. Amongst other presents which the enamoured Algernon had given his Celestina was a volume of miscellaneous verses, on the clear, white fly-leaf of which he had written "to my beloved Celestina Pomade, from her ever affectionate and devoted Algernon Fitzhobbledehoy." The signature was bold, rather below the other writing, and full across the centre of the sheet.

Owen Griffiths called upon his niece one morning at her lodgings, and was shown into a handsomely furnished sitting-room, where he was left for some time; as the young lady had not yet come down from her chamber. To amuse himself, he took up some of the books upon the table, and amongst the rest the volume of poetry, when his eye soon rested upon the signature of the young man about town. Knowing the writer, and having no scruples of conscience, he conveyed the book to the broad pocket of his coat, and took his leave at the earliest possible moment after his unsuspecting relative thought proper to make her appearance. In a very short time the valuable counsels of Affy Davit was called in, and with a chemical preparation which that useful friend and companion had often used in his younger days, the words of affection on the leaf of the book

were obliterated, for ever, without a mark, and nothing left but the bold signature of Algernon Fitzhobbledehoy across the blank page. The paper was torn out, cut, trimmed, filled up in the form of a bill of exchange for two thousand five hundred pounds, payable one month after date (the date being thrown back eighteen days), and then both Owen Griffiths and Billy Affy Davit, thoroughly disguised, went boldly before the Stamp Commissioners at Somerset House, told their story, paid the ten pounds penalty, and the cost of the stamp, and in one of those many moments of official indolence, just before the termination of office hours, they got their instrument made legally complete.

Of course I knew nothing of these proceedings until some time afterwards, and of course the bill came regularly to me. At the expiration of the short time the bill had to run I made application to the astonished Algernon Fitzhobbledehoy for payment, and the unexpected demand almost deprived him of the little wit he ever had at command. He was, without exception, the weakest man I ever had to deal with; but your very weak men are not the best subjects for an Innocent Holder's trade. They want too much propping up, they consult too many friends and legal advisers, and the result is that they go to law, when your stronger debtor or victim arranges for himself.

This was the case with the Honourable Algernon Fitzhobbledehoy, and hence the celebrated civil cause wherein I was the plaintiff and he was the defendant. Of course I gained the day—the Innocent Holder always does and must—though the jury winced a little when told by the judge what form their decision must take. The Honourable Algernon could not deny his handwriting; I obtained an order for principal, costs, and interest, and the impartial justice of the law was vindicated. The case was so notorious at the time, that I retired, at once, from business, and the Honourable Algernon Fitzhobbledehoy, though he retired from the court under the strong impression that he was a deeply injured man, had had full value for his money, in my belief, in being saved (as he was) from a weak and imprudent marriage.

Though I am no longer an Innocent Holder, there are plenty of my trade left, and men of the Affy Davit and Owen Griffiths class have not to go far in search of a receiver. Many men, whose early days were brighter than mine, are found with capital to buy acceptances, asking no questions from the seller as long as the article is cheap. With something of the pride of an old conjuror exposing his tricks, I record my plans and operations, in the hope of again warning those who have been often warned before to little purpose. If people will shut their eyes, and close their ears, they must not complain

if they fall, for the law reformer has no power to help them, and they can only save themselves.

THE SCHOOLROOM AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

I.

GREY plaster walls, with many a stain of damp,
Scotch carpet, with broad margin of bare floor,
Five crippled chairs, round table, and a lamp,
Once bright with gilding, bright, alas, no more.
A couch of faded chintz; an easy chair.
Out at the elbows, failing in the spine,
Yet softly cushion'd; and, reposing there,
Sits the old teacher in the warm fire-shine;
Old ornaments, or hopelessly decay'd,
Come here to wait the last long stage of all—
The final smash—the debt of pottery paid:
The invalided can no further fall.
A hearthrug of a pattern most antique,
Rejected of state-chambers long ago,
Worn, faded, sullied: if a rug could speak,
That rug would tell us many a tale, I trow.
How it first lay beneath a young bride's feet,
Fresh, fringed, and brilliant, in its day of bloom.
Then, how the children crouch'd round nurse,
would meet,
To hear long stories in the twilight gloom.
Next, how the boys, at home for Christmas time,
Kneeling upon it, on the ruddy bar
Roasted their chestnuts, while the old yule-chime
Rung carolling out across the moorland far.

II.

A lively outlook on the churchyard drear;
Four birches, ivy-clad, and snowy white,
Their branches stretch across the panes so near,
And thick, and close, they half shut out the light.
But, when the fire burns up and she's alone,
The curtain drawn, work over for the day;
Old times come back again, old friends long gone
Into the dreamland of the past away.
Kind memory opens wide her silent door,
Familiar faces smile; no clouds between—
She is at home; she is a child once more,
'Midst Christmas jests and laughter, Twelfth
Night's Queen.
The scarlet-berried holly shines with light,
Reflected from the joy of other years;
And pictured scenes start out before her sight,
Scarce dimm'd at all by rising mists of tears.

III.

It is not winter there. The hopeful spring
Glow's out on the dead promises of youth;
Gilds them with beauty, wafts them with its wing
Far, far beyond the silver realms of truth.
Love's river swiftly glides through pleasantlands,
Bright with perpetual summer, fair and gay,
"Wake, dreamer by the hearth! 'Tis lost in sands
Of bitter grief—it is no longer May!"

IV.

"No longer May!" The driving sleet comes fast,
Dash'd gainst the panes by loud December winds.
Thy mimic joys fade back into the past,
Life, with its present cares, thy fancy binds.
Look out into the sky: all cloud, all rain.
Night hangs above the sobbing leafless wood,
The blasts go shrieking round the trembling vane,
Christmas is here in his most dreary mood.

V.

How much of wearying work, how little love!
My life one long, long dead-time of the year.
"Look out again!" there is a light above,
Glancing through darkness: rest will soon be
here.
"Patience, O weary heart, thy peace draws near!"

LISBON.

I FELL asleep last night at twenty minutes past eleven, somewhere off the coast of Portugal, which was then a mere blue-rimmed line on our right—or, shall I say, starboard?—the sea running by us in rolling hills of the blue liquid, ghastly and livid. This morning, at half-past seven, I awake, look out of my square bedroom porthole and see, beating up against our black ship's side, a merry, sunny sea, of the exact colour of soda-water; with a light playful effervescing froth feathering about its fluent curves.

"Halloa, steward? Why, the great steam-engine, stops. Are we going down?"

No, we are snug in the Tagus, and have stopped off the famous Belem watch-tower that Don Manuel (surnamed the Fortunate) built. We are waiting for the adouaneros, or Custom House officers to come on board, and the sanidad, or health-officers to give us pratique, and pronounce our bill of health clean; for we have been visiting Vigo, where the yellow fever is raging, and have been threatened and worried with flag-signals at Oporto, and we may be put in quarantine,—fifteen days' imprisonment, with not even hard labour to amuse ourselves with.

There is a great putting off of boats, great locking and strapping of bags and portmanteaus: for we are near Lisbon, and are going to land. The lady with the celestial and terrestrial globe and the two parrots that she is so anxious about, is hard at work packing the two hemispheres safe for transport; the puling little usher who is going out to the Catholic college at Lisbon, at last tries to drag himself out of his little tray of a berth, which he has for seven days kept immoveably in; the Newcastle lawyer, who fancies every place like Constantinople, and contradicts you about everything out of Murray, bustles about his boxes, which are being hauled out of the hold. A splashing under our bow, and a strong voice hailing us. It is the quarantine boat, manned by eight stout Portuguese, with straw hats, and red sashes round their waists. The officer holding official papers in his hand, stands up, and directs the men to pull in under our quarter, that he may come on board. Among the men are two handsome stalwart blacks, with bare arms, swollen with ropes of straining muscles. I feel directly that I am in a country connected with the Brazils, and that the old slave element in the population has not yet died out.

Now we have got our sanitary passport; and, though one or two brown-coated officials

remain on our decks, we drop down the Tagus towards Lisbon; we drop past Belem, that little flagree matchpot of a tower, with its enriched windows of Moorish origin, its twisted cable cornices, and pierced balconies; we pass the convent built to celebrate Vasco de Gama's Indian discovery; we drop along the grand river, past white, dusty-looking hills covered with olives, and flocks of wind-mills. We pass, on the other hand, curious earth-cliff banks and small villages that seem to have come down to the great river-side to drink. Far away, behind us, we leave Belem guarding the entrance of the green and frothy river, the distant Torres Vedras lines, the Saint Julian fort that Wellington strengthened, and the taper tower beyond the bar, where the surf runs threateningly.

Now we pass more houses and convents, yellow, and blue, and rose-coloured buildings; and the great sloping-terraced city of Lisbon runs down the hill-side to meet us. We have reached the great red egg-shaped buoy of the Peninsula and Oriental Company's steamers, opposite the Black Horse Square; where a mounted bronze statue, like that of the Commandante in Don Juan, stands on guard. A flock of dragon-fly boats surround us, the crews jabbering out the names of rival hotels. "Let go the anchor!" says the captain with the yellow whites to his eyes, and the signal-gun voice. The chain runs out with a clattering shaking jolt, over goes the anchor, in a headlong suicidal way, striking up a white flood of water, like a dying whale. We are anchored. The mail-agent has gone ashore with his great leather saddle-bags of letters. We may land. Lisbon is all before us, where to choose.

I land, not at Black Horse Square, haunted by boatmen—but am paddled by John Fish, a young Massaniello of Lisbon, to the wet steps of the *Praca dos Romulares*, a pretty little tropical square quite to the left, near the great arsenal; where the Portuguese seamen of a war fleet (which exists only on paper) are trained. There are spiked aloes, and orange, and pimento trees, about it in tubs and oil-jars; and, in the middle of the square, which is paved with black and white pebbles in mosaic, so as to resemble the dial face of a compass, the rays being some thirty feet long. In the centre, is the marble pillar with the sun clock; round which merchants sit and smoke cigarettes, or rough sea captains stand discussing the rig of their ships in the Tagus bay, not a boat's length off. All round this square are lodging-houses, hotels, and country houses, where men sit poring over books, cigar in mouth and pen in hand; and, high over all is, not the citadel of Saint George, but the great Braganca Hotel, with its square, tall block of rose-coloured building against the burning blue of a dazzling sky. We mount from this mosaic-paved square, its flowers, and chattering smoking groups, up the steep *Rua di Aligrima*, which rises

straight into the sloping city. We meet jolting oxen, leaning against each other, and drawling along with a cart, which is nothing but a heavy wooden slab, graduses of cafes, shops, and dwelling-houses, intersected here and there by cross traversas, or alleys,—the river still ever hot and blue in sight behind us. On our right hand, the wall goes up by steps, till it stretches in an unbroken expanse of some fifty feet high, broad as a fortress, and no chink even for a quick-eyed lizard to hide in. At the top are some black spiked cypresses, and a square bower trellis, green-roofed with vines. Higher up still, in this place, where one might expect to see some Don Quixote duchess, is a grating that shows it is the convent of the Heart of Jesus: and I stand at the corner of the *Rou de Sant Domingos*, reading the placard of a bull-fight at Saint Anna (or rather Vilafranca,) which is a good fifteen miles off by railway, and am now—having sifted this—wandering off to an illustrated placard representing the Dutch giant, standing in full evening costume, with his legs in a tub, together with an English sailor, rather caricatured, making a seal (called in the bills *Sea Monster*) dance upon its tail, in a manner that is a caution to mermaids. I look back from these appeals to the senses—which some ugly Portuguese in black hats tasselled with black puffs are intently reading—towards the great broad bay, and the crowd of boats, with their barber-pole masts tufted and striped red and yellow. Swallows skim round us, and reconnoitre that house beyond the convent, that seems crusted with slabs of blue China, for flies. It is all but breastplated with blue figured tiles, in a way worthy of Nankin and Chingfou. Some negroes—their black faces bound up with yellow handkerchiefs—pass us; and, of a sudden, they cross themselves and look up; for, as through the grating like a perfume, gushes out a hymn of the Church, with such simple purity, so uncadenzaed and unrouladed that it might be the song of angel children.

We stand entranced with expectancy, all ear. We were all but swept away by the storming Badajoz diligence, which—regardless of our being English: one of that nation that had once something to do with that Badajoz—tore pompously and overbearingly round the corner, and nearly made an omelette of the votary of Church music, just as he was thinking what a capital way of making signals to a nun you were in love with it would be to toss up an orange through that black grating. The immense hearse of a 'bus—I mean the Badajoz diligence—is steered by a post-boy; a little fellow in immense jack-boots, which seem to slowly swallow him up, and a large white hairy hat that would quite extinguish his face, but for fierce tossings back, as he rows on with his booted elephantiasis legs.

I go up a side street, where the ground

floors of the gentlemen's houses seem all stables; you can nose them as you pass, and hear the horses dragging at their chain halters or pounding with restless feet at the straw. At one door, there is a heavy patient-looking bullock being shod, surrounded by an anxious, idle set of sympathising friends of the smith; who, with his leathern apron on, looks at the crescent-split hoof with the serious air with which a dentist looks for flaws in your teeth, hoping to find them, or determined to invent them. Those men standing in a row, with small barrels on their shoulders, at the long manger-like fountain under the wall, are the honest and industrious Gallegos, or Gallicians, the serfs and Gibeonites of the Lisbonese. They hew their wood and draw their water, and all to get back to the green hills of Vigo, with some money to marry with. Ask a Portuguese to carry your carpet-bag to the boat at the Black Horse Square, and he will say, "I am not a Gallego. God made the Portuguese first," says the proverb, "and then made the Gallegos to wait upon them." You see them in the steep side streets of a morning, going off to supply their family with water. They are like the Caddies in Edinburgh, or what the Swiss used to be in Paris. They are simple-hearted, quiet, brave working fellows, worth a dozen lazy Portuguese. There are more than three thousand of them in Lisbon. I pass some doors where tough, dry, knotty olive-roots are for sale as firewood, and pass a barefooted, sturdy country boy, who carries—at either end of a long slender pole, balanced on the shoulder of his pink shirt—a shallow, broad basket of dusty velvet peaches and transparent amber grapes. Some sailors in canvas shoes, come out fresh from the wine-shop; their collars far back on their broad shoulders, their black-silk handkerchiefs carefully tied with white cord. (They are Spitfires, you see, by the gold-lettered bands on their caps.) They gather round the grinning boy, and empty his store, flinging the sappy peach-skins at the parish street dogs, lean and wandering, with which Lisbon abounds, quite as much at it does with tropical flowers and loathsome smells, that seem to wait to knock you down at street corners. Now pass—what are they?—six nuns; grave-looking women, with white, starched, linen head-cloths pinned over the forehead, and stretching out behind, in long peaks. They are draped, hot as it is, with long caped dark cloaks, such as the Irish women use; and, indeed, in face and manner look not unlike them. There is no touch of colour about them: grave, still as mutes, and so ugly and soul-less, that I think no country but Portugal, with its mean, half-Jewish race, could match them. As for the men, they have none of the Spanish fire, none of the Andalusian kingly spirit and independence. Monks I see not; for they are abolished, and the priests are only distinguished by wearing pantaloons and Hessian boots. Alas, the donnas have modi-

fied the mantilla, and the fatal French bonnet is creeping in, to the destruction of the national black veil and the fan parasol.

I am bound for the Post Office, which lies up a quiet side street: at one end of which there are great gates as of some grandee's mansion. I enter the office by a court; a sort of hall, with folding doors and rooms on either side. The place is pigeon-holed all round, and I read over two of the boxes, "Teneriffe and Pernambuco," which reminds me where I am. The English Admiralty agent, in gold-laced cap and blue uniform, enters as I leave with the prize of a letter, followed by his coxswain and another sailor in blue jerseys, toiling up the steep street with our leather bags on their backs.

I toil up still higher, to Saint Roque; and, pushing by a flapping red curtain, enter the church, where beggar women and ladies kneel side by side; a crutch and gilt fan alternating on the pavement, before a glittering side chapel that seems dug out of solid gold. It is a metal cave, indeed ponderously rich. These reckless street dogs run and sniff in and out of the church, vulgarly careless and restless among the worshippers; whose eyes turn from the altar to the door whenever any one enters. The ceiling is of painted linen, and a tawdry green orchestra blocks up one end of the building, where perhaps poor dying Henry Fielding strolled and wondered. There was the great novelist's grave on the hill of the Estrella, where the dark cypresses we saw peering up, stood like black marks of admiration.

I observe that the special charm of Lisbon, apart from its orange trees, public gardens, and rows of red coral berried pimientos—is its almost Chinese and eastern character. Apart from the crowd of black faces, sunburnt with red yellow that you see, there is a tropical glow of colour all over the city. The roofs consist of a curious ridge-and-furrow tile that is quaint of outline. They go up into pagoda-like crescents, and have figured curving finials that are Chinese and fantastic. The shop-walls too, facing the street, are frequently panelled with blue porcelain tiles, which seem just fresh from Canton. Indeed the Portuguese were the first to import Dragon jars, China punch-bowls and tea-cups. Sometimes private houses, big as palaces, shine with these rude blue mailings; and, as for green and gilt balconies, they hang out everywhere; and ten to one but, on the third or fourth tier of them, there is a row of red oil-jars, forming the base to a thicket of oleanders, gorgeous with a wealth of purple bloom. Twenty to one but, half way up in a gilt cage, hangs a Brazilian parrot, green and red, or grey and scarlet, chatting, listening, or thoughtful. Sometimes the yellow straw mats or green blinds are trailed over the balcony ledge, so as to form a sort of porch or tent to the shaded room, where the donnas and some portly priest

with a head smooth and yellow as a billiard-ball, sit and gossip; the parrot catching part of their discourse and coming out with it by snatches, as if he were learning a lesson.

The shops have a curious country town look; generally uniting several trades in one, like an American store. The pastry shops sell port wine, which seems quite a liquor; the grocers, fire-wood and such trifles. The wine-shops are quite open to the air, and are full of Negro sailors, and English mariners talking very loud to make the English easier to the "d—furriners, who could understand if they would—don't tell me, Jack." These are the rough jokers who have been known to charge across the Black Horse Square, after regulation hours, disarm the sentinels, drive off the relief guard, and force a way to their boat, pushing off with three cheers; their faces beaming with a sense of having properly and creditably done what England expects every man to do. You meet them everywhere, arm in arm, in brandy shops with red coppery pirate-looking Negro sailors; carrying, to their boats, fish wrapped up in red handkerchiefs; their clasp-knives hung by a neat white knotted cord round their necks, small gold rings, perhaps, in their ears, their shoes small and dandyish; their walk a rolling stagger, as if they were stepping on waves, and did not find dry land as firm as it was generally reported to be. There they go! boatswain, coxswain, quartermaster, and able-bodied seaman, staring in at churches full of scented smoke, (as if something or other were cooked perpetually in the side chapel,) pacing round the centre statues in sea-side squares, ogling up at servants watering the oleanders, or feeding the parrots up in the balcony, or chafing the king's farrier who keeps an hotel near the sea water side, and is as intense a John Bull, with as buxom a rosy wife as ever England bred.

But let us go into the Don Pedro square paved with wavy bands of black and white stones as with a great oil cloth; giving it a strange Rio Janeiro sort of look. It is one of the largest squares in the world, quite a Champ de Mars, surrounded by shops, diligence offices and counting-houses. At one end, near a large glass-windowed café, (where officers read papers and sip ices, and are so multiplied by the mirrors on the walls, that they seem like a whole regiment reading papers and sipping ices by word of command) stands the theatre of Donna Maria, a handsome building with wide hall and portico, but with an unfortunate reverberating zinc roof which in rainy weather renders the actors inaudible.

I go in, one night, attracted by the crowds that are flowing to the doors, like steel-filings flying to the arches of a magnet. The interior is rich, with hangings of topaz-coloured satin banded here and there with purple.

The seats in the pit are all of cane; there being every provision for airiness and lightness. There are, of course, some English middies and sailors in the pit; who talk very loud, and have a defiant contemptuous manner peculiarly national. The only thing I can decipher out of the snuffling nasal Jew Spanish of the stage dialogue which is called Portuguese is, that a certain Don Jose Herriero de dos Santos—who is dressed like Lord Nelson, and who nearly kills me every time he enters by his absurd bows and grimaces, has come in the disguise of a poor artist to a family, with whom he is about to enter into alliance. The father, a little, prosy man, with a dry drollery of his own, suspects him to be a swindler; a suspicion that leads to various complications; but is legitimately removed when the Don appears in all his lustre, and claims his bride; at which the little diplomatic man takes snuff and rubs his hands as if he had seen through it all the time. The drollest thing was, that, at the end of each act, every human being in the pit, rose with one accord; without smiling, tied handkerchiefs to the back of their cane-seats, and retired to the lobby to hastily smoke a cigarette and eat stewed-pears; which were in active sale at the buffet.

I do not think there was one woman in the pit. Indeed in some Spanish theatres, the women all sit huddled in a sort of omnibus-box by themselves. Now, that the men with the yellow teeth, sallow full faces, and scorched fore-fingers, have untied their handkerchiefs, and are waiting for Lord Nelson in the white satin knee-breeches, with intense expectation, I look up at the boxes, beating the covert for a beautiful face. What? Not one? No: only fat and sensual faces, all run to nose, as if by perpetually smelling at greasy dinners; crisp wiry animal negro hair; full brown red lips; mean chins, and foreheads villainously low. Bands and ropes of black shiny hair looped up with strings of pearl, ending in a top-knot strung with gold and coral. Not one beauty? Yes, one, with fire-fly eyes and soft brown cheeks deepening to a peachy red; who, with rounded white arms, leans forward hanging upon the lips of Lord Nelson in the court suit, tail coat, and white satin breeches, entranced.

Tired of this, and the perpetual running in and out to cigarettes and stewed-pears in the lobby, I leave; just as the scene opens, with the little man dressed as a cobbler, singing comic songs: much to the indignation of the late Lord Nelson, who is now bolstered out as a despotic rich man, living in a sort of palace near the cobbler's-stall. Once outside the theatre, I hasten up and down streets—alternate hills and valleys—to the public gardens, which lie in the centre of the city, to the left of the square of Don Pedro, dropping in first at the Braganca to see a

friend; and, finding the bore who compares everything to Constantinople reading Napier's *Peninsular War*.

I hasten out again, and push for the public gardens. Suddenly, at the door of a small theatre, a dirty touter catches me by the arm "Come in," he says, "gentlemen, and see Monsieur Robinson play the fool. O, he play the fool vary well—Robinson!" Resisting this pathetic appeal, I push on to the gardens; and, after some zig-zagging, get there. It is a large square, enclosed garden, walled in by iron palisading; against which the wistful, dull, apathetic crowd flatten their large noses. You do not pay as you go in, but as you go out. I enter a long walk, with flower-borders on either side, thorny with aloes, and pass down between rows of feeble Vauxhall lamps, and lines of flaccid pimento trees, studded with innumerable berries, that look like pale red coral. At the end there are some tent booths, as dull as a wet Greenwich fair used to be; and, beyond this, a sort of summer-house stage, with our foot-lights, and a band playing underneath to a dozen rows of patient, untenanted chairs. On the stage sit two painted singers, who talk across the lamps, twiddle their fans, laugh and play graceful little tricks, as the company begin to assemble. This is composed of grave city-looking men, pompous, dull officers, and a few ladies; who seem to feel no interest in anything, and none of whom ever laugh even at the comic songs. The performance commences. It consists of tinseley French ballads, full of *l'amour*, *glorie*, and *l'honneur*; and ends with a caricature representation of an English traveller in Paris: which drove a commercial traveller, who sat next to me, to declare that he should certainly come the night following with Smith of Birmingham, Brown of Sheffield, and a few other commercial gentlemen, to storm the orchestra and thrash the buffoon,—a patriotic resolve, which I, most anxious for his discomfiture, warmly encouraged. The fun of this representation consisted entirely in the mime's keeping his arms rigidly close to his side, wearing immense shirt-collars, rolling his eyes, and answering to everything "Yaase, yaase." The Englishman eventually volunteers a dance at the Mabile, and exits with a flabby hornpipe, entirely misunderstood, and turned into a wretched ballet *pas seul*. I must say, in justice to the Portuguese, that nobody laughed; but I do not think their common people ever do laugh. I afterwards met with young Portuguese of a high class, who gambolled, grimaced, and chattered like monkeys; loud, impudent, and ceaselessly; but I have no reason to hope that the mere street Portuguese ever laughs on any provocation whatever.

Lisbon, allowing for the dulness of its amusements, and the phlegm of its poor, is full of pictures, whichever way you look;

whether far away from the great unfinished palace of the *Necesidades*, or from the long chain of stilted aqueducts that, near the windmill hill, give a Roman character to the environs. In the direction of Cintra—green amid a brown, scorched-up desert—or from the fortified hills opposite, you look across the blue field of the bay at the great archbishop's water-side palace, and the yellow dome of the *Estrella*. Beyond the hill of *Buenos Ayres*, higher up the bay, is a region of wild myrtle heaths, olive-fields and vineyards. The yellow arsenal and the citadel are before you. This is the Old Lisbon of Vasco di Gama, Cabral, the discoverer of Brazil, Don Sebastian, and Albuquerque. From hence sallied the fleet that discovered the Azores, and first rounded the dreaded Cape. The shade of Camoens paces by the Tagus side, Saint Vincent sleeps soundly in that hill church. This is the city of that dreadful earthquake, too, which in seventeen hundred and fifty-five, in our quiet Horace Walpole days, swallowed at one gulp forty thousand people, and I don't know how many millions of treasure. Since the beginning of time, Death, the Insatiable, had never such a sudden rich sop thrown into his black jaws, and that not by battle, massacre, or conflagration.

Let us pace up and down by these trees that face the Custom-house, which, daubed with yellow ochre, is tapestried with oriental looking flowers; not caring to stop opposite that hard, handsome-looking official surrounded by military boatmen, who is white with rage at the French gentleman, tearing up a whole box of cigars, rather than pay duty on them, crushing them to dust with his feet; or rather, for there is a fuss here of landing travellers, and we shall be disturbed—let us cross Black Horse Square, where Don Jose the First, the patron of the terrible iron-handed Pombal, the enemy of the nobles, rides and dominates in bronze, and get to the quieter Largo di *Pelerhino*, or square by the arsenal; where the curious corporation pillar is, that looks like a cable; being made of twisted strands of marble. Where that skeleton armillary sphere now stands, on the top of the open-work column, was once a garotte-scaffold, with rings and chains, where noblemen were periodically strangled. A little lower, there, in the *Praga dos Romulares*, in the time of Don Miguel, five traitors were burnt, and their ashes thrown into the Tagus.

Look up here, too, below the Black Horse Square, now tenanted by boatmen waiting for hire, sentinels, and booted hackney coachmen, just above where the three streets Santa Anna, Augusta, and Prata meet! You see the arches and tottering ruins of the Carmo, one of the relics of that dreadful earthquake.

Lisbon had had several previous shocks; but, being uninspired, forgot them, and did not consider them to be warnings, or even threats.

There was, at first, an undulating tremble of two minutes, which many laughing feasting people thought was a wagon rumbling underneath the windows. Then another in a few minutes more, worse and unmistakable; so that houses were split and rent, and a dust arose that hid the sun. Then another interval of dreadful silence, and the city fell to pieces like a card-house: palace, hut, and cabin; church, casino, gambling-house, and thieves' kitchen, tumbled in together, amid a dusty fog as of an eclipse. Through all the dreadful apocalyptic darkness, arose groans, screams, and shrieks of the dying and the injured. An eye-witness, in a ship lying in the Tagus, said he saw the whole city suddenly heave like a wave, and then disappear.

I have met with travellers who have felt earthquakes at sea, and have seen them on land, and I have clear notions now about the horizontal and the upward motion, and I find out that it was neither the one nor the other that destroyed Lisbon; but a sort of clash and conflict of the two, as if two cross veins of earthquake had met and disagreed. I am told that it is one of the most terrible things in the world to see an earthquake come up a Mexican valley—like an advancing wave—shaking trees, and making houses and hills nod to each other. It brings on a sort of sickness. If it is dangerous and repeated, as in Lima and the Caraccas, its tendency is to demoralise society; to drive men to reckless pleasure and crime, as in Lisbon, at the time of which I speak: when great fires swept through the city, and when the smoking ruins were for fifteen days haunted by bands of robbers, till the stern Pombal hung three hundred of them, and so stanchd the moral wound.

That night, looking from the Braganca window at the weltering bay which seemed turned to silver, over which highway I could see away to Belem, the guarded mouth of the Tagus; I beheld the tranquil terraced roofs below, quiet in the moonlight; for the wilful Mohammedan moon was in her crescent, and I could almost imagine myself in the old Moorish city. As I looked, I fell into a reverie in my chair in the Braganca balcony. Napier's Peninsular War dropping from my hand, I imagined myself, that November morning, on that safe roof-top watching the tranquil city. Suddenly, the houses all around me began to roll and tremble like a stormy sea. Through an eclipse dimness I saw the buildings round my feet and faraway on every side, gape and split; the floors fell with the shake of cannons. The groans and cries of a great battle were round me. I could hear the sea dashing on the quays, and rising to swallow what the earthquake had left. Through the air, dark with falling walls and beams, amid showers of stones red with the billows of fire from sudden conflagrations, I saw the cloudy streets strewn with the dead and dying; screaming crowds, run-

ning thickly, hither and thither, like sheep when the doors of the red slaughter-house are closed.

Suddenly, a voice in my ears cries in bad Portuguese: I thought you rang for coffee, sir."

It was the waiter. I was saved!

A GIPSY KING.

THE greatest weakness that poor aunt had, was a passion for adoption, and irregular servants. To begin, she adopted me—her niece. Our boy, who was page and waiter at table, was a transported burglar's orphan. Our two maid-servants were work-house castaways. Our late coachman and general man-servant was a ticket-of-leave holder, who did not turn out well; and, at last, we adopted in his place a gipsy king. Aunt—or Miss Granite, as I ought to call her—was a maiden lady between fifty and sixty, possessed of considerable property, great strength of character, and unflinching moral courage. This was her very sensible, though somewhat eccentric idea of practical charity. Perhaps she was right; for, as a whole, her system worked well. She rose superior to the opinion of her neighbours, although we lived in a small, dull village, about fifteen miles on the highroad from London to Dover; and our villa, being next door to the rural station-house, the majesty of the law, if required, could have been turned on at any moment.

The ticket-of-leave man had a brother in the village; who, in my opinion was no better than the convict, only he had never been found out; and this brother, feeling ashamed of his relative's presence, was always urging him privately to go to Australia. This unceasing family pressure at last had its effect; and, one night he disappeared, taking enough of Miss Granite's loose cash with him to defray the cost of his passage.

It was getting late in the autumn; the weather was cold and chilly; the trees were standing under bare branches; the soil round the town was of a clayey nature; there had been much rain for many weeks, and the mists were damp and dispiriting. About the middle of a very dismal day at this period, a dirty, ragged man, of the tramp species, was observed to walk to and fro for some little time, in the hope of attracting the attention of the inmates; but, as no one went to the gate, he at last ventured to ring the bell. Miss Granite was looking through the drawing-room window, and at once, made amends for her neglect, by ordering the unpromising stranger to be invited in. Although he had looked dirty, unprepossessing, and half-wild outside the house, when he entered our presence his appearance was infinitely worse. His clothes were patched with rags, like a bed-quilt, and the patches were again re-patched with

clay. His face was sharp, brown, and grizzly; and his hands were nearly the colour of treacle. His object was to solicit the place left vacant by the absconded ticket-of-leave man.

"Where have you lived before?" asked my aunt. The visitor was silent.

"I don't care where it was," continued my aunt, "so long as I know the truth: I'm above all vulgar prejudices."

"Well, mum," he said, slowly, "I 'av'n't lived anywhere to speak on, except in the woods. I'm a gipsy king."

"A what?" exclaimed Miss Granite, in astonishment.

"A gipsy king, mum," returned the stranger, timidly, "an' a werry 'ard life it is, mum!"

My aunt for some few minutes remained silent. The stranger waited for her to take up the conversation, and I felt very much disposed to laugh.

"Is it possible," said Miss Granite, "that one of your ancient, wandering race, can think of settling down in the homes of civilisation?"

"Yes, mum," replied the gipsy king, "that's hexactly what it is."

"You are sincere," asked Miss Granite, "in your desire to forsake your tribe?"

"They didn't do the thing as was right by me," said the gipsy king, evasively; "they took a husurper, let 'em keep 'im."

"You have no wish to be any longer considered a king?" asked Miss Granite, with some tone of respect in her voice.

"Gipsy kings, mum, is all werry well to talk about over a fire," he answered, "an' all werry well to sing about over a pianer," he added, turning to me: "but let 'em try it in the winter, that's all!"

This last answer seemed satisfactory to aunt, and it explained to me pretty clearly the motives that had governed the stranger's application for the place. The weather was quite severe enough to drive every tribe of real or professed gipsies into comfortable winter quarters, except those who were content to be petrified with rheumatism and chilblains.

The gipsy king retired to the apartment of his predecessor, the late ticket-of-leave man, and in the course of an hour he acquired the appearance of another individual. Two buckets of water, several cakes of soap, and the half-livery of the last servant (the best suit he had left behind him,) turned the gipsy king into a very presentable groom—even for a village.

"What name shall we call you by?" asked Miss Granite, when he came into the sitting-room for orders.

"Well, mum," he replied, "if it's all the same to you, I should like to drop my real name, which no one could make anythin' of, an' answer to the call of Sam."

"We shall call you Samuel," said Miss

Granite, with some dignity, "we have no nicknames here."

My own impression is, that the gipsy king would, if properly treated, have sunk in time into a steady, common-place servant. The influence of regular habits, and regular meals was beginning to tell upon his frame, and while he lost his hungry sharpness of face, he acquired a very respectable rotundity of body. The proverbial restlessness and activity of his race was certainly becoming faded in him, for no one of the small kitchen household was so often found asleep before the fire. He was spoiled by his fellow-servants. They told him wonderful stories of his people that he had never heard before, and they sang unto him the wild songs of his native tribes (as published by the music-sellers.) They read to him (for he could not read himself) a cheap penny history of Bampfylde Moore Carew; and though he openly called the wandering gentleman an idiot and a fool, the poison sank into his soul. They would not let him alone; but taught him cheerful ballads of a gipsy's life, until his not very powerful mind began to give way, and he passed much of his time in dreaming of the lost poetry of the woods and fields.

He was a tolerably steady man, but a very unsteady coachman. His knowledge of wild horses might have been very great—as great as he said it was—but for the first two months he could scarcely turn our old mare, Nancy, in the road, and he was quite unequal to backing her up a heavy lane. Miss Granite seemed perfectly satisfied with him, and therefore no one else could complain; and she always treated him with much ceremony, in consideration of the title he had given up on entering her service.

The winter, which was a very severe one, passed by, and the spring came in very warm and early. About the middle of March we were sitting with open windows; the grass was rich and full, and the birds were singing in trees that were prematurely covered with leaves. The songs which the gipsy king had learnt of the servants he sang more loudly and more frequently about the house and stable-yard; and for the last two months he had claimed his periodical holidays, and had spent them, as far as I could learn, in wandering about the country.

Miss Granite had a custom of going to London twice a year—early in April and early in October—to see her stockbroker, and transact a little city business. I never knew what she did on these occasions, my duty being simply to accompany her in the carriage, to wait until she was ready to return, to dine with her at a particular pastry-cook's, and afterwards to ride with her home. The coachman had always half-a-crown given him, and permission to spend it at a particularly old tavern near the Bank of England.

Of course these visits to the metropolis

were always made in our own carriage, as it was exactly at that period when coaches had ceased to run, and railways had not yet thoroughly taken their place.

The vehicle was brought to our door about ten o'clock in the morning, and we drove leisurely to the city (not to distress the horses,) arriving there about half-past one. At five o'clock—allowing time for rest and baiting—we again took our seats, and got home between eight and nine to tea or supper. This is precisely what we had done, to my knowledge, eighteen times during the last nine years, and this is what Miss Granite, in the early part of the April of which I am writing, prepared to do again.

Our coach was old-fashioned, but comfortable; a yellow chariot that would have held six upon an emergency, but which (except when Miss Granite placed it at the disposal of a children's party) never held but our two selves. Miss Granite used to sit by herself on the broad cushion facing the driver, as she could not ride with her back to the horses; and I used to sit opposite, as she always liked plenty of room. The two horses were bony and majestic, and we never knew what their full speed was, as it had never been tried. The mare, Nancy, was rather restive, but the other horse was easily managed.

This was the equipage with which, on a bright spring morning, like a summer's morning, we started for London, the gipsy king being elevated upon his novel throne, the coach-box. He had driven us before about the country, with more or less skill, but this was his first metropolitan journey. I had my misgivings, but it was useless to express them.

We went on very well, even down Shooter's Hill, until we got into the busy part of the Old Kent Road; and there I noticed the wheels of heavy wagons very close to our windows, and we received several severe bumps. When we reached the Borough, these signs of bad coachmanship became more frequent; and we heard the sounds of loud, angry, and laughing voices, the slashing of whips across the top of our chariot, and saw the meaning gestures of many omnibus-drivers and hackney-cabmen. The passage of London Bridge and King William Street was an agony of terror to me, though aunt seemed to bear it all very calmly. At length we drew up at our destination, the gipsy king received his half-a-crown and his instructions, and we went about our business.

Punctually at our usual time (five o'clock) we made our appearance to return, and we found the gipsy king in readiness with the vehicle. We took our seats; our monarch mounted his throne; and, after considerable difficulty in turning the horses' heads, during which a dozen people seemed to volunteer their services, we were at last fairly started on the road home. The passage of the

Bridge and Borough seemed to have increased tenfold in difficulty since the morning, and yet our driver, as if by inspiration, flew through all. Other drivers still looked at us, and once I heard a shout, and felt a bump, and saw a truck rolling over in the gutter; but still we kept on our headlong course. Aunt, whose nerves are like iron, had gone fast asleep, and her body was jumping from side to side like a puppet in a Punch and Judy show. The horses had never been put upon their mettle before, and they seemed delighted and astonished at their speed. I looked through the window behind me, and saw the gipsy king flourishing his whip above his head, and bumping up and down on his throne, like a jockey riding a race.

We soon left the town far in our rear, and still we kept on. Aunt had by this time become thoroughly aroused, and half-persuaded that something was wrong. All attempts to arrest the course of the gipsy king were unavailing, and Miss Granite was about to break the glass, and try to pull the wild driver from his seat, when a sudden collision with some roadside obstacle shook the vehicle like a jelly, cast us both into each other's arms, and threw both the horses on their haunches. We quickly recovered ourselves, and seized the opportunity to jump out, and question the gipsy king upon such reckless behaviour. He had got his horses on their legs again, and he was grinning with a stupid leer of satisfaction.

"Samuel," said Miss Granite, with stern decision, "you're intoxicated: where are we?"

"Mum," returned Samuel, and he was intoxicated, "you've done the—thing—'s—right—byme, an'—the gip-'s—'art's gra—grateful."

"Where are we?" again asked Miss Granite, with extraordinary firmness, while I trembled nervously, for we were on a bleak common, and it was now nearly dusk.

"You know—me," returned the gipsy king, confidentially, "my 'ome—sholly ole green'ood tree! Am I right?"

"Samuel," returned Miss Granite, "my home is Bexley town, and I insist upon being taken there."

"Mum," stammered the gipsy king, with much difficulty, and holding out his hand, "this 'and's—a-gip-'s 'and, but's never bin stai—stained wi' crime." And then he proceeded very clumsily to mount his coach-box, singing all the while in a weak, shrill, uncertain voice,

"Sa—a—a—fly fol—low 'im;
Sa—a—a—fly fol—low 'im."

"This is the teaching of those foolish girls at home, aunt," I said, feeling that I must say something, or faint.

"I don't know what it is, my dear," returned Miss Granite, "but I'm determined we will not return home with that drunken

idiot, if we wander about the country all night."

The gipsy king had by this time seated himself upon the coach-box, with the reins in his hands.

"You won't—mum—werry well," he said, addressing my aunt in a little louder tone, as he saw us moving away, "you'll 'ear from me, mum—'cos I will. Rob'ry the gip—seorns as he flies—to's forest 'ome."

Saying this, he flourished his whip; and, singing loudly some song about the pleasures of a gipsy's life, he drove madly across the common, and was soon lost in the distance, amongst the trees.

That was the last we ever saw of the gipsy king, or of the carriage. We reached a labourer's cottage, where we passed the night, and we reached our home the next evening, by posting across the country. Miss Granite, in her usual way, would have no inquiry made about her loss, and she rather indulged the belief that the gipsy king had killed himself by driving over a precipice. For myself, I could only suppose that the horses had been sold at a fair in the regular irregular way; and that the carriage, if not turned into a show, was built up and disguised in the almost inaccessible depths of some forest, where it afforded a snug house of call for tramps, or a winter home for gipsies and gipsy babies.

THE ALMANAC-TREE.

A PLUM tree which, for some years past, has yielded a considerable supply of pleasant fruit, grows on foreign ground, over the water. On its trunk is carved, by some bookseller's apprentice, the word ALMANACH in grotesque letters, with a succession of dates above and around it.—From the stem of this tree there start innumerable branches and twigs, each branch bearing fruit, or almanacs, of different prices, from next to nothing a-piece, to three half-pence each, gradually advancing to half a franc till the heavy price of a franc is reached, beyond which limit almanacs are rarely produced. Two notable exceptions, however, exist: the Almanac of the Good Farmer, the Cultivator's Aid-Memory, a duodecimo volume with hundreds of engravings, is sold for seven francs. The same sum purchases the Almanac of the Good Gardener; a useful book, which may be considered as an annual new edition of a standard work, for the sake of introducing novelties and additions and making corrections in a publication, the date of whose first edition is unknown. The Bon Jardinier, though costly, deserves a place on the handbook shelf of every country gentleman—supposing every country gentlemanable to read French—side by side with our own excellent Gardener's Chronicle.

The fruit of this prolific almanac-tree is ripe and ready for sale by the month of October; and, by a sort of horticultural bull, the plums for eighteen hundred and fifty-nine are gathered in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight. The produce of the tree is mostly similar in shape—that is square, or nearly so, and flat; but very various in size, and particularly so in the colour and markings of the outer rind. There are green dumplings with black streaks, yellow ones with scarlet speckles often approaching to the shape of letters, and dove-coloured dumplings with parti-coloured blotches. There are blue, grey, buff, white, and neutral tinted specimens. Their flavour changes from year to year. On cutting them open, there is often found a permutation and combination, if not an actual repetition, of last year's black marks, called woodcuts; so that, upon the whole, if this goes on, fears are likely to be entertained that the produce of the almanac-tree is attacked by a new form of potato-blight or vine-disease, and that it is becoming less and less plummy and more and more plain. The effect of tasting the Almanach Comique used to be a good laugh—lately, it has been a yawn. The Prophetic Almanac prepares us for little that is new. The Lunatic Almanac—although got up by a merry and learned necromancer, who came down on purpose from the mountains in the moon—has scarcely the merit of original eccentricity. The Almanach Chantant, or Singing Almanac, is a record of songs that have been heard before; for instance, a ballad from Robert the Devil (the words are only given, in all cases, with the address of the shop where the music may be bought) is no novelty in eighteen hundred and fifty-nine. Nevertheless, Susan's Fete-day is a very comic song, even to read.

Perhaps we ought not to expect too much from annual autumn leaves like these. At least, they have the great merit of variety at the first time of inspecting them. The Almanac of Dames and Demoiselles illustrates the zodiacal sign, the Fishes, by a caricature of the modern art of pisciculture; a Norman nurse is dandling a fish in her lap and rocking another in a cradle. It records numerous deaths from crinoline, and gives a pretty story of a schoolgirl's friendship for—a white rose. Polichinelle, or Punch a perpetual almanac, and La Mere Gigogne (Punch's wife, or, as we should say, Judy) are children's books. The first for the nursery, with picture-alphabet and words in one syllable; the second for youngsters of longer growth, with plenty of cuts—some good and new, some sadly worn and threadbare—affectionate addresses, apologues, and tales, certain of which latter display considerable ingenuity; for they have the air of being written to fit a miscellaneous bagful of wood engravings, that had been thrown hap-hazard

on the writer's desk, with injunctions from the publisher to string them together by an interesting narrative. Perhaps *La Mère Gigogue* adopts this mode of exercising the wits of juvenile authors; in proof whereof, see the story of, and the illustrations to, *Les Deux Hommes qui se Pendent* (the Two Men who Hang themselves.) The *Almanac of the Good Kitchen* and of the *Mistress of the House*, drawn up with the assistance of the hotel-masters and chiefs of the kitchen of the first houses in Paris, makes the water come into your mouth as it passes in review the dainties of every month in the year, pronouncing judgment, affirmative or negative, on a dish suggesting delays and dalliings with certain delicacies, or boldly advising to snatch others in their prime. If April be the pleasantest time of the year, it is also the most ingrate in fowls, game, vegetables, and fruit. May is the month of flowers, but not yet of fruits. It is more agreeable to poets and lovers than to cooks and gourmands; its sins are redeemed to a slight degree by its opening the door to mackerel, green peas, and amiable pigeons. Butter, from spring grass is in all its glory. In August, good cheer languishes; people are driven to discount their winter bills of fare by eating little rabbits, leverets, and turtle-doves—veritable infanticides. In September, fresh water fish is excellent; oysters, according to the proverb, are eatable, but the true amateur will wait till December. Game is already good, but it will be better in the following months. In October, alimentary enjoyments become numerous and vivid. Beef has spent the summer in getting fat, mutton in gaining succulence; veal, less delicate than in spring, is nevertheless not to be despised. Fresh sea-fish is resplendent. In December, you have every possible resource of the butchery and the charcuterie, or pork-and-sausage art; you have your choice of poultry, game, and venison; and now is the time to cause to be sent to you the famous pates of Strasbourg, of Toulouse, of Amiens, of Chartres, of Périgieux, and of multitudinous other savoury towns. The year is not long enough, at the present late date, to taste all the good things of the *Almanach de la Bonne Cuisine*. Try, by way of testing the excellence of its receipts, the fillet of beef with wine of Madeira, the œufs à la neige, or snowy eggs, or the cake à la Madeleine.

Other forms of indulgence are cared for by the *Smoker's and Snufftaker's Almanac*. There is a *Gardener's Almanac*—that is, there are several; an *Almanac of the Navy*; an *Almanac of Games of Society*; there is an *Almanac of Literature, the Theatre, and the Fine Arts*, with a dramatic and literary history of the year by the prince of critics, Jules Janin, and mounting to the high price of fifteen centimes. A dynasty which wisely appreciates the value of universal suffrage

does not disdain to be glorified by a *Petit Almanach Impérial*. Finally, to push aside a crowd of competing candidates, many periodical publications choose to wind up the year by publishing an almanac of their own. It suffices to name the *Almanac of the Figaro* and the *Almanac of the Magasin Pittoresque* as representatives of that popular and populous tribe who help to pass a leisure moment pleasantly.

The roots of this prolific and perennial almanac-tree—which rivals in antiquity the venerable orangers of the Tuilleries—are mostly planted in Paris soil, and almost always in tufts and clusters, which may in part account for the inferiority remarked in the crops of the last few years. A sturdy bunch of roots grows in the Rue de Seine, number eighteen, in the premises of a publisher named Pagnerre, from which literary stool or stump there springs the sap which causes no less than fifty or sixty different almanacs to blossom, swell, and attain their full growth—not to mention the house's dealings in almanacs published at other establishments—forming, altogether, an odd lot of merchandise which, like fruit at the Central Halle or at Covent Garden, have their different prices, wholesale and retail, according to the customer and the time of day. And yet, if you enter Monsieur Pagnerre's premises from the street, all you may chance to see will be books on shelves and books in bundles, with a little boy in a blouse to keep the almanacs from flying away, like the days and weeks which they chronicle, and two ladies sitting at a desk behind a counter, absorbed in the interesting pages of a ledger. Their position prevents your ascertaining whether they are blue-stockings or no. The stud of authors, printers, prophets, poets, calculators, illustrators, and binders must be curious to behold, if we could get at them. But, probably much of the work is done by machinery. Almanacs may be ground in mills, or spun, or cast in moulds; which would account for the sort of manufacturing monopoly and the defects arising from want of competition, to which there appears a tendency in the most recent generations of the almanacs which are issued in shoals.

Another productive almanac-bed exists in the Rue des Grands-Augustins, thriving under the culture of Monsieur Delarue, who has given us an *Almanac-Manual of Health*, followed by a treatise on the Diseases of the Soul. We here find two scraps of good advice: To take as few remedies as possible, and to call in the doctor if anything serious is the matter. This is modest in an almanac of so old a standing; for it appears that in the middle of the sixteenth century, just three hundred years ago, the celebrated Rabelais, Curé and Doctor at Meudon, near Paris, published, under the protection of Cardinal Dubellay, his first *Almanac of*

Health in which he treated of all the maladies of the human body, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. Nothing better has since been invented than his regimen to ward off sea-sickness, which he prescribed to his patron; namely, To drink for several days at his meals, before embarking, sea-water either pure or mixed with his wine, three spoonfuls a day, one fasting before breakfast, one at noon before dinner, and one at night before going to bed; to make several excursions out to sea before embarking for a long voyage; to carry a stock of quince marmalade and jelly, the same of currants, lemons, apples, and other acid fruits; to apply a moistened sheet of paper to the stomach, which should never be empty; to eat frequently during the passage, so as not to have to strain for nothing.

This Almanac-Manual treats of the health of people belonging to different professions. Listen, reader, to the complicated dangers to which we authors expose ourselves for your edification and amusement.

Literary people are even more liable to complaints than other sedentary folk. Few are to be seen who are strong and healthy, and who live to an advanced age. Continued study has often ruined the best constitution in less than a month. To think constantly is, as they say, the way not to think for long. Literary persons are subject to the gout, the consequence of bad digestion and checked perspiration. Liver diseases, such as obstructions of that viscus, schirrus, jaundice, indigestion, loss of appetite, the destruction of the whole body, are the consequences of the sedentary life to which literary people are constrained. Consumption, so common amongst them, is the result of the position, leaning against a desk, in which they labour. Too great application leads to headaches, apoplexy, giddiness, madness, paralysis, diseases of the eyes, all sorts of fevers, especially those of the nervous class, dropsy, and the hypochondriacal affection, the most sad and desperate of all maladies. Liege in Belgium, and Rouen in Normandy, also supply the French market with almanacs. Both give sundry almanacs called *Mathieu Laensbergs*,—a veritable one, a double one, a new one, and a triple one—of which learned author more anon. He occupies too important a place in the history of almanacs, to be passed over with the simple mention of his name.

The first almanacs were nothing but calendars; before the invention of printing, they were simple catalogues, or *fusti*, giving the names of the saints held in general esteem, as well as of those whom the Church delighted particularly to honour. It is stated that there existed at the end of the last century, in the library of a monastery in the Angoumois, a manuscript calendar of the Roman Church, which had been drawn up about the middle of the fourth century, and

which was the most ancient calendar known. In sixteen hundred and thirty-four, Father Gilles Boucher, a Jesuit, belonging to the House at Arras, printed it at Antwerp in his commentaries on the Paschal cycle.

It was scarcely before the twelfth or thirteenth century that they began to annex to the calendars remarks on the different days of the year, on the seasons and on the rules to be observed for the maintenance of health and the cure of diseases. From this epoch, therefore, dates, the actual beginning of the *armonach*, the *armanach*, the *halmanach*, or the *almanac* properly so called. The orthographical variations of the word *almanac* have made it the subject of numerous etymological explanations. When Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentleman* wished his master of philosophy to teach him the *almanac*, he expressed only a very reasonable desire; but many, who laugh at Monsieur Jourdain, would be puzzled to answer the most elementary questions on the same subject. Monsieur Jourdain was greatly mistaken, if he thought that the lessons he asked for would be easy and simple. The explanation of the *almanac* touches the most delicate and thorny points of science and erudition. *Almanac*, according to some, is derived from the Persian, or the Greek, or the Hebrew, or the Arabic. According to Nicot, it is a Chaldaic word; *al* is the definite article, and *manah*, signifies number, reckoning; and in the calendar, the days and the months are reckoned. Others will have it, that the origin of the *almanac* must be sought for amongst the Egyptians. Arago tells us that *almanach* comes from the word *man*, which, amongst the Orientals, signifies moon. Cornelius Killian, believes that *almanac* is composed of two German roots, *al*, and *monat*, all, and moons, because it contains all the lunations of the year.

An *almanac* of the thirteenth century; drawn up in a sort of patois French, is enriched with some very curious medical and domestic precepts. In May, you ought to take hot drinks; in June, you should bleed, take tepid draughts, and make provision of the dried blossoms of the vine; in July, you ought not to bleed, but to eat roast meat, and to drink tepid drinks fasting. It appears that besides the manuscript calendars on parchment, wooden ones were made, which were worn about the person, fastened to the owner's clothes. Probably others existed, made of various hard materials.

Printed almanacs were known in France from the commencement of the fifteenth century. The first, which appeared in fourteen hundred and seventy, thirty-four years after the invention of printing, is attributed to a Breton monk, Guinklam by name. It was a calendar drawn up in Latin, containing the names of the saints, and marking the fe-days and the changes of the moon. There were also the calendars of the celebrated

Monteregio printed at Nuremberg and Venice, in fourteen hundred and seventy-five and six. In fourteen hundred and eighty-one, there appeared another almanac, in Latin like the first, which was the production of a monk, designated by the name of Floristan. This worthy originated a branch of literature which still has its admirers and cultivators; he commenced the publication of prophecies, beginning with those which had relation to the Church. What he got by it was an excommunication from Pope Sixtus the Fourth, for having predicted that His Holiness would die of poison. This affair made a great noise in the world. The Bishop of Soissons got Floristan into his clutches, and sent him before the Ecclesiastical Court, who condemned him to be burnt alive, as a man possessed by the devil. The sentence was executed in front of the cathedral church. Francis Moore and Company little think by what a terrible ceremony their prophetic craft was inaugurated. Three years afterwards, the actual decease of Sixtus the Fourth completely contradicted Floristan's prediction. He lost his life in consequence of a fall from a mule, on Saint Bartholomew's day.

In spite of this severe example, the men calling themselves religious who dwelt in monasteries continued all the same to fabricate almanacs, which they printed themselves under the title of the *Divinus Astrologus*. In fourteen hundred and eighty-eight Jehan Cotigny, a Beauplais monk, gave to the world an almanac, also containing predictions, but he had the discretion to give them quite a different turn to those of his predecessor. Cotigny announced that almost all the abbots and bishops of his day would take their places amongst the elect, and would ultimately be canonised. No more was needed to draw down upon his head the benedictions of all the religious orders; in consequence, the Bishop of Dijon granted him great privileges, amongst others, that of continuing the exclusive publication of the *Divinus Astrologus*, throughout the Diocese. But he soon found competitors in every monastery in France, and even amongst the laity. In all quarters almanacs were published; but they were not all alike. Thus, whilst Father Benoist, a Dominican of the Convent of Paris, published his in fourteen hundred and ninety, and announced for the following year that the Holy Virgin would come in person to visit the king and the churches, a Benedictine published another, which prognosticated that in fourteen hundred and ninety-one many grand seigneurs would find themselves possessed by the demon, would die in frightful torments, and would be dragged to the place never mentioned to ears polite, UNLESS they made haste to redeem their sins by the payment of large sums of money, which the Dominicans were commissioned to receive. A great number of

lofty barons did as they were bid with such good grace that, in a fortnight's time, the Dominicans had found the means of purchasing a vast inclosure, which enabled them to enlarge their convent, and to build a magnificent chapel. This was the first almanac written in French. As the stratagem had taken so well, Friar Benoist, with the consent of his superior, printed a new almanac the following year, and bethought himself of predicting to the king, and under the same terms of remission, the same fate which had been foretold to the seigneurs; but this time, fortune failed to favour the brave. Charles the Eighth, frightened by the prophecy at the first outset, was on the point of cashing down; but, yielding to the counsel of his minister, he thought better of it, laid his complaint before the archbishop, and Benoist, as well as the superior of the Dominicans, were tried by the ecclesiastical tribunal, and were condemned to be thrown quick, together with the almanac of the year of grace fourteen hundred and ninety-two, into a burning brazier, as attainted and convicted of diabolical possession. Benoist found that almanacs were dangerous edge-tools to trifle with; very pleasant sport as long as he held them by the handle. Having played with fire, he had no right to express surprise at a burn.

Shortly afterwards, Charles the Eighth made an ordonnance prohibiting the publication of almanacs, either by laymen or by ecclesiastics, which was generally obeyed during his reign; but, on the extinction of the elder branch of the Valois, it was disregarded; and, little by little, almanacs reappeared. At the outset, they went no further than to give the calendars with a notice of the sun's rising and setting; but they soon added predictions of the weather, and afterwards predictions respecting men and things, so that the almanac became what it had been before. All these productions were nothing but miserable rhapsodies: it was reserved for the following century to give birth to a more serious work in the same style. Michel de Notre-Dame, called Nostradamus, published at Lyons in fifteen hundred and fifty, an almanac which made a great sensation, and which brought him in considerable presents. It excited a general competition, and almanacs sprang up in all directions. In spite of which, Nostradamus's reputation continued to increase, and was still further augmented, in fifteen hundred and fifty-five, by his prophecies in verse, to which he added, in fifteen hundred and fifty-eight, some new centuries of rhymes which he dedicated to Henri the Second, and which obtained for him the brevet of first physician to the king. Nostradamus's almanac was extensively counterfeited.

This state of things continued until fifteen hundred and sixty, when, by an ordonnance of Charles the Ninth to the States of Orleans, all printers and booksellers were prohibited

from printing or exposing for sale any almanacs or prognostications without previous examination by the archbishop, bishop, or persons by them appointed; those who made or offered for sale the said almanacs were liable to trial by the ordinary judges and to corporal punishment. The result of this power conferred on the bishops was to deprive laymen of the sale of almanacs, to the benefit of the monasteries. The corporation of booksellers complained of the injustice. On the other hand, the ecclesiastical almanac makers continued to publish dangerous predictions, and covered their turpitudes beneath the authorisation of the bishops, who drew a profit from their monopoly of the name of Nostradamus, although Nostradamus had died years before. The government became uneasy, and an ordonnance of Henri the third modified that of Charles the Ninth, by requiring for the sale of almanacs the express authorisation of the king or of the ordinary judges, under pain of arbitrary fine, confiscation, and imprisonment. In spite of this explicit rule, the most ridiculous and immoral prophecies took their full swing, until Louis the Thirteenth put an end to the licence.

Till sixteen hundred and thirty, almanacs were printed in folio. At that epoch the famous Liege almanac first appeared, which still has its continuators in France, Holland, Germany, and Belgium. Mathieu Laensberg, canon of Saint Barthelemy at Liege, passes for the first author of this popular work. In this almanac we find the twelve celestial signs governing the human body, and the indication of favourable times for cutting the hair, for being bled, and for taking medicine. This encroachment by the astrologer on the doctor's territory was the ground of complaint on the part of the latter, who succeeded in suppressing from the following editions a great portion of the matter relating to medicine. But in the end these medico-astrological prescriptions were re-established in the Shepherd's Almanac, which was united to Laensberg's, and which was consequently entitled the Double-Liegeois.

All Mathieu Laensberg's almanacs were followed by prognostications and general predictions of coming events. This little book, although printed in Belgium, was profusely circulated in France, and eclipsed every other production of the kind published by the booksellers of different provinces. Laensberg excelled in the art of framing predictions: he drew them up with such tact and elasticity that, happen what might, they almost always came true. Add to this, several lucky hits which Laensberg made with some of his earliest prophecies, and the astrologer's reputation will be easily accounted for. We had

an instance of the kind not many years since, when Murphy, in his Weather Almanac, fortunately pitched upon a certain eleventh of January to be the coldest day in the winter, as it proved. The almanac throve for a year or two, in spite of repeated failures, on the faith of that one happy coincidence. Laensberg won the popular confidence by means of like chance accidents. Thus, in sixteen hundred and thirty-nine, he predicted, "In the year which is to follow, people of all conditions and a great state will be sorely vexed, and in the same year doctors will have great work and business."—Now, it so happened that in sixteen hundred and forty, these prophecies were believed to be fulfilled by a sort of gripe, or influenza, which for two months raged with intensity in England and France.

The continuers of Mathieu Laensberg (who left, according to the general opinion predictions for a thousand years to come,) were also now and then marvellously helped by circumstances. We find in the anecdotes of Madame Dubarry, that that lady having been obliged to quit the court when Louis the Fifteenth was seized with his last illness, called to mind the Liege Almanac for seventeen hundred and seventy-five, which had so greatly excited her apprehensions, and which she had endeavoured to suppress as far as she could, because it contained among the predictions for the month of April the following phrase: "A lady in the highest favour will perform her last part." She often exclaimed, "I wish that horrid month of April were over!" The prophecy which the Dubarry personally applied to herself, came to pass. The king died in the month following.

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NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WHEN I was a little animal revolting to the sense of sight (for I date from the period when small boys had a dreadful high-shouldered sleeved strait-waistcoat put upon them by their keepers, over which their dreadful little trousers were buttoned tight, so that they roamed about disconsolate, with their hands in their pockets, like dreadful little pairs of tongs that were vainly looking for the rest of the fire-irons); when I was this object of just contempt and horror to all well-constituted minds, and when, according to the best of my remembrance and self-examination in the past, even my small shirt was an airy superstition which had no sleeves to it and stopped short at my chest; when I was this exceedingly uncomfortable and disreputable father of my present self, I remember to have been taken, upon a New Year's Day, to the Bazaar in Soho Square, London, to have a present bought for me. A distinct impression yet lingers in my soul that a grim and unsympathetic old personage of the female gender, flavored with musty dry lavender, dressed in black crape, and wearing a pocket in which something clinked at my ear as we went along, conducted me on this occasion to the World of Toys. I remember to have been incidentally escorted a little way down some conveniently retired street diverging from Oxford Street, for the purpose of being shaken; and nothing has ever slaked the burning thirst for vengeance awakened in me by this female's manner of insisting upon wiping my nose herself (I had a cold and a pocket-handkerchief), on the screw principle. For many years I was unable to excogitate the reason why she should have undertaken to make me a present. In the exercise of a matured judgment, I have now no doubt that she had done something bad in her youth, and that she took me out as an act of expiation.

Nearly lifted off my legs by this adamant woman's grasp of my glove (another fearful invention of those dark ages—a muffler, and fastened at the wrist like a handcuff), I was hauled through the Bazaar. My tender imagination (or conscience) represented certain small apartments in corners, resembling wooden cages, wherein I have

since seen reason to suppose that ladies' collars and the like are tried on, as being, either dark places of confinement for refractory youth, or dens in which the lions were kept who fattened on boys who said they didn't care. Suffering tremendous terrors from the vicinity of these avenging mysteries, I was put before an expanse of toys, apparently about a hundred and twenty acres in extent, and was asked what I would have to the value of half-a-crown? Having first selected every object at half-a-guinea, and then staked all the aspirations of my nature on every object at five shillings, I hit, as a last resource, upon a Harlequin's Wand—painted particoloured, like Harlequin himself.

Although of a highly hopeful and imaginative temperament, I had no fond belief that the possession of this talisman would enable me to change Mrs. Pipchin at my side into anything agreeable. When I tried the effect of the wand upon her, behind her bonnet, it was rather as a desperate experiment founded on the conviction that she could change into nothing worse, than with any latent hope that she would change into something better. Howbeit, I clung to the delusion that when I got home I should do something magical with this wand; and I did not resign all hope of it until I had, by many trials, proved the wand's total incapacity. It had no effect on the staring obstinacy of a rocking-horse; it produced no live Clown out of the hot beefsteak-pie at dinner; it could not even influence the minds of my honoured parents to the extent of suggesting the decency and propriety of their giving me an invitation to sit up to supper.

The failure of this wand is my first very memorable association with a New Year's Day. Other wands have failed me since, but the Day itself has become their substitute, and is always potent. It is the best Harlequin's Wand I have ever had. It has wrought strange transformations—no more of them—its power in reproducing the Past is admirable. Nothing ever goes wrong with that trick. I throw up and catch my little wand of New Year's Day, beat the dust of years from the ground at my feet with it, twinkle it a little, and Time reverses his

hour-glass, and flies back, much faster than he ever flew forward.

New Year's Day. What Party can that have been, and what New Year's Day can that have been, which first rooted the phrase, "A New Year's Day Party," in my mind? So far back do my recollections of childhood extend, that I have a vivid remembrance of the sensation of being carried down-stairs in a woman's arms, and holding tight to her, in the terror of seeing the steep perspective below. Hence, I may have been carried into this Party, for anything I know; but, somehow or other, I most certainly got there, and was in a door-way looking on; and in that look a New Year's Party revealed itself to me, as a very long row of ladies and gentlemen sitting against a wall, all drinking at once out of little glass cups with handles, like custard-cups. What can this Party have been! I am afraid it must have been a dull one, but I *know* it came off. Where can this Party have been? I have not the faintest notion where, but I am absolutely certain it was somewhere. Why the company should all have been drinking at once, and especially why they should all have been drinking out of custard-cups, are points of fact over which the Waters of Oblivion have long rolled. I doubt if they can have been drinking the Old Year out and the New One in, because they were not at supper and had no table before them. There was no speech-making, no quick movement and change of action, no demonstration of any kind. They were all sitting in a long row against the wall—very like my first idea of the good people in Heaven, as I derived it from a wretched picture in a Prayer-book—and they had all got their heads a little thrown back, and were all drinking at once. It is possible enough that I, the baby, may have been caught up out of bed to have a peep at the company, and that the company may happen to have been thus occupied for the flash and space of a moment only. But, it has always seemed to me as if I looked at them for a long time—hours—during which they did nothing else; and to this present time, a casual mention in my hearing, of a Party on a New Year's Day, always revives that picture.

On what other early New Year's Day can I possibly have been an innocent accomplice in the secreting—in a coal cellar too—of a man with a wooden leg? There was no man with a wooden leg, in the circle of my acknowledged and lawful relations and friends. Yet I clearly remember that we stealthily conducted the man with the wooden leg—whom we knew intimately—into the coal cellar, and that, in getting him over the coals to hide him behind some partition there was beyond, his wooden leg bored itself in among the small coals, and his hat flew off, and he fell backward and lay prone: a spectacle of helplessness. I clearly remember that his

struggles to get up among the small coals, and to obtain any purchase on himself in those slippery and shifting circumstances, were a work of exceeding difficulty, involving delay and noise that occasioned us excessive terror. I have not the least idea who "we" were, except that I had a little sister for another innocent accomplice, and that there must have been a servant girl for principal: neither do I know whether the man with the wooden leg robbed the house, before or afterwards, or otherwise nefariously distinguished himself. Nor, how a cat came to be connected with the occasion, and had a fit, and ran over the top of a floor. But, I know that some awful reason compelled us to hush it all up, and that we "never told." For many years, I had this association with a New Year's Day entirely to myself, until at last, the anniversary being come round again, I said to the little sister, as she and I sat by chance among our children, "Do you remember the New Year's Day of the man with the wooden leg?" Whereupon, a thick black curtain which had overhung him from her infancy, went up, and she saw just this much of the man, and not a jot more. (A day or so before her death, that little sister told me that, in the night, the smell of the fallen leaves in the woods where we had habitually walked as very young children, had come upon her with such strength of reality, that she had moved her weak head to look for strewn leaves on the floor at her bedside.)

New Year's Day. It was on a New Year's Day that I fought a duel. Furious with love and jealousy, I "went out" with another gentleman of honor, to assert my passion for the loveliest and falsest of her sex. I estimate the age of that young lady to have been about nine—my own age, about ten. I knew the Queen of my soul, as "the youngest Miss Clickitt but one." I had offered marriage, and my proposals had been very favorably received, though not definitively closed with. At which juncture, my enemy—Paynter, by name—arose out of some abyss or cavern, and came between us. The appearance of the Fiend Paynter, in the Clickitt Paradise, was altogether so mysterious and sudden, that I don't know where he came from; I only know that I found him, on the surface of this earth, one afternoon late in the month of December, playing at hot boiled beans and butter with the youngest Miss Clickitt but one. His conduct on that occasion was such, that I sent a friend to Paynter. After endeavouring with levity to evade the question, by pulling the friend's cap off and throwing it into a cabbage-garden, Paynter referred my messenger to his cousin—a goggle-eyed Being worthy of himself. Preliminaries were arranged, and by my own express stipulation the meeting was appointed for New Year's Day, in order that one of us might quit this state of existence on a day of mark. I passed a considerable

portion of the last evening of the old year in arranging my affairs. I addressed a pathetic letter and a goldfinch, to the youngest Miss Clickitt but one (to be delivered into her own hands by my friend, in case I should fall,) and I wrote another letter for my mother, and made a disposition of my property; which consisted of books, some coloured engravings of Bamfylde Moore Carew, Mrs. Shipton, and others, in a florid style of art, and a rather choice collection of marbles. While engaged in these last duties, I suffered the keenest anguish, and wept abundantly. The combat was to begin with fists, but was to end any how. Dark presentiments overshadowed my mind, because I had heard, on reliable authority, that Paynter (whose father was pay-master of some regiment stationed in the sea-port where the conflict impended,) had a dirk and meant the worst. I had no other arms, myself, than a blank cartridge, of which ammunition we used to get driblets from the soldiers when they practised, by following them up with tobacco, and bribing them with pipes-full screwed in old copies, to pretend to load and not to do it. This cartridge my friend and second had specially recommended me, on the combat's assuming a mortal appearance, to explode on the fell Paynter: which I, with some indefinite view of blowing that gentleman up, had undertaken to do, though the engineering details of the operation were not at all adjusted. We met in a sequestered trench, among the fortifications. Paynter had access to some old military stores, and appeared on the ground in the regulation-cap of a full-grown Private of the Second Royal Veteran Battalion.—I see the boy now, coming from among the stinging-nettles in an angle of the trench, and making my blood run cold by his terrible appearance. Preliminaries were arranged, and we were to begin the struggle—this again was my express stipulation—on the word being given, "The youngest Miss Clickitt but one!" At this crisis, a difference of opinion arose between the seconds, touching the exact construction of that article in the code of honor which prohibits "hitting below the waistcoat;" and I rather think it arose from *my* second's having manoeuvred the whole of *my* waistcoat into the neighborhood of my chin. However it arose, expressions were used which Paynter, who I found had a very delicate sense of honor, could not permit to pass. He immediately dropped his guard, and appealed to me whether it was not our duty most reluctantly to forego our own gratification until the two gentlemen in attendance on us had established their honor? I warmly assented; I did more; I immediately took my friend aside, and lent him the cartridge. But, so unworthy of our confidence were those seconds that they declined, in spite alike of our encouragements and our indignant re-

monstrances, to engage. This made it plain both to Paynter and myself, that we had but one painful course to take; which was, to leave them ("with loathing," Paynter said, and I highly approved,) and go away arm in arm. He gave me to understand as we went along that he too was a victim of the perfidy of the youngest Miss Clickitt but one, and I became exceedingly fond of him before we parted.

And here is another New Year's Day coming back, under the influence of the Wand which is better than Harlequin's! What New Year's Day is this? This is the New Year's Day of the annual gathering of later times at Boles'. Mr. Boles lives in a high, bleak, Down-country, where the wind never leaves off whistling all the year round, unless it takes to roaring. Mr. Boles has chimney-corners in his house, as big as other people's rooms; Mr. Boles's larder is as the larder of an amiable giant, and Mr. Boles's kitchen corresponds thereto. In Mr. Boles's boudoirs sits Miss Boles: a blessed creature: a Divinity. In Mr. Boles's bed-chambers, is a ghost. In Mr. Boles's house, in short, is everything desirable—and under Mr. Boles's house, is Mr. Boles's cellar. So many are the New Year's Days I have passed at Mr. Boles's that I have won my way, like an enlisted Son of the vanished French Republic one and indivisible, through a regular series of promotions: beginning with the non-commissioned bedrooms, passing through the subaltern bedrooms, ascending in the scale until, on the New Year's day now obedient to the Wand, I inhabit the Field-Marshal bed-room. But, where is Mr. Boles, now I have risen so high in the service? Alack! I go out, now-a-days, into the windy snow-drift, or the windy frost, or windy rain, or windy sunshine—of a certainty into the windy weather, let it be what else it may—to look at Mr. Boles's tomb in the little churchyard: where, while the avenue of elms is gustily tossed and troubled, like Life, the one dark yew-tree in the shadow of the bell-tower is solemnly at rest, like Death. And Miss Boles? She, too, is departed, though only into the world of matrons, not of shadows; and she is my hostess now; and she is a blessed creature (in the bygone sense of making the ground she walks on, worshipful,) no more; and I have outlived my passion for her, and I perceive her appetite to be healthy, and her nose to be red. What of that? Are the seasons to stop for me? There are Boleses coming on, though under the different name into which the blessed creature goes for ever, (if she ever really came) sunk her own. In the old Boles boudoirs, there are still blessed creatures and divinities—to somebody, though not to me. If I suspect that the present non-commissioned officers and subalterns don't love as I did when I held those ranks, are not half as unselfishly faithful as I was, not half as tenderly devoted as I

was, not half as passionately miserable as I was, what then? It may be so: it may not be so; but the world is, on the whole, round, and it is ever turning. If my old type has disappeared for the moment, it will come up again in its right place, when its right time brings it upward. Moreover, what am I, even as I know myself, that I should bemoan the disappearance, real or fancied, of the like of Me? Because I am *not* virtuous, shall there be no cakes but of my kneading, no ale but of my brewing? Far from me be the thought! When it comes near me, and stays by me, I may know of a surety that New Year's Days are finally closing in around me, and that, in a scheme where nothing created stops, I cannot too soon cease to be an insignificant anomaly. Therefore, O New Year's Days of the old Boles time, and of all my old time, may you be ever welcome! Therefore, non-commissioned officers, subalterns, lieutenants, all, of the Boles spare bed-rooms, I, from the Field-Marshal chamber stretch out my poor hand, entreating cordiality of union among all degrees, and cheerfully declaring my readiness to join as well as I can, in the last new figures of the Dance of Life, rather than growl and grumble, with no partner, down the Dance of Death.

And here is another New Year's Day responsive to the Wand of the season before I have dismissed the last. An Italian New Year's Day, this, and the bright Mediterranean, with a stretch of violet and purple shore, formed the first leaf in the book of the New Year that I turned at daybreak this morning. On the steep hill-sides between me and the sea, diversified by many a patch of cypress-trees and tangled vines, is a wild medley of roof upon roof, church upon church, terrace upon terrace, wall upon wall, tower upon tower. Questioning myself whether I am not descended, without having thought of it before, in a direct line from the good Haroun Alraschid, I tread the tessellated pavement of the garden-terrace, watch the gold-fish in the marble fountains, loiter in the pleasant grove of orange-trees, and become a moving pillar of fragrance by unromantically pocketing a green lemon, now and then, with an eye to Punch to-night in the English manner. It is not the New Year's Day of a dream, but of broad awake fact, that finds me housed in a palace, with a highly popular ghost and twenty-five spare bed-rooms: over the stone and marble floors of which deserted halls, the highly popular ghost (unquiet spirit of a Porter, one would think,) drags all the heavy furniture at dead of night. Down in the town, in the street of Happy Charles, at the shop of the swiss confectioner, there is at this moment, and is all day, an eager group examining the great Twelfth-cake—or, as my good friend and servant who speaks all languages and knows none, renders it to the

natives, *pane dolce numero dodici*—sweet bread number twelve—which has come as a present all the way from Signor Gunter's della Piazza Berkely, Londra, Inghilterra, and which got cracked in coming, and is in the street of Happy Charles to be mended, and the like of which has never been seen. It comes back at sunset (in order that the man who brings it on his head may get clear off before the ghost is due,) and is set out as a show in the great hall. In the great hall, made as light as all our lights can make it—which is rather dark, it must be confessed—we assemble at night, to “keep it up,” in the English manner; meaning by “we,” the handful of English dwelling in that city, and the half handful of English who have married there into other nations, and the rare old Italian Cavaliere, who improvises, writes poetry, plays harps, composes music, paints pictures, and is always inaugurating somebody's bust in his little garden. Brown is the rare old Cavaliere's face, but green his young enthusiastic heart; and whatever we do upon this mad New Year's Night, the Cavaliere gaily bears his part in, and believes to be essentially an English custom, which all the English observe. When we enact grotesque charades, or disperse in the wildest exaggeration of an obsolete country-dance through the five-and-twenty empty rooms, the Cavaliere, ever foremost, believes in his soul that all provincial respectability and metropolitan variety, all Canterbury Precinct, Whitfield Tabernacle, Saint James's Parish, Clapham, and Whitechapel, are religiously doing the same thing; and he cries, “Dear England, merry England, the young and joyous, home of the Fancy, free as the air, playful as the child!” So enchanted is the dear Cavaliere (at about three in the morning, and after the lemons,) that he folds my hand flat, inside his white waistcoat, folds his own two over it, and walks me up and down the Hall, meekly prisoner, while he improvises an enormous poem on the sports of England; which poem, I think, throughout, I am going to begin to understand presently, but of which I do not comprehend one lonely word. Nor, does even this severe intellectual exercise use up the Cavaliere, for, after going home and playing the harp I don't know how many hours, he flies out of bed, seizes pen ink and paper—the mechanical appliances of the whole circle of the Arts are always at his bedside, ready against inspiration in the night—and writes quite a Work on the same subject: as the blotted, piebald manuscript he sends to me before I am up next day, affectingly testifies. Said manuscript is inscribed to myself, most illustrious Signor, kissing my hands, and is munificently placed at the disposal of any English publisher whom it may please to undertake a translation.

And here is another New Year's Day invoked by the Wand of the time, and this

New Year's Day is a French one, and a bitter, bitter cold one. All Paris is out of doors. Along the line of the Boulevards runs a double row of stalls, like the stalls at an English fair; and surely those are hard to please, in all small wares and all small gambling, who cannot be pleased here. Paris is out of doors in its newest and brightest clothes. Paris is making presents to the Universe—which is well known to be Paris. Paris will eat more bon-bons this day, than in the whole bon-bon eating year. Paris will dine out this day, more than ever. In homage to the day, the peculiar glory of the always-glorious plate-glass windows of the Restorers in the Palais Royal, where rare summer-vegetables from Algiers contend with wonderful great pears from the richest soils of France, and with little plump birds of exquisite plumage, direct from the skies. In homage to the day, the glittering brilliancy of the sweet-shops, teeming with beautiful arrangement of colours, and with beautiful tact and taste in trifles. In homage to the day, the new Review—Dramas at the Theatre of Varieties, and the Theatre of Vaudeville, and the Theatre of the Palais Royal. In homage to the day, the new Drama in seven acts, and incalculable pictures, at the Ambiguously Comic Theatre, the Theatre of the Gate of Saint Martin, and the Theatre of Gaiety: at which last establishment particularly, a brooding Englishman can, by intensity of interest, get himself made wretched for a fortnight. In homage to the day, the extra-announcing of these Theatres, and fifty more, and the queues of blouses already, at three o'clock in the afternoon, penned up in the cold wind on the cold stone pavement outside them. Spite of wind and frost, the Elysian Fields and the Wood of Boulogne are filled with equipages, equestrians, and pedestrians: while the strange, rickety, rickety, up-all-night looking world of eating house, tomb-stone maker, ball-room, cemetery, and wine-shop, outside the Barriers, is as thickly peopled as the Paris streets themselves; with one universal tendency observable in both hemispheres, to sit down upon any public seat at a risk of being frozen to death, and to go round and round on a hobby-horse in any roundabout, to the music of a barrel organ, as a severe act of duty. And now, this New Year's Day tones down into night, and the brilliantly lighted city shines out like the gardens of the Wonderful Lamp, and the penned blouses flutter into the Theatres in orderly line, and the confidential men, not unaccustomed to lean on umbrellas as they survey mankind of an afternoon, who have tickets to sell cheap, are very busy among them, and the women money-takers shut up in strong iron-cages are busy too, and the three men all of a row behind a breast-work who take the checks are busy too, and the women box-openers, with their footstools begin to be busy too, but as yet not very, and the curtain

goes up for the curtain-rising piece, and the gloomy young gentleman with the tight black head and the new black moustache is as much in love as ever with the young lady whose eyebrows are very arched and whose voice is very thin, and the gloomy young gentleman's experienced friend (generally chewing something, by the bye, and I wonder what,) who leans his back against the chimney-piece and reads him lessons of life, is just as cool as he always was, and an amazing circumstance to me is, that they are always doing this thing and no other thing, and that I don't find them to have any place in the great event of the evening, and that I want to know whether they go home when they have done it, or what becomes of them. Meanwhile, gushes of cookery rise with the night air from the Restorer's kitchens; and the guests at the Café of Paris, and the Café of the Three Provincial Brothers, and the Café Vefour, and the Café Verrey, and the Gilded House, and others of first class, are reflected in wilderness of looking glass, and sit on red velvet and order dinner out of red velvet books; while the citizens at the Café Champeaux near the Bourse, and others of second class, sit on rush-bottomed chairs, and have their dinner-library bound in plain leather, though they dine well too; while both kinds of company have plenty of children with them (which is pleasant to me, though I think they begin life biliously,) and both unite in eating everything that is set before them. But, now it is eight o'clock upon this New Year's evening. The new Dramas being about to begin, bells ring violently in the Theatre lobbies and rooms, and cigars, coffee cups, and small glasses are hastily abandoned, and I find myself assisting at one of the Review-pieces: where I notice that the English gentleman's stomach isn't very like, because it doesn't fit him, and wherein I doubt the accurate nationality of the English lady's walking on her toes with an upward jerk behind. The Review is derived from various times and sources, and when I have seen David the Psalmist in his droll scene with Mahomet and Abd-el-Kader, and have heard the best joke and best song that Eve (a charming young lady, but liable, I should fear, to take cold) has in her part (which occurs in her scene with the Sieur Framboisie,) I think I will step out to the Theatre of Gaiety, and see what they are about there. I am so fortunate as to arrive in the nick of time to find the very estimable man just eloped with the wife of the much less estimable man whom Destiny has made a bore, and to find her honest father just arriving from the country by one door, encountering the father of the very estimable man just arriving from the country by another door, and to hear them launch cross-curses—her father at him: his father at her—which so deeply affects a martial gentleman of tall stature and dark complexion, in the next stall to mine, that, taking his hand-

kerchief from his hat to dry his eyes, he pulls out with it several very large lumps of sugar which he abstracted when he took his coffee, and showers them over my legs—exceedingly to my confusion, but not at all to his. The drop-curtain being, to appearance, down for a long time, I think I will step on a little further—say to the Theatre of the Scavengers—and see what they are doing there. At the Theatre of the Scavengers, I find Pierrot on a voyage. I know he is aboard ship, because I can see nothing but sky; and I infer that the crew are aloft from the circumstance of two rope-ladders crossing the stage and meeting at top; about midway on each of which hangs, contemplating the public, an immovable young lady in male attire, with highly unseamanlike pink legs. This spectacle reminds me of another New Year's Day at home in England, where I saw the brave William, lover of Black Eyed Susan, tried by a Court Martial composed entirely of ladies, wearing perceptible combs in their heads: with the exception of the presiding Admiral, who was so far gone in liquor that I trembled to think what could possibly be done respecting the catastrophe, if he should take it in his head to record the verdict "Not guilty." On this present New Year's Day, I find Pierrot suffering, in various ways, so very much from sea-sickness, that I soon leave the congregated Scavengers in possession of him; but not before I have gathered from the bill that in the case even of his drama, as of every other French piece, it takes at least two men to write it. So, I pass this New Year's evening, which is a French one, looking about me until midnight: when, going into a Boulevard café on my way home, I find the elderly men who are always playing dominos there, or always looking on at one another playing dominos there, hard at it still, not in the least moved by the stir and novelty of the day, not in the least minding the New Year.

A NEW ODDITY.

IN science nothing is absolutely new; because everything which is the subject of science has had a previous existence ever since the world began. Before Chemistry was, the elements were; before Astronomy could be taught, the moon and the planets had long been shining and revolving in their orbits. But, humanly speaking, everything undiscovered is new at the time of its discovery. Gravitation, without which the solar system would be chaos, was new to those who listened to Newton's sublime revelations. Microscopic organisms, although mountains are built up with their shells, although ponds and lakes are tinged with their hues, and seas are made luminous by their phosphorescent lights, were startlingly new to the first possessors of powerful lenses. Electricity and

its modifications—which has existed ever since the lightnings have flashed and the thunders rolled, and which is old to such humble creatures as torpedos and their brother fish—was new to Franklin, Galvani, and Volta, and no one knows how much more that is new in it still remains to be displayed to a wondering world. It is in this light only, namely, newness to human apprehension, that, together with other New Year's Gifts, we present our readers with A New Oddity.

Did you ever have your tooth-ache cured by the application of creosote? If so, you owe the alleviation of your pain to Reichenbach, the inventor of creosote. It is right you should know that the person of whom we are about to speak devotes his time to perfectly legitimate and orthodox investigations. He is learned on the subject of meteoric stones and other topics which are allowed to be pursued without the charge of charlatanism. Well; this German philosopher, Doctor Von Reichenbach, diving into the depths of the unknown—far deeper than Schœnbein went to fetch his Ozone—has fished up a universal principle which, he says, is new to men, and to which he has given the briefest possible name, videlicet, —OD. Its etymology seems a little forced; Va, in Sanscrit, means to suffer; Vado, in Latin, is to go; in the language of the north, Vado signifies to go quickly, to run, to flow or steam rapidly; whence Vodan conveys, in the ancient German tongue, the idea of a thing of force which penetrates everywhere. In different old idioms the word is transformed into Voudan, Odan, Odin, in which last shape it has been personified in a German divinity. OD is therefore the vocal sign of a force which penetrates or darts rapidly into everything, and throughout all nature, with incessant energy. Following the analogy of such words as electricity, galvanism, gravitation, it ought to have been odity or odinity, odinism, or ordination. The master chooses that it should remain Od.

Simultaneously, the Doctor discovered that certain individuals, both men and women, are gifted with a faculty which we call sensitivity; because sensitiveness means something which is not sensitivity. The set of phenomena of which those sensitive persons are cognisant, are quite distinct from those of animal magnetism or clairvoyance. No attempt is made to modify the habitual condition of the sensitive concerned. There are no mesmeric passes performed, nor any manoeuvres of any sort. Whenever magnetism is mentioned, it is the magnetism of the magnet, and nothing else.

When the Congress of German naturalists assembled at Vienna, some five-and-twenty members of that learned body, accompanied by their ladies, paid a visit to Doctor Von Reichenbach, at his château at Reichenberg, to see his collection of aérolites, as well as

the instruments of which he makes use in his odic researches. The Doctor could only show his great air-stones—those weighing more than a hundred-weight each—because all the little ones were packed out of the way; but, to recompense his guests for their disappointment, he introduced them into several apartments, so arranged as to be perfectly dark. He calls these his black chambers. Their furniture consists of magnets, crystals, chemical preparations, and divers scientific instruments which serve to produce the phenomena of which the Doctor is the discoverer and exponent.

When his friends had entered the mysterious den, he shut the trap of introduction (it is a contrivance of much more perfect closing-powers than a door) and they were suddenly plunged into total obscurity. The party were unanimous in declaring that they did not remember ever to have been placed in a spot from which light was so absolutely absent as this; for in the darkest night, in an ordinary room, the position of the windows may be perceived by a faint glimmer, how feeble soever it may be. But here, every trace of external light was entirely and completely intercepted. The party might have remained in this pleasant position for about half-an-hour, when one gentleman announced, with some astonishment, that he thought he could see his own hands. He was a professor of natural philosophy, holding a public chair, a vigorous man in good health, who had hitherto been adverse to the Od. At first, doubts were expressed, and the fact contested; but, at last, there could be no question that he was able to see his own hands and to follow their movements with his eyes. Before long, a second person manifested sensitivity. He also was a professor of natural science. Not only did he see his hands, but he believed that he could also distinguish the outlines of the heads of the persons present. Soon, a third, and finally a fourth, began to attest the existence of similar phenomena. Had they remained in darkness for a longer period, other persons would also have testified to the reality of the luminous apparitions shining—in the midst of an absolute night. As it is quite impossible, with our visual apparatus, to see any object in the dark if it emit no light whatever, incontestable proof was thus given that the heads and the hands, which could be illumined by no possible light from without, were luminous of themselves.

Von Reichenbach requested these gentlemen, and other friends, to devote to him, each one, a day, during which he led them singly into his black chamber, and spent with them there, four or five hours. On these occasions, they beheld a multitude of objects which are never considered as luminous in the slightest degree. Magnets and crystals appeared enveloped in a light which was brighter towards the poles, and which appeared to

diffuse itself in the atmosphere surrounding those objects, like a luminous vapour. These persons stated that everything possessed of life emits light; that men have not only their hands and their heads luminous, but that their whole body is environed in a brightness like a halo; that their breath even emits light; that every chemical reaction manifests it; that all friction, that the simple flowing of water through a tube of glass, all spread light. They saw luminous clouds emanate from a bell, as long as they kept it ringing. Nay more, those who rose from a sofa furnished with cushions on which they had been sitting, saw the place which they had just occupied, shine. It was further remarked, that the light given out by many bodies was not the same throughout; but that, in polarised bodies, especially such as magnets and crystals, one of the poles was orange-yellow, and the other less bright and greyish blue. The hands themselves shone with different lights: the left hand appeared brighter, more distinct, and of a reddish yellow; the right hand was blue and less clearly defined. A certain polarity of colouring was thus manifested.

Strange to say that, in the midst of all these surprising apparitions, Von Reichenbach himself saw nothing at all. The weird seer could not see. He was incapable of observing the slightest trace of light, and had to feel his way, like a blind man, in the darkest obscurity, during the whole of these five hours. It is a fresh instance of a man pursuing an inquiry by the help of other people's senses. It reminds us of blind Huber watching the habits of ants and bees. Von Reichenbach is not alone in his insensibility to odic influences. It is not meant for a joke, to say that, after repeated trials, he found very many people to be just as blind in the dark as himself. His long experience has made him acquainted with hundreds of persons who could see the luminous phenomena, and with hundreds of others who could not see them. There are, therefore, two sorts of men in the world: those who perceive lights when they are in absolute obscurity, and those who never see them, however long they may remain in the dark. The first only can really be Od Fellows.

This phenomenon also offers another aspect equally remarkable. When people as blind as Von Reichenbach stretch their hands over the poles of a magnet or a crystal at the distance of from one to three inches, they feel absolutely nothing; but, when persons capable of beholding luminous halos perform the same experiment, they perceive very particular sensations, resembling sometimes those resulting from a tepid breath: sometimes that of a cold breath; in distinguishing which they are not deceived, but obtain the same result at every fresh trial.

In these phenomena of sensation there is

also manifested the same sort of dualism which has already been noticed in the luminous emanations. The right side of every person, of either sex, is cooler than the left side. Consequently, we learn that man, from the right to the left, is polarised like crystals, like the loadstone, like the light of the sun. All these odic impressions are either disagreeably warm, or agreeably cool. Moreover, on every occasion there may be observed an uneasiness at meeting with certain similar colours, and an easiness at encountering dissimilar ones: for instance, a right hand shining with a blue light, when approached to the blue pole of a magnet, of a crystal, or the right hand of another person, feels an impression of repugnant warmth, and the same is the case with a left hand in respect to a yellow pole or another left hand; whilst the left hand approached to blue-light objects, and the right hand approached to yellow objects, gives, without exception, the impression of a delicious coolness.

We may hence conclude that the poles of the same name in magnets and crystals, as also the hands of men, are endowed with similar or with reciprocally opposite properties, and that they constitute a dualism of great importance which plunges deep into all nature. In ulterior researches, Reichenbach established the fact that different men possess these odic faculties of sight and feeling in different degrees. In some they are extremely weak; in others more strongly pronounced. Finally, there are others who enjoy them with astonishing power. These last behold all objects without exception, shining in obscurity with more or less intensity; they feel, at the contact of all substances, of whatever nature, an impression which is more or less strong; but which is specifically determinate. At the highest degree of this sensibility are found somnambulists, lunatics, and other invalids of that description.

What is the cause of these unexpected, and remarkable phenomena? Von Reichenbach cannot answer the question, and it still remains unresolved. Who is able to say what is the objective cause of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, crystallization, chemical forces, and life? No one dares to reply. The commonest things by which we are surrounded, are unknown to us in respect to their essential cause. We assemble groups of similar facts; we give to the force which appears to produce them a particular name; we even thus constitute theories. We have a theory of light, a theory of heat, a theory of electricity; a chemistry, a physiology. In like manner, Von Reichenbach tries to unite in one particular group the phenomena which persons specially endowed observe in crystals, magnets, plants, and animals, chemical reactions, friction, and sonorous vibrations. He gives the name of *Od* to the primordial force from

which they spring, and the name of *Sensitives* to the persons who have the special faculties of perception.

The experiments here related succeed only in perfect darkness. The light from crystals is so delicate, and generally so weak, that the faintest ray of every other light entering into the black chamber, is sufficient to dazzle the Sensitive. Besides this, *Sensitives* of moderate power (and they are the majority) do not enjoy their faculty until after staying one or two hours, and sometimes longer, in the dark chamber. It takes that space of time to enable their eyes to get over the excitement of the light they have left. This point must be attended to by those who are inclined to repeat Von Reichenbach's experiments; and no reasonable person would pronounce a judgment without having first repeated them.

As to the reality of the above-described apparitions, the only way to deny it, is to accuse Von Reichenbach, together with all the *Sensitives* of his acquaintance, of deliberate falsehood. On one occasion, in a dark chamber, a flower was put before Endlicher the botanist, who is moderately sensitive. Great was his astonishment, his alarm even. "It is a blue flower!" he exclaimed. "It is a *Gloxinia*!" This was really true. He saw it in absolute darkness. Stalk, corolla, pistil, anthers, all were luminous. It is impossible, in this case, to say that Endlicher was duped. Imagination had had nothing to do with it. It is either a fact, or a cheat and conspiracy.

The first question which arises here is, Who are the *Sensitives*? How may they be speedily recognised. In the first place, they have a strong repugnance to the colour yellow. Secondly, if they place the ten extremities of their fingers very gently upon the wall of a room, the impression felt by the left hand will be considerably cooler and more agreeable than that experienced by the right hand. Conclude with a third experiment: Place some metallic object, such as one or two iron keys, under a sheet of paper or a handkerchief; the left hand of a Sensitive, by merely passing over it open and outstretched, without touching anything, will divine the presence of the metal, in consequence of a particular sensation. You may place upon a wooden table, which has no metallic furniture about it, a certain number of sheets of paper or pieces of cloth; if, beneath certain and sundry of these, keys have been placed, a person who is not too feebly sensitive will infallibly discover them by passing the left hand over them. The person who manifests these indications is sensitive; if he does not, he is either not so at all, or to so slight a degree as to prevent his serving for the further pursuit of phytodic researches.

Od is manifested to all the senses: but we confine ourselves to the consideration of its

effect on the sight and touch. It is visible under different forms; sometimes like a fine light penetrating the substance of bodies, sometimes it emanates from points, like a flame, which reaches for instance, a couple of inches from the tips of the fingers. Often a vapourish brightness envelopes bodies; a halo radiates around human heads. This bright vapour rises principally from the poles of all bodies that are polarised in respect to Od, and is also produced by friction and sound. Finally, a multitude of very small sparks are observed moving in zig-zag directions. The luminous apparitions are sometimes so intense that they cause the body to project a shadow. There is, moreover, an invisible odic radiation, which, similar to that of heat and the chemical rays of the sun, extends to great distances, and is dispersed at last in infinite space.

The sensations produced by Od are of two sorts, of an entirely opposite character; they are recognised with the greatest ease by approaching the tips of the fingers to a body, or by touching it very lightly. There is then experienced, on the one hand, that warm and disagreeable impression which has been already mentioned as so repulsive. The uneasiness produced, when it reaches a high degree, is sufficiently nauseabund to cause vomiting. The second kind of impression, on the contrary, is fresh and agreeable to highly sensitives; it is beneficial and calming, to the extent of inducing sleep. We must also add specific sensations, varying according to the chemical composition of bodies, and particularly experienced by highly-sensitives, who are able to distinguish clearly, copper from platina, silver from gold, an alloy from a pure metal, acids from alkalis, oil from water, even one man from another, and probably, if the faculty has been much exercised, the distinction between two strongly-characterized vegetable families. The source which furnishes odic manifestations in the greatest abundance, consists of chemical reactions. Wherever there is combination or decomposition, light and odic sensations appear. Evaporation, fusion, crystallization, solidification, every movement of molecules. In fact, all vital activity, whether vegetable or animal, produce Od.

A NEW MOTHER.

I was with my lady when she died;
I it was who guided her weak hand
For a blessing on each little head,
Laid her baby by her on the bed,
Heard the words they could not understand.

And I drew them round my knee that night,
Hush'd their childish glee, and made them say
They would keep her words with loving tears,
They would not forget her dying fears
Lest the thought of her should fade away.

I who guess'd what her last dread had been,
Made a promise to that still, cold face,

That her children's hearts, at any cost,
Should be with the mother they had lost,
When a stranger came to take her place.

And I knew so much: for I had lived
With my lady since her childhood: known
What her young and happy days had been,
And the grief no other eyes had seen
I had watch'd and sorrow'd for alone.

Ah! she once had such a happy smile!
I had known how sorely she was tried:
Six short years before, her eyes were bright
As her little blue-eyed May's that night,
When she stood by her dead mother's side.

No—I will not say he was unkind;
But she had been used to love and praise.
He was somewhat grave: perhaps, in truth
Could not weave her joyous, smiling youth,
Into all his stern and serious ways.

She who should have reign'd ablooming flower,
First in pride and honour as in grace—
She whose will had once ruled all around,
Queen and darling of us all— she found
Change indeed in that cold, stately place.

Yet she would not blame him, even to me,
Though she often sat and wept alone;
But she could not hide it near her death,
When she said with her last struggling breath,
"Let my babies still remain my own!"

I it was who drew the sheet aside,
When he saw his dead wife's face. That test
Seem'd to strike right to his heart. He said,
In a strange, low whisper, to the dead,
God knows, love, I did it for the best!"

And he wept—O yes, I will be just—
When I brought the children to him there,
Wondering sorrow in their baby eyes;
And he soothed them with his fond replies,
Bidding me give double love and care.

Ah, I loved them well for her dear sake:
Little Arthur, with his serious air;
May, with all her mother's pretty ways,
Blushing, and at any word of praise
Shaking out her sunny golden hair.

And the little one of all—poor child!
She had cost that dear and precious life.
Once Sir Arthur spoke my lady's name,
When the baby's gloomy christening came,
And he call'd her "Olga—like my wife."

Save that time, he never spoke of her:
He grew graver, sterner every day:
And the children felt it, for they dropp'd
Low their voices, and their laughter stopp'd
While he stood and watch'd them at their play.

No, he never named their mother's name.
But I told them of her: told them all
She had been so gentle, good, and bright;
And I always took them every night
Where her picture hung in the great hall.

There she stood : white daisies in her hand,
And her red lips parted as to speak
With a smile : the blue and sunny air
Seem'd to stir her floating golden hair,
And to bring a faint blush on her cheek.

Well, so time pass'd on ; a year was gone,
And Sir Arthur had been much away.
Then the news came ! I shed many tears
When I saw the truth of all my fears
Rise before me on that bitter day.

Any one but her I could have borne !
But my lady loved her as her friend.
Through their childhood and their early youth,
How she used to count upon the truth
Of this friendship that would never end !

Older, graver than my lady was,
Whose young, gentle heart on her relied,
She would give advice, and praise, and blame,
And my lady leant on Margaret's name,
As her dearest comfort, help, and guide.

I had never liked her, and I think
That my lady grew to doubt her too
Since her marriage; for she named her less,
Never saw her, and I used to guess
At some secret wrong I never knew.

That might be or not. But now, to hear
She would come and reign here in her stead,
With the pomp and splendor of a bride :
Would no thought reproach her in her pride
With the silent memory of the dead ?

So the day came, and the bells rang out,
And I laid the children's black aside ;
And I held each little trembling hand,
As I strove to make them understand,
They must greet their father's new-made bride.

Ah, Sir Arthur might look grave and stern
And his lady's eyes might well grow dim,
When the children shrank in fear away,—
Little Arthur hid his face, and May
Would not raise her eyes, or speak to him.

When Sir Arthur bade them greet 'their mother,'
I was forced to chide, yet proud to hear
How my little loving May replied,
With her mother's pretty air of pride,—
"Our dear mother has been dead a year!"

Ah, the lady's tears might well fall fast,
As she kiss'd them, and then turn'd away.
She might strive to smile or to forget,
But I think some shadow of regret
Must have risen to blight her wedding-day.

She had some strange touch of self-reproach;
For she used to linger day by day
By the nursery door, or garden
With a sad, calm, wistful look, a
Watching the three children at their play.

But they always shrank away from her
When she strove to comfort their alarms,
And their grave, cold silence to beguile:
Even little Olga's baby-smile
Quiver'd into tears when in her arms.

I could never chide them ; for I saw
How their mother's memory grew more deep
In their hearts. Each night I had to tell
Stories of her whom I loved so well
When a child, to send them off to sleep.

But Sir Arthur—O, this was too hard !—
He, who had been always stern and sad
In my lady's time, seem'd to rejoice
Each day more ; and I could hear his voice
Even, sounding younger and more glad.

He might perhaps have blamed them; but his wife
Never fail'd to take the children's part.
She would stay him with her pleading tone,
Saying she would strive, and strive alone,
Till she gain'd each little wayward heart.

And she strove indeed, and seem'd to be
Always waiting for their love, in vain;
Yet, when May had most her mother's look,
Then the lady's calm, cold accents shook
With some memory of reproachful pain.

Little May would never call her mother :
So one day, the lady, bending low,
Kiss'd her golden curls, and softly said,
"Sweet one, call me Margaret, instead,—
Your dear mother used to call me so."

She was gentle, kind, and patient too,
Yet in vain : the children held apart.
Ah, their mother's gentle memory dwelt
Near them, and her little orphans felt
She had the first claim upon their heart.

So three years pass'd; then the war broke out ;
And a rumor seem'd to spread and rise ;
First we guess'd what sorrow must befall,
Then all doubt fled, for we read it all
In the depths of her despairing eyes.

Yes ; Sir Arthur had been call'd away
To that scene of slaughter, fear, and strife,
Now he seem'd to know with double pain
The cold, bitter gulf that must remain
To divide his children from his wife.

Nearer came the day he was to sail,
Deeper grew the coming woe and fear,
When, one night, the children at my knee
Knelt to say their evening prayer to me,
I looked up and saw Sir Arthur near.

There they knelt with folded hands, and said
Low, soft words in stammering accents sweet ;
In the firelight shone their golden hair
And white robes : my darlings look'd so fair,
With their little bare and rosy feet!

There he waited till their low "Amen :"
Stopp'd the rosy lips raised for "Good night!"
Drew them with a fond clasp, close and near,
As he bade them stay with him, and hear
Something that would make his heart more light.

Little Olga crept into his arms ;
Arthur leant upon his shoulder : May
Knelt beside him, with her earnest eyes
Lifted up in patient, calm surprise—
I can almost hear his words to-day,

"Years ago, my children, years ago,
When your mother was a child, she came
From her northern home, and here she met
Love for love, and comfort for regret,
In one early friend,—you know her name.

"And this friend—a few years older—gave
Such fond care, such love, that day by day
The new home grew happy, joy complete,
Studies easier, and play more sweet,
While all childish sorrows pass'd away.

"And your mother—fragile, like my May—
Leant on this deep love,—nor leant in vain.
For this friend (strong, generous, noble heart!)
Gave the sweet, and took the bitter part,
Brought her all the joy, and kept the pain.

"Years pass'd on, and then I saw them first :
It was hard to say which was most fair,
Your sweet mother's bright and blushing face,
Or the graver Margaret's stately grace ;
Golden locks, or braided raven hair.

"Then it happen'd, by a strange, sad fate,
One thought enter'd into each young soul :
Joy for one—if for the other pain ;
Loss for one—if for the other gain :
One must lose, and one possess the whole.

"And so this—this—what the cared for—came
And belong'd to Margaret : was her own.
But she laid the gift aside, would take
Pain and sorrow for your mother's sake,
And none knew it but herself alone.

"Then she travell'd far away, and none
The strange mystery of her absence knew.
Margaret's secret thought was never told :
Even your mother thought her changed and cold,
And for many years I thought so too.

"She was gone ; and then your mother took
That poor gift which Margaret east aside :
Flower, or toy, or trinket, matters not—
What it was, had better be forgot :
It was just then she became my bride.

"Now, I think May knows the hope I have.
Arthur, darling, can you guess the rest ?
Even my little Olga understands
Great gifts can be given by little hands,
Since of all gifts Love is still the best.

"Margaret is my dear and honour'd wife,
And I hold her so. But she can claim
From your hearts, dear ones, a loving debt
I can neither pay, nor yet forget :
You can give it in your mother's name.

"Earth spoils even love, and here a shade
On the purest, noblest heart may fall :
Now your mother dwells in perfect light,
She will bless us, I believe, to night,—
She is happy now, and she knows all."

Next day was farewell—a day of tears ;
Yet Sir Arthur, as he rode away,
And turn'd back to see his lady stand
With the children clinging to her hand,
Look'd as if it were a happy day.

Ah, they loved her soon ! The little one
Crept into her arms as to a nest ;
Arthur always with her now ; and May
Growing nearer to her every day :—
Well, I loved my own dear lady best.

A NEW MIND.

"I WILL tell you that lady's story," said my friend, the doctor, after we had left the Asylum, and while he was showing me the way back to the railway-station : "and you shall judge for yourself whether I am right or wrong in granting her privileges which are not enjoyed by my other patients, and in allowing her to spend some hours every day in the society of my wife and children."

If you had been in the far West of England about three years since ; and if you had happened to take up one of the Cornish newspapers on a certain day of the month, which need not be specially mentioned, you would have seen this notice of a marriage at the top of a column :—

On the third instant, at the parish church, the Reverend Alfred Carling, Rector of Penliddy, to Emily Harriet, relict of the late Fergus Duncan, Esq., of Gendarn, N.B.

The rector's marriage did not produce a very favourable impression in the town, solely in consequence of the unaccountably private and unpretending manner in which the ceremony had been performed. The middle-aged bride and bridegroom had walked quietly to church one morning ; had been married by the curate, before any one was aware of it ; and had embarked immediately afterwards in the steamer for Tenby, where they proposed to pass their honeymoon. The bride being a stranger at Penliddy, all inquiries about her previous history were fruitless ; and the townspeople had no alternative but to trust to their own investigations for enlightenment, when the rector and his wife came home to settle among their friends.

After six weeks' absence, Mr. and Mrs. Carling returned ; and the simple story of the rector's courtship and marriage was gathered together in fragments, by inquisitive friends, from his own lips, and from the lips of his wife.

Mr. Carling and Mrs. Duncan had met at Torquay. The rector, who had exchanged houses and duties for the season with a brother clergyman settled at Torquay, had called on Mrs. Duncan in his clerical capacity, and had come away from the interview, deeply impressed and interested by the widow's manners, and conversation. The visits were repeated ; the acquaintance grew into friendship, and the friendship into love—ardent, devoted love on both sides. Middle-aged man though he was, this was Mr.

Carling's first attachment: and it was met by the same freshness of feeling on the lady's part. Her life with her first husband had not been a happy one. She had made the fatal mistake of marrying to please her parents rather than herself, and had repented it ever afterwards. On her husband's death, his family had not behaved well to her; and she had passed her widowhood, with her only child, a daughter, in the retirement of a small Scotch town, many miles away from the home of her married life. After a time, the little girl's health had begun to fail, and, by the doctor's advice, she had migrated southward to the mild climate of Torquay. The change had proved to be of no avail; and, rather more than a year ago, the child had died. The place where her darling was buried was a sacred place to her, and she had remained in it ever since. Her position in the world was now a lonely one. She was herself an only child; her father and mother were both dead; and, excepting cousins, her one near relation left alive was a maternal uncle living in London.

These particulars were all related, simply and unaffectedly, before Mr. Carling ventured on the confession of his attachment. When he made his proposal of marriage, Mrs. Duncan received it with an excess of agitation, which astonished and almost alarmed the inexperienced clergyman. As soon as she could speak, she begged with extraordinary earnestness and anxiety, for a week to consider her answer; and requested Mr. Carling not to visit her again on any account, until the week had expired. The next morning she and her maid departed for London. They did not return until the week for consideration had expired. On the eighth day Mr. Carling called again, and was accepted.

The proposal to make the marriage as private as possible came from the lady. She had been to London to consult her uncle (whose health, she regretted to say, would not allow him to travel to Cornwall to give his niece away at the altar;) and he agreed with Mrs. Duncan that the wedding could not be too private and unpretending. If it was made public, the family of her first husband would expect cards to be sent to them, and a renewal of intercourse, which would be painful on both sides, might be the consequence. Other friends in Scotland, again, would resent her marrying a second time, at her age, and would distress her and annoy her future husband in many ways. She was anxious to break altogether with her past existence; and to begin a new and happier life, untrammelled by any connection with former times and troubles. She urged these points, as she had received the offer of marriage, with an agitation which was almost painful to see. This peculiarity in her conduct, however, which might have irritated some men, and rendered others dis-

trustful, had no unfavourable effect on Mr. Carling. He set it down to an excess of sensitiveness and delicacy which charmed him. He was himself—though he never would confess it—a shy, nervous man by nature. Ostentation of any sort was something which he shrank from instinctively, even in the simplest affairs of daily life; and his future wife's proposal to avoid all the usual ceremony and publicity of a wedding, was more than agreeable to him,—it was a positive relief. The courtship was accordingly kept secret at Torquay, and the marriage was celebrated privately at Penlidly. It found its way into the local newspaper as a matter of course; but it was not, as usual in such cases, also advertised in the Times. Both husband and wife were equally happy in the enjoyment of their new life, and equally unsocial in taking no measures whatever to publish it to others.

Such was the story of the rector's marriage. Socially, Mr. Carling's position was but little affected, either way, by the change in his life. As a bachelor, his circle of friends had been a small one; and, when he married, he made no attempt to enlarge it. He had never been popular with the inhabitants of his parish, generally. Essentially a weak man, he was, like other weak men, only capable of asserting himself, positively, in serious matters, by running into extremes. As a consequence of this moral defect, he presented some singular anomalies in character. In the ordinary affairs of life he was the gentlest and most yielding of men; but in all that related to strictness of religious principle, he was the sternest and the most aggressive of fanatics. In the pulpit, he was a preacher of merciless sermons; an interpreter of the Bible, by the letter rather than by the spirit, as pitiless and as gloomy as one of the Puritans of old—while, on the other hand, by his own fireside, he was considerate, forbearing and humble almost to a fault. As a necessary result of this singular inconsistency of character, he was feared, and sometimes even disliked, by the members of his congregation who only knew him as their pastor; and he was prized and loved by the small circle of friends who also knew him as a man. These friends gathered round him more closely and more affectionately than ever after his marriage—not on his own account only, but influenced also by the attractions that they found in the society of his wife. Her refinement and gentleness of manner; her extraordinary accomplishments as a musician; her unvarying sweetness of temper, and her quick, winning, womanly intelligence in conversation charmed every one who approached her. She was quoted as a model wife and woman by all her husband's friends; and she amply deserved the character that they gave her. Although no children came to cheer it, a happier and a more admirable married life has seldom been

witnessed in this world than the life which was once to be seen in the rectory-house at Penliddy.

With these necessary explanations, that preliminary part of my narrative of which the events may be massed together generally, for brevity's sake, comes to a close. What I have next to tell is of a deeper and a more serious interest, and must be carefully related in detail.

The rector and his wife had lived together, without, as I honestly believe, a harsh word or an unkind look once passing between them, for upwards of two years, when Mr. Carling took his first step towards the fatal future that was awaiting him, by devoting his leisure hours to the apparently simple and harmless occupation of writing a pamphlet.

He had been connected for many years with one of our great Missionary Societies, and had taken as active a part as a country clergyman could in the management of its affairs. At the period of which I speak certain influential members of the Society had proposed a plan for greatly extending the sphere of its operations, trusting to a proportionate increase in the annual subscriptions to defray the additional expenses of the new movement. The question was not now brought forward for the first time. It had been agitated eight years previously, and the settlement of it had been at that time deferred to a future opportunity. The revival of the project, as usual in such cases, split the working members of the Society into two parties; one party cautiously objecting to run any risks; the other hopefully declaring that the venture was a safe one and that success was sure to attend it. Mr. Carling sided enthusiastically with the members who espoused this latter side of the question; and the object of his pamphlet was to address the subscribers to the Society on the subject, and so to interest them in it as to win their charitable support, on a larger scale than usual, to the new project.

He had worked hard at his pamphlet, and had got more than half way through it, when he found himself brought to a standstill for want of certain facts which had been produced on the discussion of the question eight years since, and which were necessary to the full and fair statement of his case. He at first thought of writing to the secretary of the Society for information; but, remembering that he had not held his office more than two years, he thought it little likely that this gentleman would be able to help him, and looked back to his own Diary of the period, to see if he had made any notes in it relating to the original discussion of the affair. He found a note referring in general terms only, to the matter in hand; but alluding, at the end, to a report in the Times of the proceedings of a deputation from the Society, which had waited on a member of the government of that day, and to certain

letters to the Editor which had followed the publication of the report. The note described these letters as "very important;" and Mr. Carling felt, as he put his Diary away again that the successful conclusion of his pamphlet now depended on his being able to get access to the back numbers of the Times of eight years since.

It was winter time when he was thus stopped in his work; and the prospect of a journey to London (the only place he knew of at which files of the paper were to be found) did not present many attractions. And yet he could see no other and easier means of effecting his object. After considering for a little while and arriving at no positive conclusion, he left the study, and went into the drawing-room to consult his wife.

He found her working industriously by the blazing fire. She looked so happy and comfortable—so gentle and charming in her pretty little lace cap, and her warm brown morning-dress, with its bright cherry-coloured ribbons and its delicate swansdown trimming circling round her neck and nestling over her bosom, that he stooped and kissed her with the tenderness of his bridegroom days before he spoke. When he told her of the cause that had suspended his literary occupation, she listened, with the sensation of the kiss still lingering in her downcast eyes and her smiling lips, until he came to the subject of his Diary, and its reference to the newspaper. As he mentioned the name of the Times, she altered and looked him straight in the face gravely.

"Can you suggest any plan, love," he went on, "which may save me the necessity of a journey to London at this bleak time of the year? I must positively have this information; and, so far as I can see, London is the only place at which I can hope to meet with a file of the Times of eight years since."

As he pronounced the last three words, he saw her face overspread instantaneously by a ghastly paleness; her eyes fixed on him with a strange mixture of rigidity and vacancy in their look: her hands, with her work held tight in them, dropped slowly on her lap; and a shiver ran through her from head to foot.

He sprang to his feet, and snatched the smelling-salts from her work-table, thinking she was going to faint. She put the bottle from her, when he offered it, with a hand that thrilled him with the deadly coldness of its touch, and said, in a whisper:—

"A sudden chill, dear—let me go up-stairs and lie down."

He took her to her room. As he laid her down on the bed, she caught his hand, and said, entreatingly:—

"You won't go to London, darling, and leave me here ill?"

He promised that nothing should separate

him from her until she was well again; and then ran down-stairs to send for the doctor. The doctor came, and pronounced that Mrs. Carling was only suffering from a nervous attack; that there was not the least reason to be alarmed; and that, with proper care, she would be well again in a few days.

Both husband and wife had a dinner-engagement in the town for that evening. Mr. Carling proposed to write an apology, and to remain with his wife. But she would not hear of his abandoning the party on her account. The doctor also recommended that his patient should be left to her maid's care, to fall asleep under the influence of the quieting medicine which he meant to give her. Yielding to this advice, Mr. Carling did his best to suppress his own anxieties, and went to the dinner-party.

Among the guests whom he met, was a gentleman named Rambert—a single man of large fortune, well-known in the neighbourhood of Penliddy as the owner of a noble country-seat and the possessor of a magnificent library. Mr. Rambert (with whom Mr. Carling was well acquainted) greeted him at the dinner-party with friendly expressions of regret at the time that had elapsed since they had last seen each other; and mentioned that he had recently been adding to his collection of books some rare old volumes of theology, which he thought the rector might find it useful to look over. Mr. Carling, with the necessity of finishing his pamphlet uppermost in his mind, replied jestingly that the species of literature which he was just then most interested in examining happened to be precisely of the sort which (excepting novels, perhaps,) had least affinity to theological writing. The necessary explanation followed this avowal, as a matter of course; and, to Mr. Carling's great delight, his friend turned on him gaily with the most surprising and satisfactory of answers:—

"You don't know half the resources of my miles of bookshelves," he said, "or you would never have thought of going to London for what you can get from me. A whole side of one of my rooms up-stairs is devoted to periodical literature. I have reviews, magazines, and three weekly newspapers, bound, in each case, from the first number; and, what is just now more to your purpose, I have the Times, for the last fifteen years, in huge half-yearly volumes. Give me the date to-night, and you shall have the volume you want by two o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

The necessary information was given at once; and, with a great sense of relief, so far as his literary anxieties were concerned, Mr. Carling went home early to see what the quieting medicine had done for his wife.

She had dozed a little; but had not slept. However, she was evidently better; for she was able to take an interest in the sayings

and doings at the dinner-party; and questioned her husband about the guests and the conversation, with all a woman's curiosity about the minutest matters. She lay with her face turned towards him, and her eyes meeting his, until the course of her inquiries drew an answer from him, which informed her of his fortunate discovery in relation to Mr. Rambert's library, and of the prospect it afforded of his resuming his labours the next day. When he mentioned this circumstance, she suddenly turned her head on the pillow, so that her face was hidden from him; and he could see through the counterpane that the shivering, which he had observed when her illness had seized her in the morning, had returned again.

"I am only cold," she said in a hurried way, with her face under the clothes.

He rang for the maid, and had a fresh covering placed on the bed. Observing that she seemed unwilling to be disturbed, he did not remove the clothes from her face when he wished her good-night; but pressed his lips on her head, and patted it gently with his hand. She shrank at the touch, as if it had hurt her, light as it was; and he went down-stairs, resolved to send for the doctor again, if she did not get to rest on being left quiet. In less than half-an-hour afterwards, the maid came down, and relieved his anxiety by reporting that her mistress was asleep.

The next morning he found her in better spirits. Her eyes, she said, felt too weak to bear the light; so she kept the bed-room darkened. But, in other respects, she had little to complain of. After answering her husband's first inquiries, she questioned him about his plans for the day. He had letters to write which would occupy him until twelve o'clock. At two o'clock he expected the volume of the Times to arrive; and he should then devote the rest of the afternoon to his work. After hearing what his plans were, Mrs. Carling suggested that he should ride out after he had done his letters, so as to get some exercise at the fine part of the day; and she then reminded him, that a longer time than usual had elapsed since he had been to see a certain old pensioner of his, who had nursed him as a child, and who was now bed-ridden in a village at some distance, called Tringwighton. Although the rector saw no immediate necessity for making this charitable visit, the more especially as the ride to the village and back, and the intermediate time devoted to gossip, would occupy him at least two hours and a half, he assented to his wife's proposal, perceiving that she urged it with unusual earnestness, and being unwilling to thwart her even in a trifle, at a time when she was ill.

Accordingly, his horse was at the door at twelve precisely. Impatient to get back to the precious volume of the Times, he rode so

much faster than usual, and so shortened his visit to the old woman, that he was home again by a quarter past two. Ascertaining from the servant who opened the door, that the volume had been left by Mr. Rambert's messenger, punctually at two, he ran up to his wife's room to tell her about his visit, before he secluded himself for the rest of the afternoon over his work.

On entering the bed-room, he found it still darkened; and he was struck by the smell of burnt paper in it. His wife (who was now dressed in her wrapper, and lying on the sofa) accounted for the smell, by telling him that she had fancied the room felt close, and that she had burnt some paper—being afraid of the cold air if she opened the window—to fumigate it. Her eyes were evidently still weak, for she kept her hand over them while she spoke. After remaining with her long enough to relate the few trivial events of the ride, Mr. Carling descended to his study, to occupy himself at last with the volume of the *Times*.

It lay on his table, in the shape of a large flat brown paper package. On proceeding to undo the covering, he observed that it had been very carelessly tied up. The strings were crooked and loosely knotted; and the direction bearing his name and address, instead of being in the middle of the paper, was awkwardly folded over at the edge of the volume. However, his business was with the inside of the parcel; so he tossed away the covering and the string, and began at once to hunt through the volume for the particular number of the paper which he wished first to consult.

He soon found it, with the report of the speeches delivered by the members of the deputation, and the answer returned by the minister. After reading through the report, and putting a mark in the place where it occurred, he turned to the next day's number of the paper, to see what further hints on the subject the letters addressed to the Editor might happen to contain.

To his inexpressible vexation and amazement, that one number of the paper was missing.

He bent the two sides of the volume back; looked closely between the leaves, and saw immediately that the missing number had been cut out.

A vague sense of something like alarm, began to mingle with his first feeling of disappointment. He wrote at once to Mr. Rambert, mentioning the discovery he had just made, and sent the note off by his groom, with orders to the man to wait for an answer.

The reply with which the servant returned was almost insolent in the shortness and coolness of its tone. Mr. Rambert had no books in his library which were not in perfect condition. The volume of the *Times* had left his house perfect; and whatever

blame might attach to the mutilation of it rested therefore on other shoulders than those of the owner.

Like many other weak men Mr. Carling was secretly touched on the subject of his dignity. After reading the note, and questioning his servants, who were certain that the volume had not been touched till he had opened it, he resolved that the missing number of the *Times* should be procured at any expense, and inserted in its place; that the volume should be sent back instantly without a word of comment; and that no more books from Mr. Rambert's library should ever enter his house. He walked up and down the study considering what first step he should take to effect the purpose in view. Under the quickening influence of his irritation, an idea occurred to him, which, if it had only entered his mind the day before might probably have proved the means of saving him from placing himself under an obligation to Mr. Rambert. He resolved to write immediately to his bookseller and publisher in London (who knew him well as an old and excellent customer,) mentioning the date of the back number of the *Times* that was required, and authorizing the publisher to offer any reward he judged necessary to any person who might have the means of procuring it at the office of the paper, or elsewhere. This letter he wrote and despatched in good time for the London post; and then went up-stairs to see his wife and to tell her what had happened.

Her room was still darkened, and she was still on the sofa. On the subject of the missing number she said nothing; but of Mr. Rambert and his note, she spoke with the most sovereign contempt. Of course the pompous old fool was mistaken; and the proper thing to do was to send back the volume instantly, and take no more notice of him.

"It shall be sent back," said Mr. Carling, "but not till the missing number is replaced." And he then told her what he had done.

The effect of that simple piece of information on Mrs. Carling was so extraordinary and so unaccountable, that her husband fairly stood aghast. For the first time since their marriage, he saw her temper suddenly in a flame. She started up from the sofa, and walked about the room, as if she had lost her senses; upbraiding him for making the weakest of concessions to Mr. Rambert's insolent assumption that the rector was to blame. If she could only have laid hands on that letter, she would have consulted her husband's dignity and independence, by putting it in the fire! She hoped and prayed the number of the paper might not be found! In fact, it was certain that the number, after all these years, could not possibly be hunted up. The idea of his acknowledging himself to be in the wrong, in

that way, when he knew himself to be in the right! It was almost ridiculous—no! it was *quite* ridiculous! And she threw herself back on the sofa, and suddenly burst out laughing. At the first word of remonstrance, however, which fell from her husband's lips, her mood changed again, in an instant. She sprang up once more, kissed him passionately, with the tears streaming from her eyes, and implored him to leave her alone to recover herself. He quitted the room so seriously alarmed about her, that he resolved to go to the doctor privately, and question him on the spot. There was an unspeakable dread in his mind, that the nervous attack from which she had been pronounced to be suffering, might be a mere phrase intended to prepare him for the future disclosure of something infinitely and indescribably worse.

The doctor, on hearing Mr. Carling's report, exhibited no surprise, and held to his opinion. Her nervous system was out of order, and her husband had been needlessly frightened by a hysterical paroxysm. If she did not get better in a week, change of scene might then be tried. In the mean time, there was not the least cause for alarm.

On the next day she was quieter, but she hardly spoke at all. At night she slept well; and Mr. Carling's faith in the medical man revived again. The morning after, was the morning which would bring the answer from the publisher in London. The rector's study was on the ground-floor; and, when she heard the postman's knock, being especially anxious that morning about his correspondence, he went out into the hall to take his letters the moment they were put on the table.

It was not the footman who had answered the door, as usual, but Mrs. Carling's maid. She had taken the letters from the postman, and was going away with them up-stairs. He stopped her, and asked why she did not put the letters on the hall table as usual. The maid, looking very much confused, said that her mistress had desired that whatever the postman brought that morning, should be carried up to her own room. He took the letters abruptly from the girl, without asking any more questions, and went back into his study.

Up to this time, no shadow of a suspicion had fallen on his mind. Hitherto, there had been a simple obvious explanation for every unusual event that had occurred during the last three or four days. But this last circumstance in connection with the letters was not to be accounted for. Nevertheless, even now, it was not distrust of his wife that was busy at his mind—he was too fond of her and too proud of her to feel it—the sensation was more like uneasy surprise. He longed to go and question her, and get a satisfactory answer, and have done with it. But there was a voice speaking within him that had

never made itself heard before; a voice with a persistent warning in it, that said—Wait; and look at your letters first!

He spread them out on the table, with hands that trembled he knew not why. Among them was the back number of the Times, for which he had written to London, with a letter from the publisher explaining the means by which the copy had been procured.

He opened the newspaper, with a vague feeling of alarm, at finding that those letters to the Editor which he had been so eager to read, and that perfecting of the mutilated volume which he had been so anxious to accomplish, had become objects of secondary importance in his mind. An inexplicable curiosity about the general contents of the paper was now the one moving influence which asserted itself within him. He spread open the broad sheet on the table.

The first page on which his eye fell, was the page on the right-hand side. It contained those very letters—three in number—which he had once been so anxious to see. He tried to read them; but no effort could fix his wandering attention. He looked aside, to the opposite page, on the left hand. It was the page that contained the leading-articles.

They were three in number. The first was on foreign politics; the second was a sarcastic commentary on a recent division in the House of Lords; the third was one of those articles on social subjects which have greatly and honorably helped to raise the reputation of the Times above all contest and all rivalry.

The lines in this third article which first caught his eye comprised the opening sentence of the second paragraph, and contained these words:

It appears, from the narrative which will be found in another part of our columns, that this unfortunate woman married, in the spring of the year 18— one Mr. Fergus Duncan, of Glendarn, in the Highlands of Scotland—

The letters swam and mingled together under his eyes, before he could go on to the next sentence. His wife exhibited as an object for public compassion in the Times newspaper! On the brink of the dreadful discovery that was advancing on him, his mind reeled back; and a deadly faintness came over him. There was water on a side table—he drank a deep draught of it—roused himself—seized on the newspaper with both hands, as if it had been a living thing that could feel the desperate resolution of his grasp—and read the article through, sentence by sentence, word by word.

The subject was the Law of Divorce; and the example quoted was the example of his wife.

At that time, England stood disgracefully alone as the one civilised country in the world

having a divorce-law for the husband which was not also a divorce-law for the wife. The writer in the *Times* boldly and eloquently exposed this discreditable anomaly in the administration of justice; hinted delicately at the unutterable wrongs suffered by Mrs. Duncan; and plainly showed that she was indebted to the accident of having been married in Scotland, and to her consequent right of appeal to the Scotch Tribunals, for a full and final release from the tie that bound her to the vilest of husbands, which the English law of that day would have mercilessly refused.

He read that. Other men might have gone on to the narrative extracted from the Scotch newspaper. But at the last word of the article he stopped. The newspaper, and the unread details which it contained, lost all hold on his attention in an instant, and, in their stead living and burning on his mind, like the Letters of Doom on the wall of Belshazzar, there rose up in judgment against him the last words of a verse in the Gospel of Saint Luke. "Whosoever marrieth her that is put away from her husband committeth adultery." He had preached from these words. He had warned his hearers, with the whole strength of the fanatical sincerity that was in him, to beware of prevaricating with the prohibition which that verse contained, and to accept it as literally, unreservedly, finally forbidding the marriage of a divorced woman. He had insisted on that plain interpretation of plain words in terms which had made his congregation tremble. And now, he stood alone in the secrecy of his own chamber, self-convicted of the deadly sin that he had denounced—he stood, as he had told the wicked among his hearers that they would stand, at the Last Day, before the Judgment Seat.

He was unconscious of the lapse of time; he never knew whether it was many minutes or few before the door of his room was suddenly and softly opened. It did open—and his wife came in.

In her white dress, with a white shawl thrown over her shoulders; her dark hair, so neat and glossy at other times, hanging tangled about her colourless cheeks, and heightening the glassy brightness of terror in her eyes—so he saw her; the woman put away from her husband, the woman whose love had made his life happy and had stained his soul with a deadly sin.

She came on to within a few paces of him without a word, or a tear, or a shadow of change passing over the dreadful rigidity of her face. She looked at him with a strange look; she pointed to the newspaper crumpled in his hand, with a strange gesture; she spoke to him in a strange voice.

"You know it!" she said.

His eyes met hers—she shrank from them—turned—and laid her arms and her head heavily against the wall.

"O, Alfred!" she said, "I was so lonely in the world, and I was so fond of you!"

The woman's delicacy, the woman's trembling tenderness welled up from her heart and touched her voice with a tone of its old sweetness, as she murmured these simple words. She said no more. Her confession of her fault, her appeal to their past love for pardon, were both poured forth in that one sentence. She left it to his own heart to tell him the rest. How anxiously her vigilant love had followed his every word and treasured up his every opinion, in the days when they first met; how weakly and falsely and yet with how true an affection for him, she had shrank from the disclosure which she knew but too well would have separated them even at the church door; how desperately she had fought against the coming discovery which threatened to tear her from the bosom she clung to, and to cast her out into the world with the shadow of her own shame to darken her lonely life to the end—all this she had left him to feel; for the moment which might part them for ever was the moment when she knew best how truly, how passionately he had loved her.

His lips trembled as he stood looking at her in silence; and the slow, burning tears dropped heavily, one by one, down his cheeks. The natural human remembrance of the golden days of their companionship, of the nights and nights when that dear head—turned away from him, now, in unutterable misery and shame—had nestled itself so fondly and so happily on his breast, fought hard to silence his conscience, to root out his dreadful sense of guilt, to tear the words of Judgment from their ruthless hold on his mind, to claim him in the sweet names of Pity and of Love. If she had turned and looked at him, at that moment, their next words would have been spoken in each other's arms. But the oppression of her despair under his silence was too heavy for her; and she never moved.

He forced himself to look away from her; he struggled hard to break the silence between them.

"God forgive you, Emily!" he said.

As her name passed his lips his voice failed him, and the torture at his heart burst its way out in sobs. He hurried to the door to spare her the terrible reproof of the grief that had now mastered him. When he passed her, she turned towards him with a faint cry.

He caught her as she sank forward, and saved her from dropping on the floor. For the last time his arms closed round her. For the last time, his lips touched hers—cold and insensible to him now. He laid her on the sofa, and went out.

One of the female servants was crossing the hall. The girl started as she met him, and turned pale at the sight of his face. He

could not speak to her, but he pointed to the study-door. He saw her go into the room; and then he left the house.

He never entered it more; and he and his wife never met again.

Later on that last day, a sister of Mr. Carling's—a married woman living in the town—came to the rectory weeping bitterly. She brought an open note with her, addressed to the unhappy mistress of the house. It contained these few lines, blotted and stained with tears:—

May God grant us both the time for repentance! If I had loved you less, I might have trusted myself to see you again. Forgive me, and pity me, and remember me in your prayers, as I shall forgive and pity and remember you.

He had tried to write more; but the pen had dropped from his hand. His sister's entreaties had not moved him. After giving her the note to deliver, he had solemnly charged her to be gentle in communicating the tidings that she bore, and had departed alone for London. He heard all remonstrances with patience. He did not deny that the one deception of which his wife had been guilty (subsequent inquiry proved that she had deceived him in nothing else, and that her first husband had died little more than six months after her divorce,) was the most pardonable of all concealments of the truth, because it sprang from her love for him. But he had the same hopeless answer for every one who tried to plead with him—the verse from the Gospel of Saint Luke.

His purpose in traveling to London was to make the necessary arrangements for his wife's future existence, and then to get employment which would separate him from his home and from all its associations. A missionary expedition to one of the Pacific Islands, accepted him as a volunteer. Broken in body and spirit, his last look at England, from the deck of the ship, was his last look at land. A fortnight afterwards, his brethren read the burial service over him on a calm, cloudless evening at sea. Before he was committed to the deep, his little pocket-bible, which had been a present from his wife, was, in accordance with his dying wishes, placed open on his breast, so that the inscription, "To my dear Husband," might rest over his heart.

I need say but little more. You have seen and spoken to the poor creature who was once his wife. When she was first placed under my care, I thought her case hopeless. The mental malady, after she had been with me little more than a month, was complicated by physical malady—by fever—the brain. To my surprise, and to the surprise of my professional brethren when I called in to help me, she lived through it; and she recovered, with the complete loss of one

faculty—which, in her situation, poor thing is a mercy and a gain to her—I mean, the utter loss of memory. She has not the faintest gleam of recollection of anything that happened before her illness; and, in that happy oblivion, she lives contentedly the life of a child. The veriest trifles are as new and as interesting to her, as they are to your young children or to mine. So far as any necessity for restraint is concerned she might leave my care to-morrow. But her friends know that my wife has grown to love her as well as to pity her; and that my children would feel it to be a cruel loss if their poor grown playmate was taken away from them. I hope she will be left to live in their society, and to die with nothing on her memory but the recollection of their kindness.

NEW TOYS.

In the afternoon of the first of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, Matilda sat on the floor of the drawing-room, nursing a wooden doll, which successive acts of violence had bereft entirely of its hair and of its habiliments, partially of its features; Augustus (smaller than Matilda) was close by her side, wheeling backwards and forwards, the body of a toy-horse, whose coal-black colour was varied by spots resembling white wafers; the head of the noble animal, which had long been detached from the trunk, served as a separate plaything for Arthur (smaller than Augustus,) who now put it in his mouth, sucking off the paint with infinite relish, now amused himself with pulling bits from the fluffy mane, and sending them afloat through the air by the force of his infant breath.

The sound of a carriage was heard, and the three children, running to the window saw a vehicle, from which alighted an old gentleman, who, according to all appearance, was the most perfect compound of health, wealth, and benevolent wisdom; the very person who, if he had been in the habit of going to bed early, and rising betimes, would have been selected by all admirers of a certain time-honoured proverb, as affording a visible proof of its soundness. We may remark, however, that as the old gentleman always sat up after midnight, and always breakfasted in bed, he could not have answered this valuable purpose. When he had alighted, he spoke a few words to the servant, who, with the help of the old gentleman's footman, drew from the carriage a large brown-paper parcel, and bore it solemnly into the house.

After the lapse of a minute, the arrival of the healthful visitor was duly announced by the servant now empty-handed, and presently the visitor himself appeared at the drawing-room, with the large parcel under his own arm.

"How d'y'e do, grandpapa?" shouted the children eagerly and simultaneously, but, in spite of the deep anxiety about grandpapa's health, their eyes were fixed, not on his face, but on the large parcel. We do not believe that Matilda, Augustus, and Arthur were abnormally heartless, but we are convinced that if grandpapa had owned to the last stage of a consumption, his avowal would have produced less grief than a discovery that the brown paper parcel contained nothing but grocery.

Grandpapa saluted the three darlings in terms as ardent as they were inappropriate. Matilda, who wore the cleanest of pinafores, and whose ringlets were in the most unexceptionable order, he accosted as, "You little slut!" Augustus, who was sleepishness personified, he addressed as "You young rascal!" while, "Well, my hero!" was the proud exclamation with which he greeted Arthur, the puniest and most fretful urchin that ever destroyed the comfort of a nursery.

"I suppose you know what to-day is," said the cheerful old man. Two did know. Matilda was aware that the day was Friday; Augustus was of opinion that the day was cold. The youthful Arthur kept his finger in his mouth, and his views to himself.

"Then," said the good old man, drawing a very unaccountable inference, "then, I have brought you a New Year's Gift."

The brown paper parcel was put upon the ground, at the end of this brief declaration, and the children were commanded by the parents to kiss grandpapa, an order which was obeyed eagerly by Matilda, less enthusiastically by Augustus, and not at all by Arthur, who still held his finger in his mouth. We refrained from alluding to the parents before, because they were not necessary to our picture; but they were in the room, nevertheless.

The New Year's Gift, when released from its brown paper surcoat, and an undercoat in the shape of a large chip-box, proved to be a thing of surpassing magnificence. It was no less than a complete representation in miniature of a Spanish bull-fight. There were picadores with spears, and matadores with daggers, most exquisitely costumed. There were bulls in every possible condition, from the most rampant life to the consummation of death. There were galleries, that could be put up and taken down again at the pleasure of the owner, and a mob of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen created to occupy them in the capacity of spectators. When the little figures had all been taken out of the box and grandpapa, following the instructions he had received from the toyman, had set up each in its proper place, the effect was indeed imposing. The parents, loud in their applause, again commanded the children to kiss grandpapa. The humble companion was still more energetic in exclamations of delight, while the children them-

selves stood in blank amaze at the thought that they were joint owners of so vast a treasure. To be sure, the spear of one of the picadores was broken in two; but, then, that frail weapon might be regarded as a sort of ring of Polycrates sacrificed to prevent the ill consequences of an unmitigated felicity.

Days rolled on—days, which to children are years, with dinner-time for summer, and bedtime for winter—and the glory of the Spanish bull-fight had become a little dashed. The process of setting up the pieces in order had, after a while, grown wearisome, and the joint proprietors began to turn them to new uses. With two or three spelling-books, a Guy's Geography, a Walker's Dictionary, and a Tutor's Assistant, a butcher's shop was constructed, in front of which grandpapa's bulls were suspended by the heels, as vendible carcases, while the chief matador and the Queen of Spain officiated as the butcher and his wife. Occasionally the unstable structure would fall down, and great was the detriment caused by the comparatively heavy volumes to the frail limbs of the bipeds and quadrupeds that they had treacherously sheltered. We incline to believe that something like the old Castilian vindictiveness dwelt within the body of those small wooden Spaniards, and that on this account Master Arthur was wounded by a broken spear point, which entered the tip of his finger, and there remained in the form of a splinter. Sublimely disagreeable did Arthur (never very engaging) become on the strength of that memorable misfortune. The pain caused by the presence of the splinter made him moan with tedious misery throughout a whole afternoon; but the slightest attempt to remove it, with the point of a needle, roused shrieks of terror that rendered surgical aid impossible.

Again days rolled on, and grandpapa's bull-fight had undergone still more serious misfortunes. A sudden fit of cleanliness that had impelled the children to wash every individual bull, toreador, and spectator with soap-and-water had, alike deprived the raiment of the men and the skin of the beasts of their pristine brilliancy. Head, arms, and legs had been demolished by ruthless food steps, and the fall of the box, with the whole of its contents, from the front balcony to the area, can only be compared to the earthquake at Lisbon. As for the inexplicable losses that occurred and perpetually thinned the Spanish ranks, they surpass our powers of enumeration.

However, in spite of fractures, in spite of diminished numbers, the bull-fight still maintained its corporate existence, till one unlucky day, when the three children, embarrassed by their joint ownership engaged in a violent war, and then concluded a still more destructive treaty of partition, by virtue of which the figures were divided into three portions, each assigned to a separate owner.

The unity of the toy being gone, destruction now attacked it in detail. At last nothing was left but the queen's gallery, which, preserved by the nursemaid, became a chimney-ornament over the nursery fire-place, and lingered for months a conspicuous but unheeded monument of grandpapa's munificence on New Year's Day.

In the afternoon of the first of February, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, Matilda sat on the floor of the drawing-room nursing the old wooden doll; Augustus was close by her side, wheeling the old decapitated horse, the head whereof once more furnished a recreation to Arthur. Presently a thick mist filled the apartment, and when it had dispersed, the children saw before them a great Dutch-looking female, with a face like a cheap mask, surrounded by a large vertical ring, composed of the most costly and elegant toys. Her lap, by way of contrast, was filled with playthings of the commonest description: peg-tops, marbles, rudely fashioned dolls and horses, rough-hewn battledores and shuttlecocks, and ill-stitched balls of hard and soft quality, while her left-hand rested on a hoop of considerable diameter. In the right-hand she held a hoop-stick, which she no sooner waved than the ring, by which it was surrounded, began to revolve, the toys of which it was composed being constantly broken up into fragments, and re-combined into new forms in the course of the movement. While there was thus a perpetual variation in the ring, no change took place in the toys that filled the lap of the mysterious female, but they remained fixed, in all their ugly solidity.

"Children," said the apparition, "I am the Fairy Joujou, and I am here to explain to you the nature of toys. There are common cheap toys made to play with, and quite good enough for brats like you. There are uncommon expensive toys, which serve for no diversion at all, but are merely made to cajole soft-headed old gentlemen like your grandpapa out of his money. The common toy is the real toy; and, whether we consider it as an individual thing, or whether we apprehend the entire species to which it belongs, we shall find that its very essence is to be permanent. The hoop and top which children play with now are the trochus and the turbo which amused the boys of ancient Rome. Those toys which you now hold in your little dirty hands, and which are disfigured in a manner that ought to draw down the severest chastisement upon you, still afford you recreation, while that fine flimsy New Year's Gift is resolved into its constituent atoms, after an existence that merely occasioned unpleasurable surprise. Schiller has observed that man is most in earnest when he plays, and perhaps on this account there is a certain earnestness in the plaything proper that defies the vagaries of fashion, as a sound moral principle resists

the corruptions of a vicious age. Peg-tops, marbles, and such toys as you see in my lap change not, perish not—durability is their intrinsic nature; but those costly playthings that are made to sell at Christmas—those, I say, melt away like winter frosts—vanish as I vanish now.

The fairy Joujou, with all her paraphernalia, was gone, and the three children, after looking at each other with a fixed expression for several seconds, burst into a simultaneous roar.

"Gracious! what is the matter?" said mama, suddenly entering.

"O—O—O!" sobbed Matilda. "We have seen Bogie, and it has been scolding us so without our understanding a single word."

A NEW BABY.

HAVING been during the greater part of my life addicted to the study of the abstruse, it will not appear incredible that a single hour's careful perusal of the page of the philosophic Bradshaw led me to the conclusion that it was possible to proceed from the Paddington Station of the Great Western Railway, to that of Pwglrr-y-Gwllerwddloes, South Wales, within the compass of an autumn day.

I rose early, and I did it.

The distance actually traversed was literally nothing—a poor hundred and seventy miles or so. But the immense number of branches and of lesser sprays resulting therefrom—combined with the elaborate and artistic non-correspondence of trains—spun out the journey to an affair of some thirteen hours. Why, in the name of common sense, the G train should be made to arrive punctually at fifty minutes past two, and the R and II depart from the same station five minutes earlier; or wherefore the latter should, with equal precision, reach its destination only to see the W V depart, shrieking spitefully, "Too late! Just too la-a-ate!" or lastly, for what reason a certain railway I could easily name (but I won't) should consume two hours, and forty and five minutes of man's brief existence in going twenty miles; these are questions perhaps only to be resolved when some belated bishop or speculative solicitor shall demand the public ear.

So stealthily had our pace become before reaching Pwglrr-y-Gwllerwddloes, that it ended in our being totally unconscious of standing still. We had arrived, and didn't know it. It was, in truth, only by the guard dashing open the door, and uttering something that sounded like a violent clearing of the throat, that we were apprised of the welcome fact.

A walk of a mile, along a valley intersected by innumerable tramways, and lit up with mighty furnaces in full blast, brought me to my destination; the house of a friend who had medical charge of sixteen thousand

stalwart bodies in temporal bondage to one of the great iron-masters of the district; receiving for his attentions three-halfpence per month per body, total, twelve hundred pounds per annum, accidents extra. This, with the general practice of two farm-houses, a beer-shop (whose customers availed themselves unhesitatingly of the legal permission to be as drunk as they pleased on the premises) and the toll-house, produced a very pretty little income. My friend was, moreover, allowed two horses, with forage; and, as for coal, he had full licence to dig in any part of his garden he pleased.

The name of my host was Properjohn, —John Properjohn. And rarely has a suggestive patronymic been more happily applied. The orderly and exemplary character of my friend had won him to wife a youthful widow: whom, in virtue of a very distant connection, and a very old friendship, I was accustomed to call Cousin Cis. She was the freshest and fairest of little matrons. Not even two marriages had been able to chase the smile from her lip, the healthy pink from her smooth round cheek, or that pretty dimple which seemed expressly made for a baby's lip to fill. In all my life I never saw such milk-white teeth as Cousin Cis's! Moreover, she was the idol of that rude district: the bit of gold in the centre of an iron world; and, from the quiet soothing influence she exercised over those uncouth tribes, had in all probability as much to do with keeping the furnaces in full roar, as the great iron-master himself. I may as well mention that I was once in love with this Cousin Cis of mine; but I forgot to tell her so, and, one morning, she married John Properjohn.

On arriving at the house, the door was opened to me by a man-servant, of grave and subdued demeanour. He spoke in a low, cautious key, and appeared to have a habit of glancing up the stairs, as if he were conscious of being watched over the banisters, or expected something would endeavour to make its escape from the house.

"How d'ye do, Benjamin? Dinner over, I suppose?" said I.

Benjamin smiled compassionately.

"Some time ago, sir."

"Indeed! Hours are changed, then!"

"No, sir. We always dined at one," replied the man, with some severity.

I opened my eyes, for I had dined some scores of times at my friend's board, and never at an earlier hour than six. But I said no more on the trivial subject; and Benjamin, relaxing his dignity, respectfully inquired if I would proceed at once to my apartment, or visit the drawing-room. I chose the latter.

My pleasant hostess was alone, and came forward in her cordial manner to welcome me. I was grieved to see that she moved across the soft carpet uneasily, as though she

had received some injury in her feet. Nevertheless, she seemed to wish to anticipate my approach, and met me nearly at the door. To my warm greeting, she replied in a broken, smothered tone, which alarmed me still more. As I was about to inquire eagerly the cause of these sad appearances, she stopped me.

"He—he has just this moment dropped off," she murmured.

"Dropped off! God bless me! Off what, my dear cousin? Not seriously hurt? I—"

"Hurt, you odd thing! What do you mean? I say, he has but this very instant moment gone to seeps, or—"

"Seeps, cousin?"

"Sleep, I mean—or I'd have had him here to say ga-ga."

"Thank you very much, my dear cousin! But, I beg your pardon, say what?"

"Ga-ga—ga-ga."

"And what's ga-ga? And why should Properjohn say it? And why to me? Is it a new Welsh welcome?"

"Not Properjohn; you tease! It's Tiddlepops."

"Tiddlep—"

"Baby!"

"Aha. My little godson! How is he? A young giant by this time, no doubt. Two years old, is he not?"

"O, cousin!" said Cis, reproachfully; "where's your memory? Tiddlepops won't be two till the ninth of next month, and this is only the twenty-seventh! Won't you like to wash your hands? And then, unless you would prefer waiting till you have seen him, we will give you some dinner."

I elected to dine while the young gentleman had his "seeps" out, and then inquired for her husband.

Properjohn had ridden out to the neighbouring village (about ten miles off) of Brynmawr, to purchase a coral for dear baby.

"Please'm," said Benjamin, who was hovering about the door, "nurse says, if Mr. Burkemyoung will take off them thick boots, and walk up-stairs a tiptoe, and promise not to go no nearer than the landing, she thinks he can just see his nose."

Mr. Burkemyoung, however, declined this proposition, handsome as it was; and accepted the alternative of washing and dining. I was accordingly shown to a not very comfortable apartment on the ground floor; and, on re-entering the drawing-room, encountered my friend Properjohn.

"Ha, Burkemyoung, old fellow!" said my jovial friend, "what d'ye think of him?"

"My dear, he's asleep!" said his wife.

"True, my life. Bless me, I forgot!" replied Properjohn, with some confusion.

"Burkemyoung couldn't have seen him—how could he? Unless, indeed . . . By the way he might have—and in fact I thought he had—"

"What, my dear?"

"There's a ladder, dear, against the pear-tree, close by the nursery window, which is open. I thought perhaps he'd slipped up just to see—"

"Open, John? The window open?" And off flew Cousin Cis, like a flash of lightning.

Instead of the pleasant social repast to which I had been looking forward, I was set down in solitary state to my dinner, while my excellent friend, who had dined with his baby at one, sat and gazed at me—a thing I hate. I was dreadfully hungry; but I never ate so little, or that little at such imminent risk of choking. The meal despatched, I suspected, from the increasing indifference to noise in the house, that the baby had awakened. Benjamin's face, as he came and went in attendance on me, grew more and more important. At last, he re-entered the room with tenfold dignity, looked full at me as if he said: "Now, sir, collect yourself—prepare"—opened the door, and admitted the babine procession.

First, came nurse, walking backwards, partly to watch over the safety of the interesting charge, partly to enjoy the effect of the pageant. Then mamma, who would not on this occasion delegate her right, bearing the baby itself—excessively got up, and looking like a heavy roll-pudding, insufficiently boiled, and garnished with lace. It had a vicious little eye, like a weasel's, and a goblin aspect that made me feel uncomfortable.

The very ugliest babies are usually tolerated by adoring relatives; but this little contrivance was positively too bad. It did not fulfil the common conditions of humanity. One hand was stuck outside the lace in a theatrical manner, which convinced me it was not chance. Babies' hands are said to be exquisitely beautiful; and, certainly, if to be pink, and bent, and wrinkly, is sufficient to constitute loveliness, baby's hands were all that could be desired.

To return to the procession: the nursemaid, carrying a very unnecessary candle, followed mamma; and Benjamin, instead of quitting the room, closed up the train; his eyes still fastened on mine, watching the effect of the scene.

I'm a good-natured man enough. I could not bear to disappoint so many people at once. So I nerved myself to the utmost, and I may say, without vanity, that the histrionic powers I evinced on this occasion would have startled a Macready, and driven Mr. Charles Kean into obscurity and a knighthood.

I nourished a fervent hope that baby was either too sleepy or too sulky to go through any tricks to-night. Alas, not so! The little vicious eyes winked and gleamed. The creature opened an orifice in its face where the mouth is usually situated, and aped a human yawn with frightful fidelity.

"Isn't that pretty?" said my cousin, her

kind eyes beaming with delight, as the little round orifice closed up again, and a bubble appeared.

I expressed my enthusiasm.

"Now, dear, say ga-ga."

A savage squall was the sole reply.

"There, there—he shan't!" cried the terrified mother. "But perhaps he'll walk. O, cousin, he walks so sweetly—you must just see."

Nurse demurred. It was enough, for one night, that the incomparable infant had displayed his beauty in repose. To-morrow, Tiddlepops would do anything he was asked, and surprise us all. Wouldn't he?

Squall went the horrible Tiddlepops, and was thereupon conveyed to bed.

Now, at last, I hoped we should have a pleasant hour. I had much to say and to hear, and was quite impatient for the door to close on the retreating baby. But it didn't close. The door was left ajar. Nurse had gone down to her supper; and, although a trusty nursemaid kept guard over the infant treasure, it was clear that the attention of both parents was too much distracted to admit of any rational conversation.

At the slightest sound, mamma's voice paused, or sank to a listening pitch; and once, when a mouse squeaked behind the wainscot, she fairly started from her seat, as if prepared to rush up-stairs.

Nurse's supper appearing to be a prolonged one, and I being fairly tired out, withdrew to my chamber, really feeling that I was acting most considerately to my good friends in leaving them at liberty to repair on tiptoe to baby's bedside, and to refresh themselves with one more look before retiring their own well-deserved repose.

My host—but not my hostess—appeared at the breakfast-table, in the morning.

"Poor Cis has had a dreadful night," said Properjohn, with a wearied sigh. I expressed both sorrow and surprise, for I had never seen her looking better.

"O, she's all right," said Properjohn. "It's only the bother. She was up nineteen times with him."

"What's the matter?"

"Flushed, you know. Wakes, and turns over. You understand. Keeps opening and shutting his little hand. I don't know what to make of it. We gave him paregoric every thirty-five minutes. Several times in the night the child looked as if he was going—"

"Going?"

"—to cry. Cis is breakfasting in bed, regularly done. But she will be down in an hour or so."

Eventually she appeared. And baby, too.

"He has been talking so pretty all the morning. Hasn't he, nurse?" said my cousin, exultingly.

Nurse replied, in substance, that his remarks had indeed been both numerous and profound.

It is possible he had taxed his intellectual and colloquial gifts too highly—for he looked both savage and sullen—but, of course, I assumed an air of interest, and endeavoured, in my awkward way, to open an infantine conversation. The little wretch only sucked his apology for a finger, and glared at me. At length:—

"What has he been saying?" I asked, in despair.

"Whole sentences, my dear cousin," said his mamma. "You never heard such chat. I couldn't get in a word. What was it he said coming down stairs, nurse?—'Ga-ga,' say it again, ma's blessing, 'Ga-ga, toopid.'"

"Ga-ga, toopid, Minny tippy," prompted nurse.

"'Toopid' is his favourite word," said Cis. "Everything's toopid: isn't it my pet?"

I began to think it was.

Lest my readers should be of the same opinion, I shall not conduct them through every hour of this most tedious day. Whether the child had been over-dosed with paregoric, or what had been done to him by Art or Nature, I will not pretend to say; but he would neither speak nor walk, nor in fact do anything but suck his finger. This state of things so alarmed the family, that domestic business of every kind was suspended, and the energies of all were devoted to the one great end of restoring his spirits to their natural querulous tone.

After some anxious consultation, Properjohn mounted his horse, and rode off to visit a brother doctor at some distance; with the view, as far as I could understand, of taking his opinion how far the prolonged suction of one's forefinger is injurious to health; and, assuming that it be injurious, what is the gentlest method of removing the digit from the abnormal position.

I hardly know how we passed the morning. I believe I looked a good deal out of the window. It seemed unkind to walk out and leave my poor cousin alone with her anxieties, and Properjohn did not return for several hours. I might, however, as well have had my walk. Cis only looked in occasionally with a pale, anxious face; hoped I was amusing myself, and returned hastily to the nursery: where Tiddlepops was enjoying a placid slumber—his finger still in his mouth. There was, Cis informed me, a very curious appearance on his brow, about as big as that (making a mark on paper the size of a very small pin's head,) which caused her to be very impatient for her husband's return.

I offered to ride out and seek him; but this was too nervous to allow. We had some cold meat during the day, but no regular dinner; and altogether I was truly delighted when evening and Properjohn arrived together: my friend a little ruffled in consequence of some unfeeling remarks made by the doctor about Tiddlepop's ailments.

"But," sighed Properjohn, with Macduff, "he has no children." In the meantime, however, the finger had quitted its position, and the spot as big as that, had become invisible to mortal mother's eye.

So ended the first day. The next opened better. It was known that he had passed a tranquil night; mamma having risen only three times, and papa twice, to see how he was getting on. We exchanged smiles of congratulation over the coffee, and shook hands more than once during the morning; as if in silent recognition of the gratifying aspect of affairs. I could scarcely forbear smiling at the interest I myself began to attach to the state of this dreadful Tiddlepop's health and temper. I had become infected with the general solicitude; and, had I remained a few days longer under that roof, I am persuaded I should have sunk into as abject slavery as any had. It was not that I liked the child a bit better than at first, but that the love and pity of these amiable people appealed to mine; and what right had I—though with a heart too little used to such emotions—to stand selfishly aloof, thwarting and shocking their sensibilities?

But my visit was cut suddenly short. We were just preparing for a pleasant stroll, when the nurse, with an aspect I shall never forget, burst into the room, and, staggering up to her mistress, threw her arms around her, crying out:—

"O—please 'm, bear up—bear up!"

"Bear up!" shrieked poor Cis. "Nurse, nurse! Is he—is—What?"

"He—he has—WHOOPED!"

"My dear Burkemyoung," said Properjohn, turning to me, pale as death, but calm and collected as a man should be in great and sudden trouble, "My very dear friend, you perceive the dispensation it has pleased Providence to bring on my domestic peace. I am wholly unfit to fulfil the duties of a host. I cannot—I will not—request you to prolong your present stay. At a happier moment, I—I—"

The good fellow pressed my hand warmly. Cis took the hand he had let fall.

"And cousin, dear," she answered, the tears bursting from her eyes—"you shall yet—please God—hear him say—'Ga-ga toopid.'"

In that hope I live.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

TIME: Midnight, on December the Thirty-first. The bells are ringing in the New Year, and a gusty wind is blowing, alternately carrying away the sound of the bells, and allowing it to be heard.

THE WIND.

BENEATH the quiet Heaven's starry shewing,

My long and snaky wind-lings are unceasing;

And, with a weight of melancholy meaning,

I circle round the melancholy world.

THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

We thrill and carol with a happy brightness
As, smitten into life, we roll and ring;
And leaping from our homes with giddy light-
ness,
Down the precipice of air we dance and spring.

THE WIND.

O, ever-living stars! how old and lonely
Art thou and I! How sad, and how apart!
The feeble years die round us, and our only
Companion is the sorrow in the heart.

THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

Into sudden, wild existence roaring, flashing,
Into quickly-wrought extinction murmuring
round;
Through the whirling and the winding and the
crashing,
We are happy in the life which we have found.

THE WIND.

I mutter'd in the dark, as now I mutter,
When Chaos was all mad, and God was far
Inspired within His might and mystery utter,
Ere yet He had permitted sun or star.

THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

What matter that we die so soon? Unending
Are the elements from out of which we flow;
And the secret of our smooth, harmonious
blending
Is a mystery which the wisest shall not know.

THE WIND.

I wail and sigh over the sure declension
Of all things born beneath the rounded spheres,
And find no pleasure in the brief ascension
Of any of the faint, decaying years.

THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

Yet Nature, with her sweet, beneficent cunning,
Gives to every living creature joyful breath;
And Life, within its warm and cheerful sunning,
Sees a shadow of the fast-approaching Death.

THE WIND.

I know the vanity and the treacherous seeming
Of every shape of joy: I feel the grey
Of twilight in the sun's intensest beaming
A darkness in the golden heart of day.

THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

O, the choruses of laughter, upward rushing
From the towns and scatter'd hamlets, flock'd
with light!
O, the glad, rejoicing natures, freely gushing
Round a million happy hearth-stones, warm
and bright!

THE WIND.

A little while, and all the mirth is banish'd—
A little, little while, and all is still!
The feasters into outer space have vanish'd,
Like clouds that have departed o'er the hill.

THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

But the clouds, before thine impulse onward
springing
In some other sky new shapings will receive;
And man's soul, across its mortal boundaries
winging
Hails Eternity's all-festal New Year's Eve!

THE WIND.

I am too old to listen to young teaching,
Although 'tis nearer to the source of truth:
In vain the bitter ocean of my preaching
Thou sprinklest with the honey-dew of youth.

THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

Then thus we drown thy melancholy murmur
With the torrent and the tumbling of our
sound!
Lo! the footsteps of the year are growing firmer
As we fill the airy vastness round and round.
With an eager, fierce impatience, out we stammer;
With a rush of rapid talking, down we sweep;
With augmenting volubility and clamor,
Thus we trample, and we eddy, and we leap!
We are creatures of a momentary being;
We can scarcely bear the sting of our delight;
From our nests of stone and metal we are fleeing
In a dance of mazy motion through the night.
We jostle one another, and we wrangle;
But the harmony which is to us as Love,
Breathes a reconciling sweetness through the
jangle
And we faint towards the singing spheres
above:
Faint and falter with an infinite receding,
Lapse and linger with an exquisite regret;
Till from out the dimmest distance we seem
pleading,
And the eyes of frail humanity grow wet.
But the New Year, with its yet unacted history,
Claims the homage of our last departing
chime;
Then we hush ourselves in awe before the mys-
tery
Of the youngest and the freshest birth of Time.

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GROUND AND LOFTY TUMBLING.

I.

A FISHING excursion, a pic-nic, a pleasure-sail, and a walk through Switzerland, are delightful things to contemplate for a month or two beforehand; but how to perform them, to endure them, to enjoy them—as it is insultingly called—that is a very different affair. The fish won't bite; the pic-nic is a deluge; the pleasure-sail is a storm; and the Swiss pedestrianism a fatigue and a humbug. No man ever was happy during either his hopeless fishing, his wet luncheon, his tumultuous voyage, or his wearisome expedition. Yet ask whomsoever you will, old or young, green with eighteen, or mouldy with forty-five, you will never get a refusal. "I shall have my fishing tackle all in order." "I shall order my hamper at once." "I will sport a pilot coat." "I will order my walking boots." So we are not to wonder that Vincent Willis accepted his uncle's invitation to join the Hopeful Anglers last May with the greatest delight: not that he had ever caught a trout, or ever even hoped to delude a minnow; not that he cared much for his uncle's society, or had any expectation of enjoyment from the other members of the Club—but the word was spoken; it was a fishing excursion; and it was impossible to refuse. Mr. Willis was a poet, in the same way that some of Mendelssohn's pieces are songs; being still without words. He was also a painter (without a brush,) and so he composed sublime romances, and dashed off surprisingly beautiful pictures without canvas or paper, or desk or easel. He was five-and-twenty, very good looking, and as strong as an elephant; and, to complete his description, he lived in the Albany, and was the most miserable wretch alive. Rather a dull place, the Albany, for a person subject to low spirits, and with nothing whatever to do: rather a weary life, I've heard it said, to read French novels, and smoke cigars, and watch the slow hands of the dingy clock on the mantelpiece ticking their dismal-career round the uninteresting face, and seemingly determined never to arrive at the dinner-hour. And even the dinner-hour! What was the dinner-hour to Vincent Willis? He knew very few people, nobody in fact, but young men he had become acquainted with at the Club, or

recognised as friends at college. Bachelor meetings had lost their zest; theatres had no attraction; for he was tired of upholsterer's tragedies, grinning farce,—and where was he to look for anything else? In taking his solitary walk homeward from the Regent's Park, when he heard a dinner-bell sounding in Baker Street, he fancied the nice old baldheaded father, the kind and stout old mother, the three blooming and buxom daughters, tripping down stairs with a cousin or two from the country: and passed on with a sigh, thinking how pleasant it would be to drop in on the family party, and draw in his chair, and drink wine with Susan, and talk with Arabelle about Mario and Grisi. But not in all London did he know a stock-broker or sugar-baker, or merchant or official; or any of the nobility, gentry and clergy, from whom to expect an invitation.

Wasn't I right in saying he was the most miserable wretch alive? Two thousand a-year added nothing to his happiness. There was a beautiful estate in Devonshire, which his father had left him, unencumbered either by debt or dowager. His guardians during his minority had accumulated seven thousand pounds for the building of a house upon the land. The plans were all drawn out, the estimates obtained, and it wanted nothing but a word from the young Squire to have a handsome mansion upon a site evidently intended by nature for a manor-house; and what then would be wanting to the perfection of Barcombe Leas? But Barcombe Leas was in Devonshire; a long way from London. There could be no gaiety in such a distant country. People were buried who pretended to live so far away from the capital. So the seven thousand pounds lay in Cout's hands. The Architect's exquisite plan for a house lay in a drawer. Barcombe Leas was without a residence, and Mr. Vincent Willis occupied rooms in the Albany for the sake of its central situation, and led the brilliant life I have told you of, with his book, and his clock, and his cigar. He had made many attempts to break in on the unvarying dullness of his existence; and, all this time, his admiring tenants and neighbours in the far west were pitying him for the frightful fatigue he was undergoing in dancing at Almack's from night

till morn with royal princesses and the foreign ambassadresses, two or three times a week. Katy Herbert, the daughter of the recently-appointed clergyman at Barcombe, was lost in admiration of the pictures she heard of the youthful proprietor; and began at last, though very sorrowfully, to agree with her father (who had never seen his chief parishioner) that he must be throwing away health and fortune in the round of dissipation throughout the season. Bill Joyce, of the Willis Arms, thought it quite right that young Squire should drive four-in-hand, and attend at Tattersall's; and go to the races, and show what tip-top hunters Devonshire could turn out. The rest of the parish passed many judgments upon his behaviour; but all agreed that he was leading a life of the most rapturous enjoyment, and was the delight and amusement of the best society in London.

Meantime he had gone to the Channel Islands in the *Musquito*, of fifty tons; and, after being sick for six days, had been rescued from imminent shipwreck in the *Race of Alderney* by a pilot boat, which charged nearly the value of the vessel under a claim of salvage. He had tried a picnic to Beaulieu, and got an attack of rheumatism, which confined him to bed for a month; he had also walked to Chamounix from Geneva, and dislocated his ankle; and now, for the second time, he was on the point of starting on a fishing expedition under the guidance of his Uncle Sam. On the last occasion he had lost his rod and lines, and been prosecuted for a trespass; but anything was better than vegetating in London (when the season was supposed to be not yet begun,) and he looked with some anxiety towards the package the tacklemaker had sent him, and wondered why his honoured relative had not made his appearance.

The door was suddenly thrown open, a voice ejaculated, "Here we are! How d'ye like us?" in the tones of a clown in the ring; and, on turning round, he saw a pair of short, thick legs held perpendicularly in the air, while the proprietor performed a walk upon his hands. The broad tails of his velvet-coat fell down to his shoulders, his hair brushed the carpet as he advanced, and after knocking his heels together two or three times as if in applause of his dexterity, he gave himself a sudden jerk into his natural position and presented his hand to his host with a chuckle of triumph. He was a youth of one or two and twenty, round, short, active, and good-natured. His face was radiant with mirth, which, when it degenerated into the more vulgar form of laughter, hid his eyes altogether by a strange folding up of his cheeks, and closing of his eyelids, while his mouth distending from side to side made him look like the landscape to a Joe Miller. His complexion faded with health; his hat, which he had chucked on his first entrance upon the floor, hung round with

hooks and flies of various colours; his waistcoat wide in the flaps, like a citizen's of George the Second; his boots laced up in front and his trowsers of white corduroy close fitting to the knee. This was Uncle Sam.

"There isn't a fellow in our office can give the three cracks on the sole but myself; it's so apt to put you off the balance," he said, with an air of proud satisfaction.

"It's perhaps not necessary for a clerk in the Statistical office—"

"Deaths Department," suggested Uncle Sam.

"In the Deaths Department of the Statistical Office," continued Vincent, "to learn to stand on his head."

"Hands," interposed the uncle; "It's quite a mistake to suppose that anybody *can* stand on his head. How the dooce could a fellow stand on an inflexible round thing like that? The whole weight is borne on the forearm, and the support is gained by spreading the palms. Look here!" and in a moment the heels were again in the air and performed the wonderful act of clapping themselves together.

"Don't you see," said the performer, still in the antipodean attitude, "the head has nothing to do with it. Just feel the muscles of my arm. That's how it's done. Jack Buttons in the Births Department nearly broke his neck last week by resting too much weight on his forehead. It's a very dangerous thing to do. I advise everybody against it."

Having proved his case by examples he lay for a moment on his back; and, turning heels over head without any apparent exertion, stood once more upon his legs.

"Now, then, are you ready to go?" he said.

"Certainly," replied Vincent; "I have expected you this hour. We shall be too late for the train."

"You look sulky, Nephew Vin, and that's what I won't stand either on my head or heels. What's the use of being a fellow's uncle if you don't use the authority of your position? Why was my sister twenty-two years older than I, and why were you born three years before me unless to procure me a nephew who might be of use? Not a nasty little young snob always looking out for tips and holidays; but a respectable young man who can stand an occasional dinner at Greenwich to his old relations, and make himself generally convenient in the pay department."

"Well; get on. What has that to do with our fishing?"

"Just this; that if the wind holds in the south I shall treat myself to an extra day or two, for I can soon overtake my work in adding up all the people who have died of Zymotic, unless some ridiculous influenza comes on. Therefore, my boy, I am not going to take you by railway this time. It gets over the ground too soon."

"How then? I am delighted to get back to the top of a jolly four horse coach. A thousand times better than an engine."

"But we are not going by a coach," interposed his Uncle. "The fact is I have bought a gig—that is, you have; for I don't happen to be in funds just now. My Warwickshire rents and the Lancashire coal property, together with my gold mines in California, are a little in arrear; and so you see you have bought a gig."

"I don't want a gig, my dear fellow."

"But I do; and that's the same thing, it strikes me. In the first place you are more independent; you can drive into byways and get across country almost as if you were on horseback. Secondly, it is a sort of realized property; for, if the worst comes to the worst, you can always leave your carriage in payment for your bill. Thirdly, it acts like a circular note from a banker, and soothes the landlord's mind the moment you drive into the yard."

"And the horse?" inquired Vincent, submitting to his fate.

"O! the horse, too; of course; not to mention harness and whip. A capital stepper, and full of fire. He ought to be, for he's valued at twenty pounds. If he hadn't lately got blind of his chandelier eye, they would have considered him worth fifty at least."

"What do you mean by the chandelier eye?" said the dutiful nephew.

"The eye next the chandelier, I suppose. He has been one of Astley's troop for an immense time; and, as I take a flat saddle with me, well resined, with all the other apparatus, at the back of the gig, I can carry on my lessons whenever we get to a nice piece of grass: for we are going to have some amateur horsemanship for the benefit of the Grimaldi Club, and I have engaged to do the Flying Courier in flesh coloured tights, with a mail-coach horn. I take one to practise on all the way."

"Why, the people will think we are wandering mountebanks?"

"And good fun, too," replied the uncle. "Do you know, that it is a very excellent idea. I never thought of that. It would be a capital way of amusing ourselves after a day's drive. Can't you sing Hot Codlins? But, by Jove! you young fellows can do nothing. There's Timmins of the Marriage Office, a man of forty-five at least, has been practising the rope and pole for two months. He ties a cord to the handles of two desks, and gets on amazingly; only, once he had a bad fall, for the locks gave way, the drawers opened, and, of course, when the slack came, down he went."

"Well, come along," said Vincent; you seem to have left very little of the pie, and none of the Madeira." (They had been lunching.) "So let us be off. Where's the gig?"

"At the Piccadilly end," said Sam. "Don't be surprised; the horse is piebald just now, but if we have a shower or two he will be a capital light-brown. I will just drive you round to Little Ducrow Place, St. James's, to pick up my letters, and then off to the Wiltshire streams."

"And Kennet swift, for silver eels renew'd."

Vincent laughed at the strange amusement of his hopeful uncle and resigned himself to the journey; for, wasn't it a fishing excursion he was bound for? and that implied everything that was delightful.

The gig had a bright green body and bright red wheels. The harness was apparently an heirloom of some very old and noble family, for it was of very antique fashion, and had a considerable number of barons' coronets in faded silver-gilt upon the saddle and blinkers. The horse might have belonged to the same period, for its teeth were of the most preternatural length, its forelegs bent in the form of a sickle, and its flanks sunk into deep recesses like the extinguished craters in the moon. The animal, however, had more spirit than might have been expected; and, on being touched playfully with the thong just under the shoulder, stood still, and then rising bolt upright, went through the ceremony of a rear in a very fierce and determined manner. This, while it attracted great admiration, caused some alarm to those who had not witnessed his performances as the Wild Courser of the Caucasus. Uncle Sam was so proud of the performance of his steed that he tipped him the well-understood signal at the corner of every street. Vincent thought he observed a grin upon the countenance of most of the spectators, and begged the enraptured charioteer to allow the miserable quadruped to pursue its course in peace.

"Don't be afraid, Vin," replied Sam. "He won't run away, and it gets his blood up. He'll go like a whirlwind when we get out on the dusty road. At present he thinks he's dancing the egg dance, and picks his steps very gingerly. Soho! horse, be steady."

The horse stood still in answer to this appeal, which was uttered at the door of his lodgings in Little Ducrow Place; and, on receiving a slight flick under the shoulder, prepared to rise in a furious state of indignation on his hind legs, and threaten destruction to the gig and its inmates. It was, however, stopped in its laborious efforts at ungovernable wrath by a gentleman who suddenly came out of the door, and, on seeing Uncle Sam, seized him by the hand and shook it with great warmth. He was a good-looking young man, very plainly dressed, and with an eagerness in voice and manner which contrasted strongly with the characteristics of his friend.

"I've got it," he said, and touched the breast of his coat, "and am eternally obliged to you for your kindness."

"All right, I hope?" replied Sam, "Governor softened?"

The young man smiled sadly, and shook his head.

"You are to be absent for a week," he said. "May I call as usual to see if anything comes?"

"Certainly, my good fellow; and you will always have the mattress on the floor. You can go on with your sunsets."

"Thank you, I've left off gymnastics. I never got very far in the art, and at present I have no great spirits to pursue my studies. I may get a letter addressed here as usual to-night, which will make me the wretchedest man alive."

"Pooh! nonsense; never be down-hearted. It will bring you good news, I'm sure. And you'll do very well if you practise. Keep your heels well down, and your arms close to your side. You'll manage the double tumble in a week. But do as you like."

"Thank you; you're very good. Good-bye."

"That's a green sort of bird," said Uncle Sam, when they had gone some miles in silence, and were fairly through the suburbs.

"He was once in our office, but didn't take either to statistics or climbing the pole; so he resigned. And what do you think the fool has done? Why he's sure to die in the poor-house, for he first fell in love, and then, by Jove! he wrote a book."

"Poems, of course," said Vincent.

"Poems? no! Something about India, when all this row is over. Something about agriculture among the old Hindoos, or means of development of cotton cultivation. I never read a word of the rubbish myself, but it lies on the table of our Club, and looks dreadfully respectable."

"And the lady?" inquired Vincent, beginning to take an interest in the story.

"O! she's dreadfully respectable too; but she's a rum one to write. She sends epistles five or six times a week, all to the care of Samuel Blanders, Esquire, forty-one, Little Ducrow Place. He's afraid to have them sent home, for he lives with an old uncle in the Regent's Park, who would disinherit him if he suspected him of such nonsense as making love or writing books. And a sensible old fellow too, in my opinion; so take care Nephew Vin, how you behave; no courtship, no authorship, sir, or your fate is a shilling."

"My dear Uncle," said Vincent, in a melancholy tone; "I would give all I am worth either to fall in love or compose a volume."

"Ah! well—it isn't so bad for a man with two thousand a year by sides' expectations from an uncle in the Statistical Office; but Arthur Wellend hasn't two hundred, and only an uncle in the Stock Exchange."

"Get on blackhead," he added, addressing the horse. "I must have an hour on the flat saddle, before we put up for the night."

II.

"Stop, Mazeppa!" cried Uncle Sam, on the third day of the fishing excursion, "and let us admire the beauty of the prospect."

Mazeppa stopped as requested, without the faintest inclination to rear or threaten, and hung its ears, and heaved its poor old sides as if it had trotted a hundred miles. The travellers also performed their part of the contract by admiring the scenery on either hand. A river, broad and shallow, but with smooth expanses on its surface, which showed that it possessed holes of considerable depth, flowed happily onward by the side of the road. A bridge of several arches spanned it a little way in advance, and led the way to a gate-house at the entrance of a gentleman's grounds, which lay in grassy swards and clumped hillock along the water side. A boat was moored to the bank, a short distance below the bridge; and on the rise of a gentle elevation was a nice modest villa with steps at the front door and a green-house at the side, and French windows down to the ground. The gable end of a stable, covered with ivy, was seen at a hundred yards distance towards the west. A pretty, charming, moderate-sized place; not the show and wonder of a county; with probably a very few old masters on the walls, but not unlikely a beautiful Roberts in the drawing room, and a Stanfield over the mantel-piece. Fifty acres of pasture did not constitute the proprietor a prominent member of the Agricultural Society; nor did the four or five cows, which lounged so picturesquely under the trees, add much to the statistical returns of cattle and sheep.

"I should think, sixteen hundred a year," said Sam, "with expectations from an aunt. What a happy life! What a soft turf! What a place for the Caucasian courser and the rosined saddle! And the river, Vin! There must be loads of fish in these long reaches; and, if there's a pot-house anywhere near, we can't do better than get out our tackle and throw our flies for a two-pound trout."

A hostelry of clean appearance, with a horse trough under an elm tree at the door, and the sign of the Waggoner depending from the lowest bough, tempted the travellers to remain. The Caucasian was ensconced in a comfortable stall, orders were given for dinner, two clean, rustically-furnished bedrooms were examined and secured, and in a short time armed with rod and line, the uncle and nephew retraced their steps, and commenced operations just opposite the mansion which had so excited their admiration. The house looked cosier, happier, healthier than ever. There were appearances of occupancy about it which added greatly to its charm; for every now and then, young people—ladies, I mean, for men never add anything to a landscape, unless they are

either beggars or brigands—dressed in tight-fitting jackets, and short red petticoats, and wide-awake hats with feathers on their heads, flitted to and fro, carrying baskets on their arms, and glittering scissors in their hands, and disappeared and appeared again through the greenhouse door.

"Florists," said Uncle Sam, "cuttings of geraniums, and planting out the potted myrtles; flowers of all hues. What a pleasant place! What figures for horsemanship and Swiss gardeners' daughters! I wonder who they are? But come along, here's a nice breeze. Our flies are all in order, and here goes for the first throw."

But Vincent did not care for fishing. As soon as he saw his uncle fairly engaged, he laid his rod quietly on the ground, and strolled downwards towards the bridge; and, by crossing it into a village lane, he obtained a side view of the little park, and also got a little nearer to the mansion. It certainly was the most captivating place he had ever seen, and the activity of the wide-awakes and baskets still continued. He still saw two fairy little forms tripping into the greenhouse, or disappearing through the garden wall. The particular features he could not discern; only the shapes and motions were distinguishable. But they were young—they stepped so airily; and pretty—they carried their broad-brims so jauntily. Altogether he had an immense inclination to examine them more closely, and see if in face and figure they answered to the beauty of the situation and the poetical elegance of the work they were employed on.

Suddenly some change took place in their occupation. The girl in pink ribbons rushed towards the girl in blue, pointed with great animation to the avenue: up which slowly advanced a four wheel, driven by a gentleman in a vast body-coat and a white hat, by whose side sat a grey mantle bolt upright and very majestic. Pink-ribbons threw something she took from her bosom into the basket on Blue-ribbons' arm, hurried into the greenhouse, and was, though lost to sight, to memory dear. Vincent was astonished and intensely interested. What was the meaning of her impassioned motion of the hand? What was it she threw into the basket? What connection was there between the whole scene and the respectable old fogie in the white beaver who was labouring up the approach, or the grey vestal who was his companion? Blue-ribbons paused for a moment, looked towards the advancing vehicle and ran to the garden door. In another moment with a spade in her hand, she returned to the lawn, but glided among the bushes, and, trying to conceal her retreat, stooped her head below the hedge, and rapidly made her way towards the plantation at the side of the road where Mr. Willis had taken his station. A slight exertion placed him on the inside of the fence,

and the better to command a view of what was going on, he clambered up an ivy-covered old elm, and sat like a wild man of the woods on the first fork of the tree.

O, if his neighbours at Barcombe had known what he was doing, what a different notion they would have had of the manner in which the Squire spent his time! Bill Joyce expected him to be at Tattersall's. Katy Herbert, the new Rector's daughter, believed he was waltzing with a countess at an aristocratic fete at Cremorne. Mr. Motts, his principal tenant, thought he was presiding at a cattle-show—and he really was about twelve feet from the ground, hiding in an old tree, and almost hearing his heart beat with the expectation of what was to come. For what did he see? Blue-ribbons came in a straight line to where he was placed. As she drew near, he saw her more distinctly; and the more distinctly he saw her, the more beautiful she appeared. A graceful figure flexible and light; a charming face; blue eyes, brown hair, fine arms, and strong hands—yes, strong though exquisitely shaped; and a sinewy foot—yes, sinewy though delicately small—for she plied the spade with foot and hand, and dug and dug, just at the root of the elm, till, when the opening was about a foot in depth, she took a small parcel out of the basket, placed it in the hole, and then filled in the earth and beat it down with the flat of her spade; replacing the mossy grass, and smoothing it with her foot, and, with a quick and anxious look all round, she advanced to the trunk of the venerable tree, and notched it in three places with the point of a pair of strong scissors. Then, clutching the basket and shouldering the spade, she returned by the way she came, crouching as she got near the front of the house, and effected her escape into the garden without being noticed by the party assembled on the lawn.

Vincent sat on his tower of speculation, petrified with surprise, and only recalled to flesh and blood again by the liveliest admiration. What was it she had so carefully buried? Who was she? Why did she conceal her proceedings from her friends? And how beautiful, how interesting she was! In all his hours of solitude in the Albany, in all his hours of dreary conviviality in the Club, he had never dreamed of such an adventure as this. It beat his imaginary dinner in Baker Street all to nothing. She was so young too—not twenty. He was over head and ears in love with Blue-ribbons, and determined to write down immediately to Devonshire and tell the builder to begin Barcombe Hall.

Should he dig up the sacred deposit and satisfy his curiosity at once?

Play the spy on such bashful innocence! The thought was degrading; so he clambered down from the tree, leaped the park palings, hurried down the lane, crossed the

bridge, and found Uncle Sam up to his knees in water and thrashing the river assiduously right in front of the lawn.

"Come ashore," he cried, "Uncle Sam! I have something to say to you."

"Say on, my boy. It's high time; for if I remember, you have never opened your lips since we began our expedition. Have you caught anything? a three-pounder at least?"

"Yes, more than that," exclaimed Vincent, still in great excitement, "dressed in a wide-awake with blue ribbons, and a lilac frock looped up over a scarlet petticoat; and, by heaven! there she is."

He gazed across the water, where he discovered the mysterious damsel in a group of persons which suddenly came into view.

"Well," said Uncle Sam, "what of the Blue-ribbons? Get on."

"There! don't you see her? the taller of those two; on the right hand of the old man in the white tile; with the basket on her arm, and the spade—no, she has no spade,—the fairy, the sylph, the angel! Oh, Uncle Sam, to get acquainted with that girl, to visit at that house, to learn her name,—and find out about the parcel!"

"What would you give?"

"Everything! all I'm worth! Millions could not purchase the joy!"

"Bosh!" said Uncle Sam, who had come back to the bank, and was fitting a new fly on his hook. "Name the figure, and the thing's done,—a hundred?"

"Two; any sum you like."

"Make it two hundred and fifty, like a good dutiful nephew, as you are, and you shall dine there to-day, and sit next Blue-ribbons, and ask any questions you like."

"Done! and if I'm indebted to you for so much happiness—"

"Not the least indebted, if you pay the money; but be quite easy in your mind, and don't be in a hurry."

So saying, the philosophic fisherman resumed his position in the shallow at the side, and pursued his sport with the utmost sangfroid. Meanwhile, in a state of the greatest agitation, the nephew kept his place upon the bank, watching the party on the opposite shore. The newly-arrived old gentleman was walking between the two young Dryads who had been so strangely disturbed by his appearance. With Pink-ribbons clinging to his arm, and his other arm round Blue-ribbons' waist, he strolled leisurely down the lawn in the direction of the river, and Vincent strained his eyes to bursting that he might not lose a feather of the plume, or a motion of the matchless form.

"Insensate brute, that foolish Uncle Sam!" he thought; "the beast has never once looked to the other side! Fishing, certainly, is the occupation of fools and children!"

Poor Uncle Sam! he was completely absorbed in playing a fish he had been lucky enough to strike; and beautiful were the

attitudes, and great the exertions of the accomplished Waltonian. He tightened his hold; he raised his rod; he gave the poor animal more line; he wound it up; he reeled it out again; he retreated to the bank; he waded once more into the stream. The group on the opposite side became interested in his sport. They stood still, and watched him from a point a little down the river, where the gaily painted boat was floating; and still the desperate struggle went on. Uncle Sam couldn't have been more enraptured if he had been standing on his head before the potentates of Europe, and writhed and twisted and balanced himself on one leg, in order to reach farther into the river. All of a sudden, by the rolling of a pebble on which he stood, he lost his footing, and fell with a flop into the deepest part of the stream. It was evident he couldn't swim; and, when he emerged to the surface, he puffed and panted like a bottle-nose pursued by a sword-fish; but farther and farther still he was carried from the land.

"Help! help!" he cried, and made prodigious efforts to regain his standing-ground; but all in vain. Vincent rushed in to the rescue; but before he could reach his uncle, unfortunate man, he had resigned himself to his fate, and was floating still and lifeless towards the other side. The gentleman and the two ladies had not been idle. They unmoored the pleasure-boat, and Pink-ribbons and Blue-ribbons had pushed out into the stream. They fortunately grappled the inanimate body of Uncle Sam with the satin-wood boat-hook, with only a little damage to his waistcoat; and, by gently tugging, contrived to get it into the shallow water at the bank. Vincent was distracted with grief at the frightful accident, and was on the point of plunging into the deep and rather rapid bend of the river, which lay between him and the lawn, though he was a very unaccustomed swimmer, when he saw the old gentleman get into the boat, and paddle across to where he was.

"For heaven's sake! jump in, sir," he said; "your friend may yet be recovered. I will hurry up to the house, and send for our medical man. But make haste; another minute, and all may be too late."

It was no time for compliments, and Vincent jumped into the boat and was quickly on the other side. He did not even take notice of the fair young girls who were gathered round the corpse. He knelt on one knee and took the cold hand in his. He pressed it between his palms to give it warmth, and called distractedly:—Best of friends, has all your kindness come to this? O! I would give a thousand pounds this moment for the faintest sign of life!

Was it a freak of his fancy? Was it a nervous convulsion of the dead man's fingers? or did he really feel a slight clasp of poor Samuel's hand? Did the muscles of his

eyelid suddenly contract, perhaps before finally settling into rest, and reveal for a moment a twinkle of the bluest and merriest of eyes! Vincent let go the hand of the deceased, and stood up. Pink-ribbons and Blue-ribbons looked on him with compassion in their lovely faces.

"Is there any hope, sir?" they inquired. "O, how dreadful!"

Vincent took upon himself the part of comforter.

"I trust he may be restored to consciousness," he said, "as he was for so short a time under the water. The gratitude we shall both feel for your kindness will never be effaced. I think he breathes already."

There was certainly a motion perceptible in the fat person of the defunct; a short cough relieved the oppression of his chest, and his sides heaved as if with difficulty repressing some internal emotion. A tremulous movement of the lips became also visible; and the young ladies, delighted with these symptoms, hurried up the lawn to assist the gardener and his men, who were coming down with a large hurdle laid on a couple of poles and carefully covered over with a feather bed. For an instant the left eye of the late Mr. Blanders opened once more, and a faint voice, without the slightest motion of the lips, sighed forth the words:—"All right, my boy, you shall dine as per agreement, and you'll give me that thousand pounds."

When the mournful cavalcade arrived at the front door, they were met by the rigid grey mantle—with the frightfully sharp-visaged maiden aunt in it—who came down the steps and gazed compassionately on the sufferer. She then ordered the girls to be off and let the men carry him up to his bedroom. She then, though in a suspicious uneasy way, invited Vincent to come in and wait till her brother and the doctor arrived.

"Your friend," she said, "is merely chilled by the shock; but he is young and strong, and by careful watching may yet get over the danger."

Vincent said a few words of thanks, and felt ashamed of the false pretenses under which he was forcing his way into the house. However, the imposition was begun and must now be gone on with to the end. He then accompanied the bearers to the bedroom; and, in a few minutes Samuel Blanders, Esquire, was sitting up in a comfortable arm-chair, dressed in the clothes of the master of the mansion, and discoursing confidentially with his nephew on the next steps to be pursued. To bed he positively refused to go; but expressed great confidence of being able to pass the medical examination of the village surgeon, and impress him with the perfect assurance that he had been really drowned.

"How is it, my boy?" he said. "Does Blue-ribbons stand close inspection? I could catch a glimpse of lovely faces in my

late departed state, but saw nothing distinctly."

"She is the most beautiful girl I ever saw, and the romance of her story adds an undefinable charm to her faultless features and shape."

"What do you know about her story?" said Uncle Sam, sitting forward with curiosity. "Did you ever hear of her before?"

"No; I knew nothing about her; but there is a mysterious incident—"

"Hush! here's Galen," exclaimed Sam, "and I'm off in a faint."

Galen now entered the room, accompanied by the old gentleman of the house, and took hold of Sam's wrist. He looked at his watch and counted the ticks.

"Hm, Hm, more excitement," he said, "than asphyxia from immersion. The collapse has set in; and he must have brandy-and-water, hot and strong, or I will not answer for the consequences."

A nervous twitch again made its appearance about the corners of the patient's mouth, and I need not say how successful the treatment was, and with what docility the prescription was received. The effect was more rapid than the most sanguine practitioner could have expected; and, before the end of the tumbler, the sufferer was restored to the full use of his faculties, though still very weak. He returned his thanks for the efforts of the whole family in his behalf with a grace peculiar to himself.

Vincent was more subdued in his expressions of gratitude; for conscience pricked him at every word; and having thus established an acquaintance which he determined to cultivate in a more legitimate manner at some future time, he explained to his host the circumstances of the case, and how he had been induced to accompany his uncle, Mr. Blanders of the Statistical Office, on a fishing excursion, and had left his baggage at the Waggoner.

"But you shall send for it," interrupted the hospitable gentleman; "and you and Mr. Blanders, if he is able, and our excellent neighbour, Mr. Smith, will dine with me to-day. Mr. Blanders can't possibly be moved to-night, I should say, Mr. Smith?" (Mr. Smith nodded his head affirmatively) "and there are bedrooms enough for all. I have a niece here on a visit to my daughter, and two cavaliers from the great city will be an immense acquisition."

Vincent really was so good-looking, and so perfectly gentlemanlike in all his ways, that there was very little rashness in this extempore invitation. Mr. Blanders, however, might have given pause to a more cautious Amphitryon; for the apparel in which he at present appeared was by no means becoming, consisting of a coat and waistcoat which were a mile too wide even for his capacious figure; and a pair of nether habiliments so immense in their amplitude, that they looked like the

cast-off raiment of Gog and Magog when they retired from their public duties in London. The proprietor of these articles was upwards of six feet high and weighed seventeen stone.

"What a trump he is!" exclaimed Sam, casting himself forward upon both his hands, with his heels in the air, the moment they were left alone, and clapping his soles together a dozen times without stopping. "I never knew such a nice old fellow in my life, and I'll bet you he has excellent port."

"A niece and a daughter," meditated Vincent. "I wonder which is his daughter. Is she Blue-ribbons?—or Pink-ribbons? I suppose I shall find it out at dinner." And in this hope he waited as patiently as he could for the arrival of his carpet-bag, for which the good man of the house had lost no time in sending to the Waggoner.

III.

MR. BLANDERS made a great sensation. Even on his presentation in the drawing-room, the effect of his introduction was remarkable. When the old gentleman took him up to the sofa where the cousins were seated, and said, "Now girls be proud of your handiwork, for Mr. Blanders owes his life to you: the elder of them turned very pale, and then flushed as red as a rose, and finally bent down her head without saying a word. The other was more collected, and received the thanks of the resuscitated Samuel without any fear or embarrassment. Mr. Willis was so overshadowed by the glory of the hero of the day, that he was merely presented as the great man's nephew, and Mr. Smith took a close look at the venerable relation, to see by what means he managed to look so young. There was nothing extraordinary about any of the party, except a certain fidgetiness and perpetual motion on the part of the old lady, accompanied with frequent whispers in the ear of the medical gentleman. The landlord was open and good-natured, and told his visitors a good deal of his family history, which was not worth the telling. He said his name was Dalwood, and that he had retired from business for some years, ("And he's a magistrate, gentlemen," interposed his sister, "and very active on the bench.") that he was a widower, and his sister, Miss Lavinia, took care of his house, ("And a great deal sharper care, gentlemen, she takes of it, than some people like.") Here she looked dreadful things at her nieces. That he had several brothers and sisters, whose daughters frequently came to visit his little Mary, and were delighted to be so near London, though they never went into it, poor souls; but thought themselves quite metropolitan if they only saw the railway train which had left it an hour before. That Rickstone was the name of his property, and that they were a very happy, prosy, commonplace sort of people, pleased to see the two Mr. Blanderses, who he hoped would not make this

the last of their visits. It was by no means Mr. Samuel's intention to make it the last of his. The young lady, who had shown so much agitation on his introduction, Miss Mary Dalwood, the old gentleman's daughter, sat next him all the evening, both at dinner and in the drawing-room. She listened with glistening eyes to his eloquence, and that was very great; for he described several new performers at Astley's, and explained how people stood on their heads, and gave a luminous account of how Spriggs of the Home Office, (Sir George Spriggs' son, who was governor of the Feejee Islands, so long—in fact, he pathetically observed, till he was eaten by his rebellious people); how Spriggs, junior, had strained his back by the stupidity of the fellows not holding the blanket tight enough when he leapt through a baker's window at a private pantomime. To all this the most interested face in the world did seriously incline; and the sweetest smiles followed every anecdote; and their voices dropped sometimes into a whisper.

About the same time was going on a conversation between Vincent and Miss Catherine, whom he recognised by her beautiful figure and very brilliant eye as the Blue-ribbons of the forenoon's adventure. He tried to find out the mystery of the parcel, and inquired a good deal about canary birds, that he might tell imaginary anecdotes of friends of his, who buried them under trees. But the anecdotes had no effect; so it couldn't be a cageful of canaries she had entombed with so much care. Then he asked her if she had heard of some utterly non-existent earl's daughter, who was detected secreting jewels in a brown paper parcel, getting a spade from the gardener, and depositing it under an elm in her noble father's park. Still there was no sign that the arrow hit the mark. Then he imagined a case of a distinguished French marchioness—he gave the name with the most perfect Parisian pronunciation, for he had been once for a fortnight at the Hôtel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme—who had been seen digging at the roots of a large oak, and laying a package in the hole. The curious thing, said Vincent, was, "that she took out a pair of scissors, and made a mark on the trunk, as if for the purpose of pointing it out to somebody for whom the parcel was meant." Ah! what a flush there was in her face and neck! The constant recurrence of the one incident of concealing something in the ground, went home all of a sudden, and she whispered mysteriously to the inventor of all those stories, "Do you know him? Did he send you here?"

"Would it make you happy if I said yes?"

"Is he coming to-night?" continued the girl. "Aunt is very suspicious, and has been searching all our drawers. He can't fail to find them. Mary wrote to him yesterday."

"What?" inquired Vincent, anxious to know all, "would it be very unlucky if he failed to find them?"

"Unlucky! what do you mean? But perhaps we have made a mistake," said the young lady. Then, after a pause, "But we have gone too far to recede: how much do you know?"

"Nothing; but that I would die to be of service to you, employ me in any way you like."

"Thank you," she said coldly, "I have no need of your services," and the conversation became general. This time it was about the delights of a London life; and Blue-ribbons, who had never been in London, except on a shopping expedition with her uncle and aunt, was the elegant exponent of all the advantages of a residence in town. "But it must be very fatiguing," she said, "and after all, not so respectable or so useful, as to live on one's own land, and among one's own friends. Only think," she said with the greatest earnestness, "what an attraction high life must have, when it keeps a person like Mr. Willis of Barcombe Leas for years and years away from his beautiful place."

"Mr. Who?" exclaimed Vincent, growing very red, while Uncle Sam stopped short in his description of a dog-fight at Battersea, and puffed out his cheeks as if he were blowing a mail-coach horn.

"Mr. Willis," repeated the young lady. "He devotes all his time to amusement and fine society. We hear sad accounts of him: how he dances all night at dukes' parties, and gives entertainments like the feasts in the Arabian Nights, and all the while there is left a very fine estate altogether neglected and no house built, and no school supported (except a yearly subscription which doesn't do half so much good as a little personal superintendence,) and he takes no interest in the poor, nor the state of the parish; and doesn't even know there's a new organ in the loft."

"He must be a very silly conceited fool of a fellow," exclaimed the good Mr. Dalwood, "to neglect the pleasantest and most useful duties of a country gentleman's life."

"And where did you get all this information about him?" inquired Vincent, in as unconcerned a manner as he could put on. "I scarcely think his mode of life deserves so brilliant a character."

"You know him, then?" said Blue-ribbons, blushing to the tips of her fingers. "O, I'm afraid I've said too much again. I'm always getting into scrapes."

Here a very sharp shrill voice said, "I fear you are," and, on tracing the sound to its original seat, it was perceived to arise from the starched lips of Miss Lavinia Dalwood, whose whispered communications with Mr. Smith had continued all the evening. The speech was very short, but it was very effec-

tive. It produced a solemn silence in the room, which was broken by the benevolent host.

"Never mind what Aunt Lavy says, my dear little niece; you never get into scrapes that you can't get out of."

"That remains to be seen," rejoined the duenna; "but I don't desire to bring our family differences to the notice of perfect strangers, whose very names we are not sure of, and who, for anything we know to the contrary,—" she paused a moment, as if considering what awful things might be hidden under their incognito, and Mr. Smith broke in (Mr. Smith was surgeon to the A division of the rural police, and was very suspicious.)

"I have known of members of the swell-mob," he said "who got into private houses by very ingenious devices. I recollect one instance of a man calling at a farm in the next parish to this, and pretending to be a cousin of the family, who had gone many years before to America. In the middle of the night he emptied the plate-chest, and got hold of all the money in the drawers, and broke his leg in getting out of the bedroom window—a compound fracture—I set it myself—and he was transported for life."

Mr. Dalwood, the best-tempered of men, was distressed beyond measure at the turn the conversation was taking. "Don't be offended," he said, "Mr. Smith has a most ill-judged collection of anecdotes for our amusement to-night, and as to Aunt Lavy, I don't know what has come to her."

But Aunt Lavy rose up in her might and opened the door. On the landing was seen a maid-servant in a state of alarm, surrounded by various articles; and as each was named by the indignant vestal, it was thrown with a chuck into the room, which shook the floor. "I'll tell what has come to Aunt Lavy," she said, "a saddle has come to her" (enter saddle, with flap top carefully chalked); "and a lump of rosin has come to her" (enter rosin); "and a red horse cloth with silver edging has come to her" (enter horse-cloth); "and a pair of satin slippers covered with spangles, has come to her" (enter the slippers); "and a coil of wire, and twelve yards of rope, and a box of chalk, and a salmon-coloured jacket, and a tin dagger, and twelve sconces for candles, and a pot of rouge, and a silk bridle and a riding whip." All these were tumbled in with amazing speed by the bewildered maid, who stood on the landing gazing with surprise and terror at the supposed equestrians. "And now," said aunt Lavinia, looking at the spoil-encumbered carpet, "what have you to say for yourselves?" The whole party was taken by surprise; Mr. Vincent Willis was indignant at the folly of his relative in loading their fishing excursion with such a ridiculous set of ornaments, and looked into the face of

Blue-ribbons to watch the effect of the exposure upon her. Did she think him a harlequin jumping through the hoops, or the Courier of Saint Petersburg on two horses at a time?

Mr. Smith's memory grew particularly lively. "I once knew a whole troop of Acrobats," he said, "arrested for robbery and attempted murder. They climbed up on each other's shoulders till they reached the third floor, and the apex of the pyramid jumped into a bedroom window. Four of them, which formed the base, were transported for life; and the middle of the building had four years of penal servitude."

Before Mr. Dalwood had time to do more than say he believed there was some mistake, a great noise was heard outside the window: a tramping of many feet, and a hum of voices; above which, however, were heard the awful words, "If you offer any resistance, I will shoot you through the head."

"Their friends!" exclaimed Miss Lavinia, "O, we shall all be murdered!"

"Accomplices," said Mr. Smith, "they will every one of them be hanged."

The cousins fluttered like frightened pigeons into a corner, and the two heroes of the adventure were undecided whether to make a rush at Old Smith and kill him on the spot, pitching Miss Lavinia out of the window, and effecting their escape; or to await the result of the new incident, and justify themselves in the eyes of the good old gentleman and the charming girls.

"I will not give up my pursuit of Blue-ribbons for all the aunts and doctors in the world," whispered Vincent to his uncle. "She knows all about Barcombe Leas."

The brother and sister in the meantime had been holding a very animated though inaudible conversation. It was evident that the lady was for proceeding to violent measures at once, and that good Mr. Dalwood resisted her suggestion. At last he left the room accompanied by his adviser, expressly charging Mr. Smith with the protection of the young ladies, and declining to take so strong a step as to send them out of the house, or give them into legal custody. He then went to his business room to take magisterial cognisance of the disturbance on the lawn. A few minutes put Miss Lavinia into a state of triumphant exultation, for she discovered that all her suspicions were well-founded, and the precautions she had taken against a burglarious entrance into the house crowned with success. From the peculiar conversation of Mr. Blanders, she had begun at a very early period of their acquaintance to have vague suspicions that all was not right, and that he would scarcely be engaged in a Government office, of the grandeur of which she had a mysterious idea, as if it contained whole families of prime ministers and ambassadors. Her temper had been put on an

additional edge by certain unaccountable proceedings on the part of Blue-ribbons for some weeks past. She had gone every day to the post-office, and brought back missives which she furtively (though not unperceived by the lynx eyes of that embodied propriety) slipped into Mary's hand. The reports of the equipage of the travellers brought her from the Waggoner excited her suspicion more and more, and her anger was doubly inflamed by the empty condition in which she had found the desks, drawers, and other repositories of the young ladies, in which she had instituted a diligent search, in the hope of discovering any letters which might lead to a clearing up of the mystery. She had floated all the evening in a state of disagreeable doubt whether the intruders on her brother's hospitality were her nieces' secret lovers in the disguise of travelling mountebanks, or in league with a party of thieves to break in and rob the house. To guard against the latter chance, she had stationed gardeners, hedgers, and other labourers all over the domain, and great was now her delight when she saw two men wrapped in cloaks, hustled into her brother's justice room, and now she hurried back to the drawing-room to relate her successful proceedings.

Some rather odd and unexpected things had happened in that apartment during her absence. The moment she had gone, Mr. Blanders had performed a summerset over the sofa, and advanced on his hands towards the astonished Mr. Smith, and after clapping his heels in a defiant manner in that gentleman's face, had flung himself into a vertical position, and announced the appalling fact that it was his intention to put him to a painful and ignominious death if he either stirred from his chair, or gave utterance to the slightest sound. Mr. Smith silently revolved in his mind all the incidents in the police reports bearing on this question, and came to the conclusion that it would be wiser to be quiet. Whereupon, Mr. Blanders performed a coachwheel across the floor, and in three evolutions found himself in his old place beside Miss Mary Dalwood. There were reasons best known to that young lady which persuaded her that her aunt's suspicions were totally unfounded, and the same confidence extended to her cousin with regard to the honour and respectability of Mr. Blanders's nephew. In fact, there was a good deal of laughter, and a great deal of whispering, and Mr. Smith was trying in vain to catch a syllable or imagine the cause of the hilarity, observing every now and then the immense fist of the young athlete extended to him in a menacing manner if he looked for a moment towards the assembled group.

"And how do you happen to know so much about Mr. Willis and his proceedings in London, I must ask you again," said Vincent, after a quantity of other talk.

"O, I hear a great deal about his way of going on, every day when I am at home," was the reply.

"And where is your home?" he inquired. "I hope it is not entirely out of the world."

"A long way off," said Blue-ribbons, "and so far from what you call the world, that you could scarcely find it even if you tried."

"I should like very much to make the attempt," he said; and here the scene of the morning recurred to him. "But you spoke,"—he stuttered a little—"you spoke—some letters you mentioned—and asked if I knew him. I suppose HE has no difficulty in finding his way," he concluded, with a tone in which a little bitterness might have been detected.

"Really, Mr. Blanders!" the young lady began.

"My name is not Blanders, Miss Dalwood," he interrupted her pretty sharply.

"My name is not Dalwood," replied Blue-ribbons.

"Then, what in heaven name is it?"

"I'm Katy Herbert, of Barcombe. My father is rector of the parish."

"And I'm Vincent Willis, of Barcombe Lens."

While these communications were having their effect, Miss Lavinia entered the room, radiant with gratified spite. She held in her hand a brown-paper parcel, tied with a blue ribbon; the same in fact which had made such an impression on Vincent in the morning.

"See what one of the robbers had concealed upon him," she said: and was proceeding to open it, but Mary stepped forward.

"Stop aunt," she said, "that packet belongs to me, and I will give it myself into my father's hands. I have kept this matter concealed from him too long, and I can't let Katy, who was only my messenger to the post-office, and helped me to conceal this parcel from your malicious researches, suffer any blame on my account."

At this moment Mr. Dalwood himself came into the room. There was a twinkle in his eye, as if he had transcended Justice Shallow in the administration of the law.

"What have you done with the robbers?" inquired Miss Lavinia.

"I've asked them to supper, sister. We shall have a merry company—elegant extracts from the Newgate Calendar; for, as you already make out our two visitors to be no better than they should be, you won't object to a couple of house-breakers being invited to make up the set. But first of all," he said, turning to Samuel, "let me ask you a few questions, Mr. Blanders. You know a gentleman of the name of Arthur Welland, and what do you think of him?"

"I know him very well," replied Mr. Blanders, "and never could teach him the

double-shuffle. But he's such a tremendous ass, he's sure to get on."

"What do you mean by an ass?" inquired the father, with a loud laugh, as he looked at his daughter's angry frown.

"Why, careful, steady, learned, clever, sensible, industrious. I'm certain an ass of that magnitude will be governor of the Bank of England some day. He has written a book about cotton, or cheese, or some other foreign mineral, and his stupid old uncle Jones, the stockbroker, will disinherit him. But he's not such a fool as he seems. He's got into a correspondence with some silly girl in the country,—a real old fogie's daughter, I believe,—so he'll come all right, yet. He'll never do for the tight-rope, so I advise him to marry her at once."

"You can give him the same advice now," said Mr. Dalwood, enjoying the confusion of Mary and the laughter of the rest amazingly, "for here he is, with the stupid old stockbroker his uncle. Come in Welland; come in Jones."

IV.

It was a supper party of the most amazing mirth. It came out in the course of it, that Mr. Jones, so far from disliking Arthur Welland for writing a book about cotton, had placed it in his library some time before he knew who was the author, and was now the proudest of men, as the Home Secretary had written a note that very morning expressing the highest approbation of his nephew's labours, and inquiring if the animals from which cotton was shorn would bear transplantation to the British Isles. Mr. Jones farther explained, that on hearing that Arthur was imperatively required to go down to Rickstone to receive a certain packet placed under a certain tree, by a certain young lady, at the request of a certain other young lady, he had determined to accompany him, and use his interest with his old friend Dalwood to pardon the young people; and, in spite of being seized on suspicion of house-breaking, and being ferociously attacked with most uncomplimentary epithets by Miss Lavinia and others, he declared when his health was drunk with all the honours, that it was the happiest hour of his life, and he drank all theirs in return.

It certainly was the happiest hour in the life of Mr. Blanders; for on questioning his nephew whether he was pleased with the result of his endeavours, he received a renewal of the promise of a thousand pounds. Whether it was the happiest hour of Mr. Willis's life remains to be seen; for, after daily visits to Rickstone for some time, and an animated correspondence on parochial affairs with Mr. Herbert, he acted as guard to Blue-ribbons on her return to Devonshire. He has quitted his rooms in the Albany, and is at this moment busily superintending the building of a beautiful house on Barcombe

which leads to a sort of waiting-room, next to mine; for I hear them laughing and wrangling with a noisy purposeless vehemence peculiarly Spanish. As I am not a state-prisoner or a conspirator, I carefully plug up this spy-place; which gives me the same sensation that I once felt on finding a sliding panel in a suspicious-country inn near Ulm. One peculiarity of Spanish hotels is, that you never can be sure of having a bell in your room; or, if you have, of its being answered more than once in ten times. You may go out into the passage and shout down the stairs, or beat upon the wainscot, still nobody cares to come, or perhaps ever hears you. In fact, the Spanish hotel is not at all, and never was, what we call an hotel. It, in one way, resembles the Italian furnished lodging, or the Turkish caravanserai. The rooms are good; but you must wait on yourself, make your bed, feed your horse, and procure your own food. If you want to dine, you must come to the table d'hôte at half-past five, when neighbours and regular visitors come there as to an eating-house. They charge you by the day, not by the meal. The charge is moderate, but does not include wine, except you drink from the common decanters of the landlord's *chasse cousin* (*chase-cousin*), as the French wittily call the wine they keep to drive away obtrusive poor relations.

But let me sketch another hotel of a different type. I am just landed on the quay at Cadiz, and am going to Blanco's hotel, which faces the sea, and looks down on the fag-end of the Alameda and those eternal fishers for mullet, who balance themselves like young crows on an elm-branch, on that sea-wall. I hire a porter, who carries a jereed stick, and carries grapes, matches, cigarettes, and a dirty wisp of a red handkerchief in the black cup-like rim of his montero, and push off to the custom-house. We drive past beggars who are smoking cigarettes for luncheon, and trains of mules, their head-stalls strung with bells like rows of foxglove flowers; watch the ginger-coloured dust spirt from some stone-cutters' saw, and at last reach the long covered-in stalls of the fish-market, where eels twist and twine with a humility deprecatory of the stew-pan hissing for its savoury victims; where red mullets with their flushes of scarlet and pearl seem in a conscious blush at their own exquisite flavour; or, as a strolling epicure poet near me mutters to a cassocked priest who rolls his eyes and whets his lips prophetic of the feast, "as if they were trying to turn themselves into cactus flowers." There too are piles of a sort of smelt; for, Cadiz is the fish paradise of the epicure, and even in the Romans' time was the great emporium of salt fish for the far-reaching, many-palaced city. These look like whist counters wrought in silver. All shades of brightening pearl, sea agate, and cornelian are there on those stalls; leaning against which the fishermen,

with tucked-up sleeves, smoke and clatter and do battle with far-sounding cursing shrieks, over difficult labyrinths of bargains. I feast my eyes on sea monster, perhaps a sturgeon; for I could not recognise it by the Spanish name, *Gomenache*; which measured four or five feet long, and lay like a young shark upon the wet stone slab of the proud captor's stall. We pass some defiant turbulent water-sellers, with their jars balanced on a leather tray, fastened to the left shoulder, with their money boxes and cases for tumblers fastened in front of their aprons. We stroll past some brown masons, working with handkerchiefs trailed over the back of their head to keep the scalding heat off the nape and spine; where the sunbeam daggers are apt to pierce. Trains of mules, laden with the white sand or gesso, used for building, pass us tinkling, tinkling. We look into door-ways, and see beggar men asleep, with the wet flattened stumps of cigarettes between their teeth, and the green and dull red parings of prickly pears all around them, in their hermit shady nooks. This is their siesta, after their meal on the wild fruit. Thank God, there is no better sort of sleep for the rich man. In sleep as in death we are all equal.

Now we turn off sea-ward to the right, down a sort of court, and come to a porticoed barn they call the Custom House. We English passengers—the florid redundantly good-natured Yankee-Irish wine merchant, the bagman all whiskers, with the red suffering face, the man who swears by Murray, and compares every place to Constantinople, where he has never been, and who dresses in a gamckeeper sort of way, which he thinks marks the veteran traveller—we are all there, grumbling, puffing, swearing, chafing, seeking comfort in segars, and in preparing ostentatiously our bunches of keys. A little army of Atlas porters, with red rope sashes round their waists, follow us, and condescend and encourage us with timid looks of defiance cast towards the entrance-gate. *Casas de España!* Nothing is ready. The officer is not come; he may be five minutes or an hour, he is a government officer not to be hurried; he is cheapening red mullet or at mass, or out riding, or at his chocolate. *Quien sabe! Dios sabe! Who knows?* In Spain, the only thing ever ready is unreadiness. Storm a Spanish fort at a dash, says Ford, and you will find the guns unloaded, and the gunners at their siesta. Over the door of the custom-house room is a scaffold, on which a negro mason stands plastering in a lazy lotos-eating way, that, after the chronic fever of London workers, is calming and grateful to see. In England, by mutual fretting, we chafe each other into feverish action; every day, with us, seems the last day: only faded, worn-out traditions talk of yesterday: we live in to-day. But in Spain men grow lazy by sympathetic idleness: they live in the morrow. To-morrow

is their God. They never do to-day what they can leave till to-morrow. So worked this mason, till, trying to make room for the porters to pass, he let the plank he worked on fall, and all but killed a covey of us; who, however, with a little benediction of white-wash, escaped.

At last, down the hot white lane, slowly strolls the officer, swinging his keys upon his brown forefinger. He greets us with a stolid official look, and goes slowly to work. He cannot understand hurry, and goes no quicker, though a dozen portmanteaus, red and green-bagged are opened round him, as if the owners were showing him samples. Some mariners kneel down, and slip their hands between shirts and undercoats, smile, nod their heads, and say, "Bueno—basta!" and hand you your keys; but if you have a pomatum-pot that will not open, or a tooth-powder box that is screwed tight, woe betide you.

All right! We are good! And so off we go, following the moving carpet-bag mountaineers to Blanco's. We find it at the corner of the Alameda, facing the Hog Backs, rocks that the surf buffets, and punishes, and frothily raves about. It is a queer old building, with cumbrous green balconies and glass-door-windows; the lower windows grated like a prison; the main entrance large as that of a coach-house, and opening to a white-washed court with a banana tree in a tub to cast abroad and project its green arches. I find my room one of a set of five, situated faraway, not up the great central staircase, but in a sort of distant wing, got to through passages, and up dark steps, all looking down on the great upstart banana that thrusts its plumes almost to the roof. As I go up, I pass a sort of stalled lumber-room full of dry white maize husks, and I think, with a nervous twinge, especially as it is close to my bed-room door, of a careless Dolores dropping a spark into this gunpowder magazine. Everywhere about, on the white-washed walls is a black, tangled rigging of loose bell-wires, going and coming no one knows where, for no room, after all, seems to have a bell; nor is there one at the entrance. I pass, too, a red curtained room, where the hotel laundress and some girls are laughing, sewing, and nursing brown babies, as yet innocent of garlic or cigars, guitar-playing, or stabbing. My five rooms are some of them without windows, and resemble condemned cells. The floors are matted, and the doors shut only by bolting. They are of the age of Wamba, and are plated with iron, as if a sort of siege of Saragossa or war to the knife had gone on at some time or other there during the old times. My door, too, has a nun's gridiron wicket, through which I shout for my boots or water for shaving; and, when I thus call steadily for twenty minutes, up comes a little dirty Jew man, in a white waistcoat and nauseous shirt—who

has generally not heard me, but looked in by chance to tell me about the boats to Mar-seilles. He talks that peculiar negro English common to Spaniards, as thus: "Good morning, sar! You want change for three Isabels? I bring you change, sar. You want Amontillado? I no got Amontillado: but wait, wait, I get you very good wine from Xeres. How you like Cadiz, sar? How you like beautiful bay? O, bay vary beautiful, sar! An English lord marquis say to me 'I have seen all the bays as ever will be; but I never shall or will see a bay like your beautiful bay, Blanco.'"

When I go down to dinner, and find my way to the table d'hôte room, like Ulysses, after many wanderings, looking down as I pass, at the hall, at a pretty Creole-looking girl playing at red-pipped cards with an infant Blanco, who keeps sweeping them all into his pinbefore, and roaring again with hysterical joy as Maraquita or Catarina pounces him up and smothers him with laughing kisses. I enter the doorless room, which opens on an inner well-court, and find the company assembled in a long blank-looking hall leading to the kitchen; which hisses at us as if we were acting an unsuccessful comedy.

The walls are hung with bright coloured hard pictures of still life; melons like green washing-basins, mashy figs, metallic-looking fish, and stew-pans shining like coppery mirrors. The Blanco servants are dining behind a screen at the lower end of the hall, and Blanco—who is like Scott's Black Dwarf—waits on us, rubbing his dirty hands and entering freely into conversation about bull-fights, money changing, trains and steam-boats. Opposite to me, on rush-bottomed chairs, sit a veteran looking Spaniard and a lady, who keeps performing dentistic researches with a tooth-pick. A new arrival from Gibraltar hot and uneasy, and with a dreadful consciousness of being a parvenu at a board where the oldest of us is only of two days' standing, fires snap shot questions at me as to whether the wine is good, and if Blanco's can be called a first-rate hotel, and is frequented by the tip-tops: he gradually warms to narration of his sufferings in the Bay of Biscay, garrison news of Gib, and details of ministerial difficulties. He is going on to innuendoes against the tooth-pick lady, but is stopped by a cynical glance of our chairman, Mr. Malmesbury, the English merchant, who will not condescend to talk to any one but the two Spaniards, and watches us with an insolent looking stare and a sullen reserve that rather heats my blood. It is astonishing how soon an Englishman gets Spanishised. I saw too many instances of how soon that subtle, demoralizing climate saps the English pluck and energy, and reduces a man to the languid, lounging, smoking, idle, procrastinating Spaniard; whose energy is fitful, Eastern and passionate, whose

life is a sleeping dream, and can hardly be called a life at all: the real workers of Spain now being all smugglers, thieves, fishermen, sailors, and muleteers. Soup, slices of veal, shreds of endive, a scramble a little hasty and selfish at the dried fruit, and ratafias, and we, one by one, push back our chairs and rise. There is no bowing as in polite France, or rather it is here exceptional, and not the rule. France is vain, and therefore polite: Spain, like England, rude, because it is proud. The proud man wants only to win his own approbation, therefore snubs the indifferent world. The vain man, living on other's smiles and approbation, pines without the bows that he buys by bows. A sullen *Vaya con Dios* is the general salutation you receive in Spain, and that is said as if it were a curse thrown at you, or an alms given. There can be no politeness without a sense of equality. The proud man hates equals, and looks on them only as rivals. Therefore the Englishman, if he is polite, is so for the pure traditional habit, or from feeling that he can assert his superiority by it. If you are higher than he is in rank, he is polite to show you that he is your equal. There is very little taking off of hats in Spanish streets but to ladies, or the little shrivelled-up grandees.

At the Spanish hotel there is generally a touting commissionaire, a dry, sly, brown, small man, who goes errands, inquires about steam-boats, and shows you the way to intricate churches. He goes to the post for your letters, brings your boatman to reason, and helps the porters and flymen to fleece you. He leads you at night—past the flaming lights in the frying-fish shops and past the stall of the cobbler, who works by the flame of a real Roman lamp—to the theatre, or to the special cafe you wish to visit for the sake of its burgess, military, or ecclesiastical character. He waves his hand to you at parting, and gravely bows towards your receding boat. Let him cheat you, and he is as faithful a rascal as the world produces, and will let no other rogue approach your presence.

That was my Cadiz hotel and hotel staff; my Sevillian one I have already sketched; my Madrid experiences are not to be now written; but my Malaga hotel was of a far different kind. There, I had a great modern corner-house, large as a barracks, opening to the parade, with blue glimpses of the Mediterranean, down side streets, and a perpetual procession of picturesque figures along the public walks. You entered a great green and gilt gate, and found a hall surrounded by officers. Here was the boots' den; there the waiters' assembly-room: and on this side the counting-house, which gave the place a judicial look. You ascended flights of stairs winding round the centre hall, where the bath-rooms, lined with blue porcelain-tiles, were; half-way up, was the visitors' books

where you looked to find the names of the odd people who had excited your curiosity at a dinner the day before, and stared at your great discoveries.

But the hotel at Algeziras was a place of much greater character, because it had more of the dwindling, slovenly Spanish in and about it, and sailor-boys were always playing dominoes in the door-way. All day, opposite my window on the swelling beach, a man was fishing with nothing on but a broad-brimmed hat, and up to his waist in the waves that broke round him as round a lighthouse. All day there, the boys dabbled about, pulling at the wet ropes fringed with weeds; or half-stripped porters kept wading in for the sacks of millet that the zebec had brought from Barbary. A Frenchman, of the classic name of Rousseau, kept the inn, which he calls a *Casa de Pupillos*, or lodging-house.

There I sat, in a room hung round with French prints, watching in the dusk, the beautiful sight of the luminous surf breaking in a line of harmless and fitful fire along the mile of shore; while away across the bay Gibraltar lifted up its dark mountainous back, and answered the lights in our windows by a string of signal-lamps. I liked to see the periodical scowl as the evening-gun shouted out across to us, "Take care!" "Beware!" and then was silent. This hotel was a ram-shackle place, chiefly remarkable for the claret Rousseau smuggled over from Bourdeaux, sending for it bottle by bottle from Gibraltar.

The entrance to this auberge was a dark passage, the play-ground of fishing-boys. A palisaded door and a stumbling staircase led to the dark dining-room that looked on the sea, and to whose balcony rose, day and night, a buzz of gossiping custom-house officers, boatmen, and citizens.

Some of these were men who would be seized by the Rif pirates, and kept to draw the plough, like draught oxen. The Moors here, that over in Gibraltar were respectable, thriving merchants, potent on 'Change, they regarded as red-handed murderers, the sworn enemies of Christianity and Spain; robbers and heathen, whose shaven heads, if they could seize them on the high seas, they would lop off on the boat's side; and though far be it from me to revile men potent on 'Change and with an account at their bankers', I do not think they were far wrong, barefooted, ignorant sailors though they were.

My dining-room, with its sitting-room opening out of it, was far away from my bed-room: that was up another dark, stumbling staircase, all alone, and it led into a deserted sitting-room, hot and stuffy, with a window that did not open. Once in this bedroom, I was perfectly helpless. If I had fired off a pistol, it would not have been heard. There was no bell, and there I sat sighing for my boots, or longing and pining for my abstracted trousers.

The mosquitoes here were dreadful; perpetually raising their little cavalry trumpets, sounding the charge on me, and leaving me in the morning red, sore, itching, and swollen. I tried all sorts of ingenuities: I made a straight-waistcoat of my nightgown, and got Rousseau to come and button the sleeves over my hands the last thing. I made a Desdemona of myself, by covering my face with a blood-red silk handkerchief, which I really believe only attracted them, like so much raw meat. I fondly imagined that by keeping the candle alight in the stuffy inner room, I should drive the little wretches who dunned me for my blood, away from me, to a fiery trap, and their own destruction. Not I: they knew that trick, and every other. They were not going to leave a savoury man for an unsavoury candle. They kept singing wake-dirges round my mosquito-curtains; and woe to me if in the hot struggles and turnings of the night, I thrust a naked foot through the white dusty-smelling net curtains into the cool sea-air that careered through the room. They fastened on it in a clump, and set to digging, like so many Californian prospectors. In the morning, I found it covered with red pustules, as if I had put my foot into a solid spotted fever that some previous traveller had left till called for.

Another horror of mine was the cock-roaches, that haunt every Spanish inn. I had seen them depicted by a morbid Spanish painter in a convent that Murillo has adorned in Seville, running about with hideous vivacity over the skeleton of a bishop decorated with a jewelled mitre and robes of cloth-of-gold tissue. I remembered their prawn-like feelers, their brown, shining, sharded bodies, their countless legs, their shrimpy, loose, black balls of eyes, that protruded with a sort of reptile malice.

For three nights after they ran about in my dreams, I fancied myself devoting a long and useful life to scrunching them. A day or two of impunity made me regard them as extinct animals, as gone with the dragon-goose and the elephant-toad of Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins at the Crystal Palace. One night, alack, I entered hurriedly a lumber-room, where my boxes were condemned to solitary confinement. As I entered the place, before the candle-flame had quite righted itself, I had a general impression of a scurry and dispersion of a cock-roach parliament. Some (inch and half long) slipped between the boards; others, behind ragged flaps of the loathsome, diseased-looking, colourless paper, that was peeling in a dirt leprosy off the walls; others, inquiring, yet timid, scuttled down chinks, then turned, like lightning, and watched me, with their filthy, pointed, prawn heads, with a sagacity quite devilish. The quickness, size, eagerness, and sense of these vermin, sent me into horrid charnel-house dreams, and that

hideous picture seemed to fresco itself on the vile walls.

The man who goes to Spain with cosmetics, powders, brushes, collar-boxes, and such dandy paraphernalia, will be rather astonished at the dirt and negligence of Spanish inns; where there is plenty to eat, if you bring it with you, and very good beds, if you like the plain ground. Waiters with black dresscoats, white waistcoats, and clerical ties, you will not find. Spanish waiters are spare, brown men, in linen-jackets, not anxious to exert themselves, and not caring for your personal admiration, because they are made regular items in the bills. The landlord is not a pleasant, smirking, port-wine coloured man, with a bow-window stomach thrown out in front; but a stiff Don, who thinks he obliges you by taking you in at all.

There are no brisk, neat-handed chamber-maids, but only an old duenna, who comes for your washing things, calls herself the "lavandera," just as you find the word in old romances, and pretends to sweep the tiled floor of your bed-room with a long skirmishing broom made of slips of cane, and that does not require stooping to.

The Café is not like the cosy saw-dusted London tavern, with the snug fire and talkative kettle, and the perpetual cries of "Edward, pay one—chop and chop to follow—two sausages well done;" but a quiet place, with a few groups of smoking men sipping coffee, and lighting cheroots at curious little chafing-dishes with shaving-pot handles filled with white ashes, that kindle as you breathe and blow to a living scarlet that would make a chilly salamander clap his hands.

RUSTIC TOWNSMEN.

THE City of London, after dark, is a dead city. It dies every evening at seven o'clock, and comes to life again at seven in the morning. It goes out like a taper at the first puff of the night wind, and is lighted again by the morning sun. I say the City, and mean only the City lawfully so called, which is contained in the midst of the metropolis. Its soul is made up of the souls that live and work in it. This soul is carried out of its substance, piece-meal, every evening in long, lumbering trains, and is brought back bit by bit in the same trains on the next morning. In plain words, nobody sleeps in the city. In the day it is a place of business, without an equal in the universe; at night, except by a few house-keepers and apprentices, it is almost utterly forsaken; and, on Sundays, it is a void place in which lonely policemen saunter up and down the shady groves of brick, where also faithful pastors pipe to half a dozen sheep in sheepfolds built magnificently for important flocks, and are left idle in the midst of pasturages planned to satisfy a mighty herd.

By the omnibuses labourers among the

bricks, both rich and poor, are scattered every evening about the more immediate suburbs of the town, where there is free sunshine, and perhaps a bit of garden, with green fields or a green park near enough to be reached by the children of the household. Let the railways now extend and perfect the work that the omnibuses have begun. The main work of London omnibuses is performed in a circle about ten miles broad, having the Bank for its centre. Five miles from the Bank, roughly speaking, is about the length of an omnibus's tether. Within the circle thus defined these vehicles establish a daily flux and reflux of the social tide between domestic life at the circumference and labour at the centre. But the population is great and the limit so defined is narrow. Suburbs become, therefore, more crowded and costly than they used to be, and the old country rents of houses in them have entirely vanished. The poorer town labourers can ill afford to lodge their families in any pleasant place outside the narrow hive in which they toil. Let the railways understand, therefore, the social duty which they now have to perform.

Years ago some public writer, boldly forecasting, compared the charges upon railways for passenger traffic with the charge for goods traffic, and declared his belief that a day might come when it would be found worth while to carry living parcels, able to pack and unpack themselves and to look after themselves, for one tenth of the present cost. He looked forward to something like a shilling fare for sixty miles and to the eventual scattering of the homes of nearly the whole population over the broad face of England: this being his solution of the problem raised by the undue growth of towns. Towns, he thought, will become what market places used to be;—places to which men resort to do their business with each other, and to which crowds go for the amusement that is offered. If there be any truth in such a speculation (and absurd as it may seem in January eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, I for one think that our children who live—as I would they all might—to see January nineteen hundred and nine, will see things that we should now account it even more ridiculous to talk about) the present railway system, giant as it seems, is only in its infancy. Besides, is it not a sick infant? It pines as we see many of our children pine, partly perhaps because it inherits sickness from its more immediate parentage, partly no doubt through bad management, for want of enough town and for want of healthy exercise. I own myself perfectly incompetent to bring up a railway, or to show others how a railway ought to be brought up. But that there has been short-sighted and unsuccessful management is obvious. That whatever is to be made of the railway system is to be made rather by suffering its slow and free growth under wholesome influences, than by

any effort suddenly to cut the oak out of the acorn, is probable. It is probable, too, that the next stage of its growth is to be the one for which I am now hoping.

The omnibus system, in the mechanism of London life, has done its work. Nothing remains to be done with that but to perfect its minuter details, and to make it work with more regard to public comfort as well as convenience. With all its clumsiness and its miseries, the omnibus supplied up to a certain point so true a want, that it has now become a household word in every large English town. It is at least in the power of the railway manager to walk forward upon the road thus broadly opened for him. The success of the excursion trains has shown how cheap travelling may be made without forfeit of profits due to the conveying company. If horsed machines, that drag limited loads at a slow pace through London, contrive to carry a passenger five miles from the Bank for sixpence, a well-managed scheme of steam machinery can surely carry the same man twenty miles from the Bank for sixpence, and can do it, too, in little more than half the time. At present we ask only for a fourfold widening of the space within which the existing tide of life in London ebbs and flows. For so much relief there is a pressing need, and a well-planned system of omnibus-trains in and out of London, running within twenty miles of town, at omnibus fares, varying between twopence and sixpence, fairly accepted, and allowed an entire freedom of development, would soon form, I suspect, one of the most profitable items on the credit side of railway balance-sheets.

This being once done, land on which house-rent could be cheap would be thrown open even to the poorer class of labourers in town. The handicraftsman might escape from his town-room or his hovel, costly in the direct item of rent, but far more costly in the items of sickness, death, and burial. In place of it he might enjoy the pleasures of a cheaper cottage in fresh country air, from which he could take a daily steam run to his work for no more than the direct saving of expense in housekeeping. But am I to say nothing of that which to him is more than all?—The renewed vigour of his wife; the fresh looks and helpful hands of children removed from the vice and filth of crowded courts; the fresh heart and hope put into himself, making his day's work of more value. Health also makes the number of his days' work more than they can be when his whole life is spent under the depressing influences of town life, as he now lives it. Health is wealth for his household; it is hope for the children, whose first steps in the great world he will live to guide and have strength to support.

This particular subject has been brought to mind by a paper read the other evening in

the Statistical Society. Mr. J. T. Danson read it, who enforced an argument of which I now condense the leading points.

Nearly all towns have been formed by the demand for a congregation of labourers. The labourers forming centres of families, cause an addition of about four persons, whose labour is not necessary there, to each effective workman. As a general rule, healthy men are wanted for town work; women, children, and sick men are better in the country. It is not worth while to complicate the question of lodgment for town populations by establishing a demand for air, water, and sewage from people who are not wanted in town, and would be better off as well as happier elsewhere. The question, as it stands, is an immensely difficult one. Except to get his food, the labouring man does not communicate with his family from morning till the evening of a working day, and it would be quite easy to secure dinner as cheaply, or more cheaply, in other ways. A Sunday in the country would bring blessings of health, or more than health, to working men who do not now enjoy it. For labourers to sleep of nights in wholesome air, all the week through, would make the benefit more sure. The railways might, within a radius of twenty miles, make cheap and rapid transit easily available for all. The difficulties in the way of multiplying good dwellings for town labourers would be much lessened, if there were plenty of free country ground to build upon. Again, there are in the surrounding country light and healthy occupations, at which women could work without hindrance to their domestic duties. Within the proposed twenty miles radius, for example, lies the ring of market-gardens by which London is surrounded, and upon which women and children can do piece-work in large numbers, with profit to the gardener and to themselves.

Townpeople who do no town work are, says Mr. Danson, like non-combatants retained in a military camp. They might easily be taught to find their own advantage in removal to suburban villages, properly constructed, in the neighbourhood of railway stations. There would be decrease of crime as well as of disease, especially of juvenile crime, by the removal of children from the worst kinds of polluting influence. The burden of local taxation would be lighter over the whole country, rather than heavier, for such a change. Service would be done to the interest of agriculture, and something would be done towards a healthier development of English railways.

I state this view without adopting it exactly. All that I ask for is the piece of elbow-room that railways have in their power to give London, by showing that they are at any rate able to do for us four times

as much work as an ordinary omnibus. Let the way be found to a fair beginning, and a full development of a system of Omnibus Trains that will carry townsmen ten miles instead of three for threepence, twenty miles instead of five for sixpence, and I am content to leave to the free action among themselves, of the citizens of all ranks, the right use of the space thus won to them.

CHIP.

CHARACTER-MURDER.

SOME bones have been found, whether of a rat or cat, beef bones or mutton bones, we cannot say; but careful inquiry, according to the declaration of a newspaper report, has raised a doubt—only a doubt—if they are human bones at all. Careful inquiry has, at the same time, settled that they are not the bones of a particular John Margetts, who died six-and-twenty years ago, but who was declared to have been murdered in the year twenty-seven of this century. The careful inquirer knew probably of some peculiarity about the bones of Margetts, whereby, though he might not be sure whether the particular bones he was examining were man bones or mutton bones, he could decide at once that they were not Margetts' bones; and since, for the credit of the elder gossips of North Shields, it is necessary to maintain that Margetts was a murdered man, "an impenetrable mystery," adds the report, "once more falls over the old story of thirty-five years."

As an old story, this bit of mystery found its way into an article on Disappearances in the third volume of this journal. The purport of it is, that the son of a respectable old woman in North Shields was trying to struggle into sufficient knowledge of medicine to go out as ship-surgeon in a Baltic vessel, and perhaps, in this manner, to earn money enough to spend a session in Edinburgh. The young man's name was John Margetts; and he was kindly received as a surgery pupil by a benevolent physician of the town, the late Dr. Greenhow. Dr. Greenhow had been with a patient all night (Mrs. Gaunt, the wife of a thriving confectioner,) and left her very early on a winter's morning, in the year twenty-seven before named, to return home to bed; but first he stepped down to his apprentice's home, in one of the alleys or chares that lead down from the main-street to the river, and bade him get up and follow him to his own house, where some medicine was to be mixed, and then taken to the lady. Accordingly, the poor lad came, prepared the dose, and set off with it some time between five and six on a winter's morning. He was never seen again. That, with the natural additions made to it by local sentiment, was a delightful bit of mystery. A small vessel bound for Edinburgh had that same morning sailed out of port; and the

sorrowing old mother, says the story, expected her son back all her life long. None the less did she abuse loudly in the streets as a murderer the unfortunate pastrycook, at whose door he had left the medicine before abandoning his home to enlist, as it afterwards appeared that he did, in the East India Company's service. Delicious and horrible suspicion for the North Shields people! Their respectable fellow-townsmen, who appeared to be so upright a man—who went to church with the best of them, and paid his way—was the diabolical assassin of a doctor's boy. A boy of angelic character, who was engaged in heroic struggles, had been murdered for the money that his body was worth by a demon pastrycook, who had got up at six o'clock in the morning, and was lying in wait to seize him when he came to the door with a bottle of medicine. The pastrycook had a son practising medicine near Bradford; constables were sent off to search his house for limbs of the victim. Had there by chance been any dissection then under the young doctor's hand, his father might have been sent to the gallows as a murderer. The father's trade in North Shields disappeared; his pastry spoiled in his shop; he did not sell enough to pay the shop-rent; and it was left then for two sons, who had already got employment in a glass manufactory, to support their persecuted parents. Many representations were made to the employers of the sons to procure their dismissal. The members of the ruined family dared not resent, and could not be protected against insult in the street. The Burke and Hare murders revived so bitterly the feeling of the town against them, that their house was mobbed every night; and they, innocent, kindly people, were denounced as the unconvicted Burkes and Hares of Tyneside.

But John Margetts was traced, and seven years after his disappearance there was held in North Shields a meeting, convened by the magistrates and one hundred and thirty of the clergy, gentry, and tradesmen of the town; at which meeting evidence was produced of the young man's enlistment in the East India Company's service, and of his death by cholera five years after the date of the imputed murder.

Not only should the imputation then have been removed, but there should have been reparation made to the man ruined in fortune and exposed to seven years of the most cruel persecution by the error of his fellow-citizens. The error had, perhaps, been pardonable; but most unpardonable was the persistence in it after all the truth had been most publicly and perfectly explained. The ruin of a family was a less matter than the ruin of a mystery. The scandal was too interesting and familiar to be put aside. It lived and spread, and even found its way into our pages, by which means an opportunity was given for a second public refutation of the slander. In the fourth

volume of this journal, seven years ago, we published a letter forwarded to us, with confirmatory documents, by a member of the persecuted family, which was then still struggling with the difficulties into which that old slander had plunged it. How the brood of slander, though the parent has received a death wound, will suck up their dying mother's blood, making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good, is an old story; and it is an old cry that says, "God help the man so wrapped in error's endless chain." Twice labelled publicly as a most cruel libel, morbid thirst for mystery still holds the falsehood up, at the expense of innocent men's lives and fortunes. A few bones, of which it is doubtful if they are human bones at all, are found in the course of excavation for some cellarage on ground belonging to the Mechanics' Institute. These are the bones of the murdered Margetts, cry the scandal mongers of the town. Deprived of comfortable evidence that they were right in their suspicions, they now fall back on the thought, which is after all the dearest to their fancies: that "an impenetrable mystery once more falls over the old story." The sons of the persecuted household have been denied the happiness of settling themselves in families, because they could bear no other burden than that of supporting their afflicted parents. They are Old Bachelors; and before long, therefore, the family will have been extinguished by this persecution; there will remain only a name to leave. Experience forbids us even now to hope that an unspotted name will be left as the memorial of men who have borne with Christian patience a heavy cross, and lived without spot to their honour.

MICHELET'S BIRD.

ONE of the most distinguished French living authors has abjured, for the present, laborious works of moral philosophy and history, and has taken to writing what may be called, by comparison, little books. History never looses hold of her man. He who has once drunk of that strong and bitter wine will drink on to the day of his death. We may therefore expect that the inveterate historian will, at some future date, return to his original craft. Meanwhile, Monsieur Michelet, whose Priests, Women, and Families made so profound an impression in England as well as on the continent, has produced in quick succession three minor treatises, the first of which is entitled *L'Oiseau*, The Bird. A long introduction gives an interesting and sentimental autobiography of a female friend whom we may suppose to be Madame Michelet, and also tells us how the stern chronicler of troubled times was led to the study of natural history. Not that he has presented us with a natural history of birds, or anything approaching to it. His subject is the Bird, as

an independent being, in contradistinction to the quadruped, or the fish.

With the exception of two chapters, the book is written as if the bird were alone in the world, as if man had never existed. Man! We meet with him often enough elsewhere. Here, on the contrary, we want the human race to take an alibi, and leave us the profound solitude and the wilderness of ancient days. Man could not have lived without the bird, who alone was able to rescue him from the insect and the reptile. But the bird could have lived without man. With man existing, or non-existing, the eagle would equally reign on his Alpine throne; the swallow would equally perform her annual migration. Without awaiting a human audience, the nightingale in the forest would chant his sublime hymn in all the greater security. For whom, then? For her whom he loves, for his nestlings, for the woods, for himself in short—the most delicate auditor and the most passionately fond of vocal music.

Entire races of living creatures, of the greatest impotence and interest, are in the act of perishing. The primates of ocean, gentle and affectionate beings on whom nature has bestowed warm blood and the secretion of milk—the whales, *videlicet*—to what scanty numbers are they reduced? Many large quadrupeds have ceased to exist on the globe. Many animals of every kind, without entirely disappearing, have retreated before the advance of man. The class of winged creatures, the highest, the tenderest, and the most sympathetic with man, is the class which he now persecutes with the greatest cruelty. What can be done to protect it? Reveal the bird as animated by a soul; demonstrate that it is a person. The bird, therefore, one sole bird, is the whole of Michelet's book, tracking the varieties of its destiny as it accommodates itself to the thousand conditions of earth, to the thousand conditions of winged life. Without taking cognisance of the systems, more or less ingenious, of transformations, the heart unifies its object; it does not allow its course to be checked either by the external diversity of species nor by the crisis of death which seems to break the thread. Death presents itself, in this book, harsh and cruel, in the midst of life, but merely as a passing accident; life continues all the same.

The agents of death, the assassin species, so highly glorified by man, because in them he recognises his own image, are here placed very low in the scale, abased to the rank which reason assigns them. They are the clumsiest practitioners of the bird's two arts, architecture and song. Sad instruments of the fatal passage, they are to be regarded as the blind ministers of nature in her hardest necessity. The eagle, therefore, is dethroned, and the nightingale is advanced to honour. In the moral crescendo which the

bird gradually attains, the climax and the supreme point is not a brutal force which is easily surpassed by man, but a power of art, sentiment, and aspiration which he has not yet reached, and which occasionally transports him beyond the limits of this world to enjoy a foretaste of a better world to come.

In considering the bird, we ought to begin with the beginning, and take some little notice of the Egg. According to the ancient oracle, the universe itself sprang from an egg. A more modern axiom is, everything that lives comes from an egg. All creatures therefore, have the same origin; but the diversity of their destiny depends especially upon the mother. She acts and foresees; she loves, more or less; she is more or less maternal. The more she is so, the more the creature to be born rises in the scale of being; every degree in existence depends upon the degree of love. What can the mother do for her offspring, in the unsettled existence of the fish? Nothing, except to confide her egg to the ocean. What can she do, in the world of insects, where she generally dies as soon as she has laid her egg? No more than, before dying, to find a safe spot for it to hatch and feed in.

With the superior animals, the quadrupeds, in whom we might expect that the warmth of their blood would double the force of their affections, the cares of maternity are proportionally less. The little one is born sufficiently formed, clad, exactly like his mother; a fountain of milk is in store for him. At an early age, the quadruped knows as much as he ever will know: many can gallop as soon as they see the light. The young bird has a different destiny, he would perish, were he not beloved. Beloved? Every mother loves, from the ocean to the starry heavens. By "beloved" here is meant anxiously cared-for, surrounded by infinite love, enveloped by the heat of the maternal magnetism. Even in the egg, where you see him protected by a calcareous shell, he is susceptible to atmospheric influences. Hence the long labour of incubation, which causes the most restless of animated beings to submit voluntarily to a painful captivity.

The little nestling comes to life; but he is naked. Whilst the little quadruped, well clothed from his very first birth-day, can crawl or walk, the young bird (especially in the superior species,) lies naked and helpless on his back. The foal knows how to suck, and easily takes his natural nourishment; the little bird is obliged to wait till the mother has sought, selected, and prepared his food. She cannot leave home, and so the father comes to her aid. Here is a true family compact: fidelity in love, and the first dawn of morality. We say nothing of the prolonged, very special, and very hazardous education required for the art of flight; still less of song, so delicate an accomplishment with artistic birds.

Take the egg in your hand. This elliptic form, the most comprehensive, the most beautiful, offering the least possible liability to external injury, gives you the idea of a complete microcosm, of a world in little, of a total harmony, from which you can take nothing, and to which you can add nothing. Inorganic things hardly affect so perfect a form. One has a presentiment that beneath this inert appearance there lies a high mystery of life and some accomplished work of the Creator. What is it? What creature is destined to proceed from it? We may not know: but she, the mother, knows; she who, trembling, with outstretched wings, folds it in her embrace, and ripens it with her vital heat; she who, hitherto free and the queen of the air, has suddenly become a fixed prisoner over this mute object, which you might take to be a stone. Her faith, powerful and efficacious, is sufficient to create a world, and perhaps one of the most surprising. Say nothing about sums and the elementary chemistry of globes: a humming-bird's egg is as great a marvel as the Milky Way. If you wish to admire the fecundity of nature, the vigor of invention, the enchanting riches (fearful in one sense) which from an identical creation draws, by millions, opposite miracles, consider this egg, which is just like any other, from which nevertheless will spring the infinity of tribes who will disperse themselves all over the world. From an obscure unity, nature pours and throws out in innumerable and prodigiously divergent rays, those winged flames which you call birds, beaming with ardour and vitality, with colour and song. From the burning hand of the Deity there incessantly escapes this immense, spreading swarm of overwhelming diversity, wherein everything glitters, everything sings, where everything inundates us with harmony and light.

The most primitive form of bird is what may be called the Fish-bird. The navigators who first discovered polar islands, found them inhabited by simple auks and penguins, who stared at their visitors with friendly curiosity. Unsuspecting of harm, they allowed themselves to be taken by the hand, and to be massacred without attempting to escape. The attitudes of these new creatures were a constant cause of pleasant mistakes; their upright position, and the contrasted colours of their plumage, made them look like troops of children in white pinafores. The stiffness of their little arms (you can hardly talk of wings as belonging to these rudimentary birds,) their awkwardness on land, the difficulty which they have in walking, awards them as the property of Ocean, in whose bosom they sleep so marvellously well, as to prove that it is their natural and legitimate element. You might easily fancy that they were his (Ocean's) first emancipated sons; that they were ambitious

fish, candidates for promotion to the rank of birds who had already contrived to transform their fins into scaly winglets. The metamorphosis was not crowned with complete success; clumsy and impotent as birds, they are dexterous and agile as fish. Or again, from their large feet attached so close to their body, from their short neck fixed to a cylindrical trunk, with a flattened head, you might judge them to be related to their neighbours, the seals, whose good-nature they share, though not their intelligence. These first-born sons of nature, witnesses of her old ages of transformation, offered a strange hieroglyphical aspect to their first beholders. With their mild eye, but dim and pale as the face of Ocean, they seemed to regard man, the last-born of the planet, from out the depth of their antiquity.

"Wings!—Give us wings!" is the cry uttered by all creation, even by the inorganic world. The most inert bodies rush rapidly into chemical transformations, which cause them to enter into the current of universal life, and give them the wings of movement and fermentation. Vegetables, fixed to the soil by their root, confide their odours and their seeds to the wind, and strive after a flight refused to them by nature. On earth, we pity animals whom we style sloths, or tardigrades; but if slowness is relative to the desire of motion, to the ever-disappointed effort to act and advance, the true tardigrade is Man. His powers of dragging himself from one point of the earth to another, the ingenious instruments which he has recently invented to aid those powers,—all these efforts do not diminish his adherence to the earth; he is not the less glued to it by the tyranny of gravitation.

There exists on earth only one class of creatures to whom is given the faculty of escaping, by free and rapid motion, from this universal sadness of impotent aspiration: it is the class which holds on to the world merely by the tip of the wing, so to speak; which is cradled and borne on the air itself, generally without having to take any further trouble than to steer according to need or caprice. Easy and sublime mode of life! With what an eye must the humblest bird regard and despise the strongest, the swiftest of quadrupeds, a tiger or a lion! How he must smile to see him in his powerlessness, adhering fixedly to the ground, making it tremble with vain and useless roarings and nocturnal groans, which bear witness to the servile condition of the false king of the animals, who is bound, like all the rest of us, in the inferior existence which is imposed on us equally by hunger and gravitation!

Let us try an experiment. Let us ask the bird, still in his shell, what he would like to be; let us give him the choice. "Will you be a man, and share the dominion of the globe, which our art and labour have acquired for us?" He will answer "No," most

assuredly. Without reckoning the immense effort, the labour, the sweat, and the care, the slavish life by which we purchase this dominion, he will have but one word to say: "King myself by birth over space and light, why should I abdicate, whilst man, in his loftiest ambition, in his supreme desire after happiness and liberty, dreams that he is a bird and is furnished with wings?"

When, at the close of the last century, man conceived the bold idea of confiding himself to the winds, of mounting in the air, without oar or rudder, or any means of directing his course, he proclaimed that he had found wings at last, had eluded the prohibition of nature, and had conquered gravity. Cruel and tragic accidents gave the lie to this ambitious boast. Then, the wing of the bird was studied; attempts were made to imitate it; the inimitable mechanism was coarsely counterfeited. We had the frightful spectacle of a poor human bird, encumbered with long unwieldy wings, throwing himself from a column a hundred feet high, fluttering for a moment, and then dashed to pieces. The sad and deadly machine, with all its laborious complexity, was very far from representing that admirable arm (greatly superior to the human arm,) that system of muscles which co-operate together to produce so powerful and so rapid a movement. The human wing, lax and drooping, was specially wanting in the all-powerful muscle which unites the shoulder to the chest (the humerus to the sternum) and gives its violent impulse to the flashing flight of the falcon. The instrument here is so close to the motor, the oar to the rower, and is so completely one with it, that by this arrangement the frigate-bird is able to row at the rate of eighty leagues per hour, five or six times quicker than railway speed, distancing the hurricane, and without rival except the lightning.

But even if our poor imitators could really have imitated the wing, they would have been none the forwarder. They copied the form, but not the internal structure; they believed that the bird's ascending power lay in its flight alone, not being aware of the auxiliary secret which nature conceals in its plumage and its bones. The mystery and the marvel is the faculty which it possesses of making itself light or heavy at will, by admitting more or less air into these express reservoirs. To become light it inflates its volume, diminishing thereby its relative weight; from that moment, it rises spontaneously in any medium heavier than itself. To descend, or fall, it shrinks and makes itself small by discharging the air which swelled its size, and is thereby heavier, as heavy as it chooses. Here was where the mistake lay; it was ignorance of this point which caused the fatal results. They knew that a bird floating on the water is a vessel, a ship; they did not know that diving in water or hovering in air it is a balloon. They imitated the wing alone;

but, with the wing well imitated, if the internal force is not superadded, death is only a more certain result.

But this faculty, this rapid play of mechanism for taking in and discharging air, for swimming with a ballast variable at will,—on what does it depend? On a unique, an unheard-of power of respiration. A man who should receive as much air at once, would be stifled at the outset. The lung of bird, elastic and powerful, absorbs and imbibes it with exhilarated delight, and floods with it the air-cells of the very bones. Every successive second brings aspiration and renovation as quick as lightning. The blood, ceaselessly vivified with fresh air, imparts to every muscle that inexhaustible vigour which is enjoyed by no other created beings, and which belongs only to the elements. Herein is the prodigy, and not in the mere wing. Were you gifted with the wing of the condor, and could follow him when, from the summit of the Andes and their Siberian glaciers he flashes down, he falls upon the burning shores of Peru, traversing in one minute all the temperatures, all the climates of the globe, breathing at one breath the fearful mass of air frozen or baked, no matter to him—you would reach the ground, although unhurt in limb and without a scratch, smitten by apoplexy as if by a thunderbolt. The smallest bird puts the strongest quadruped to shame. Human tradition is fixed on this point. Man wishes to be, not man, but an angel, a winged spirit. The winged genii of the Persians became the cherubim of Judæa. Greece gave wings to her Psyche, the soul. The soul still retains her wings! she has dashed through the gloom of the middle ages, and mounts with increasing aspiration. "O, that I were a bird!" exclaims man. No woman doubts that her infant will become an angel.

The wing attains its final triumph in a most wonderful inhabitant of the atmosphere. After a storm at sea in distant climes, you may observe, in a patch of royally-blue sky, a small bird with immense wings, hovering at an altitude of ten thousand feet. Is it a gull? No; its wings are black. Is it an eagle? No; the bird itself is small. It is the little eagle of the seas, the first of the winged race, the audacious navigator who never furls sail, the prince of the tempest, the despiser of all danger; the warrior, or the frigate-bird. We have at last reached the limit of the series of which the wingless bird was the starting-point. Here is a bird that is nothing but wing. No body at all, or hardly any; scarcely as big as that of a barn-door fowl, with prodigious wings, sometimes fourteen feet from tip to tip. Such a bird as this, sustained by nature on such supports, has nothing to do but to float at ease. Does the tempest rage? He mounts to a height in which he finds serenity. The poetic metaphor, false when applied to any other bird, is no figure of speech for him; he

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PITY A POOR PRINCE.

A SHORT time since, we took occasion to notice some of the curious outrages on good taste and good sense committed by official people who happen to be entrusted with the duty of receiving the Queen when she travels. We drew, it may be remembered, a strange but perfectly true picture of towns turning themselves into travelling Circuses, and railway refreshment rooms trying to look like Royal boudoirs, under the amazing delusion that the Sovereign of this country would approve of them all the more for appearing to be ashamed of themselves in their own characters. We thought it hard at that time, and we think it hard still, that persistent Mayors should besiege the Royal carriage-windows, and pitiless Corporations pour out all the vials of bad grammar on the Royal head, whenever they can catch the first Personage in these realms on her travels. And we then expressed a very decided opinion (which we now reiterate) that the practise of concealing from our Queen the true aspect of towns, stations, and, where it is possible, even of the people themselves, amounts in effect to a species of positive disloyalty, for the plain reason that it deprives her, in her relation to her subjects and to all that surrounds them, of every fair means of judging accurately for herself.

Certain events have lately happened which oblige us to return to this subject. The official persecution of her Majesty has extended its abject range of action, and has now overtaken her Majesty's second son, Prince Alfred.

When we first heard of the profession that had been chosen for the young Prince, we could not divest ourselves of the idea that the Queen had been to some slight extent influenced, in arriving at her decision, by a natural wish to preserve one of her children, at least, from falling a victim to the municipal authorities of his native country. Any hope of rescue for her eldest son was clearly out of the question. We are all of us born to a drawback of some kind; and the Prince of Wales, as heir to the throne, is necessarily born to a drawback of Mayors and Corporations. Prince Alfred, however, it was still possible to save from being Addressed at his

carriage-window, from being bewildered by make-shift drawing-rooms, and from being loyally leapt over, as it were, by sprightly pole-and-canvas arches, whenever he attempted to drive through the streets of a strange town. The one apparently safe means of accomplishing his preservation from these and other equally unendurable nuisances, in the present Mayor-and-Corporation-burdened-condition of all civilised land, was clearly to send him to sea—and that is exactly what his Royal mother has done with him.

Whether we are right or wrong in venturing to set up this theory, one thing at least is certain. Prince Alfred was not sent to sea as a Prince of the blood royal, but as a midshipman of the Euryalus. The Queen has determined, with excellent good sense, that he shall learn his noble profession exactly as other English lads learn it: that he shall rank with his brother officers on a footing of perfect equality; and that if he rises (as we all hope he will rise) to a position of eminence in the Navy, he shall have something higher and better—something infinitely more satisfactory to his country and to himself—to thank for it, than the accident of his birth. It is gratifying to know this; it is doubly gratifying to know that the son is worthy of the mother's confidence; that he frankly and gladly accepts his position; and that, finding himself in a new sphere of action (in which be it remembered, his social standing is really and truly decided by his individual merit,) he is as happy and as popular with his mess-mates as any other sensible, good-humoured, high-spirited English boy might be in his place.

These things are matters of public notoriety. It is perfectly well known that the Prince eats and drinks and sleeps as other midshipmen eat and drink and sleep; that his outfit has been exactly regulated (though the tradesman who made his chest is rumoured to have gone the loyal length of french-polishing it) by the outfits of other midshipmen; and that every distinction, in short, (except the too-enthusiastic polishing of the chest) has been most strictly and sensibly levelled between the many young officers who are the sons of gentlemen, and the one young officer who is the son of the Queen. Under these circumstances, it would seem

hardly necessary that her Majesty should have been obliged to express a wish (as she is understood, however, to have expressed a wish) that no public receptions of the Prince should take place when the Euryalus happened to touch at any particular port. Every circumstance connected with the manner in which the Queen has sent her son to sea, must surely speak for itself, to the same plain and direct purpose, in the case of any official personage, in any part of the world, who possesses one atom of tact or one grain of common sense? Here is the man-of-war, Euryalus; and one of the midshipmen on board bears the Christian name of Alfred. Surely the clumsiest of mankind may be trusted not to commit the gross blunder of tearing off the wisely assumed incognito of the young officer, and setting him up before his messmates and companions (in flat defiance of the principle on which his own parents have so considerately and so sensibly acted) as a Prince of the Blood Royal, who is not, and never can be, one of themselves!

Alas! alas! the clumsiest of mankind must and will blunder, to the end of the world, even in the plainest and simplest matters. Exactly as the disastrous tradesman at home french-polished the chest, so the disastrous diplomatic tradesmen, abroad, french-polish Midshipman Alfred, the moment they get hold of him, with a royal reception.

The good ship Euryalus arrives in the Bay of Tangier; and the royal midshipman probably looks forward to a run on shore along with some of his friends in the gun-room. No such good fortune awaits him. We learn from the correspondent of the Gibraltar Chronicle, that Her Majesty's *Chargé d'Affaires*, Mr. D. Hay, proceeded in a Moorish—more properly as we think, a Mayorish—launch, to wait upon his Royal Highness. Mr. D. Hay is instantly saluted by eleven honorary explosions from the guns of the Euryalus—not one of which we regret to find, was sufficiently powerful to blow him back instantly to his office on shore. The Prince disembarks (as midshipmen invariably do) with twenty-one honorary explosions from the joyful town; which are immediately returned (captains being always particularly attentive where salutes to their midshipmen are concerned) by more explosions from the Euryalus. His Royal Highness—Midshipman Alfred no longer—is received by a perfect Corporation of civil and military authorities. Saddle-horses are in attendance; but the Prince not being quite nautical enough yet to get on horse-back the moment he gets on shore, walks up to his quarters with his wearisome escort after him. The same day he has to make calls of ceremony on the minister and the Governor; and the next morning, by way of showing him a particularly interesting and

useful sight to a sailor, he is taken into the country to witness the manœuvring of a large body of cavalry—possibly, the Horse Marines—in which case, we think it hard on the ship's company not to have invited them all to see the review. It is only fair to the authorities to conclude by mentioning that they seem to have remembered, at the eleventh hour, and they had a midshipman to deal with, and that they then did what they could to gratify the Prince's sailor-like enthusiasm for the fair sex, by taking him to see the marriage of a beautiful young Jewess. Shortly afterwards, he appears to have been happily rescued from the civil and military Corporation; to have got back to his ship; and to have there re-assumed, let us hope, the natural position in which he had been placed by his parents, and from which the blundering local authorities had done their mischievous utmost to separate him.

Similar exhibitions of ludicrous ostentation and wretched taste took place at Lisbon and at Malta—with this noticeable difference, however, that the reception at Lisbon was directed by a foreign sovereign, and was on that very account, an excusable piece of folly. The King of Portugal might naturally enough fall into the mistake of supposing that he was bound out of common politeness (to say nothing of common regard for his own diplomatic interests) to take formal public notice of the Queen's son, as some return for the attention which he himself received from the Court when he visited this country. The King of Portugal was not to be expected to feel with Englishmen on such a purely national question as that involved in the professional education of the Prince. For these reasons we can look composedly enough on the arrival of the Portuguese Royal Barge alongside of the Euryalus; and we can be well content to be merely amused by the reported astonishment of everybody at the alacrity with which the Prince jumped into the barge—an astonishment arising, we presume, from a general idea that the descent of a Queen's son from a Queen's ship's side, could only be accomplished by a species of solemn procession, or by a stage-walk, or by any other means, except the means natural to a lively lad of fourteen who can make good use of his legs.

But the case is altered, when we get to Malta. Here, in an English possession, where the authorities had no excuse for awkwardly thwarting the Queen's intentions, and mischievously elevating her son above the free sea-training and the impartial sea-discipline which can alone make a sailor of him—here, the sickening servility of these receptions of the young Prince reached its climax. The governor, the council, the judges, the archbishop, the Protestant bishop, the clergy, the nobility, and all the other grantees in the island received the midshipman in solemn assembly on the steps of the palace. Whether

they fell on their knees at his approach, or whether they walked backwards till they got in-doors, is not mentioned—but it is asserted, quite seriously, that a levée was held; and that, wherever the Prince went, there a procession persistently went with him, both before and behind. There was a ball, too (the midshipman's partners duly chronicled,) and an illumination, and there would have been more to do, if the Midshipman had not "greatly chagrined" the Maltese, by graciously condescending to allow his Captain to proceed on his cruise! But the crowning absurdity of all was accomplished by making the midshipman of the Euryalus publicly review the troops of the garrison. When we had arrived at this part of the newspaper narrative, nothing else that it might have contained would have astonished us. After reading of all the soldiers in Malta being reviewed by a sailor of the age of fourteen, we should not have felt the least surprised at being further informed of the governor boxing the compass, the judges holystoning the decks, or the Archbishop borrowing the boatswain's whistle, and piping all hands, out of compliment to the Prince, in the very pulpit itself.

What is to stop this fawning perversion of Prince Alfred from the plain professional purpose to which his parents have so wisely devoted him? Who is to prevent these abject authorities from doing their best to spoil a frank, straightforward, natural lad, who is promising so well at the fair outset of his career? It is not easy to suggest an answer to these questions. How are people, who have no tact, no taste, no natural sense of what is appropriate and no instinctive terror of what is ridiculous—who seem to be influenced, partly by the childish pleasure of putting on fine clothes, with the adult folly superadded of feeling proud at publicly exhibiting them; and, partly by the imperious necessity of cringing and crawling, which is the motive power that works in mean natures—how are such people as these to be reached by any ordinary process of remonstrance? Argument, entreaty, reproof, contempt; the pen of the writer, the tongue of the orator, are all shivered alike against the adamantine insensibility to every species of intellectual attack which distinguishes the genuine Flunkey nature. The one idea which occurs to us, in connection with this very disheartening part of the subject—and which we beg leave in conclusion, to express with all possible respect—is, that the Queen herself might possibly come to the rescue of her son before it is too late to save him. Her Majesty has been pestered with tens of thousands of Addresses from her subjects. What if she were suddenly to turn the tables, and actually present her subjects with an Address from herself? May we hoped to be excused, if, following out this idea, we venture to lay the following few lines at the foot of the

Throne, as a rough sketch of the new kind of Royal Address which we are bold enough to suggest?

ADDRESS FROM THE QUEEN TO CERTAIN OF HER SUBJECTS IN OFFICE.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR FLUNKYSHIPS,—I, your much-wearied and much-persecuted Sovereign, do hereby beg and entreat that you will, for the future, allow my second son to pursue his profession in peace and quietness, unencumbered and unperturbed by Receptions, which separate him from his messmates, among whom I wish him to mingle as one of themselves. Governors, Generals, Admirals, Archbishops, Authorities, civil and military, Corporations, of every degree of obesity,—be so good as to learn, once for all, from your Queen, that true loyalty is one of the forms of true politeness, in which the delicacies of restraint, and the graces of good-sense, count among the chiefest and the most necessary of courteous compliments. Understand, distinctly, that when I send my son to sea as a midshipman, it is a flat contradiction of my intentions for you to receive him as a prince. Reserve your spare gunpowder, therefore, for my enemies; keep your fine clothes and your processions for yourselves; and by no means consider it any part of your duty towards Midshipman Alfred to spoil a good sailor by reminding him, to no earthly purpose, that you are Flunkies and that he is a Prince.

If some such pithy expostulation as this should ever happen, under an extraordinary stress of circumstances, to be prepared by direction of the Queen, there is no office within the gift of the Sovereign which it would give us half so much pleasure to receive as the useful, enviable, and patriotic office of presenting the Address.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

HE had always been harsh with us, and we hated him.

I don't know why my father appointed him our guardian. No two men could have been more unlike, nor had they associated much together. One, a high-spirited, open-hearted, improvident country squire; the other, a hard, passionate, sullen man, whose dogged self-will seldom deferred to the opinions or feelings of others. Little sympathy could have existed between them. I believe, too, that he was averse to my father's union with his sister, prophesying that she would live to repent marrying mad Jack Holderness. That is our family name. It is a right Yorkshire one, and has been known in those parts any time these five hundred years. Only the other day I found it in Chaucer.

She did not repent, however. My father might ride and drink hard, as most Yorkshire squires did in his day, but he was always kind to her and the children. And if the hall—never a very orderly place—was sometimes turned inside out by a party of boosy foxhunters, its ordinary aspect pre-

sented a cheerful contrast to the great, grim, cold house, in the dull country town, wherein her early years had been passed.

Ah, that house! if she could but have known what would occur within it!

I have heard that her father and his (I am speaking now of my uncle, with whom I set out) was an attorney, who became rich by the practice of his profession, and that he brought up his son to the same business. Old Swinchat—Foxey Swinchat, folks called him—died in harness, leaving his money to be equally divided betwixt his son and daughter. Miles, my uncle, never practised afterwards. He had no need to do so, and was of too sullen, obstinate, and overbearing a disposition, ever to become popular.

I have said that my grandfather, who died before I was born, bequeathed his money in equal proportions to his son and daughter. He did this literally; in the latter case tying it upon my mother and her issue, exclusive of her husband's control. Not that he entertained any ill-will towards my father, but, being a shrewd, sharp man, he thought it not unlikely that his son-in-law might make ducks and drakes of it. I never heard of my father's resenting this; probably he acknowledged its prudence, which was abundantly manifest afterwards when my mother died.

That occurred at my birth, my only brother being but three years old at the time. We had a little sister, but she did not survive her infancy. So neither John—he was called John after his father—or myself had any recollection of our mother, or knowledge of her beyond what we gathered from others. I believe she was a good woman, and I am sure that my father loved her dearly.

Her death had a great and disastrous effect upon him. Always a careless man and rather a free-liver, he rode harder and drank deeper, kept open house for very promiscuous guests, squandered his money, and, in short, let things go to rack and ruin. He might have got married again—perhaps it would have been better for us if he had—for he was still young and handsome; but, I believe, his affection for his dead wife restrained him from giving us a step-mother. Meantime, we ran wild about the house, and were brought up anyhow.

I have remarked in life that men who have never known a mother's care are often harder-natured than their happier fellows; deficient of tenderness, pity, forbearance. Perhaps it is not unnatural that they should be so. Jack and I, in our boy-days, promised to be no exception to this rule—if I may so call it. We were, I fancy, as hot-tempered, wrong-headed, ill-disciplined, and, to use a word which ought not to have become antiquated, as masterful a couple of lads as any in Yorkshire. Which is a pretty bold assertion, too. We often quarrelled, and sometimes fought savagely. Our father never in-

terfered with us, and nobody else dared to do so.

Stop though. I am wrong there. Our uncle did. He never came to the house (not that he came often since his sister's death, or, indeed, before) without saying something harsh to or of us—something that set our boys' breasts rankling against him. We were no cowards, and often gave him as good as he brought. Our father would laugh at such altercations. I fancy I see him now, with his handsome flushed face, red coat, and top-boots, as he came in one day all splashed from hunting, and found Jack shaking with passion at a speech of my uncle's. My brother had just been fished out of a mill-stream, and my uncle had applied an equivocal proverb in his favour.

"Let the lads bide, Miles," he said, laughing, "or they'll be too much for 'ee some day. Do thou look after thy own little wench at home."

That reminds me that I have not yet spoken of her. My uncle had got married, very unexpectedly, about two years after his sister's death, to a handsome widow, with one child, a little girl. His choice surprised everybody, for she was a gay, pleasure-loving woman, without fortune, and had lived in York and London. I believe she came of Irish lineage. Anything more contrary to his sullen, self-willed, local Yorkshire nature could scarcely be imagined. They did not live happily together, and she would have quitted him if his passionate temper had not beaten down all opposition. My aunt was rather a favourite with us, being a good-humoured though frivolous woman. Her little girl was one of the most beautiful creatures in this world, I do believe.

We were shy of her; conscious, when in her presence, of a boyish awkwardness and want of breeding which never troubled us elsewhere. She knew this well enough, for, baby-coquette as she was, all her mother's nature promised to reappear in her. I have looked covertly into her eyes, wondering at their exceeding beauty and fascination, being dimly and uneasily cognisant at the same time that it would be unsafe to trust them, and apprehensive that she might look up and at once divine my thoughts, as she always could. Jack cared more about her than I at that time, and she knew it and treated him worse. I don't think he was jealous of me in those days.

My father liked to have her at the Hall, and would have kept her permanently, if my uncle had permitted. He used to call her his little sweetheart, humoured all her whims and did his best to spoil her, as he did us and all children. When the cholera came into our part of the country (it ravaged all England that year), and she and her mother were attacked by it, he rode over to town every day to inquire about them. Katy, that was her name, recovered, but my aunt died,

Her daughter had not then attained her twelfth birthday.

Just a year afterwards, almost to a day, my father got a bad fall while hunting, his spine sustaining such severe injury that he only lived long enough to appoint my uncle our guardian and to take his leave of us, with many words of affection and regret that he had not proved a more prudent—he could not have been a kinder—parent. His affairs were so embarrassed that another six months must have produced bankruptcy. He had mortgaged the estate—in itself much deteriorated in value—to the fullest extent; and, in short, when all his debts were paid, nothing remained to us but our mother's legacy, of which we should come into possession at the ages of one-and-twenty. I was then ten—Jack thirteen. We went home with our uncle to the great, grim, cold house in the dull country town.

Katy was sorry on our account, glad on her own, for since her mother's death, her life had been very monotonous. I don't think my uncle was harsh to her, though he never showed much kindness or consideration towards anybody. Yet, child as she was, she had contrived to obtain some slight influence over him. I fancy he might have loved her if she had been his own daughter. But whatever expectations of company and immature coquetries our arrival excited in Katy's bosom, were doomed to disappointment at that time, for our uncle soon announced his intention of sending us to boarding-school. Our ignorance justified him in this, if his dislike did not. I say his dislike, for I knew he always hated us, and, from that day he became our guardian, had promised himself the gratification of subduing us, breaking us into his humours, and, as he once said, flogging the rebellious devil out of us. How he succeeded in this will be seen.

Hitherto we had had, literally, no education. For when our father sent us to school, as he did once, upon the first attempt at the infliction of punishment we had made a fight for it, subsequently escaping and returning home to be half-laughed at, half-commended—not ordered back. But, now, there was no disputing the will of my uncle, even if we had been inclined to attempt it. To boarding-school we went accordingly.

Yorkshire schools have of late years obtained a most unenviable notoriety. In my day all schooling was conducted, on severer principles than the more fortunate youth of this generation have any idea of. Punishment by blows and starvation formed an ordinary part of it. I do not know that the school selected by my uncle had a savager master or a crueller discipline than many others, but I am sure that a more direct method for the perversion of every honest and manly quality could not have been devised than the grinding tyranny which under the name of an education, we endured

for two years. Strong boys it transformed into bullies; weak boys, into cowards and liars.

We experienced enough of it and to spare. I am not going into detail, suffice it to say, that we were not conquered easily. One thing our school discipline taught us, to bear—perhaps to inflict—pain.

We never went home for the holidays, or saw our uncle's face, until the expiration of two years. He paid the schoolmaster's bills regularly and received reports of us from him. Then word came for us to return. We had had all the schooling considered necessary. All we were destined to have, as it proved.

Katy was more beautiful, and more conscious of it, than ever, when we saw her again. Often as we had talked of her—Jack was especially prone to this, and once tried his hand at a schoolboy letter to her, which the schoolmaster confiscated, flogging him for writing it—we had never pictured to ourselves such loveliness as two years had developed in her whom we always regarded as our cousin.

I am not good at description, or I would attempt to convey some idea of Katy's face. Though I don't think words could do it. I see it in my dreams sometimes—dreams that it is dreadful to wake from—but, shall never meet its similitude again, unless in Heaven.

The struggle between us and our uncle commenced immediately. He never made any pretence of liking us, always addressing us rather as dogs than human beings. I think the spirit with which we met and resented this presented some sort of infernal fascination to him. The day after our return, enraged at a defiant answer of Jack's, he took a horse-whip, and in spite of a furious resistance, flogged him mercilessly. My turn came soon enough, and after that it was all oaths, curses and blows on one side, and desperate but ineffectual struggles on the other. We should not have remained in the house three days, but for one reason—Katy. We were both in love with her.

You may smile at the idea of the passions entertained by boys of twelve and fifteen for a girl of thirteen. But I am sure that nothing I have since experienced was more real or all-engrossing. The trivial incidents connected with it remain indelibly impressed upon my memory, while thousands of more important events which have transpired since are forgotten. I recollect the colour of ribbons in her hair, the look and scent of flowers she wore, the precise aspect of the rooms in which she sat and worked or moved about, even in the minutest detail. Sometimes this retrospection is misery to me.

I loved her with my whole boyish soul. The sound of her girlish voice, the very rustle of her dress, affected me with a delicious

pleasure which was half pain. I have woke up at night from a delirious dream to sob out her name and call passionately upon her. I knew, at the same time, that my passion was irrational and absurd, and that she was not worthy of it. Belief in the object is not necessary to love. A man shall be well convinced in his heart that no good can come of his success, that peace and happiness do not lie there—nay, shall be sure of the moral perversity of her he worships—yet shall be ready to risk life and soul to get her.

My brother's passion was equally vehement, and he became savagely jealous of me. I think he had greater faith in her than I—showed his feelings with less disguise, and was therefore more cruelly sported with. In wooing a coquette—and Katy was born a coquette—he who feels or betrays least emotion will have most chance of success, for he can avoid unpleasing manifestations while his rival is morbidly sensitive to every look, word and action: at once exacting, slavish and rebellious.

Katy cared for neither of us, but her fickle favours were sometimes bestowed upon me (I was considered the handsomer), though always with an air of seniority which her one year's difference in age rendered equally ludicrous and exasperating. Tormented by her caprice I found a cruel pleasure in augmenting Jack's sufferings. Very soon he hated me with all the strength of his fierce ungovernable nature. She knew it, and unconscious of the depth and danger of the feelings excited, triumphed in it.

Of course we made no confidants. I cannot tell how my uncle became enlightened as to the existing state of affairs. When that happened, his scorn of what he considered our juvenile folly seemed to intensify his brutality. Coarse jibes and stinging jeers alternated with blows and ill-usage, and were still harder to bear, for boys are always sensitive in the extreme to ridicule, especially on that topic. He taunted us to our faces before strangers, coupled every reproach addressed to us with some sneering allusion to Katy, grinned at our presumed jealousy of one another, and, in a word, made our lives unendurable. He was a strong man or he might have come off with mortal injury in some of the furious struggles which ensued. After one of these, Katy, weeping with rage and vexation, vowed that she would never speak to us again.

That pleased him for a time. I think the devil put it into his head to illuse her, as he did afterwards. Or it might have been merely to spite us. I have said that he was more considerate towards her than others. Now he began to chide, to strike her. Shall I ever forget witnessing the first blow? I did not wait for the second.

I remember going to her that evening with some wild project of flight which my brother

was to share. (He had manifested such frenzied rage during her chastisement that my uncle locked him in an empty room, imprisoning him for some days.) She cried, but seemed to think much lighter of the matter than I; its influence had already faded from her variable temperament. Henceforth, however, she shared our uncle's brutality with us. What would have come of this—how far we should have been able to endure it—I do not know, had he refrained from one act. In a fit of sheer malignancy he, one day, took a pair of scissors and cut off a quantity of Katy's hair. It was long and beautiful, and she had been excessively proud of it.

That night, when we had been ordered off to bed, there was an expression in Jack's face which frightened me. He had been unusually taciturn all day—we never talked much together of late, but this day fewer words than ever passed between us. I tried to draw him into conversation, without success. And I noticed that he trembled very much when he lay down beside me. It was my uncle's custom to lock us in, but this night, of all nights in the year, he omitted to do so.

Unable to sleep for a long time, I lay listening to the wind without. It was a wild, blusterous night, such a one as had always exerted an inquiet influence upon me; such a one as I shall, now, never contemplate without horror, to my dying day. (Sometimes I fancy that day will be its counterpart.) No moon was visible as I looked out of our curtainless casement, and a rack of heavy black clouds moved rapidly and continuously athwart the face of the heavens. The wind made a dismal clamor among the chimney-pots, and now and then a fierce dash of rain drove against the window-panes. Fearing to speak to my brother, and as scared and troubled in mind as though some evil influence were abroad—Was there not? I lay listening, until from sheer weariness I tumbled, as from a precipice, into the arms of sleep.

That brought no relief. My dreams partook of my mental disquiet. At first they were confused, formless, chaotically horrible. I was harassed by an overpowering nameless dread, haunted by an ever-changing phantasm which nothing could exorcise, and the presence of which inflicted unimaginable misery and apprehension. This horror grew, like one of the evil genii in the Arabian Nights, until it filled up my entire imagination, and then abruptly ended. I still slept, laboriously, painfully, as oppressed by a heavy night-mare, yet, by a strange clairvoyance, I became conscious of the existence of external objects. I saw the black shadows on the floor, the impenetrable darkness brooding in the corners of the room, and heard the wind raging without. More than that, though my brother lay with his back towards me, and his face to the wall, I saw his face as distinctly as if it were fronting

mine in noonday. And (I do not pretend to explain these phenomena, and can hardly expect to obtain credence, though it was so) I knew his thoughts. O! the mortal agony that it was to know them and be unable to stir hand or foot to prevent their execution!

Gently and cautiously he put the bed-clothes aside; gently and cautiously he stepped over me. I lay watching him through an awful medium which dispensed with ordinary means. One long look out at the troubled midnight sky, another at the mirror—what dreadful attraction was there in his own face, then, I wonder?—and he stole across the darkened floor and out of the room. My preternatural vision followed him.

Up the black staircase. To my uncle's room!

The blood surged and throbbed in my brain. There was a dazzling flash as of polished steel before my eyes and then a great darkness. With a cry of horror, I awoke, my hair bristling. My brother's place was vacant.

I slipped from the bed and stole after him, a mortal terror in my heart, my blood congealing to ice, my knees knocking together. In the midnight blackness his outstretched hands met mine—wet with what I knew must be blood!

Why should I write more? Boy as he was, he died on the gallows, myself barely escaping the same fate. Katy, waking up to that night of horror, never closed her eyes in the sweet sleep of health or sanity again. My life has been passed in self-banishment from my native land. I am a lonely old man, the last of my race. And my story is told.

DWELLERS IN TENTS.

On the fourteenth of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, a furious tornado blew down all the tents of the allied armies before Sebastopol. Only the round tents of the Turkish soldiers were left standing. This set Captain Rhodes a-thinking, and the product of which operation is an interesting book on tents and tent-life, from which we have arranged the following extracts.

All Eastern nations are, or have been, more or less nomadic in their habits, and all therefore from very early time have used tents. Jabal was the father of these future generations of tenters. Abraham and Isaac, Laban and Jacob sat in tents, which, for the most part, it is supposed, were covered with the skin of a certain Red Sea fish, resembling chamois leather, although translated in the English Bible as badger's skin.

A wooden hut covered with reeds served Achilles for a tent, when he lay before Troy, while the Grecian soldiers housed themselves beneath skins. The Macedonians had small tents, to hold but two soldiers each, also covered with skins; these tents being an exact prefiguration of our author's own invention

in his *Tentes d'Abri*, but used as buoys or rafts when crossing rivers. Alexander's pavilion contained a hundred beds. This was the most gorgeous canvas home ever seen. The roof was covered with gilded arabesques, and supported by eight golden pillars. In the centre was the golden throne guarded by the body-guard of five hundred picked men, all in glowing colours and gorgeous gold-embroidery. It was the most wonderful thing of its kind extant, but was equalled, if not surpassed, by the magnificence which Nadir-Shah set up above his head. Of which more hereafter.

The Romans had hut-like tents covered with skins, and curtained at the entrance; each tent, ten Roman feet in breadth, and capable of holding ten privates and a subaltern. When opened at the front and back, and with the valances lifted up, they looked like enormous butterflies; and were called butterflies (*papilioness*) in consequence. Nero had an octagon tent of singular beauty; but Nero had many beautiful and rare things: his emerald opera-glass not the least noteworthy of them. Tents in Cæsar's time were very much like what they are now in shape; some like our hospital-tents, and some like our bell-tents, and others hut-shaped with sloping roofs, skin-covered and curtained; and others again of canvas—great canvas butterflies. The Scythian race of Bald Heads slept in winter under trees covered with a strong white cloth; but, in summer, under trees without any covering at all.

Who thinks of an Arab without his camel, his mare, and his tent? Take away one of those, and he would be no more the Bedouin we have all known of from our earliest youth, and not a few of us envied when nature and instinct rebelled against the restraints of society. An Arab in a carpeted house, with its proper complement of chairs and tables, and stuffed feather-beds, would be as completely vulgarised as the most common-place among us would desire. Even Bedouin life comes to be a matter of canvas and properties; like everything else in this complex old theatre we call the world. An Arab family-tent is from twenty-five to thirty feet in length, by about ten feet in breadth; in the highest parts it is from ten to seven feet, in the lower about five. It has nine poles: three in the middle and three on each side, covered at the top with thick clothes of woven goat's hair, impervious to the heaviest rain. The side-coverings are usually of coarse wool. The interior is divided into two apartments by means of a white woollen flower-embroidered curtain, hung against the middle poles, one side being for men, the other for the women. In the first, also, are the wheat-sacks, camel-bags and pack-saddles heaped up like a pyramid round the centre post; and, in the second one, the water and butter-skis, kitchen utensils, and all the more

domestic appointments of the tent. Sometimes the tent has three compartments: the third for the cattle. In some tribes the goat's hair canvas is in strips of alternate black and white, in others it is all black, and in others again (about Askalon) all white, but always in strips sewn together by coarse thread, or secured by small wooden pins. The women alone undertake the striking and fixing of the tents while the men flourish their lances in the air, or vapour madly about on their fleet mares; and their wives, having prepared their house, get ready their food, which they eat alone in masculine sublimity, leaving scraps and portions for their hungry women, as generous men leave bones for dogs.

One-fourth of the whole Persian population is said to live in tents. Of these nomads the Lurs of Luristân are the most numerous; but the least known. After them come the Kurds, numbering fifty thousand families or tents. A Kurd, one day, went into Monsieur Fontanier's tent, examining everything as Kurds and foreigners will examine all that is curious and new. The Frenchman was irritable and ordered him out.

"But, why?" said the Kurd. "The sun is hot, your tent serves for shade, and I shall stay in it."

The chief of the caravan, anxious to please the Frank, got the visitor out of his way by asking him to coffee. Afterwaads Monsieur Fontanier went about the encampment, and strolled into the tent of this very Kurd.

"O! O!" exclaimed he, "here you are—you would have driven me away from your tent just now. Think you that I would do the same to you? It would be a disgrace to me. No, sit thee down. I shall give thee coffee and a pipe, and learn how much more estimable a character is a Kurd than a dog of a Christian or a citizen, with his smooth tongue." Monsieur Fontanier tried to make him understand that his European costume rendered him often liable to curiosity and importunity. To which the Kurd answered, pertinently enough:

"In that case, why not stay at home? Why come and walk about a Kurd camp, where no one in all their lives ever saw a European? It is curiosity that brings you here,—why not tolerate the same feeling in others?"

The Persians excel in the curtains and hangings of their tents, which are embroidered in needlework of various colours; the inner curtains, which separate the men's side from the women's, being usually of fine white woollen, where every thing else is poor and coarse. In some tents, that divisional curtain is of black and yellow striped, and always a matter of pride and some ambition. The royal tents have magnificent *perdehs*, or hangings; but nothing ever equalled the glory of Nadir Shah's pavilion. It was a whole Arabian Night's story in one, so far as its fabulous

luxury and splendour went. The outside was of fine scarlet cloth, the lining rich violet-coloured satin, whereon was wrought birds and beasts, trees and flowers, all in pearls and diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and the like. In the centre was the celebrated peacock throne, glittering with diamonds and precious stones; and on each side of this throne was a screen, with two angels thereon, likewise wrought in jewels. The very tent-poles were golden, thickly set with jewels; the walls and the tent-pegs were also golden. The roof was in seven separate pieces, two of which pieces, packed in cotton, filled one chest. Two chests were an elephant's load. The screen filled another chest: and the poles, pins, and walls, made up altogether a load which needed seven elephants to carry it.

The richer tents of the Persians are generally lined with clouded silks, or bright coloured satins; the ground covered with soft Persian carpets, or thick felts: and golden balls, shining in the sunlight, on the roof, whence flows down the heavy silk embroidered *perdeh*.

The Turks cover some of their tents with fine cloths of camel's hair; but their military tents are covered with double widths of strong cotton canvas, impervious to the heaviest rain. Omar Pacha, generalissimo in the late war, had a circular tent, with one centre pole, twenty feet diameter, covered on the outside with light green canvas, lined with pale-yellow silk. The general's was the same, but smaller; being only eighteen feet in diameter, and lined with dark-blue cotton; while the next in grade, the colonel or lieutenant-colonel, had one of fourteen feet, and not often with an inside lining. The soldier's tent was a round one, covered with double widths of strong cotton canvas, completely waterproof. These tents were eighteen feet in diameter; but, by the arrangement of a circular plate at the top of the pole, this area enclosed a larger volume of air than we obtain in our tents of the same outside dimensions. For, with us, the covering comes close up to the pole, whereby we lose all the angle made by a wider gathering place. Inches multiplied by themselves come to considerable numerical results. The Turks have also hospital tents, of no mean hospital capabilities; and they have cooking-tents, of a dirty brick colour, but affording much comfort to the soldiery, and capable of imitation with profit to ourselves.

Still lingering eastward, we find a wandering tribe in Hindustan, called the Kaorwas, one of the Rajpoot tribes, supposed by the learned to be of the same family as the Scythic-Pali, or Hyksos—the Shepherd Kings of Egypt. They construct their tents, or huts rather, chiefly of the *peloo* tree; the living branches of which they interlace together, covering the top with the broad leaves, and coating the inside with mud; thus

making a veritable human nest, not easily discoverable by the uninitiated. So that even the typical power of the poets has a real existence, though not quite in the conventional form of western imagination. The Mantchou Tartar builds himself a cage, with a round roof, like a round tower, or a dovecote. He covers this cage, or wicker basket-work, with pieces of fulled cloth, leaving a hole in the middle for the smoke. The Calmuck Tartars have also a kind of conical cage-like tent, a perfect frame-work, horizontal bars and vertical poles, all finely covered up with coarse woollen felt, and so light that one camel can carry five or six of them. The Tuski—a nomadic tribe of Siberia, divided into the pastoral, or cleanly Tuski, and the fishing, or dirty—make their huts of whale ribs and walrus skins. They are chiefly circular, to prevent snow-drifts, at the gables, and to offer as few points of resistance as possible to the fierce north winds. The walrus skin, sometimes containing seventy or eighty square feet, is as clear as parchment, beautifully elastic, and semi-transparent. It is covered with thick layers of dried grass in the cold weather, and rein-deer skins hang as curtains from the roof inside. The chief has often three or four generations to house in his one tent; and the way in which space is economised, by means of hanging shelves, and wooden vessels scooped out of drift-wood, is very ingenious. These Tuski burn a train-oil lamp, which gives immense heat, and is the softest light known, even to eyes cognisant of wax.

The Samoiedes are also of Siberia: and they have pyramidal tents covered with bark, which is again covered with rein-deer skins. They sometimes have a double layer of skin; the hairy sides outside so as to give warmth within, and repel the rain without. These skins are in long strips, wound in a spiral manner round the tent-poles, with a little hole left at the top for the smoke. The women here again pitch and arrange the tents, and do all the domestic work beside; the men hunting and fishing, and, in a new encampment, throwing up the snow to about a foot in depth all round the tent. Other northern tribes have much the same kind and form of tent; walrus skin, reindeer skin, and bark, the chief coverings to be found among the snow and ice of the Pole.

China harbours land nomads, as well as her well known wandering water population. The Mongols, for instance, who live like the Mantchous, in cages; and vilely filthy cages too: and the Khalkas, with paintings, cushions, rugs, and ornaments in their tents, yet with only a hole dug in the clay in the centre, for their fireplace. Then the Chinese army has tents; five feet five inches high, six feet wide, and fourteen feet long. They are made with sloping roofs, covered with strong linen canvas, lined with common blue linen; each pole is ornamented with an imperial

shaped iron crown, and each tent contains a felling axe, a spade, a shovel, a hammer, and a very curious portable copper camp kettle. And here the pigtailed braves live and eat their rats; issuing at intervals to build up painted canvas fortifications, or to try how some new shield just issued by the Celestial war-office, looks at a distance, and when the Fanquis may be held sure to run, in abject terror of both.

The Africans have various modes of housing themselves. The Egyptian Bedouins merely thrust four sticks into the ground, and hang a shawl upon them; while the Arabs, near Tripoli, have "hair houses," as they call them, of wool and goat's hair; some of them quite palatial in their dimensions, for tents. The Braknas, a tribe of Moors to the north of Senegal, famous for their milk diet and fat women, have straw or grass huts, capable of holding forty or fifty people: and the plains round Timbuctoo are covered with these straw huts or tents. Other Moors indulge in conical hair tents, which they carry about in leathern sacks, and deck inside with mats and goods. Another tribe, more to the centre of Africa, makes circular huts of palm-branches; another, stretches a few mats on stakes, and covers them afterwards with hides and branches: a third uses branches of trees, for a framework, then covers them with mats made of the Dom-palm; and hangs them round inside with black and white striped woollen coverlets. "In the time of the tropical rains, these tents are much reduced in size by their inmates, who sit in them like snails in their shells." The Berbers live in tents covered with coarse wool, or goat's hair, or with mats woven from the fibres of a certain root, which the women spin or twist so closely that it can keep off the rain. These coverings are dyed black with coppers. Others have tents like tombs, or the keel of a ship reversed, protected by black hair cloths, or mats woven from the leaves of the palmetto. The Hottentots make a large arched cage, into which they must creep on their hands and knees, well covered by mats made of reeds and the sword-grass. These mats overlap each other, like the tiles of a house, so that no rain can possibly penetrate; the upright laths are held in their arched position by a few heavy stones placed on the top, which also force the poles deeper into the earth. The diameter of the largest huts is about fourteen feet; they hold from ten to twelve persons, with all their worldly gear, beds, food, weapons, and implements, and have a circular hole for the fireplace, but they have no chimney, and the smoke has to find its way out by the door.

The Red Indians make all sorts of wigwams: some very simple and others exceedingly elaborate and handsome. The Mandan lodge is the largest of all, often from forty to sixty feet wide; while the Crows cover

theirs with skins dressed almost white, and ornament them afterwards with paint, porcupine quills, and scalp locks. A *Dacota* patronizes only the buffalo skin; for a tradition is afloat in the tribe that once a rash *Dacota* made his wigwam of a deer's skin, and died in consequence of his disobedience to national customs. The *Pawnee* hedges himself behind a weaving of the long prairie grass, making a hut like a huge straw beehive; and the *Navajoe* is the cynic of them all, living in a small, conical, wretched lodge, with a triangular opening, and no room for the fire inside. In South America the gracious banana has given one of its family, the *Vijao* plant, as the covering of human homes. The leaves of this *Vijao* are oval, membranous, silky, and twenty inches long by fourteen wide. Their under surface is white and glutinous, so that it can long turn even tropical rains. These leaves—about a hundred weight for each hut—are collected in the mountains, and are spread over the timber frame-work, as tiles; the upper overlapping the lower. It is a commodious tent, in the way of bricklayers and plumbers; for should the rain come in at the roof or sides, a single leaf will mend the hole, and repair all the damage done. In *Tierra del Fuego*, the people thatch themselves in, in very inefficient huts—wretched, small, circular hives, without utensils of any kind; with no beds, no mats, no seats; just thatches raised on sticks, with a fire in the centre, and fish or flesh burning on the ashes, if the canoe has gone well or the chase been lucky. The *Fuegian* wigwam is the most barbarous and wretched of all.

Tents were of early use here in England. The ancient Britons had them of skin only, but the Anglo-Saxons covered theirs with cloth, or leather, as was most convenient. The pavilions of the middle ages are known to every reader of history or romance: these pavilions increasing in luxuriousness and pomp as manufactures came to greater perfection, and wealth cast about for means of more lavish expenditure. In fourteen hundred and twenty when Henry the Fifth of England met Charles the Sixth of France, he had "a large tent of blew velvet and green, richly embroidered: the tent was replenished and decked with this poyse:

'After busie labour cometh victorious rest;'

and on the top and height of the same was set a grate eagle of golde, whose eyes were of such orient diamonds as that they glistened and shone over the whole field." The French king had a tent of blue velvet richly powdered with the *fleurs-de-luce*. Henry the Seventh also had a noble tent; and when Henry the Eighth and Francis the First had their memorable meeting in Ardenne, in fifteen hundred and twenty, Henry's tent was of rich crimson, embroidered and wrought with ornaments of gold and crimson silk; above

the fringe certain legends running like golden mouldings, setting forth his own rights first, and his acknowledgement of the divine right afterwards.

Our modern tents do not seem to be satisfactory. They are chiefly, in shape, the hospital, or the round tents; the hospital being oblong marquees, the round or circular what their name implies. The first holds not less than eighteen or more than twenty-four men; the second sixteen men, lying on the ground. But we saw what that Crimean storm did a few years ago; therefore the modern army tents are not to be taken as perfect of their kind. The French tents are good; one, the walled tent, tents à muraille, promises great things when fairly tried. It is a new version of the Turkish soldiers' tent, with an improved method of ventilation, and is to be adopted at the camp of Chalons as a preliminary test-place. Austria had much trouble about her tents, but she has improved since Captain Theurenkauf took them in hand. In Austria the storm-ropes are always from the inside, as, indeed, are all the ropes; a plan, though directly opposed to our own, of which Captain Rhodes decidedly approves. The reasons given for this approval read conclusive enough; for it is not very hard to understand that ropes are better kept dry than wet. Prussia does not shine greatly in this matter; Belgium is absolutely tentless; Sardinia adopts the best models she can meet with, no matter of what nation; and Sweden erects tents to hold twenty-five or thirty men. Edgington has been a great improver of military tents, as well as of marquees for fetes champêtres. He got the prize medal in the Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one, and deserved what he got. Mr. George Turner has also some patents out for tents and marquees; of which the stays and framing is of galvanised wire cord, the pegs of galvanised iron, the covers mineralised or waterproof fabrics, the seams are riveted instead of sewn, and there are portable fire-places for each. Thus, we have the full impress of this nineteenth iron and scientific century stamped in every detail.

Captain Rhodes speaks of his own tents. A framework of ash or bamboo; the form a curvilinear octagon; not unlike in principle and appearance to a huge stickless umbrella; ventilation holes at the top; and additional covering to be made out of the canvas packing cases: such ease and simplicity of arrangements, that men unaccustomed to them may strike and pack them in three or four minutes; less space taken up on the ground, and more accommodation provided inside: these are the chief characteristics of the proposed new guard and hospital tents. A portable tunnel or endless tent is contemplated, which the soldiers can pitch on an instant, and which needs nothing but light pliable ribs, canvas, ropes, leather,

buttons, and a few pegs for its construction. We know of few tents that need more; but this is as yet only an idea. The author has also the superior lightness of his tents in his favour. The present government hospital tent weighs five hundred and seven pounds; his, of smaller outside dimensions and greater inside space, weighs only three hundred and ninety-five pounds. This is no trifling difference for an army of weary, harassed, foot-sore men; and, all other things equal, would surely decide in favour of any form which would include it among its characteristics.

THE BLOOMING ROSE.

I.

'Twas holiday in Fairy Land;
Its queen's fair presence-room
One delicately radiant flush
Of spiritual bloom,

(For it was made of flowers,) was fill'd
With ev'ry loyal fay,
Whose many-tinted robes were glass'd
In founts of diamond spray.

About the throne that, pure as pearl,
Rose from the emerald ground,
The motion of their silver wings
Sprinkled a starlight round.

The life-breath of all fragrant things
Thrill'd through that mystic hall;
The essence of a moonlight night
Fell softly over all.

Up rose the queen, and with her hand
She hush'd the mingling mirth,
And bade her favourite bard approach,
And sing a tale of earth.

He came: a rainbow spann'd his wings,
An opal gemm'd his breast;
A drop of pure ethereal flame
Burned on his glowing crest.

His changeful robe in cloud-land wrought,
Ne'er faded nor grew old,
The spirits of the early morn
Had strung his harp with gold.

He sang. His wild harp's melody,
Still melting through his rhyme;
Each little fairy held its breath
Each tiny hand kept time:

II.

"Erewhile our queen the royal word
Her bower-maidens gave,—
Who brought from earth the rarest gift,
No more should be her slave;

"But roam at will, nor homage pay
Save only once a year,
And gain, beside, what power of spell
Most precious seem'd to her.

And so it chanced, one gentle fay
Through a vast city flew:
A fairy's desert, no fresh moss,
No wild-flowers' lake of dew.

"Where man, to hide God's pleasant earth,
Pours forth his thoughts in stone,
And almost blots out heaven: the fay,
With flagging wings, went on.

"Yet 'mid these weary streets she found
One spot of rich repose,—
An open window where a child
Water'd a budding rose.

"A sweet moss-rose: the glad sprite drew
Its folding leaves apart;
A memory of Fairy Land
Breathed from its opening heart.

"A gush of the familiar air
Seem'd round the fair child shed,
For, o'er a pictured fairy tale
At times she bent her head.

"A lovely head; the brown hair lit
With wav'ring lines of gold,
Round a soft brow where innocence
Its whitest leaf unroll'd.

"The dark eyes shone, the rosy mouth,
Dewy with childish joy;
Thus rain'd her fancies fresh and fond
Upon her fragrant toy;

"I've paid thy price with all I had;
Ope quickly precious flower,
Sure thou art beautiful enough
To be a spirit's bower.

"The homeless children from the street
They would not let me bring,
So then I thought among the fays
To ease some suffering.

"And that some little fairy child,
Tired, sick, or gone astray,
If I had but a growing flower,
Might rest therein all day.

"And if one comes, thy beauty, rose,
For me her love may win,
And she will grieve to hear me tell
How, this great house within,

"I never saw my father's face,
Nor sister knew, nor brother,
And, O, so long I've only had
A picture of my mother.

"Then, when ye saw me all alone,
She might stay here to play,
Until to pleasant Fairy Land
We both could steal away."

"The listening fairy kiss'd the cheek
That bloom'd above the flower,
Then, exquisitely rested, sank
Deep in her glowing bower."

The bard was hush'd, while grateful fays
Their flower-tubes gaily blew,
And drank unto the kindly child
In cups of honey-dew.

III.

The tale went on. "A life forlorn
Had little Una led,
Pillow'd on hireling tenderness,—
Hard lies the orphan's head!"

"Her guardian dwelt abroad, and left
His brother's lonely child
Yearning for friends till fairy love
Bloom'd o'er the human wild.

"For, pleased to fill the wistful heart,
Her unseen guest by day
Kiss'd the white lids at eve, and then
In sleep she saw the fay ;

"And roam'd through Fairy Land, and pluck'd
Its beamy fruits at will,
In rippling crystal bathed her feet,
At ev'ry charmed rill.

"And floated her small hands in light
'Neath each pure blossom's bell,
Whence a delicious melody
Did tremulously well.

"With shimmering mists, and melting hues,
And glancing joyous throng,
The marv'ulous land seem'd only made
Of odour, light, and song.

"Its wild'ring beauty steep'd her soul
In ecstacy so deep,
Though pleasant was the day, she lived
Her real life in sleep.

"Alone no more ; the fay, she knew,
Haunted her plant unseen ;
Nought else could give its shadowing moss
That glow of elfin green.

"E'en as it grew, each flushing flower
Was touch'd with fairy bloom,
And the sprite answer'd while she talk'd
With wreathings of perfume.

"But now the maiden's spirit thrill'd
To human interest :
Compassion, like a pulse of Heaven,
Stirr'd in the childish breast.

"For, on a couch that fill'd each morn
The window o'er the way,
Lay a pale lady, grey and worn,
In patient pain all day.

"A widow, for whose daily wants
Toil'd hard her stripling son,
An unknown painter, whose bright hopes
Died round him, one by one.

"A long and thoughtful gaze the child
On her sweet rose-tree cast,
Till o'er the tearful, smiling face
A bright heart rainbow pass'd.

"A tender trembling radiance lit
The pitiful dark eye,
The soft mouth o'er the roses breathed,
'Sweet fairy-world, good-bye !'

"The dimpled hands gave ev'ry leaf
A last caressing touch,
Then it was borne, a precious gift,
To the sick lady's couch.

"For, O, to watch its lovely growth
Would pass the heavy day,
To feel the breath of living flowers
Waft o'er her as she lay.

"Then that rich dream-life ev'ry night,
To move and feel no pain :
Yea, she might find a fairy charm
To give her health again.

"The grave son wept ; the mother's lips
That o'er the roses smiled,
Shower'd kisses on the lovelier flower,
The earnest blushing child."

Again the merry fairy-shout
Arose with silv'ry sound,
For joy that such a loving heart
Beat over earthly ground.

IV.

"That night the eager, hopeful fay
Sped on her journey fleet,
And one red rose from Una's tree
Laid at her sov'reign's feet.

"For well she knew, of such rare flowers,
Her wreath an angel weaves,
The life-blood clear of charity
Deepen'd its crimson leaves.

"To spirit senses, from its heart
A subtle essence sprung,
And a celestial glory e'en
O'er magic hues it flung.

"A tear it caught from Una's eye
Was harden'd to a gem,
That lighted with its crystal lamp
The royal diadem.

"The fairy power of deathless bloom
Through the prized flower was sent,
And it became for ever more
The queen's most sacred tent.

"Thou hast thy freedom, faithful slave.'
The fairy droop'd her head :
She loved a poet-fay that pined
A freer life to lead.

"The gentle heart, she pray'd the queen
His fetter first to break.'
The fairies to each other smiled,
For of himself he spake.

"Take, then, thy wish of magic charm :
Say what thy gift shall be ?'
'A spell to make the child's fresh mind
The mystic beauty see

"That hides in all things like a soul.'
'That this doth work her weal
Bring me sure token, thou shalt win
Thy freedom by thy zeal.'

V.

"But now beside the bed of pain
Was Una's daily place ;
Her presence like a freshening breeze
Brighten'd the weary face.

"With childhood's blithesome changefulness,
She laugh'd, and talk'd, and sung,
But many a holy lesson learnt
From that pale lady's tongue.

"But, at the painter's evening rest
She crept within his arm,
And only talk'd of Fairy Land
Of magic dream and charm.

"And her young face would kindle up
With her own eloquence,
And o'er her eyes, as full as floods,
The soul-light flash'd intense.

"The while the fay on Una's mind
Wrought with her spells of might,
Till heaven and earth were glorified
Before its quicken'd sight.

"Of sunsets grand, of moonlights calm,
She caught the secret spell;
Yea, o'er her from the meanest things
Some drops of beauty fell.

"Till nature's vivid life-glow, strong
As flame, her spirit fill'd,
And to its hidden harmonies
Her being throbb'd and thrill'd.

"With love, and truth, and faëry pass'd,
As flow'd the years along,
The beauty gather'd round her heart
Stream'd forth in glorious song.

"And o'er her early girlhood shone
The silver star of fame;
For one grand poem, through all hearts,
Swept music round her name.

"Then, woo'd by rich and noble, still
She clung to her first friend,
Wrapping her painful hours in love,
She soothed them to the end.

"For the end came. Ah, human life!
When his first fame was won,
Those lips were growing cold whose praise
Was sweetest to her son.

"But wistful were the dying eyes;
With Una's hand she tried
To clasp her son's, and kiss them close;
But, in the effort died.

"They stood beside the silent bed,
They grudged her not her heaven;
They knew that death was but to her
An iron fetter riven.

"He closed the quiet lids and then
Broke forth in bitter tone.
That saddest knell of love and hope,—
The words, 'I am alone!'

"No, Una, no, my mother's love
Saw not the sacrifice;
I care not to have happiness,
If thine must pay the price.

"I bless thee that thy glad young life
Did here its sunshine waste;
But shall it light the wind-swept rock
Amid the breakers placed?

"Yet, O, mistake me not! Were I
A prince, young, fair, and grand,
And thou a peasant, I would wear
My life out for thy hand.

"A singing-bird to dungeon'd man
Was ne'er a richer dower,
But round the wild bird's nest should swell
The verdure of a bower.'

"A wave of crimson dyed the lips
That answer'd very low,
'Not from a dungeon, but an ark,
Ernest, thou bidd'st me go!

"The friendless child, in years gone past,
Your kind hearts shelter gave;
Now death hath robb'd me, worse thou art,
To take the last I have.

"O, if thou art a wave-wash'd rock,
A little shell am I,
That clings, and fears nor wave nor wind,
But will, unfasten'd, die.'

"He trembles; for, with fear and hope
His pulses wax and wane;
She was so dear a prize to clasp,
But, O, too dear to chain.

"He spoke with broken passionate words:
'Thou knewest a noble earl
Would fain exchange his coronet
To win so fair a pearl.'

"Lightly, and yet with filling eyes,
She said, 'So let it be:
For one king could make an earl,
But the king's King made thee.'

"And grey and worn, mayhap with care,
Yet am I past my prime;
While lingers on thy hair the first,
The silver wave of time.

"But I am poor. Canst thou for love
Bring down thy rising fame,
To hide it in an anxious home,
Beneath an unknown name?"

"To me, thy grey hairs records be
Of years of kindness gone;
The heights of fame, as cold as clear,
Can ne'er be woman's throne.

"For, O, if ever lovely thought
Made music through my lays,
My heart but leap'd to one dear hope,
This thought will Ernest praise.

"I love my fame, when in thine eyes
Shines its reflected light,
And thou dost flush to hear it named,—
Then fame is exquisite.

"We'll climb its hill—for thou shalt climb—
Through storm or sunny weather,
It will be pleasant to look down,
When we've grown great together.'

"His arms were round her when she ceased,
The dark eyes, on his breast,
Wept forth the soft, relieving tears
Of feeling long suppress'd.

"And when their mother's grave was closed,
Una the painter wed,
And left her own fay-haunted home,
To humbler shelter led.

"But from her head the hov'ring fay
Pluck'd one white bridal flower;
For love was but the last bright touch
Of hidden beauty's power.

"The patient sprite at last was free,
Her spirit-bard was won;
Her spell for Una's happiness
Its work had nobly done.

"Happy they were in hope and love,
While the young poet-wife
Pour'd vividly her quick fresh thoughts
About the painter's life.

"And he her fancies beautiful
Into his pictures wrought;
And thus two fleeting happy years
Both wealth and honour brought.

"And when his little daughter's eyes
Did first on life unclose,
With grateful thoughts of long ago,
Her father named her Rose.

"For, still preserved by loving hands,
Shoots of that rose-tree grew,
And fays, as to a wayside home,
Into its blossoms flew."

VI.

The poet ceased: all homage paid
His blushing little fay,
And the queen bade for joy once more
The flower trumpets play.

And "Long live Childhood!" sang they all,
"And may it ever be
But gently turn'd with length'ning years
To love and poetry!"

A NEW WAY OF MAKING AN OLD
ARTICLE.

Two very old ladies, bearing the respective names of Nature and Fortune, were drinking tea one evening about thirty years ago—for the sake of accuracy it may as well be stated that it was on the evening of the first of January, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine—and, as is the custom with old ladies, were interfering very considerably with other people's affairs, when a slight misunderstanding arose between them which, as words fell fast, very speedily assumed the proportions of a downright quarrel. The subject of their misunderstanding was the destiny of a male child, just born into the world, who will be known in the course of this narrative as Gabriel Badger, of Badger Hall, Warwickshire, and Hertford Street, May Fair, Esquire. A lump of sugar too little in her tea, or the richer lace of her friend's pocket-handkerchief, had soured, for the moment, Dame Nature's kindly feeling, and her ill-humour manifested itself precisely at the moment when Gabriel Badger was brought into the world.

"Another birth!" she exclaimed, frowning over her spectacles. "The world is getting

more and more like a rabbit-warren every day!"

"Why should you complain?" asked Dame Fortune—mildly, of course, and without the remotest desire to irritate her companion. "I thought it was *your* province to see that the world was peopled!"—

Speaking in italics, with even ever so little emphasis, is always disagreeable to hear when a person is out of sorts, and Dame Nature answered testily:—

"Suppose it is! One may have too much of a thing, I presume."

"Not of a good thing," returned Dame Fortune, in a somewhat sharper tone.

"That's your opinion, is it?" said Dame Nature.

Here the quarrel began; but not to follow it from inuendo to insult and from insult to outrage—not to introduce any of the personalities with which it was garnished—the feud may be taken up at the point where it most affected Gabriel Badger.

"He shall be the ugliest fellow in England," said Dame Nature.

"He shall be the richest, though!" retorted Dame Fortune.

"He shall be a conceited ass!" cried Dame Nature. "He shall put his foot in it wherever he goes, he shall be the laughing-stock of the universe, he shall—" The old lady burst out laughing, and could not finish her anathema.

"Poor spite," said Dame Fortune, with a bitter smile. "One comfort is, you can't make him poor!"

"I can make him knock-kneed. I can make him squint, I can give him red hair, I can—"

"Endow him with all your own attributes, I dare say," was the courteous rejoinder.

This was the commencement of the personalities alluded to, and as it would be distressing to dwell any further on an exhibition remarkable, on both sides, for its display of infirmity of temper, I shall merely observe that Dame Fortune rang the bell, ordered her carriage, and drove off to an evening party at the house of the greatest millionaire of the day.

When people are in a passion they always say twice as much as in their sober moments they ever dream of performing. Gabriel Badger, Esquire, when he came of age, was consequently neither the richest nor the ugliest man in England; but he was rich enough to excite the envy of most of the members of his club, and plain enough to make the women stare at him as they passed. When a man is rich there are so many things to force the fact upon his attention that it is next to impossible for him to remain unconscious of his wealth; but he may be as ugly as you please and yet have no idea that such is the case. If familiarity with others breeds contempt, familiarity with our external selves has an effect exactly opposite. We get so used to the sight of our own bottle noses that

the aquiline features of our neighbours appear to us a positive deformity; we commune so socially with the cast in our own eyes that the straightforward glances of our friends inspire us with actual aversion. There is, also, all the difference between custom and surprise: if our aspect present any hoar asperities, the habit of gazing on them eventually softens all, and melts them into beauty. The world in general may be of another opinion, but as we do not look through other folks' spectacles, we cannot be expected to see ourselves as others see us. So much for the reason why Gabriel Badger cherished the belief that he was an Adonis; and when the women stared at him he set that down to the credit side of his account: the more they stared the better he thought of himself. Vanity, this, no doubt; but there was something else at work. Gabriel Badger was of a temperament highly susceptible: he was always falling in love; and though he met with countless rebuffs in the course of his career, he nevertheless went on proposing.

Truth, however, will out. As Voltaire says: "Enfin, tout est connu," and even Gabriel Badger, became, at last, aware of the cause of his many rejections. It was a heavy blow, but not a great discouragement.

"Hideous! Is that it?" soliloquised Gabriel Badger one morning as he was shaving, the moment of all others best adapted for self-interrogation. "Hideous! Well, Miss Emily Brown, I can't say I think so. I should like to know," he continued, addressing his well-lathered effigy in the looking-glass, "what there is here to find fault with. Painters talk about breadth and expression, I'm sure my face is broad enough, and as for expression—let me only clear away the soap-suds! Isn't a massive forehead something to admire? I had the small-pox when I was young, and perhaps there may be a scar or two left" (his face was riddled like a colander) "but what of that? It's manly Whiskers, Miss Emily Brown? I have you there! Are *they* hideous? Where can you see a larger pair? This lather makes 'em look a little red" (they were high gravel colour) "but that's only contrast. I haven't Francis the First's nose" (Gabriel's was a snub) "I admit it. But was he a beauty? Titian, if he chose, could tell you a very different story. Give me something that's honest and bluff, like our own King Harry. Figure? Miss Brown, you're hard to please. And yet—" Here Gabriel Badger paused, and sighed—"and yet she didn't say it in a pet, or out of spite, or anything of that sort, for she didn't know I heard her. What a fool I was to stand behind the portière while those girls were talking. I might have remembered the proverb. Who were they—let me see! Emily Brown, Eliza Parsons, Alice Taylor, Bertha Jones, Georgina Walker, yes—and the one they called Matilda Smith. How they laughed! That was what made

me listen. 'Do you think him so very plain, love?' asked somebody, Matilda Smith, I suppose, for I did not recognise her voice. 'I don't know what you mean by very plain,' replied Bertha Jones, 'but if I saw a cross-ing-sweeper half as ugly I would go over my boots in mud to get out of his way?'

"He is much more like a monkey than a man!" said Eliza Parsons.

"If you mean an orang-outang," squeaked Alice Taylor,—pert little thing,—"I quite agree with you."

"No," said Georgina Walker, with that air of hers, of affected candour, 'no; I think you are both wrong. You go out of the way for similes. Mr. Badger is simply the ugliest of his species!'

"And then they all laughed again, as if Miss Walker had said something excessively witty. Four out of the six had had their fling at me. I waited breathlessly to hear Emily Brown's opinion. I never proposed to her or Miss Smith, though I have to all the rest.

"What do you say, Emily?" inquired Matilda. (I knew it must be her, all the others having spoken.) "Only this," answered the perfidious creature,—(she had danced with me the night before.) "Only this: the man is perfectly hideous! He ought to be shut up, and never allowed to appear again in ladies' society."

"I walked away from the portière. What was the sex to me after that? If they were all to go down on their knees and beg and pray for me to leave 'em, I—" (Here Gabriel became energetic, and cut himself.) "Curse this razor,—what am I about? No, not if—Where's the sticking-plaster? Not if—Stay, let me think it over! No! Miss Smith said nothing herself. She laughed, it is true, but then girls will laugh at anything. Besides, she has never seen me; we have never been introduced. Ah, Matilda! are you an unprejudiced person? Shall I run the risk? I must consider; I must consider."

Having dressed and breakfasted, as heartily as if he really had a broken heart, Gabriel Badger went out for a walk exercise assisting his mental powers better than repose. But Gabriel Badger's peregrinations were never solitary, and, on this occasion he selected Regent Street as a good place to think in. Neither is it altogether a bad one for that purpose, only it depends upon what you want to think of. If you are a physiognomist you may get up a volume of characters in five minutes, but if abstruse calculations be your object the chances are against success.

Gabriel Badger was neither a philosopher nor a mathematician,—merely an ill-used man; and so he tried to divert the vulture from his liver by looking at the shops. He speculated on trousers and waistcoats,—how that stripe would develop the symmetry of his nether limbs, or this pattern of the amplitude of his noble chest; he marked a cluster of charms in the jeweller's window

for somebody's neck chain; he made up his mind to order a Laski travelling-bag at a hundred guineas; visions of expatriation at that moment crossing his mind; he pondered over the expediency—it being December—of buying a patent silver cucumber-slice against the spring; he paused to ask himself what manner of maniac it was who laid out his coin on mustard-and-cess irrigators; at last he came to a shop that riveted his attention.

Photography is not now an uncommon rarity, and Regent Street is not the place where photographic artists least abound; yet it was before an establishment more or less devoted to the cultivation of photography, that Gabriel Badger halted. In the centre of a snow-white visiting-card he beheld a photographic miniature!

"What do you call that?" he said, pointing with his stick to one of the miniatures.

"Our new visiting-card, sir," replied the shopman. "Quite a new invention! Very chaste idea! Perfectly original conception! I may say, unique!"

"What does it mean? What do you do with it?"

"Do, sir? Allow me (won't you take a seat, sir?) to explain. A party, sir, wishes to have his likeness taken; wants to call upon a friend; come here, sir, and is photographed, like that: goes and leaves his card: no occasion for any name, sir. Great convenience! Will you walk up, sir? Our artist is in the studio."

"Um! ha!" said Gabriel Badger. "Thank you! I'll think of it."

Thoughts of the new visiting-card accompanied Gabriel Badger throughout his walk. There was something to be made of the idea, though he did not immediately see what. Thus pre-occupied he turned into a quieter street, till he came to a house where various names on the door-posts indicated sets of chambers.

"I wonder," he said, "if George Brackley is at home!"

He ascended to the second-floor, rang, and was admitted by the occupant himself. Brackley was nominally an utter barrister; but, having as yet no practice, and not being inordinately wealthy, "wrote things," as Badger said, "for the newspapers, magazines, and so forth." He was well connected, handsome; about five and twenty, and went a good deal into society.

"I want you to take a turn with me," said Gabriel Badger, "if you're not too busy."

"With pleasure," replied Brackley, "if you don't mind waiting five minutes. I've only to put the finishing touch to this article, and then I'm your man. Try one of those Cabanas; they are the best in London!"

Gabriel Badger threw himself into an easy-chair, and smoked one of the recommended cigars. Smoking and contemplation are twins; and, while the fragrant cloud slowly rolled in one direction, the smoker's eye

turned in another. They settled on the writer, whom Gabriel attentively examined.

"He is deuced good-looking I must say," thought Gabriel. "I wish I had his face." Again the smoker's eyes wandered, to light upon an invitation-card that lay on the table beside him. It ran thus:—

MRS. BROWNLOW SMITH AT HOME.

Wednesday, December Eight.

Fancy Dresses.

Back once more to the scribe, reverted the orbs of Gabriel Badger. He looked at him steadily. "You know the Brownlow Smiths?" said he.

"Yes," replied Brackley, looking up from his occupation. "So do you, don't you?"

"No. I have seen them at parties, that's all. I should rather like to know them."

"Nothing easier. They are old friends of mine. That's her card, for the eighth. I'll take you, if you like. Do you mind going in character?"

"Not at all. In fact, being a stranger there, I should rather prefer it."

"Very good. Recollect, it's the eighth. the day after to-morrow. A moment more. Now, I'm for anything you like."

"You must dine with me to-day," said Gabriel; "but, first, I want to show you something."

Half-an-hour afterwards, Gabriel and his friend had climbed to the skylight where the new photographic cards were executed, and Brackley was undergoing an operation which Gabriel, in a generous mood, had insisted on paying for. He claimed but a slight remuneration: one of Brackley's new cards as a souvenir. On the following day it was in his possession.

Thanks to a neighbouring costumer, there is no difficulty, now-a-days, in representing any historical personage you please. After due consideration, Gabriel Badger decided on wearing the flowing garments and silver veil of the Prophet of Khorassan. It was at once a splendid costume and a complete incognito as long as he chose to preserve it.

"Badger, you'll make a sensation to-night!" said George Brackley, as they drove together to Mrs. Brownlow Smith's.

The speaker was himself attired as "a wild Albanian, kirtled to the knee;" and, as lady novelists used to be in the habit of saying (they never say so now,) "his manly form was set off to the utmost advantage by the dress he had chosen, while the dark masses of his raven hair waving in profusion above his marble forehead," et cetera.

"Perhaps I may," replied Gabriel, indulging in a little pardonable vanity; "perhaps I may. But, I tell you what, Brackley, I don't want to be recognised this evening. Introduce me as your friend, and, if it come to mentioning names, cough."

Brackley, who was a good-natured, frank-hearted fellow, without any *arrière-pensée*, did

as his friend desired, and Gabriel, in the disguise of Mokanna, paraded the gay saloons of Mrs. Brownlow Smith. He was curiously inspected by many a fair damsel anxious to pluck out the heart of his mystery, and little Alice Taylor, actually managed to get a peep under his veil.

"What is he like, dear?" asked Georgina Walker, who was at her side.

"O, such a fright!" replied Alice, "he does quite right to wear a veil."

"Spiteful creature!" muttered Gabriel, who overheard her.

Gabriel had two objects in going to this party. The first was, to win the affections of Matilda Smith; the second, to ingratiate himself with her mother. Brackley, who had been dancing with the young lady, gave him an opportunity. He was presented, laughingly, as the Veiled Prophet, and left to make his own way. A veil, like a mask, imparts courage to the wearer, and Gabriel said all sorts of things to Matilda; who, being in a playful humour, was not very resentful, and Gabriel, at the end of the dance, was in his rival Mahmoud's seventh heaven.

"I have fixed HER, at all events!" he said, complacently stroking his beard (the orange-tawney having been dyed jet-black for that occasion.) "Now for mamma."

He approached Mrs. Brownlow Smith, as she sate, a little fatigued, in a recess. He spoke like a man of the world, with a flavour of the lover also. He was rich, could make a first-rate settlement, would put down five thousand pounds, loved her daughter to distraction, and hoped—nay, believed—he was not indifferent to the charming Matilda.

"But whom have I the honour of speaking to?" asked Mrs. Brownlow Smith, as soon as she recovered from the surprise into which this sudden avowal had thrown her. "You are the friend, I am aware, of Mr. George Brackley, but I was not so fortunate as to catch your name."

Resolved, however, to keep up the romance of the situation, and carry out his original intention, Gabriel evaded the question.

"We orientals," he replied, "follow our own customs. I will send my portrait tomorrow, and then request permission to declare my name and station. I am serious, Mrs. Brownlow Smith—quite serious. Good evening."

A word to Brackley, as he retreated through the whirling crowd, and Mokanna disappeared, leaving Mrs. Brownlow Smith in that uncomfortable state of mind which arises when you converse with a person whom you suspect of insanity. She looked round for Brackley to relieve her from her perplexity; but he too was gone.

The breakfast-hour was late next day at Mrs. Brownlow Smith's, and it was striking three by the pendule on the chimney-piece—

which though French, for a wonder went right—when, as Matilda and her mother were siting *tete-à-tete*, a servant entered with a letter. Mrs. Brownlow Smith had just begun: "I have something very extraordinary to tell you, Matilda—" when she was interrupted in the manner described.

She looked at the seal, "G. B., doubly interlaced. Who can this be from?"

Matilda coloured, trembled, spilt her tea, but said nothing, while Mrs. Brownlow Smith, intent on her letter, opened it. A card fell out, and she read, "According to promise." Turning the card, she beheld the photographic miniature of a very handsome young man.

"Why, whose likeness is this? I have seen the face before somewhere. Do you know, Matilda?"

Matilda looked, trembled, and blushed more than before, and answered faintly:—

"Ye-e-s, mamma! That is to say, I think—I don't know—I—I—"

"You think! You don't know! But I do. It's George Brackley! His very image. What on earth can be the reason of his sending his picture to me? Stay! That friend of his last night—that Turk, or whatever he was—the man in the silver veil—I see what it is! Matilda," she continued, fixing a searching glance on her daughter, and speaking very slowly, "have you engaged yourself to George Brackley?"

"O, mamma! mamma! forgive me!" cried Matilda, throwing herself on her knees. "I knew nothing at all about it. George never said he intended to tell you so soon!"

"He has told me nothing, Matilda. Get up. But he has had an intercessor. Well! five thousand pounds may reconcile me to the match."

"Gracious mamma! what do you mean?"

Hereupon, Mrs. Brownlow Smith resumed her interrupted narrative, and putting her own interpretation on Gabriel Badger's conduct, related what had taken place the evening before. Matilda was completely bewildered. "That Turk"—as her mother called the prophet—had certainly made a kind of declaration; but, as certainly, it was on his own account; he had never breathed a syllable about George Brackley. This fact, however, she kept to herself.

The days are dark in December, and the ninth of December last past was the darkest in the whole month: before the pendule struck again, the lamplighter in the street was busy at his vocation. Twilight—winter twilight especially—is favourable to the kind of conversation that now followed between Mrs. Brownlow Smith and her daughter, and as they sate in the gloaming the former lady discussed the whole bearing of the question that so much interested them both. While they were thus engaged, a guest was announced.

"Mr. Gabriel Badger," said a footman.

"One of your friends, Matilda, I suppose?" said Mrs. Brownlow Smith.

"Not mine, mamma! I never saw him that I remember. But I recollect his name; he wants a wife, they say, very badly. He proposed to Emily Brown, to Eliza Parsons, to Alice Taylor, to Bertha Jones, to Georgina Walker—to I don't know how many!"

"What brings him here, I wonder? Hush, he is coming!"

And with his reputation gone before to clear the way, Gabriel Badger entered the room. It was dusk, as I have already said, and Mrs. Brownlow Smith could only discern the outline of a somewhat sturdy figure; his features were quite invisible.

There was a moment of awkward silence. Gabriel was embarrassed. The darkness was in his favour, but still he was without his veil. At last, after one or two preliminary efforts, he cleared his throat, and began:—

"I hope," he said, "though my name may not be familiar to you, Mrs. Brownlow Smith, that I am not altogether a stranger."

"Pardon me, sir," replied the lady, "your name is better known to me than your person."

"In that case," returned Gabriel, "the difficulty under which I labour is diminished. I had the pleasure, this morning, of sending my card—that is to say—my—my—my—likeness—according to promise."

He had managed to blurt it out. His secret was revealed. The Veiled Prophet and Gabriel Badger were one and the same individual.

"Matilda, my love," said Mrs. Brownlow Smith.

The young lady took the hint; she rose, glad to escape.

"No, madam, no," cried Gabriel. "Let me entreat your daughter to remain."

"Impossible, sir, under existing circumstances. Consider her feelings. Mr. Badger, now my daughter is gone, let us be candid with each other. You stated, last night, that your intentions were serious."

"Perfectly so, madam," returned Gabriel, all of a flutter, and beginning to think his shattered bark was getting into port at last.

"Five thousand pounds, I think, was the sum you named?"

"I will write a cheque for it this instant."

"To be settled on Matilda when she consents to marry a certain person whose—"

"Whose initials are G. B.," interposed Gabriel, hastily. "The picture was only sent—"

"I understand," said Mrs. Brownlow Smith, interrupting in her turn, "you oriental gentlemen always act by proxy."

"Wasn't it a famous notion, my dear Mrs. Brownlow Smith?" exclaimed Gabriel, quite beside himself with rapture. "I first thought of it—" He paused. "Was that," he said to himself, "a ring at the street-door bell? Some cursed visitor. They surely won't let

him in? Yes. Thank heaven, though, he has gone up stairs."

While he was thus soliloquising, Mrs. Brownlow Smith was enacting the part of a prudent mother. She lit a taper, and, playfully pointing to an open secretaire, said with a smile:—

"What would you say now Mr.—a—a—Badger, if I were to take you at your word about that cheque, you know?"

"With all my heart, my dear madam. Be so good as to prepare a form."

Mrs. Brownlow Smith's pen traversed the paper like lightning.

"You draw on—?"

"The Bank of England." With an eagerness which, perhaps, was never paralleled before under similar circumstances, Gabriel Badger signed the cheque.

"Generous man," cried Mrs. Brownlow Smith. "How shall I thank you for securing my daughter's happiness? But she is here to do so herself."

The door flew open as she spoke.

"Not now. Not now, George," exclaimed Miss Matilda Smith. "Mamma is not alone. Mr. Gabriel Badger is with her."

"I am glad of it," said Brackley, who was the visitor that had just gone up-stairs. "Badger is the greatest friend I have in the world. Matilda," he continued addressing Mrs. Brownlow Smith, "Matilda has told me all. You give your consent?"

"Freely, my dear George, and with it this—a trifle to begin housekeeping with, from your munificent friend."

With these words she put the cheque for five thousand pounds in Brackley's hand.

"God bless my soul," ejaculated Gabriel Badger, staggering against the chimney-piece.

"What's all this about? George Brackley! Matilda! My cheque! There's some mistake."

"No, my dear sir," said Mrs. Brownlow Smith; "I assure you it is correctly drawn. Of course, where so large an amount was concerned I did not merely put his initials, but wrote his name in full."

"His name, madam," shrieked Gabriel. "Whose name?"

"George Brackley's, of course," replied Mrs. Brownlow Smith. "I perfectly understood your intentions."

"Noble-minded man," exclaimed Brackley and Matilda, both in one breath.

Gabriel Badger, with his eyes fixed on the loving couple, remained silent for more than a minute. When, at length, he spoke, his tones were husky:—

"For the sixth and last time," he muttered. "Never will I attempt it again. Give me your hand, George. There!" He placed it in Matilda's. "May you be happy," he said to her; "but, just by way of consolation, tell me—you don't altogether agree with Emily Brown—you don't think me perfectly hideous?"

"Certainly not, my dear, good, kind Mr. Badger. Certainly not—" (then lowering her voice as she turned to her mother) "by fire light."

Neither did Matilda Smith think so by daylight, when Gabriel Badger appeared at the altar of Saint George's Church as George Brackley's best man.

Lest the moral of this truthful narrative should be overlooked, let me hint how desirable it is, when you make love, to do so always in your own person.

STEWARD !

THEY are swilling the decks, I am sure of it, I said. Swish, swill, rinse, scrub, scrape, chink, rattle, dribble, THUMP, were the sounds that awoke me in my bed-tray on board the *Negus*, bound for Lisbon. Partly that and partly a clammy, cold, naked foot that, belonged to a thin leg which, lowering over from the tray above me, came down suddenly, like a Burke and Hare plaister, upon my angry, protesting, sputtering mouth. It was the leg of the mild little usher going out to the Lisbon College. A meek little man he was, who had exchanged grumbles in dog Latin with me about the want of air, light, food, cleanliness, and general comfort all through the rough nights when the pitching used to awake us to a sense of the cabin windows being closed, and to a general black hole atmosphere, when the one lamp flared and swung in such a vexed and injured way, and the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessel strained and creaked as if racked with rheumatic pains and approaching dissolution.

I forgave the meek little querulous man who had a habit of laughing in a dry, bitter, fretful way at any peculiar aggravation of our sea-faring miseries. He laughed now such a laugh, and I knew, he must be squeamish.

"Steward ! what *are* they doing over our heads at this time of the morning ?"

"It's only the men scrubbing the decks !" I suggested.

"Ha, ha, ONLY. O, yes ! it's all right. I suppose—there goes the captain's watch-chain again ! But never mind, it can't last for ever. I suppose we shall be in *Vigo* to-morrow or next day !"

"There, or thereabouts, sir," says a cheery voice inside one of the cabin-pantries, going on to sing,

"I sailed in the good ship, *The Kitty*."

"Who's that ?" said I.

"O, that's that unfeeling steward (ha, ha !) lively pleasant dog," said the dry-laughing, Macarthy.

O, what's a good thing, steward, for sea-sickness ? I know I shall injure some vessel."

"Well, don't let it be our vessel, Mr. Macarthy. Where's that long broom, Tom ?"

"Steward !" cries the storekeeper from his inner bin, and steward, pronouncing a blessing on the storekeeper, runs off.

"Now, I call that man," said the usher, "a fellow who would murder you for half-a-crown—a—but there—well, it won't be long. I suppose we shall be at *Vigo* to-morrow or next day, then *Oporto* on Thursday."

"Lord love you, if we get to *Oporto* by Friday," said the steward, suddenly re-appearing, "call me tinker. Why, do you know how far it is from Southampton ?"

"Steward !"

"Drat it, this is how I'm pulled about. Tell the captain. I ain't paid to wait on him ; he's got his own boy ; and if this wind lasts, we may be blowing about the Bay of Biscay till this time next week." (Runs off.)

"Ha, ha !" croaked the usher from his pillow, not seeing that this was said to tease him.

Steward re-appears.

"Jack, where's my long broom ? Drat that boy, he's in every one's mess and in nobody's watch, and there's the head steward who goes about as fine as a scraped carrot, he—Why Mr. Macarthy, I have known the time as we've beat about four days off the mouth of the *Tagus* not able to get in ; but still this time, though the wind is dead against us, and we're not making six knots an hour. I think—"

"STEW-ARD !"

"O, yes, call again. That's right—more of ye ?—all at once. I like that, I'll cut myself in three pieces to oblige you. There's the captain wanting his coffee this half-hour, and am I—"

"Rogers, are you coming for these stores ?"

"All right. I'm looking after a gentleman passenger here as is taken unwell," (winks at me.)

"Let me once get on land again, if you catch me—"

"Ah, that's what they all say, and yet they come again, don't they, Mr. Benaset ?" (To a Gibraltar higgler in the next cabin.)

A subterranean voice thunders "Yes !" and expresses a gentle wish that the steward may meet with a bad end for keeping gentlemen so long waiting for breakfast.

But I must sketch the cabin and its inhabitants. I am in the second-class looking for character, because nice and respectable first-class people are not amusing. Our fellow-passengers are the little grumbling usher, a small, smooth-faced, vexed little man, who never gets out of his tray, but talks to us sinners from this erie, this coign of vantage resembling the home of the strange tribe who lived in trees, mentioned by *Silius Italicus*. There on his dark shelf, the little man cracks feeble jokes about upright men, drinks to our health ; and, immediately after

a hurried meal, lies down and goes to sleep with a selfish timidity that is amusingly characteristic. Then, there is a yellow, clay-faced Spanish woman, a fat, vulgar shop-keeper's wife, from Tarifa, who sits at table on a camp-stool with that flaccid, lack-lustre, cheerless look of sea-sick people who no joke can brighten: she picks out her food, grumbles in Spanish at the blood-red meat the English eat, laps up a vulgar quantity of soup, and smiles faintly. The fat, merry head-steward is our chairman. Signora sits at table with her green parrot Maraquita perched on her left wrist, and taps him on the head with the spoon if he venture to peck more than his share out of the plate. It is amusing to see the old bird roll the gray blind film over his stealthy eye, waiting for her head to turn. Sometimes she shares an apple with him; and it is rare to see our droll steward chirp out Maraquita, in a funny rythmical voice, as the bird eats the fruit, using his claw as a fork, and his bill as a sort of scissors-knife. Then there is the lady's father—an old Spanish miser, not the least troubled by the sea; but dry, stolid, sullen, and cautious. He eats voraciously, and seldom goes on deck; but sits near his bundles—which the steward says contains all his money—all day he broods in a corner of the cabin on a stool, like a man whose life is a burden to him; or one who, not caring for travelling, regards it only as a means. He is emigrating to Rio Janeiro. He never laughs, or even smiles; but sits under the hatchway roof, where I see him, when I come down to my frequent sleeps during the day, hid in the swinging shadow that shows his low, careworn brow, and mean, anxious eyes, alternately dark and light. The bigger from Gibraltar—not a refined man, but amusing from his absurd airs of gentlemanly care for his very dirty dress—makes a special butt of this old man, encourages the droll steward to gibe him, and, taking advantage of his being dumb and deaf as to our language, keeps calling, "Speak to him steward, speak to him! Ask the old man something, steward! Speak to him! till I have to interfere; for I see the hot Andalusian blood turning Pedro's yellow eye-balls red; and even old men can use knives. Then our Gibraltar friend laughs in his cringing insolent way, gets more gorgeous and imperial than ever; requests the loan of a hat-brush, pulls his grimy collar up and his grimy cuffs down, devotes half an hour to unpacking a blue hat box full of Gibraltar fruit, looking at the rough gold-rinded melon to see if it has burst, rubbing some pomegranates, and eventually repacking them all but one half-rotten apple, which he peels and ravenously eats all to himself; he then launches out into a ridiculous rhapsody of theological philosophy, which makes the little usher above me shake in his tray. I can feel the tray over me shake with indignant and contemptuous

amusement. If it was the steward, he would mutter *Stultissimus*, to catch my ear, but he is afraid of the philosophical higgler, so cries *Bene, bene, and sophos*, as if at a Roman play, which rather pleases "the party from Gib," as the steward calls the fruit merchant when he is on deck.

The steward is a born jester. Just such a fellow as Shakspeare took for his stock to graft a Touchstone upon; a dry, quick-witted fellow; always singing, sweeping, joking, washing, laughing, and making the beds. His stories of the sultan of Trebizond—who offered him three pounds a-week as prime minister, and whose acquaintance he picked up while carrying that august personage in a fruit-ship which he commanded to Stamboul—were full of unctuous fun. If you awoke at six o'clock with a buzzing in your ears, the steward was sure to be up and busy, singing,

"I've a heart that can feel for another,"

the Rose of Allandale, or some heart-piercing ditty which his droll face lent especial charm to. But dinner was his great moment. Then, if anybody called him a fool, he asked what sort of fool—a natural fool, or an artificial fool: then he told the square of laughing faces, if any one asked him where he thought they were? he said: "Somewhere here; as Geordy said to the fool when he rubbed his hand over the captain's chart." Then, he wished he could invite us all to his house that was not built at Fiddler's-green. A heavy wave thumping at regular intervals on the ship's side rather ominously, he facetiously called, "Somebody knocking at the door." If a boy was stupid, he used to say that he'd rather any day have a dirty rogue than a hanged fool. He ran over with proverbial sayings, that would have made Charles Lamb leap for joy. He was fond of asking whether, if the vessel went down, he should come and let us know. If you flung a joke at him, he returned it as sharply as a fives' court wall gives back a tennis ball.

On a rough day—when the cabin-doors were slamming, the sails blowing out, and now and then splitting with the noise of a cannon, the sea smiting the vessel hard body blows, and then swashing over her with a roll and sprinkle and rinse that kept us all below, threatening to drench us even there—it was pleasant to see the steward, singing Paddy O'Rafferty was a Hay-maker (rough weather puts old sailors in good spirits) and coming splashing down the brass-bound cabin stairs, bare-footed, his streaming macintosh wet, shining, and dripping; in one hand a dish of potatoes, in the other the traditional boiled leg of mutton, piled up with coagulated floods of melted butter common to steamer-dinners.

"Now, my tars," he cries, "take your places. Tom, you run for two more spoons, and tell the French doctor and the two Welshmen dinner is ready."

Yet, the merry steward notwithstanding, what "a weary pound of tow," that was from which I now spin my sea-yarns! How drearily and laden-footed passed the hours! I awake with a clink or racket over deck; and, there comes over me the dull sense of being at sea: cabined, cribbed, confined. If I spring up with the vivacious energy of land, thinking something had happened, I knock my head against the boarded bottom of the little querulous usher's bed-tray. It is hard to get one's hand into the little gutter at the bedside where I keep my watch, my toothbrush, and my Don Quixote. The little man will not hear of rising. "The motion is worse," he thinks, by the perpetual chirp and chirrup of the boatswain's whistle, with the two angry cuckoo notes, that they are going to put on more sail. I leap out of my tray half-dressed. The steward is scraping a burnt loaf, and singing Beautiful Eyes. I prepare to perform my toilette, walled in as I am with beds. One sniff of air at the foot of my cabin-stairs seems like the breath of a May morning after that little black hole, with its four horizontal trays. I stagger, holding on by the beds, to the brown painted bason with the tap and chain, to the glass and the row of tumblers stuck in frames. I wash and dress hastily; for three people are waiting, particularly two hearty Welsh miners, going out to the mines at Linares, and who are always saying "Look you," and talking of "the seese in Wales," and the "trout fis at Dolgethly."

Every now and then I am jolted up against the cabin-door, hasten on deck to see where we are, just as the ship-bell strikes, and the sturdy voice chants out the hour. There it is: all the same as last night. The same unswerving face at the wheel: the same man in dirty canvas shirt on the look-out, talking when the chief officer is not looking. The same greasy black-boy swarming up a spar to furbish its copper-sheathings, clinging with one hand and rubbing with the other. Another ship-boy, with bare feet, dragging about a great wet swab of rope, which he finally hangs near the bowsprit on its special peg. There is the captain busy at the log-book in his glazed cabin. There, the second officer, musical and melancholy upon the accordion; the chief engineer silent and sullen on the fo'ksal. On the quarter-deck there are the two young bagsmen, who affect the nautical; and, when they are ill—which they are every day—declare that they are old yachtsmen; but these "cursed steamers," always upset them. They call for coffee. There is the old merchant from Corunna, who saw Sir John Moore buried, and the little, shrunk man who tells a story of saving his wife in a wreck, off somewhere near Cape Saint Vin-

cent. The deck is wet, but clean. The engine is trembling and lifting, and heaving, and breathing hard—just as usual—and there are the industrious stokers still raking at orange-coloured flames with the slam of furnace-doors, and the perpetual jolting and shovelling in of coal. The sailors are high up on the yards taking in sail, and the chief mate—a good man—is telling the greasy, barefoot boy to leave his copper and do something to what I believe is called the weather-carring.

Very choice, rapid, and hard-hitting are the chief mate's interjections, fired up like bullets at the prudent boy. The good but violent man, shouting till he is red and blue in the face, puts both his hands together, like a trumpet, and screams through them:

"Hallo! you Rogers, there! Why the blank don't you out further on that yard—eh?"

The sailors all doubling over on the long horizontal spar, go on tying the reef points or hauling at the great central black mass of bed-clothes-looking canvas but steal a moment for a flying glance at Rogers and his tormentor. Rogers stoops down, clinging with one hand, and bellows out some excuse, but the blustering wind that sucks in and out the, yet uncreeped studdingsail below him drowns his reply.

The chief mate, craving sympathy looks at me injured and beseeching; then, with a private adjective or two (kept for the special rough weather, with a fresh broadside of rage) thunders out high above the wind:

"Why, you son of a sea-cook, there's room enough on that yard beyond you for a country dance. As sure as you come down I'll give you a rope's end, you blank lubber." Then, to help, with springing steps on the ladders of rope-stirrups, up go two or three more able-bodies, and swarm out on the yard dragging at the canvas, and lashing it up, as neat as if it was never going to be disturbed again.

I have been watching the white-capped, white-clad cook making toast on a large scale, and spreading the butter with a large paint-brush for first-cabin breakfast; when our steward comes up and tells me our meal is ready.

Do I know where the little gentleman is? He has actually got up.

I find the little man sitting like a vignette to Harvey's Meditations among the Tombs, on one of those long, cane elbow-seats peculiar to steamers' quarter-decks, where, by day, we read, and at night told stories, joked, sang, and flirted; one hand is on his forehead, his look is vapid and lack-lustrous.

"O, it is you! Isn't this dreadful?"

"I feel very jolly," says one of the yachtsmen, who turned in yesterday during the swell, and had only just appeared.

"O, it is astonishing," said the hardy yachts-

man of Gravesend, "How the change of craft upsets him. When we had the *Hirondelle* we cared for no weather—in and out—up and down. Why, at Margate, do you know, they used to call me the Red Rover, and Fred the Bold Commodore."

"He ain't below," said the steward, who was generally somewhere on the skirts of every conversation, and delighted in the humour of mischief.

We were peering the parallel lines of the quarter-deck planks, as well as we could, for the log-line that was being hauled in by Rogers, whose dirty face is still to me one of the Pleasures of Memory. I looked along, by the paddle-boxes, on the high fo'ksal where the Moor, with the stewpan, was preparing his breakfast. Not there.

But what is that bale of striped horse-blanket, lying in a wet tumbled heap at the foot of the black and red striped eighty-two-pounder of a funnel, whose banner, now of sulphurous mud-coloured smoke, drifts on the wind right to the Spanish coast, miles away to the left? The luggage is all below. What is it? Suddenly a green and white face, unshaven, and with frowsy, tumbled hair, looks out, like a sick Indian chief from a hut, or a dying gipsy from his tent, and feebly mutters with a frightened and despairing stare, "Stew—ard!" It was the Commodore.

"Where be your gibes now? Where be your jests, that were wont to set the table in a roar? What, all gone? What quite chapfallen? The Commodore never rallied again, but we retrieved him from that wallowing and fallen condition at the foot of the funnel, where he for two days and nights had been obstinately groaning like a wounded bear under a dead tree. He rallied a good deal when we stopped at Vigo. He even sat up and supped feebly at some soup, shaking his head in a painful and ludicrous way, altogether declining the question, if you asked him anything about the Rules of the Royal Yacht Squadron, on whose signals and rig he had for a few short boastful hours—"Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm!"—been a loud-voiced and rather insolent authority. I never saw him again; but his fickle brained companion, the young Red Rover, actually got to the length the last day before we reached Cadiz, of pacing up and down with the portly captain and discussing whereabouts we were. I really think, if he had been pressed he would have taken the command at very short notice, and have steered us safely to the bottom, in strict accordance with his little black thumb'd book, containing the Rules of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

After all, in spite of the great fleet of porpoises that rolled round like black wheels in the sea; and in spite of the long file of wild geese that flew by in a dark dotted line, the voyage was dull. It was always eight

bells, and a meal had just gone or just coming; on Sunday prayers (if the weather were not too rough,) for sailors work in danger, and pray in safety. It was a scramble up the shiny cabin-stairs—an hour's read, stretched out and leaning against a coil of ropes, a looking out for whales—a pacing up and down the deck, and then a turn in from sheer yawning weariness—in spite even of the steward and his stories about his friend the Sultan of Trebizond, and his being wrecked in a "fruiter" not far from the Gulf of Patras. It was always that staggering down-stairs, that crawling into my tray, and sleeping till some new meal drove one to fling oneself out again on the floor, rubbing eyes, and with the dew of a useless lotos-eating sleep on one's forehead. Then it was the abortive attempt to read drowsily for some three pages; then more lounging on deck, and more dog-sleep till grog-time, and the blessed seasonable eight hours' oblivion of a sea-life.

Our steward was the most chronic grumbler I ever met with. He had dreadful complaints against the head-steward, who he was always going, when he got to port, to pull up, to teach him "what he had a right to do, and what he hadn't." So he had against the sentimental, musical, melancholy-looking store-keeper, who for a day or two, as he sat opposite me, I always took for a sea-sick passenger. His Kathleen Mavourneen, on the small tooth-comb, was perhaps one of the most touching pieces of instrumentation performed in public. He used to weight out the day's rice, sugar, tea, &c., and perform on the accordion alternately; making, in a word, sandwiches of his duty and his pleasure. That dark, lamp-lit shop of his, lined round with boxes of almonds, dried fruits, and cigars, be made a perfect cave of harmony. He was a bird, and that was his cage. He heard the jokes of the steward with a painful and uneasy smile; a great contrast to the jolly, flaxen-haired old boy, the respectable head-steward, at whose presence our Yorick always put on a churchyard gravity.

On all occasions of stoppage, delay, or accident, the steward's was the first face you saw. He seemed to do the whole ship's work, and, at spare times, give a friendly shoulder to the lumbering engine, whose breathing we could always hear, whatever part of the ship we were in, and the workings of whose great metal arms were always audible. Once a half-naked, coal-stained, perspiring fireman was knocked down and cruelly mauled by a mountain of coal falling on him down in the coal-room. There was no doctor on board: but the steward washed him, and bound his poor pale head with plaisters, like a regular surgeon. He it was who, singing "I've a Heart that can Feel for Another," mixed with irrelevant verses of the Last Rose of Summer, instantly started a

subscription for the poor fellow; who, the rest of the voyage, was a little delirious, wandering about, day and night, with a white cloth bound round his head, but speaking to no one. He it was who went ashore at Vigo to buy meat, at that market where a broken-legged fat turkey stands sentry, and returned just as our steam was snorting signals, triumphant with a boat full of joints of beef and mutton, piles of rocky melons, and nets of golden-rinded lemons. He it was who when the heedless Galician butcher, that came with him, left his scarlet umbrella behind, to prevent keeping the steamer till the gesticulating rogue could return for it, sent it afloat over the waves, much to the Galician's annoyance.

At Oporto, that steward's character broke upon us in new and finer lights. We had been running along a fine line of battlemented coast, dreading quarantine at Oporto, as the yellow fever had appeared at Vigo, and when once a man at Vigo has the yellow fever, such is the sympathy and unanimity of that people, that every one has it. We knew our danger, and were straining all our eyes to the shore of the promised Land. The robust, fierce-faced Portuguese colonel was leaning over the bulwarks; the wine-merchant with the pretty governess and portly wife going out to escape our autumn fogs, were sitting on Marius-in-Carthage heaps of labelled luggage; the little cynical usher was clinging to the shrouds, not thinking much of any of us, but with a special glance of indignation at the steward, who was cursing Oporto to the white cook, polishing a banjo-shaped stewpan; the ladies were in chattering groups, prettily anxious, and asking unnautical questions; the short, stout captain, who has a cheery voice that would talk down a monsoon, stands in a thoughtful attitude on the bridge. The engine seems to have some disease of the heart, and beats intermittingly. "Stop her!" roars the captain. There we are swinging up and down in the wide blue sea, two miles from the bar of Oporto, swinging in a high wind as if some great spirit were rocking us up and down for a joke. The great blue horizon, that seems of molten lead, sullen and yet fluent, rising and lowering like a sudden inundation, running up and down is too much for our little usher. Tom Cringle, in the red and yellow Routledge cover, drops from his hand; with a groan, he lies down at full stretch on the raised roof of the cabin, shutting his eyes against that hideous giddy rising and falling, like an egg-shell on the sea; my eyes strain at the coast. All I see is a white line of surf—that is the bar; the fort and two or three houses—one of these is the signal-station. Oporto lies round inside there to the left.

"Do you see any boat coming?" roars the captain to the first officer.

First officer, with his long glass tube pointed at the dilatory town, thinks they are putting off a boat. "No! there is nothing. Yes! there is a flag going up at the tower."

"Bring the signal-book!" thunders the captain. It is in his hand. The steward brought it. "What do you make it?"

"Had we touched at Vigo?"

We replied (97—white and black,) "We had, but had only received fumigated letters."

Now there is a hitch.

They reply, "Is Mr. Smith on board?"

"No! No! No!" we go on answering, till the deck is strewn with rolls of red, yellow, blue, and green flags.

We have exhausted the signal-book, and can get no answer but that ridiculous question of "Is Mr. Smith on board?" Somebody says 40 does not mean Smith but Jones; and we all get so confused that, at last, the captain, red in the face with hurling anathemas at the obstinate city, orders the flags to be taken back to the quarter-master's cabin, and slams up the signal-book. Steward thought it would come to that when we carried away that sheet last night, and when we brought to at Vigo after gunfire instead of going on and refusing to communicate with the yellow fever. He is just beginning again his great story of the Sultan of Trebizond, when "I think I see a boat, sir!" sings out the first officer, whose black tube has never left his keen and anxious eye.

"How far off do you make it?"

"About a mile from land."

Now we shall hear something, and this dreadful up and down will have an end.

Immense excitement as the boat grows from a dancing speck to a real eight-oared fishing-boat, which has put off at some risk, for the bar in this weather is not very safe to pass, and the P. and O. steamers indeed only touch at Oporto wind and weather permitting. It comes bobbing over the great blue hill waves, pulled by some stalwart fishermen, to whom we throw a rope, but they keep as far as they can from our supposed fever-haunted vessel, and push off with oars and boathooks. The captain, a yellow ape of an old man, in broken straw hat, stands up and hands us on a cleft stick a letter from the English consul. The crew, hardy-looking, dark-eyed fellows, are all smoking, except one young Don Juan, the handsomest stripling I think I ever saw, who is conscious of our admiration, and pretends to tighten his soiled red sash. Every wave sends the boat up ten or twelve feet, till I get giddy staring at the strange foreign-looking crew and the gesticulating angry captain, who refuses all communication with us, telling his men to row back, though we hand him a grand sealed letter from the consul at Vigo proclaiming our sound health. He pretends to read the letter, then tosses it back with a

look of horror and indignation as if it was a dead skunk, and tells the men to put off. Our captain, by a noble stratagem worthy of a better success, tries, during the negotiations, to pour in on the angry Portuguese pilot all our luggage and the passengers who are dying to land; but, at this time, he all but tosses the trunk in the sea, and shakes his clenched fist at us. "You touch?" roars our captain, "you in quarantine?" And with violent benedictions we part, minus some propitiatory cigars that I had thrown down into the boat to lubricate the negotiation.

"Quarantine?" says the steward, as if in answer to somebody. "Wh, the last time we were at Vigo they put us in limbo for fifteen days because we had a man on board who had hurt his leg. But what can you do with a captain who begins to take soundings for Portland in the middle of the Bay of Biscay, and who is afraid to carry stunsails when a man-of-war would have all her sky-scrapers and moon-rakers out bleaching? When I was off Cape Muta-pan in a fruiter—"

"Steward!"

"There they go! It's not life, this: it's what I call purgatory. That's the store-keeper: he can't put out what we wants all at once; but—"

"Steward!"

"As for that captain, if there was nothing else to do, I think he'd set the engineer to count the revolutions of the wheel, or the ship's boys to shift the ballast and paint the weights!" But goes off singing,

"No flower that blows is like the rose."

the merriest of grumblers.

Whenever we saw the steward putting the "fiddles" on the tables at meal-times, we knew there was mischief brewing, that the wind was rising, and that there would not be many at dinner. The fiddles were square mahogany frames, put on the table to keep the plates in place in rough weather. If the little usher saw the fiddles coming down from their rack over the door, he gave himself up for the day, and did not attempt to rise, groaning as if the rack was his bed and his bed the rack.

It was long after we had sighted Portland, and picked up the rough pilot who skimmed after us in his gull-winged cutter, with the square blue flag flying, that I heard a voice behind me in the fo'ksal saying, "The captain, Jack, will be a good sailor when the devil gets blind, and he hasn't sore eyes yet." It was the steward, who wanted me to come down into the cabin, that he might, before we got into dock, finish that story of his about his friend the Sultan of Trebizond. I went into the storekeeper's room, the

steward sat down opposite me with his usual grim disgusted look sobered now by a sense of being about to impart historical information.

"Well," he said, "sir, this is how it was; though in regard as to not having much time—(Tom, where's that stout broom?)—I feel someat like a man-of-war without guns; so it won't do for me to tell you—(Look alive, Tom, with those dishes)—how I used to go from Cephalonia to Patras in a fruiter; how the fig-worms used to crawl about the berths, and get into our very beds—(Now, then, Tom, for those knives)—or how, one morning when I came on deck I stuck my eyes through the fore-rigging, and saw we were just running on shore on the port-hand of the Gulf—(Tell that gentleman, Tom, as wants to get to land soon, to go and push behind, that'll help us). But I must put a stopper on, haul taut, and get to my story of the Sultan. Well, you see—(Tom, no larking)—we had him on board with all his Circassian wives, at Trebizond; and the wives were in this very cabin, guarded by a black eunuch with a drawn sword at the door, who would not let us look in, or go even to get a saucer—(Would he, Tom?)—till one night we gave him too much grog. Well, the Sultan's man-servants used to lie about on deck with their turbans on so that you could hardly move without treading on them—(Could we, Tom?) Well, it was when we were about the third day from Trebizond, that—"

"Steward, come and look after this luggage."

Away he went, I did not see him again till just as we fired the gun as a notice for the people on shore to keep the Southampton dock-gates open.

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THE CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

POOR COTTAGES.

I do not know that anybody in going back to what is called, whether fabulously or not, the Golden Age, pretends to show that the houses of the poor were then built with reference to their inhabitation by Christians. At all events, if, at that period, they were so built, they have long ago been pulled down, or have fallen into ruins, and no trace of them now remains.

No trace of them, at any rate, in the rural parish of Lightlands; for there, I know, the cottages are in just the same barbarous condition, in regard of accommodation, as they have been these fifty years or longer. This fact goes far enough to prove it. There are, at least, twelve hundred poor inhabitants in that parish, and hardly one family among them, however numerous, knows what it is to have three upper chambers in which to take their nightly rest; while not more than one in ten knows what it is to have even two.

Before I married—although I had always been interested about the poor, and was full of sympathy for what I knew of their distresses; and although from my infancy I had lived, as it were, but a stone's throw from ordinary samples of their dwellings—like most other young ladies, I was very little aware of the wide distance between the charming fictions of the poets, concerning cottage homes, and the real truth; so that the idea of helping my husband to work in his parish, by visiting the poor, presented to my mind quite a delightful prospect. When I did marry, and when I did visit among them, the prospect somewhat darkened, and a sort of hopelessness about being able to do much good, unless we could approach a little nearer to the poetical idea of a cottage home, crept gradually but surely upon me. And yet, in general, I am by no means given to despondency.

I shall never forget the first autumn of my residence at Lightlands, for it was then that I knew, for the first time, what was the real and general state of the homes of country poor people. It was a time of almost unprecedented sickness in the annals of the parish: never, at any time, a very healthy one. The complaint among the people

was characterised by them simply as the fever, and by the parish doctor as a sort of low fever; but, whatever it was, high or low, it seized upon, I should think, at least a fourth of the population, and, visiting one family after another, seldom left it without creating a blank in it, wide or narrow.

We had then been about three-quarters of a year in the parish, and had come to feel a deep interest, not only in the parishioners generally, but in a great many individuals among them in particular; though the interest, in the majority of cases, was rather of a painful than a pleasurable nature. Many of the objects of it are, I know, still living in their old houses, in their old way, though I no longer see them, and, in all probability, never may again. But, to some I have bidden a far more certain and lasting adieu, having seen them on their death-beds, and known that they were laid to rest in the church's shadow by one who now, like them, has passed away.

I call up the old names and old scenes with some pain, associated as they are with a part of my life now gone by forever; but I call them up, notwithstanding, hopeful of doing some good, however little, for the cause I have at heart.

First and foremost arises in my mind a scene connected with that time of the great fever which made a deep impression upon me. There is in Lightlands churchyard a stone to the memory of Charlotte Ranger, and she is the principal figure in the scene.

It is a chill September evening, and I hear cheerful little Mrs. Appleby's voice at the parsonage parlour-door, telling us that Charlotte Ranger, who has obstinately refused to see either her minister or myself, for the whole term of her illness, now wishes very much that we would go to her directly, or she fears she will never see us alive, and she has some question in her mind to ask which she cannot rest without having answered. We rise together, my husband and I, and, hurrying up-stairs for my bonnet, I hurry down again, and accompany him to Charlotte Ranger's home.

In a bare, wretched chamber, having four beds in it, lies the sick young woman; and by her side, to my surprise, is a little dead

infant. She has uncovered its face, and called me to look at it, and then she says:

"That's why I wouldn't have you come anigh me, Mrs. Turnover. I didn't want you to ha' known, but now this fever have took me, and 'tis all over, and I can't rest without askin' of the minister one thing."

Drawing back, I give place to my husband; quite aloud, in a harsh, hollow voice, Charlotte Ranger says to him this:

"I know I ha' been a great sinner, sir, so don't tell me that. What I want to know is, whether you think I shall get ALL the punishment for this thing?" pointing without a shadow of tenderness to the baby at her side.

The girl's manner so startles me that I burst into tears. They seem, somehow, to soften her all at once. She still looks anxiously at my husband, but the fierceness has left her great black eyes, and in its stead they are filled with a sorrowful, beseeching expression. He opens his lips to answer her, but she interrupts him gently, and raising herself higher on the pillow, and pointing all round the room at the three untenanted beds, she says in a deprecating tone:

"Just think, sir, how my childhood and my youth ha' been cared for! Ever since I was an innocent babe, like this," touching the dead child, "I ha slept in this room—full! When I heered your sermon a quarter of a year ago—the last time as ever I was in church, sir—about a Pure Life, I declared I'd never go again, because I felt cut to pieces; and yet I know 'twasn't all my fault that my life ha' been what t'have."

She paused for breath: then, gathering up all her energies, said, with returning fierceness:

"And if I'm to be punished, what'll be done to them as give us housen like these to live in!"

Weak and exhausted, she lay down again by the infant's side, and gently and tenderly my dear husband probed the wounds, newly agonising this tossed, weary, well-nigh lost soul. How he answered her sad questions I need not tell; nor how, before we left her, he soothed and comforted her, through the efficacy of that blessed Word, whose minister he was. It was the last time we ever saw Charlotte Ranger. The next morning we were awakened by the sound of the passing bell, and we learnt that she was dead.

The sin of country parishes! so much quoted, and even made the subject of a tract for dissemination among them—can it ever be materially lessened, either by preaching, by visiting, or by schools or by tracts, while the cottages remain in their present uncivilised condition—while, from childhood to youth, their poor inhabitants lie in those rooms—full?

The scene changes; but memory again brings little Mrs. Appleby before me. Mrs. Appleby has no children. She buried her

only child in the first year of her marriage; and during that time of the fever, she was a messenger between us and the sick beds continually. It was mostly among the young children that the disease was fatal. The grown-up people had hard struggles with it, and rose from it, as it were, wrecked and shadowy; but in general, rose from it at last. I remember noticing to my husband, that the poor people seemed very resigned about the loss of their little children, almost invariably answering, when I condoled with them, "Ah, Ma'am, they never could go better!" But, he shook his head, and said he feared it was not all resignation which made them so ready at this saying. After a while, I began to think so too, though the conviction settled sorrowfully into my mind. Mrs. Appleby was, by no means, one of these philosophical mothers. She certainly, in her simple trustful soul, subscribed to the truth that a child take away is taken for some wise reason, and is no doubt taken to happiness; yet the tears of affectionate remembrance and regret always gathered in her eyes when she spoke of her little lost one, and she would walk miles to do any service for a sick child. But then, having been early left an orphan, she had the good fortune to have been brought up by a comparatively well-to-do relation, the wife of the village carrier, and with her she escaped many of the contaminating influences which beset her rougher neighbours.

The occasion on which she again appears before me, is connected with the death-beds of children. Her voice ever cheerful, I hear saying,

"The Simmonses is down with the fever dreadful, ma'am; the children have three of 'em got it, and m' uncle I do think t'll go hard with him. You know m' uncle's wife ain't nothin' of a nurse, ma'am, so I ha' been doin' what little I can; but I should like as you should see 'em, and advise somethin' which may be I can't think of."

I may remark, that, on account of her uncle having married twice, and of his wife being nearly as young as herself, Mrs. Appleby never spoke of Mrs. Simmonses as her aunt, but mostly in full, as m' uncle's second wife; and generally with the addition, "which, with his lame girl, he ought never to ha' married again, a-puttin' her, poor thing, upon the House, and a-surroundin' of hisself with children, when he can't be lookin' for anything, but bein' childish hisself a'most."

I call to mind that I was dressed for walking when she came, so I was not long in making my way to the fever-stricken cottage, with Mrs. Appleby trudging a little behind me, in spite of all I could say to induce her to come up to me; "because," she said, "she couldn't think of being seen walking by the side of a lady."

The Simmonses lived at the end of a string

of wretched-looking cottages, which, from one among them being underlet by its tenant—a little old man, on parish allowance, of the name of Wipester—as a conventicle on Sundays for the use of a flourishing sect in the parish known as Ranters, my husband (between ourselves) always designated Rant Row. The Simmons house in particular, which stood a little apart at the extreme end of the Row, he called Cant Corner. The Simmonses were great holders by the conventicle; and when he was well, old Benjamin, Mrs. Appleby's uncle, not unfrequently held forth there as one of its preachers.

His house, however, had one advantage over most of its neighbours. It had one bedroom, and a staircase landing large enough to serve for another, or at least large enough to admit of one bed being placed there. Besides his lame girl, so frequently alluded to by Mrs. Appleby, Benjamin Simmons had two sons, lads of sixteen and seventeen, belonging to his first family. One of these lads was the usual occupant of the bed on the landing, and the other slept in the family room, with his father and mother and six little half brothers and sisters. At the time of my visit, that room was thus occupied.

Two little children, in the crisis of the fever, were lying in one of the numerous beds; they were twin boys of five years old. A little girl, of about three, lay very ill upon her mother's lap. The baby, who ailed nothing but impatience at being unnoticed, was screaming in the cradle, and the two remaining healthy children, kept away from school for fear of infection, were playing in a corner, while, moving his grey head from side to side upon his uneasy bed, was stretched the figure of Benjamin Simmons, looking a great deal more like the grandfather than the father of his family. He was talking deliriously, and seemed to be preaching in the conventicle, as far as I could gather: so, going up to the twins' bedside, I stooped down to listen for their breathing, which was getting every moment more and more imperceptible.

Mrs. Simmons observing me said, in the conventicle manner, "Ah, Mrs. Turnover, ma'am, I don't think they're long for this world. The doctor's young man" (meaning his assistant who wouldn't have been flattered) "was here a while ago, and he said if they didn't wake soon, I musn't expect 'em to wake any more."

As I watched the fading away of the twin innocents out of the unwholesome chamber, where was mingled together so much of health and disease; and as I thought that perchance, had it been otherwise, they might have been spared to lead honest, hopeful lives, I never felt greater pity. I answered sadly: "I fear, indeed, they are almost gone. I assure you, Mrs. Simmons, that I am truly sorry—such fine little fellows, too!"

Mrs. Appleby was sobbing over the baby;

but Mrs. Simmons, wiping away a few stray tears of insignificant account, said (again in the conventicle manner) as I had heard poor mothers say so often, "Ah, well, ma'am, 'tis what we must all come to, so 'tis no use a-cryin'—they never could go better."

The words almost stung me; and, but for the miserable aspect of the room, and the reasons it suggested for the apathy which dictated them, I felt that I must have replied something harshly. As it was, I softly assented, and after a little while, occupied in what Mrs. Appleby termed "a division" for the better arrangement of the sick chamber, I took my leave.

"They never could go better!" Is not the apathy, from which springs the far too constant utterance of this phrase, bred of the blunted sympathies and the uprooted awe and reverence consequent on the thick, corrupted atmosphere of cottage homes?

I will relate two more out of the many, many incidents that occurred during my residence in Lightlands, exemplifying how fast those two characteristics of unspoiled human nature, implanted in our minds for the wisest purposes, are wearing out among the blunted, barbarously-housed poor people.

One day I went to see an old woman of the name of Nowl, who was what is called an old maid: a great rarity among her class. She was very ignorant, but a very well-disposed woman, and was particularly fond of being read to. When I went in, she chanced to be over her dinner with another old lady, a neighbour, who had just dropped in, so I would have withdrawn—for my husband and I naturally never liked to interrupt anybody at meal-times. However, she particularly desired me to sit down, and, as usual, asked me to read her a chapter. I read it; and then the two old ladies resumed their dinner of bread and onions, and weak, washy tea, chatting to me the while. On a sudden I remembered that I had not asked for Silas Barnes, Alice Nowl's lodger; and on my doing so, without answering me, she rose from her chair, flung aside the curtains of the bed against which I sat, and which always stood there, and disclosed to me the outline of a corpse, startlingly discernible under the sheet which covered it. It was her lodger, who had been dead a day or two, and of whose illness I had not even heard, for I had been away from home for two or three weeks, and had only just returned.

The other example of the carelessness with which death has come to be regarded among the poor was this. A young soldier came home on sick leave, to stay with his father and mother. He was consumptive, like the rest of his family: of whom, besides his parents, only one sister was living. This sister happened to be at home also during the time of his stay, for she was out of place on account of ill health. All these four grown people occupied the same bed-chamber,

there being only one. In a few weeks the poor young soldier died, and not even caring to move the body down-stairs, they all continued to sleep—the living with the dead—in the same room, until the day arrived for the removal of the body to its resting-place.

Some readers may say, "O, but Lightlands must be some out-of-the-way place with nobody in it or about it but clowns and clod-hoppers: one of those benighted corners of England, where it may be said that the sun never shines." No such thing. Lightlands has the advantage (if it be an advantage) of being between two or three miles, at each end, of the country residences of my Lord Acre and my Lord Rood: between whom, according to the proportionate significance of their names, the whole parish is divided, with the exception of a very trifling slice or two, the property of insignificantly small owners. So that, anyhow, one might be disposed to count on the rays of two great luminaries to enlighten its darkness, more particularly considering that my Lord Acre not only owns three-fourths of the place, but is its lay rector besides; while my Lord Rood is quoted everywhere as a most charitable man—a twenty-guinea header of subscription lists which one may see any day in the public papers—one of the aristocratic leaders of a certain religious party, and consequently a frequent chairman of missionary meetings.

Judge, then, whether it be likely that Lightlands stands alone in its darkness and barbarism, or whether we may not conclude that, scattered nearly all over the English landscape, are to be found homes such as I have faintly portrayed, and which, for all that many among them may look beautiful outward, are within full of all uncleanness.

O! word in all our language almost the sweetest, HOME, go forth and plead, by every endearing association, by every tender memory, by every cherished hope, with those who provide for, or offer such dwellings to, the poor, that they may improve and alter them! Plead with them, with earnest household eloquence; and if that fail, and they answer coldly, "But the cost, the cost!" then set before their eyes the vision of thy great antitype, the Heavenly Home, in which has been purchased room for all of us—but not without the costless sacrifice!

MY NAME.

It may be of very little consequence where a man is born; it may be of very little consequence what his parents have been before him; it may be of very little consequence whether he is physically weak, or physically strong; but it is certainly of vital interest to him what name has fallen on his shoulders. I am not now considering Christian appellations, though they are not to be despised. I can imagine a very matter-of-fact individual pining gradually away with

secret grief because his godfathers have called him Udolpho. I can imagine a gentleman of strong conservative principles living a life of torture because his first name is Cromwell; and I can imagine another gentleman of an opposite way of thinking being equally tormented with the Christian title of Stuart. I can imagine a poetic being writhing under the name of Herring; a feeble mannikin smiling sadly as he reflects upon his name of Hercules. I can suppose many cases of life-long torment even more painful and self-evident than these; but my present object is to direct attention to the influence exercised by surnames. I will give a few supposititious examples.

My name is Shakespeare: there is no getting out of that. I might call myself Warwick Avon, Esquire, and succeed in deceiving the general public; but my family, my friends, and my acquaintances, would know the painful truth. Every man feels within him an inspiration to do something; and I am sure I could write a round of plays. I might not attain the rude vigour of the Elizabethan dramatists; I might not perhaps equal the brilliancy of dialogue which distinguishes the writers of a later period; I might not be able to reach that ingenuity of construction, and that high morality, which make the modern French drama what it is; but I am sure that my natural genius lies in the direction of the literature of the stage. What prevents my making an effort? My name. I cannot get over that mountain, which has accumulated some centuries before my time. I dread the jokes that would be inevitably made upon my first, my sixth, or my tenth attempt. I know what all the small critical wits would say; I could not exist to be slapped upon the back in public places, and be asked "How goes it, my young Swan, in the realms of Thespis?" Some men might be equal to the endurance of this, but I am not one of them. I could not enjoy a life that was one competitive examination,—especially where the odds were fifty thousand to one against me. I am mute; I am inglorious; I am dumb and inarticulate; I am conscious of my latent talent, but I stop its natural development; I decline the struggle; I do not start in the race. And why? Because my name is Shakespeare.

My name is Wren. I feel a call to do something in the shape of public buildings, but when I take the designing pencil in my hand, the great black mass of our national cathedral overshadows my genius. I have no feeling for poetry; I could not carve a statue, I have no mechanical aptitude, I could not paint a picture, and I have no desire to write books. My intellectual impulses all point in an architectural direction, and yet I dare not give my inclination play. I have not the courage to brave the world's ill-natured comparison; I shun a perpetual

competitive examination with one whose fame and importance were settled before I was born. I am nothing but a discontented bricklayer. And why? Because my name is Wren.

My name is Cook. If any one ever made me a captain, I think I should go mad. Travelling is with me a passion—almost a disease; but I have a particular aversion to going round the world. I need not enter into my reasons for this, as they must be sufficiently obvious. I have seen a good many countries; I have lived with a good many people; I have spoken strange languages, and I have eaten of strange dishes. I am not deaf, I am not blind, and my experiences would not be altogether unacceptable to my fellow-creatures; but I decline to record them. They will die with me. And why? Because my name is Cook.

My name is Hogarth. If there is one thing that I have a special talent for, it is painting. It hardly becomes me to expatiate upon my own merits; but, as I am the sole depository of the secret, I must necessarily speak, or the world will never be informed. I have not the colour of Rubens; I have not the drawing of Michael Angelo; I have not the grace of Raffaele, nor the religious sentiment of Correggio; my force all lies in pictorial narrative, and my powers of caricature. Why have I never painted anything, but what I have immediately destroyed; and why, at the present moment, am I in business as a soap-boiler? Because my name is Hogarth.

My name is Gibbon. People are always asking me (of course, sarcastically,) why I do not make an effort to keep up the literary celebrity of the family. The idea has certainly presented itself, even before it was suggested; but what can I do? By a singular fatality, or coincidence, I have devoted all my studies to the subject of ancient Rome. I believe I could write some very instructive commentaries upon the works of Niebuhr, and other recent historians; and I once went so far as to prepare a few sheets of the manuscript, which, of course, were never published. After much deliberation I put them in the fire. And why? Because my name is Gibbon.

My name is Watt. I am a working-man, and I have lived much in smoky, manufacturing towns. I have seen a thousand locomotive engines collected under a shed; I have walked through miles of revolving-wheels, rising and falling cranks, whirling straps, and hissing valves; and I think there are many things that yet require to be improved. I have made drawings; I have ventured upon suggestions; and, once or twice, I have constructed a model. These things never came to anything, for I had no heart to proceed. There is small wonder in this. My name is Watt.

My name is Blackstone. I have been five-and-thirty years in a lawyer's office; and I

ought to know something about law. I do know something about law. I think the statutes at large, the finest comic work in the English language. Whenever I feel dull myself, or think my family want rousing, I take home a volume of this curious work to read, and it always puts every one into a good humour. I am a practical man, and know the working of the law. I could write some valuable legal essays upon law and practice, but there is one thing that will always deter me. My name is Blackstone.

My name is Milton. I could produce an epic poem—or half-a-dozen—if I set my mind upon it. They are not the most difficult things in English composition (we used to do fragments of them at school) though they are extremely difficult to dispose of when finished. Publishers avoid them with an instinctive dread, unless they are at least a hundred years old. They find no sale on the railway book-stalls; and the men who compose them generally live on the kindness of their friends. If I were to write upon lofty subjects, until the hairs of my few readers stood on end, the old boys (I allude to the classical epic writers) would still gain the day. I cannot afford to live upon prospective fame, while coke, coals, wood, and potatoes, remain at their present prices. I am now a newspaper reporter. I might have tried my epic hand, during my leisure hours; but one obstacle has always stood in my way. My name is Milton.

My name is Purcell. I have composed one or two popular songs under a carefully maintained incognito, but I never had the courage to venture further. The risk is greater than the pleasure; and I live in daily fear of even these slight compositions being hurled at my head with yells of disapprobation. Happy Smith; fortunate Jones! You can indulge your taste for inventive harmony without any chance of being tormented with ungenerous comparisons; while I shall go down to my grave with many silent symphonies and oratorios—because my name is Purcell.

My name is Garrick. I have elocutionary skill, an agreeable presence, a knowledge of stage-craft, a strong conception of character, and a sympathy with every form of the drama; but I have never got further than the prompter's box. My illustrious namesake is famous for hanging between tragedy and comedy; and this has proved a fatal obstacle to me. My first appearance would have been too good an opportunity for the critics to let slip; a feigned name in the bills would not have saved me long. "Like his ancestor," they would have said, "he hangs between the two great divisions of the drama; but, unlike his ancestor, he is incapable of reaching either." The fear of this antithesis has kept me in a private

sphere. A prompter I have been, and a prompter I shall die; for my name, unfortunately, is Garrick.

Better to be born with one leg, one arm, one eye—better to be a foundling castaway, without a home or a title, than to bear the name of one of those great human monuments, the standard celebrities of the past.

PERILS IN INDIA.

IN the records of endeavour and endurance, published by our countrymen and countrywomen who have borne the wrench of the great struggle in India, there is one distinct and gratifying feature: a reliance on national sympathy. Brave deeds are recounted without boast, every man telling of the desert of his comrade rather than of his own; women relate, with a tender pity, griefs and sufferings of little children, and dare to trust the simple tale of their own sorrows to the ear of the great world at home. For, let us revile as we may, our shows of coldness and frivolity, yet we all know that there is something at the bottom of all English hearts, which binds together the great nation as one common home for all its sons and daughters. In that home there is always sympathy, although there is not always help at hand for the afflicted.

The last book published that contains a record of the recent sufferings in India is a little volume called *A Widow's Experiences in Lucknow*. It is a record of her great sorrow, by the widow of an army surgeon who lost all her heart's treasure, husband and child, in the contest. The tiny book, with its great grief contained in it, is formally consecrated to the memory of those who are gone, and it is a record not merely published for the information of the reader (though it does inform him about many things that touch his heart;) but is partly an expression also, of the craving of the desolate for human sympathy, and of the perfect assurance of that sympathy from all true English people. Constantly we observe, too, among these Indian books, in captain, or colonel, or man-at-arms, as well as in woman, the uprising of a deep-seated religious spirit from among the tumult of great trials and sufferings. The religious tone of nearly all the journals, accords closely with the spirit in which they are read. The work is done: the grief is borne. The worker and the weeper alike put their trust in the Supreme Disposer of events. It is in such a day as theirs, if ever, that men speak what they do truly feel; and, as they speak, so are they heard.

We believe that the small library of books built over the Indian revolt is a monument worth any number of Egyptian pyramids; and that men in England will look back to it, often and often, from the years to come when they talk proudly of their forefathers. Let us trace, for example, the contents of one,

not calling it the best or the worst. It is one stone of an English pyramid built in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-eight; a stone worth all the granite in the world.

Mr. William Edwards was magistrate and collector of Budaon, in Rohileund, in the month of May of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven. In that month, after the outbreak and massacre at Meerut, marauders sprang up in Rohileund as if by magic, and began to plunder on the roads, to sack also and burn the villages. The magistrate in good time sent his wife and child to Nynce Tal, and remained at his post to do his duty. He could double the district police force, horse and foot, and show a bold front; but disorder grew. In the Etah district across the Ganges, immediately opposite Budaon, it grew still more rapidly. Communications with Agra, Calcutta, and the South, were at an end. In the district adjoining Budaon on the north, revolted Sepoys broke a jail open; and, from among the prisoners, let loose Nujoo Khan, a villain who, as soon as he was liberated, set out for Budaon with the intention of there murdering Mr. Edwards; by whom he had been brought to justice. Mr. Edwards was, at that crisis, the only European officer in charge of a district with a lawless population more than a million strong. The nearest European officers were at Bareilly, thirty miles away.

One morning, towards the close of May, this magistrate was informed that the Mahometans in this town of Budaon were to rise at noon. He at once summoned the chief of them to his house. They came. All of them excited, many of them fierce and insolent. By a judicious playing off of one party upon another, they were kept in parley till the hour of peril was gone by. During this morning of perilous debate, Wuzer Singh, a Sikh peon, one of the magistrate's personal guards, stood quietly behind his master's chair with a revolver in his belt, and a gun in his hand. Wuzer Singh had been a sepoy in the regiment that murdered all its officers in the church at Shajehanpore; but, just before the revolt he had left his regiment and, being a convert to Christianity, obtained the place of orderly on the magistrate's personal guard at Budaon; where there were several native Christians whose religious services (held in the magistrate's house) he wished to join. Though but a new friend he proved a faithful one. He has since received for his fidelity, during the rebellion, a life pension from the Government of India, and still remains here, in England, Mr. Edwards's trusted and personal attendant.

Surrounded by great perils, distrusting the other sepoys of his guard, and having reason also to place little reliance on the native police, the solitary magistrate of Budaon was glad to see riding up to his door his cousin and brother magistrate from the neighbouring district of Etah, across the Ganges. The

district was in revolt, its magistrate had fought his way out, and was bound for Bareilly to seek military aid. But, the sepoys of the Bareilly garrison mutinied on Sunday the last day of May, massacred the Europeans, fired the station, and set loose four thousand of the most desperate criminals in India by breaking open the great central gaol. By this time, the tumult rose as a flood, the roads round about Budaon were inundated with armed mutineers, and a strong body of them was reported to be in full march to Budaon itself, to join the Treasury guard and to plunder and burn the station. On the arrival of this news the magistrate from Etah galloped off to his own post of duty, and the magistrate in Budaon, single man as he was to front the storm, thought it his duty not to desert his post, and stuck to the ship as long as she floated.

The few Europeans in the district—Mr. Donald and his son, indigo planters, Mr. Gibson, a patrol in the Customs' department, who then happened to be in service on the spot, and Mr. Stewart, a clerk, with his wife and family—came to the lonely representative of government for shelter and assistance. Mr. Edwards had made friends enough among the natives to be well assured of help in securing his escape if he went singly; but here was a little band to care for. He himself, meaning to abide by his duty to the last moment, entreated his companions, while it was yet possible, to escape singly to the hills. They preferred holding by the torn skirts of authority, and would risk all the perils of escape in a body through roads swarming with a hostile population.

In the afternoon of Monday the first of June, the native officer of the sepoy guard of the Treasury came to report that all was right. The men of the guard had received a message from the mutineers at Bareilly on the previous night, and were prepared to join the sepoys, who were to advance that very evening on Budaon. But, the native officer, when questioned, quieted the English magistrate by solemn oaths and by false statements that almost decoyed him into the power of the guard, then waiting to destroy him. The buggy was brought to the door, and Mr. Edwards was on the point of starting, when he was detained by the faithful Wuzeer Singh. The guard waited an hour and a half for its victim, and then was to be restrained no longer and broke out in mutiny.

But, not a man would leave the Treasury until he had secured his own share in its plunder. At six o'clock in the evening, the mutineers at Budaon broke the jail open. Those from Bareilly were entering the station. All the men of the local police, throwing their badges off, joined them. The tumult and the shouting of the revolted soldiery, and the fierce yells of the released prisoners, were closing upon the magistrate's house. "I felt," says Mr. Edwards, "my work was

then over; that the ship had sunk under me, and that it was now time to provide for my own safety.

Mr. Edwards with the customs' patrol, and the two indigo planters, attended by Wuzeer Singh and an Afghan private servant, set forth together. They had not gone a hundred yards before they were all met by a friendly Mahometan gentleman, the chief of Shikoorah, who offered refuge in his house, about three miles distant, to the magistrate himself; but refused to run the risk of sheltering the magistrate's companions. Nevertheless, all went to the proffered place of refuge, wading a river to arrive at it; but, they had scarcely dismounted from their horses and entered the walled court, when one of the Sheikh's brothers respectfully urged the impossibility of giving a safe harbour to so many strangers. Therefore, unless Mr. Edwards would accept the shelter for himself alone, they must all leave and go on to a village of his, about eighteen miles distant on the left bank of the Ganges. They did leave; and, after they were gone, the house from which they had been thus dismissed was beaten up by a body of Irregular Horse for the direct purpose of finding and destroying the Budaon magistrate. This was the second hair-breadth escape.

One of the Sheikhs led the way far from the highroad by fields and by-paths through villages swarming with armed men, who were the Sheikh's tenantry, and who were warned not to attack the fugitives by messengers sent on before. Behind our countrymen there was a bright gleam in the sky which was the reflection from their burning households in Budaon. At midnight they reached the village pointed out to them: a miserable place containing but one better sort of house in which the Sheikh lodged when he went thither on business. The Englishmen slept on the roof of this house; and, after this date until their sufferings were at an end, they seldom slept with a roof over them. Their rest was short. At four in the morning they were aroused and urged to escape the search of the Irregular Cavalry, by at once crossing the Ganges to the Etah district. An hour afterwards they were in the boat provided for that purpose. On the opposite bank was one of the mobs called pukars; an assemblage of the men of several villages to attack, plunder, and root up some one of the other villages in their vicinity. These men fired a few shots at the boat as it dropped down the stream. At seven in the evening, when the Englishmen from Budaon joined Messrs. Phillips and Bramley at Puttealee, those gentlemen were found surrounded by armed enemies, and guarded by a native force of sixty men, ready to rise and murder them.

For two days all remained at Puttealee in this position, and then, on the fifth of June, they dismissed forty of their dangerous pro-

tectors, by sending them nominally to guard a tehseeldaree, some twenty miles off, in which there was plenty of money. The money, doubtless, tempted the men to their march; for, upon reaching the Treasury, they immediately seized the treasure, and dispersed to join the mutineers, or to take home their several shares of the spoil.

There remained to the Englishmen in Puttealee, after these men had been sent off, a resseldar and twenty men, who were declared worthy of trust. But, in the afternoon of the same day, an anonymous note warned the Etah magistrate, that there were two hundred sepoys ten miles off intending to attack Puttealee next morning, because they heard there was much treasure in the place, and that the district officers were there assembled. Our countrymen resolved, therefore, to leave that night at moonrise for Agra. They marched by moonlight, and the guard of twenty sowars led the way: a band of half-armed thakoors being placed between them and the five Englishmen, in order that, if they did prove treacherous and turn upon their chiefs, they would have to pass through the intermediate body, and so give some hint of their intentions. They rested at dawn in a friendly fort, a few miles from the Grand Trunk Road, and learnt while resting, that the road in their front was completely blocked-up by a body of mutineers, horse and foot, on the way to Delhi. Since any knowledge of their being harboured in the fort would insure an immediate attack upon it, the friendly zemindar insisted on their removal. They determined, therefore, to retire to a small village in their rear; and, on the way to it, fortunately, took the precaution to send on a sowar to see whether the place was clear, while they themselves halted in a little grove. The scout returned with news that the village was occupied by two hundred mutineers sepoys,—the same party that had proposed to itself the seizure of the district officers in Puttealee. That was the third hair-breadth escape.

The fugitives struck then into the jungle: the thakoor foot-guard had been dismissed, worn out by the night march: the sowars had become insolent in their bearing: danger from them was imminent. The old resseldar was told that their services would be no longer needed, and that he and they might go whither they pleased. "The attitude of these fellows," says Mr. Edwards, "became at this moment most threatening; they seemed just wavering as to whether they would charge down upon and destroy us, or go off and leave us. They consulted together for a moment—one of breathless suspense to us—and then, to our great relief, suddenly turned about and rode off. We now went on, changing our direction as soon as we lost sight of the sowars, with the view of preventing their afterwards follow-

ing our movements." Fourth hair-breadth escape.

Our hunted countrymen, attended only by Wuzzeer Singh and one or two faithful servants, anxiously marched through the terrific heat and dust of the day. At evening they reached a hamlet, in which there was an old soldier, a pensioner of the British Government, who gave them bread and milk, and hospitable words. To the offer of payment he replied, "No. I have a home, while you are wanderers in the jungle: you are now in the most need. But if ever your rule is restored, remember me, and the small help I have been able to give you."

At nightfall, after twenty hours in the saddle, the Englishmen returned into Puttealee. There was an impression among them that their risk was greater when they kept together in the effort to escape. Bramley and Phillips were left, therefore, to make their own effort to escape to Agra; while Mr. Edwards, who could not desert his companions trusting in his guidance, set out before noon on the following day with Mr. Gibson and the two Messrs. Donald, proposing to push back across the district of Budaon to the hills. Their way was among crowds of men laden with plunder of a village sacked during the night. At the entrance of each village through which they passed, the men of it were gathered in a body to protect their homes against attack and plunder. They crowded round the Englishmen, and eagerly asked, "When will your rule return. In ten or fifteen days? We are worn out and tired with this continual watching, and we long for peace again."

At four in the afternoon, the fugitives reached Kadir Gunge, a fort in which they had been rested for a few hours after the Ganges had been crossed by them two days before. The English cause was then looking more hopeless in that district, and their reception by the zemindar was proportionately cold. He promised, however, to get them back across the river, to Budaon. But then, news came from across the river that the villages had been plundered and burnt, and that, in a village immediately opposite Kadir Gunge, there was a large body of horse engaged in the direct search for Mr. Edwards, and, as it afterwards appeared, watching for his landing when he should recross the river. Sorely against the will of their host, who gave them scarcely any food, the fugitives remained in the fort till the evening of the next day, when the zemindar told his guests that he could harbour them no longer. They must re-cross the Ganges. They went down to the river side; but found the boat too small (hair-breadth escape the fifth,) and returned to be abused by their unwilling entertainer. When they had pacified him, he advised them strongly to abandon the design of crossing, and make for Furruckabad, sixty miles off, to which place the road was pretty clear,

and where the mutiny had not yet broken out.

They set out with two footmen for guides and passed a party of two or three hundred villagers holding, for protection of their villages, a night-watch in a hollow among trees. At two in the morning they were left by their guides; at dawn they passed a large empty encampment; at eight in the morning they entered a Pathan village, called Kaieem Gunj. The tehseeldar or government official was a frail old man, with a kind heart, who took them to the walled grounds of the chief native proprietor in the place, the Nawab Ahmed Yar Khan, by whom a messenger was sent to a kinsman, Nawab Doollah, living eight miles off at Shumshabad, upon the Ganges. He was to have a boat ready for them in the afternoon. But, the imperilled travellers had only touched their breakfasts, when a whispered message to their host caused him to send them off immediately to Shumshabad, with an escort of five horsemen, under his relation Mooltan Khan. Before taking leave, the Nawab asked for a certificate of good treatment, which is almost invariably a prelude to treachery. It had to be given. They set out, Mooltan Khan leading the way, across fields and avoiding all the villages. After four miles' riding there was a halt, to allow the camel on which Mr. Gibson and Wuzzeer Singh were mounted, as well as the elder Mr. Donald on his horse, to overtake the party. When they did come up, Mr. Donald whispered to Mr. Edwards, "I have heard something that will make your blood curdle. Wuzzeer Singh informs me that he overheard the Nawab's people and our escort, before leaving Kaieem Gunj, say that we were all to be killed as soon as we embarked on board the boat." This was the truth; and with a knowledge of it, the travellers arrived at the Nawab Doollah's, where they were received with great civility by the Nawab's head man, a Hindoo, who was sitting transacting business in an open verandah, surrounded by a crowd of people.

Nawab Doollah received and sent messages, promised the boat, but (very bad sign) would not see his guests. Refreshment was provided in his European bungalow.

"I pity you from my heart," said Mooltan Khan.

"Why so?"

"Because there is no boat provided; and, as the roads are, you cannot expect to reach Futtehghur alive."

"Armed men are collecting round us," then cried the younger Mr. Donald, from the window.

Horses were ordered out for prompt return to Kaieem Gunj; and Mr. Edwards offered his second horse. Men until that time by his Afghan servant, to Mr. Gibson, who remained by his camel. The crowd opened to let them pass, and they passed only to find a

body of cavalry drawn across the road, in waiting for them. "We can not advance a yard. Back to the house!" cried Mooltan Khan. As our countrymen turned back the mob opened fire on them with savage shouts and yells. Mr. Edwards, putting his horse right at the crowd, beat through, presenting his revolver, careful not to discharge it, unless in the last extremity. Dread of it opened a way for him, and he passed close to Mr. Gibson, who had been dragged from his camel, and with a look of agony tried vainly to defend himself against the swarm of men who beat him down with swords and sticks. Mooltan Khan and his men galloped off, leaving the white men to their fate. This was the sixth hair breadth escape. The escort looked threatening enough when it was overtaken by three of the four victims, safely brought by their own struggle out of danger. Mr. Gibson had been killed and cut to pieces. The elder Mr. Donald broke through the mob, hatless, his horse wounded, but he sound. The younger Mr. Donald had escaped pursuit by leaping a ravine, across which none dared to follow. Mr. Edwards' second horse had broken loose and fled. That was the end of the battle: but a new danger fronted them, and to meet this frankly Mr. Edwards rode up to Mooltan Khan, and putting a hand on his shoulder, said:

"Have you a family and little children?"

He was answered by a nod.

"And are they not dependent upon you for bread?"

"Yes."

"Well so have I," said the Englishman; "and I am sure you are not the man to take my life, and destroy their support."

The Indian looked for a moment at the man who thus appealed to him, and then said:

"I will save you, if I can; follow me."

Hairbreadth escape the seventh. There was an added peril from the discontent of one of the sows, who rode off to excite another rising of the villagers.

Returned to Kaieem Gunj and to the Nawab's house, that magnate agreed to afford shelter again until nightfall. Then the guests must quit his house, and he could find nobody who would act as their guide to Futtehghur; news having come to the effect that the commander-in-chief before Delhi had poisoned himself, and that the English were destroyed. The horse of the elder Mr. Donald was disabled by his wound, and nothing could be bought for this gentleman, but a miserable pony, unable to bear his weight. The intercession of the kind old tehseeldar secured, however, through the Nawab, two trustworthy guides. Mr. Edwards' second horse, when they were about to start, had been recovered, and was available for Mr. Donald's use. They started with Indian complexions, and in Indian costume;

every fragment of their European dress having been burnt in their presence.

After two hours' riding, the fugitives approached two villages, close to each other, between which they had to pass. One was in flames, surrounded by a band of plunderers, who caught sight of the approaching strangers when they were yet a mile distant, and, raising a tremendous shout, began rushing towards a point at which they hoped to intercept them. Then began a race for life; and had Mr. Donald been upon the pony, his life and that of his companions, who could not have abandoned him, would have there come to its end. But the horses were of the best; the shouts and yells of the miscreants and the roar and crash of the burning villages, excited them. The mob was without fire-arms, and the horsemen were the winners by about two hundred yards. "I shall never forget," says Mr. Edwards, "the yell of rage the fellows raised when they saw they had missed their prey." Eighth hairbreadth escape.

At eight o'clock in the morning, faithfully guided by men—one of whom declared that six thousand rupees would not have tempted him to aid the foreigners, had it not been for the earnest desire of his kinsman the Nawab—our countrymen reached the house of Mr. Probyn, magistrate and collector in Futteghur. As they received his welcome, all were speechless from emotion. Mr. Probyn's wife and four children, with several of the European residents, were at a fort called Dhurumpore across the Ganges in Oude. It belonged to a zemindar of considerable influence called Hurdeo Buksh, who had offered to protect them. To this fort the fugitives crossed on the afternoon of the tenth of June, the heat then being so intense that Mr. Edwards' hands were blistered into a mass of pulp. It was only on the night of the first of June that he had quitted his home at Budoon.

Dhurumpore was a dilapidated fort, which could not have been defended against any organised attack of the mutineers. The Europeans in it were found by Mr. Probyn and Mr. Edwards disposed to believe themselves safer in Futteghur, and to return thither in a body; although Mr. Probyn urged upon them his own certain information that the soldiers (among whom one outbreak had been suppressed) were not to be relied upon, but were in daily correspondence with the mutineers. Mr. Probyn was considered to display fool-hardy rashness in remaining with his wife and family within the shelter offered them by the Hurdeo Buksh. Mr. Edwards was the only other European who, after intending to go with the rest, remained—it proved to be his ninth hairbreadth escape—and he was joined after a day or two by the faithful Wuzer Singh, who had escaped from the mob in which Mr. Gibson was cut to pieces, and had, since the escape, been search-

ing for his master. He now brought safely to him the whole of his money and his gun.

Early in the morning of the fourteenth of June, when the Europeans were asleep—fortunately for them within the gates of the town fort—mutiny was complete in Futteghur. The fort in the town was strenuously besieged, and defended anxiously by sleepless men. The two collectors, Messrs. Edwards and Probyn, known to be in Dhurumpore, placed Hurdeo Buksh in peril. He gathered armed retainers round him, who looked with a natural aversion on the white men, in whose presence their danger lay. The chief was determined to remove them, but in his determination he was friendly. He pledged his honour as a rajpoot for their safety; and, although in his subsequent dealings with them, the endeavours to preserve them without bringing ruin down upon himself and those who depended on his rule, caused some of his arrangements to seem very harsh, yet it is evident that he was throughout faithful and true to his promise, and that he was really the preserver of the men for whose heads high direct and indirect rewards were offered. Mr. Edwards, thankful that his own wife and child were, as he hoped, safe in the hills, carried Mrs. Probyn's baby; Wuzer Singh, carried another child; Mrs. Probyn a third. Mr. Probyn carried his three guns and ammunition; so they walked to the ferry of the Ramgunda, which they crossed at midnight. They reached the village of Kus-sowrah, where they were received kindly; and some cattle and goats having been turned out to make room for them, they were put into a filthy shed for rest and shelter. While there, they heard the guns attacking and replying in the siege of the fort of Futteghur. Wild, conflicting tales of the siege flitted about their path; as reports came and went, they were overwhelmed with anxiety and sorrow. After some days adding to their intense anxiety and dread, suddenly the firing ceased.

We do not repeat here the distressing story of the attempted escape down the river by our countrymen and countrywomen from the fort at Futteghur, the grounding of boats, the fire from the bank, the slaughter after slaughter. Terrible words came to the two men, the lady, and the little children, in their miserable cowed. All was over. There was no more firing heard.

Hurdeo Buksh was then tempted and threatened by the mutineers; but, instead of breaking faith, he temporized ingeniously with his countrymen, visited his unhappy guests at night, and hoped to put off all action until the rainy season, when the rising floods should make islands of both Kussowrah and Dhurumpore. But, the rains that year did not fall at the expected time.

There was much kindness in the village. A poor Brahmin deprived his own family of milk that he might give it to the outcast little

English children. Hurdeo Buksh's brother was unfriendly, and once was forcing the helpless fugitives to cross the Ramgunga, to their certain death, when a delay in preparation of the boat postponed the departure. Hairbreadth escape the tenth. A day or two later, Mr. and Mrs. Probyn, each carrying a child, and Mr. Edwards with their baby in his arms, were wading, perforce, through mud and water to the river, and one breathless messenger from Dhurum-pore had ordered them back to a village beyond Kus-sowrah, another afterwards summoning them on to the boat again, when Mr. Probyn determined to set off to Hurdeo Buksh himself, and make a personal appeal. It was nine o'clock in the evening, and the poor little children were laid down to sleep upon the driest place that was to be found on the mud-bank by the water-side. Relief came in the moonlight, and the children were carried back to the shed, Mrs. Probyn tottering on the arm of a friendly thakoor; her bodily strength being exhausted. False and true tidings, false hopes, fruitless preparations and false starts, followed each other until the fugitives were sent, for better security of their lives, to a small herdsmen's village in the jungle. It was desired for better concealment to retain the children in Kus-sowrah; but what mother in such perils of life, would be parted from her little ones? All went by a painful night-march under torrents of rain—partly through deep water with slippery mud-bottoms—Mr. Probyn carrying his wife, each other man having a child in his arms—and partly among thorny bushes, to the wretched, solitary hamlet of four or five houses in the middle of the waste, called the Place of Affliction (Runjapoorah). "The scene," Mr. Edwards writes, "was desolate beyond description. As we came up no one was moving in the village, all being yet asleep. One of the thakoors roused up the chief man, a wild-looking aheer who pointed out to us a wretched hovel which, he said, was for the Probyns. It was full of cattle, and very filthy; the mud and dirt were over our ankles, and the effluvia stifling. My heart sank within me, as I looked round on this desolate and hopeless scene. I laid down the poor baby on a charpoy in a little hut, the door of which was open, and on which a child of one of the herdsmen was fast asleep. Poor Mrs. Probyn—for the first time since our troubles commenced—fairly broke down, and wept at the miserable prospect for her children and herself. Probyn was much roused, and remonstrated with the thakoors, saying, 'If there is no better place for us than this, you had better kill us at once, for the children cannot live here a few hours; they must perish.'"

They were at last packed in a clean and dry hole under a roof; forbidden to show themselves by daylight. Fiction itself is not

more picturesque, and there are few narratives of any kind more touching, than the account given by Mr. Edwards of the experiences, hopes, and sorrows of the English lady with her husband and her children, and her husband's friend in this place of affliction.

Once, Mr. Edwards had an opportunity of sending, enclosed in a quill, a few words to his wife on a scrap of paper an inch square. There was but one stump of lead pencil in the possession of the prisoners, with a loose morsel of lead at the end of it. This dropped out before the note was written, and had to be anxiously sought among the dust of the mud floor, and replaced and used tenderly. When the note had been written it was steeped in milk and put in the sun to dry. A crow carried it off, and was pursued by Wuzeer Singh until the precious scrap that was to send peace to a grieving heart was dropped. It was received afterwards by Mrs. Edwards in deep widow's mourning, and, when she received it she went away and clothed herself in white. We read how the little baby died, and the poor father carried it in his arms to a night burial on one dry spot found among the trees. Again, there came to them suddenly, on Sunday the second of August, a tall, spectral-looking figure, naked, except a piece of cloth wrapped round his waist, much emaciated, and dripping with water. It was young Mr. Jones, who had escaped from the doomed boats that left Futtehghur, and had been hiding in one of the villages of Hurdeo Buksh. Strange and terrible was the story he had lived to tell.

At last the narrative ends with an account of the adventurous and most perilous run down the river to Cawnpore, where, safe at last among the tents of Havelock, the escaped victims heard, for the first time, that they four persons and the two children, were the sole survivors of the massacres from which they had so wonderfully, by God's mercy, been preserved.

THE SMALLCHAGNE FAMILY.

I WAS sitting in my office, near the Stock-Exchange, rather late one afternoon, when, happening to look over the wire blind which covers the lower portion of the window, and conceals my clerk and myself from the public eye, my attention was drawn to the figure of a gentleman coming along the street at a rapid pace, who, after passing the window, began hurriedly to ascend the steps in front of my street door, apparently with the intention of paying me a visit. Arrived at the top of the steps, I of course lost sight of him, owing to the thickness of the wall of the house; but I could see, first, half of a very much splashed right boot, and then the same amount of a similarly decorated left one, being put through such a cleansing process as the invention of a

scraper affords facilities for. Naturally, as a man of business, not wishing to be found looking out of window, I went back to my desk, to be ready to receive my visitor.

I waited some time, and then, as nobody appeared in the office, returned to my post of observation, just in time to catch another glimpse of the individual I had before noticed, who was now descending the steps as rapidly as he had come up them, and who, on arriving at the bottom, proceeded to set off down the street at a rapid pace. He had not gone fifteen yards, however, before he slackened his rate of walking, and then, stopping altogether, seemed inclined to turn back. He stood for some little time, looking first up the street, and then down it, leaning upon an unfurled umbrella which was in his left hand, and smoothing his chin with the finger and thumb of his right, drawing it towards a point, as if he wished, by making that feature a little sharper, to give it somewhat more of character, which it certainly would have borne. After standing thus for a moment or two, and happening in one of his eye-excursions to catch me looking at him, he turned suddenly back, and apparently feeling himself now committed to a course, came very rapidly up the steps and into the office without any further delays.

He was a thin, large-eyed, light-haired man, with a vacillating and uncertain-looking mouth, and wandering eye. His loosely-tied neckcloth displaying more of the mechanism of that part of the shirt which encircles the neck than is usually shown, and discovering a wonderful number of buttons, apparently placed in their present position with a view of meeting the exigencies of various forms of false collar. It was a muddy day, as has been already hinted, and one leg of his trowsers was turned up round the ankle, while the other remained in its normal condition, a prey to splashes. His coat collar was half up and half down, and one of his thread gloves was off, while the other was partly drawn on, but not inclosing the thumb.

Such was the person who, entering my office, remained standing close to the door of the room while he explained his business, and seeming very much inclined to take the first opportunity which might offer of running away as fast as his legs would carry him.

"He had called," he said, "to make some inquiries about an investment, which he had been given to understand I had the disposal of,—not that he felt at all sure of adopting it. Perhaps, that being so, he ought not to have come in,—and yet he thought he should like to know one or two particulars about the speculation. Perhaps, though, it would be giving me useless trouble,—yes, he really thought it was absurd to trouble me, he would call again when he had thought it over a little more."

He was actually nearly out of the office before I could make him understand that I should be most happy to give him the information he required, whether it resulted in his employing me or not.

Upon hearing this, my new acquaintance advanced so far towards domesticating himself in my office, as to go and place his umbrella in the umbrella stand, under the map of that estate in Somersetshire which hangs against one of the walls of my room. Then, seeming to think that by this proceeding he was committing himself to a course of conduct which might have dangerous results, he turned back when he had got half across the room, and took possession of the umbrella again, before the little pool of water, which (as it had a short time before been raining very hard) ran from it freely, was any size at all.

One would have thought that he would have had enough to occupy his hands with in keeping possession of this useful implement, and a large and loosely-packed parcel, tied up in a newspaper, which he retained under his arm, and yet he managed to find fingers enough wherewith to engage from time to time in a sharp struggle to drag certain scattered scraps of whisker towards the corner of his mouth, appearing to be wholly absorbed in his desire to chew these dainty morsels when he ought to have been listening to my account of the different advantages possessed by the investment which was the subject of his inquiries.

A wild stare of the eyes into vacancy, it may commonly be remarked, is by no means a sign of fixity of attention, and it is generally less so still when it is accompanied in the listener by a bowing action of the head, softly keeping time to all the periods of the narration which is going on. So, having noted these symptoms in my gentleman, I was the less surprised when I found from his questions that my statement of particulars had been but imperfectly attended to, and that the major portion of them had to be gone over again.

As soon as any advantage about the speculation was mentioned, this gentleman, whose name was Smalchance, thought it would just do; but directly he had himself suggested some attraction which it wanted, and which it would have been very extraordinary if it had possessed, he desponded, and thought it would not. He brightened up amazingly, upon my mentioning that he could always sell again, and appeared to consider this a great point indeed, saying he thought that had settled him about it. But, suddenly remembering that Mrs. Smalchance ought to be consulted upon the subject, he appeared to become all unsettled again, and asked if he might suspend his decision till her opinion had been obtained.

As I assented to this, he seemed inclined to go off at once and see her about it, and had

actually almost effected a start, when it occurred to him to ask a question or two about the general state of the market. These being satisfactorily answered he got a little way again towards the door, but returned immediately to inquire whether I didn't think that perhaps, upon the whole, he had better invest at once, without saying anything to Mrs. S. about it. Then, upon my replying to this extraordinary question that he must be a better judge of that than I could be, he said, yes,—he supposed he was; but really he did not know what to do. At last I offered to keep the refusal for him if he wished it, till the next day; upon which he seemed so happy at being able to put off the task of deciding till then, that I felt quite a load off my own mind at seeing him so much relieved. He only came back three times after that,—once to ask if he might leave his parcel in my office till he called the next day. Then, on my consenting to this, he returned to know whether I thought it would rain any more, because if I was of opinion that it wouldn't, he would ask permission to leave his umbrella along with the parcel. This, as I pronounced that I thought it was going to be fine, he proceeded to do, but came back again in a minute or two to fetch it, saying that he was sorry to differ with me, but he thought I was mistaken about the weather, and that it would most certainly rain. With this he departed, though I saw him afterwards—through the glass-door—revolving upon the top of the steps in an agony of indecision whether he should return again or no, and I think if it had not been time for the office to close he would never have got away at all.

I have only to add to this description of my first interview with Mr. Smallchange, an announcement, of the fact that by an extraordinary coincidence, Mrs. Smallchange turned out to be, on the whole, though quite unaware of the fact, rather more irresolute and incapable of seeing what was the right thing to do, than her husband. I became acquainted with this excellent lady through a circumstance highly characteristic of that unpunctuality which formed an important ingredient in her husband's nature.

Mr. Smallchange wrote to ask me to call upon him on the subject of the investment, at a certain hour. Having made this appointment, it was only part of my client's character to be out of the way, as a matter of course, at the time on which he had originally decided to receive me. The first person I saw, on entering the house, was Mrs. Smallchange.

"You have called about the investment, Mr. Kershaw?" said the lady. "Mr. Smallchange has just stepped out. The fact is, he can't quite make up his mind about anything. We are always moving, and always changing servants—always living in houses to let, with people going over them when we

are at our meals, or Mr. Smallchange shaving. Mr. S. never knows his own mind—never knows whether he ought to do a thing or not till he's done it, and then always finds he ought *not*. Five moves in two years! Eleven housemaids in the same short time, and twenty-two cooks, and only one out of the number who could set up a dinner.—Well, Jane, what is it?"

This was addressed to a lady, who, from a certain flushed irritability of aspect, gave me the impression of being a member of the profession just alluded to, and who, entering the room at this moment, appeared to be waiting eagerly for an opportunity of cutting in, in the conversation.

"If you please, mem," said this person, "ave you made up your mind about the dinner?"

"No, Jane; I can't speak to you just now."

"If you please, mem, the time is getting on, and if the dinner is late it will be no fault of mine."

"Very well, then, we'll have the veal cutlets."

With this the artist appeared satisfied, and commenced a somewhat hasty retreat, as if with a prophetic dread of being called back again. If she had any such foreboding, it certainly proved to be tolerably well grounded.

"Stop, Jane," said Mrs. Smallchange, as that functionary was about to close the door, "stop! your master doesn't like veal."

The artist remained at the door, holding it in her hand, and wearing an expression of countenance which boded no good. It was a combination of aggression and pronounced patience, with a dogged unsuggestiveness. She was evidently expected to offer a little kindly advice as to what had better be done, and was equally evidently determined to do nothing of the kind. So she remained silent, holding the door, as I have said, in her hand, and looking up—people always look upwards when they intend to be offensively resigned—at the highest discernible bricks of the house on the opposite side of the street.

"I'm sure I don't know what we'd better have," said poor Mrs. Smallchange, in a tone that would have melted any breast but a cook's.

The artist slightly lowered her head, and, raising her eyes at the same time, managing by these means to get a higher row of bricks within range. Having succeeded in that, her resignation and patience were a sight to behold. She also slightly creaked the door.

"Well, I suppose," said Mrs. Smallchange, desperately, "we must have a baricot of mutton."

It was a well-conceived and well-executed plan of insult on the part of our artist, that, when this order was given, she did not stir or alter her position. It said so plainly, "What's the use of my attempting to go; you know

you'll call me back again before the door is shut."

"And yet I don't know," resumed Mr. Smallchange, "the worst of haricot mutton is that it always gives me the heartburn. I think its owing to the bits of turnip."

Here was an opportunity for any woman but a cook to have suggested, "should she try a haricot without turnips?" Our artist was, however, far too much absorbed in the study of the habits of the sparrow (a specimen of which tribe was now touching up his feathers upon the sill of one of the upper windows of the opposite building) to put forward this or indeed any other elucidation of the difficulty.

At length this view of the case seemed to present itself to the distracted mind of Mrs. Smallchange, who thereupon proceeded to deliver herself as follows:

"Suppose we were to try a haricot without turnips, cook?" No answer from that functionary, with the exception of an offensively patient smile. So Mrs. Smallchange went on, "And yet I don't know that that would be of any use, for I rather suspect that it's the grease that makes it disagree with one."

This proved an unfortunate remark, and the change on the part of the chef de cuisine, who, from wearing an appearance of patience which gave her a false air of Griselda, suddenly appeared in the character of a much injured but little enduring and retortive Fury, was both remarkable—and to any one who had been less expectant of it than I was—instructive.

"Grease," with a short laugh, "grease—well, it was the first time she'd ever heard of grease in her cooking—which Mr. Swallowfat, a true gentleman, at her very last place, he sent down word to say as never in his life had he seen cooking free from grease like hers. And Mrs. Sparerib, which grease and fat was good for her by the doctor's orders, being in fast decline, would hark her often, saying, 'Your dishes, Jane, is hall so free from fat that I shall never get no flesh upon my bones with you for cook I knows—but what's the use of talking to them as doesn't know their own opinions, and much less how a dinner should come up. Why had she ever come among such people, with Mr. Swallowfat a begging her to stay, and Mrs. Sparerib in strong hysterics when she left—she might have know'd that them as couldn't keep a cook a month was not the masters or the missuses as she could live with—no.'"

"There now," said poor Mrs. Smallchange, as the infuriate artist made her exit at the conclusion of this remarkable speech, and banged the door behind her, "that's a specimen of how I'm served continually."

I expressed my sympathy as well as I could, and promised, if I heard of a good cook, to send her without delay to Mrs. Smallchange. That lady, then, with a happy versatility of

mind which was one of the characteristics of her disposition, appeared to forget entirely the unpleasant scene which had just taken place, and turned at once to something else.

The investment that could not be settled, and the servants that could not be kept, were not only the domestic questions on which Mr. and Mrs. Smallchange found a difficulty in deciding. They had more room in their house than they wanted; and doubts had beset them, for months past, as to the propriety of increasing their income, and their family circle, by taking in a lodger. Having shown myself so politely anxious to be of use in the matter of the cook, I was now applied to on the subject of this new perplexity. Anxiety to escape as fast as possible from my unexpected position of family adviser, led me to give my opinion positively, without an instant's consideration, in favour of letting the spare apartments in the house—to a single gentleman, of course. Profoundly impressed by the instantaneous character of my decision, Mrs. Smallchange agreed with me on the spot. A single gentleman—yes, that would be the very thing—she wondered she had not thought of it before. And she was so enamoured with the idea, that the housemaid was sent to a neighbouring stationer's and before I was out of the house, a card, with an announcement of Furnished Apartments, was put up on the window.

The ultimate results of this preceeding were, it must be acknowledged, as remarkable as they were characteristic.

The single gentlemen, to secure whom was the object of Mrs. Smallchange's ambition, as it is of all matrons who have lodgings to let, turned up almost as soon as he was required, and proved a most unexceptionable and desirable specimen of his class. Punctual, middle-aged, precise, and methodical in all his habits, and rigidly exact in his payments. He might be a little irritable and fussy perhaps, at times, but we all have our faults. Then—bless him—he had that wonderful advantage that he was not too much at home. His situation as a clerk in the office of a Canal Company involving a daily absence from home of eight hours' duration, as the clock struck nine he left the house in the morning, and at the moment when the hands pointed on the dial to five in the afternoon his knock—none of your latch-key lodgers this—was heard at the door. When it has been further stated that Mr. Pluffers, for that was his name, was short and comfortable in figure, and scrupulously neat in his attire, enough has been said in description of this model lodger.

Now, it will doubtless be asked how it was that a person so precise and particular in his ways as this gentleman, was contented to remain in an establishment which one would be prepared to believe would be so ill-conducted as that of our friend Mr. Smallchange. And this does at first sight appear

a puzzling question, though the solution is in reality a simple one enough. How is it that you, my young friend, who are now engaged in reading these annals of the undecided, how is it, I ask, that you, who cannot stand long stories, go every evening and sit (an example of respectful attention) listening to the protracted narrations which emanate from the lips of that outrageous old bore, Longyarn? Or you, sir, who are old enough to know better, and are so good a judge of music that you will not allow your dear sisters to sing in your presence because they are not of the force of Madame Alboni, or Mademoiselle Piccolomini, how is it that you are content to spend night after night in raptures under the performance of the elder Miss Tympanum, who startles the echoes with an organ like that of a pea-hen, and a perception of tune such as might be found in the asylum for the incurably deaf? What is the reason of these things, I ask? Is it not because, in the first instance I have mentioned, the niece of Longyarn, who takes charge of the old boy's household, has soft dark eyes and wavy hair, and a complexion like a rose, only prettier, and in the second, because the youngest Miss Tympanum, Fanny by name, has been endowed by nature with a tight and buxom figure, and is as comely a little body, from the topmost hair on the crown of her head to the extreme tip of her uncommonly pretty foot, as you will meet with between Berwick-upon-Tweed and the Lizard Point in Cornwall? Is it not, in a word, because you are in love?

Well, and Mr. Pluffers was in love—and with Miss Anna Smallchange.

Anna Smallchange, the eldest daughter of our undecided couple, was just eighteen, and certainly, as far as personal qualifications went, amply justified the admiration which her elderly lover bestowed upon her. She inherited the family indecision, however, and with it a certain insouciance which, while it kept her perfectly happy under any circumstances in which she might be placed, and caused her to acquiesce in everything that was proposed to her, rendered it extremely unlikely that she would respond very ardently to the passion of Mr. Pluffers, or indeed of any other Mister that wore a head.

Mr. Pluffers was in love, then,—and it was because Mr. Pluffers was in love, that he endured as he did the trying eccentricities which occasionally showed themselves in his landlady's conduct. Thus, when, as would happen sometimes, Mrs. Smallchange had so engaged the servants in executing—I was going to say—her orders, but, on reflection, her counter orders, appears a fitter term—when the servants had been so completely occupied all the morning in not fulfilling their directions, that Mr. Pluffers came down to breakfast, and found neither fire nor tea-things prepared—the expected storm might, I say, at such times, be always averted by the

simple process of sending Miss Anna upstairs with the breakfast things. Upon which occasion she would arrange them with such a winning gracefulness, and, dropping down upon her knees, and putting on a pair of gloves and an apron, would insist upon lighting the fire herself, with such a mutinous and pleasant air, that other fires were lit besides that within the grate, and the heart of Mr. Pluffers, well fortified as one would have expected by years, obesity, and business habits, was so completely reached by Miss Anna's charms, that, though mentally resolving that the first step in his married life should be to step out of his present place of abode, he yet determined that he would not leave Mrs. Smallchange's roof alone. And so, one morning, when Miss Anna dropped on her knees before the fire, it happened that Mr. Pluffers might have been observed—had anybody been present besides the cat—to drop upon his knees before Miss Anna, and then and there to make her an offer of his hand and heart.

"I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Pluffers," said the young lady, as the excellent gentleman, having captured one of her hands, proceeded to kiss the somewhat coaly glove which encased it, and which in his rapture he was too agitated to perceive; "I'm sure I don't know—lor! what a snudge you've got upon your nose—here, let me wipe it off with my apron—I'm sure I don't know, but I'll speak to Mama about it."

Well, Mama was spoken to about it, and Papa, too, and certainly if Miss Smallchange was uncertain what to say about it, it was quite clear that both Mr. and Mrs. S. were still more completely incapable of forming an opinion on the subject. So that when Mr. Pluffers returned from his place of business—where he had made so many mistakes that the head official had remarked to one of the shareholders that Pluffers was getting old, he found that, so far from his fate being finally decided, things were very much where he had left them in the morning.

It was then that that remarkable series of letters, known so widely (in the polite circles) as the Pluffers correspondence, commenced. It begins with a note from Mr. Pluffers, who, unable to touch food in his present condition of suspense, writes as follows:

[No. 1.]

— STREET, First-floor, April 31st, 18—.

Mr. Pluffers presents his compliments to Mr. Smallchange, and begs to be informed, per present messenger, whether Mr. and Mrs. S. have come to any decision upon a subject nearly concerning Mr. P. P.'s peace of mind.

[No. 2.]

— STREET, Parlours, April 31st, 18—.

Mrs. Smallchange has been in consultation with Mr. Smallchange, upon the subject mentioned in Mr. Pluffer's letter, all day, but they are unable, at present, to give a final answer.

[No. 3.]

— STREET, First-floor, April 31st, 18—.

Mr. Pluffers begs to acknowledge Mrs. Smallchange's favour of the 31st inst., and respectfully to inquire the grounds of her unwillingness, and that of Mr. S., to give Mr. P. an answer at once. Do they consider Mr. P.'s means insufficient?

[No. 4.]

— STREET, Parlours, April 31st, 18—.

Mrs. Smallchange is not actuated, nor is Mr. S., by pecuniary considerations. Mrs. Smallchange will give her daughter to any man who will fondly cherish her.

[No. 5.]

— STREET, First-floor, April 31st, 18—.

Mr. Pluffers acknowledges Mrs. Smallchange's second favour of the 31st inst., and begs to intimate, in reply, that he is prepared fondly to cherish Miss Smallchange. He therefore hopes for an early and favourable answer to his application. Mr. P. also begs to inform Mrs. S. that he has not tasted food since the morning, nor will he do so till an answer in some degree final has reached him on a subject nearly concerning—as mentioned in first letter—Mr. P.'s peace of mind.

[No. 6.]

— STREET, Parlours, April 31st, 18—.

Mrs. Smallchange is of opinion, and so is Mr. S., that Mr. Pluffers' last letter is, in many respects, a satisfactory one; and Mrs. S. strongly recommends him to get some dinner immediately, as she can give Mr. P. no more conclusive answer than this just at present.

With this reply, which somewhat raises his hopes, Mr. Pluffers is obliged to be, for the present, satisfied, and proceeds to swallow as much tepid Irish-stew as he can conveniently get down.

Some idea may be formed from the letters which we have quoted above of the nature of Mr. Pluffers' courtship. Two or three times a day his fate was altered; and, as Miss Anna was perfectly passive in the matter, and declined to interfere with her destiny, it seems probable that if Mrs. Smallchange had not been goaded into decision at last by the superior indecision of Mr. S., the wedding-day would never have been fixed at all.

Mr. and Mrs. Smallchange were sitting in their parlour on the eve of the day which it had been settled should at last put a period to the sufferings of the unfortunate Mr. Pluffers. They had had a leg of mutton for dinner, which had been half boiled and half roasted, being indebted for this singular form of cookery (which caused the twenty-third cook to give instant warning) to doubts which had arisen in Mrs. Smallchange's mind as to the best mode of preparing the joint in question—doubts which had resulted in favour of the roasting process, only, unhappily, when the mutton had been some hour and a-half in the boiling water. They were sitting there, and digesting this cheerful meal as rapidly as might be, when the following startling conversation took place:

"My dear," said Mr. Smallchange, "is this wedding really to take place?"

"Well, I suppose, it must now, Mr. Smallchange," replied the lady.

Here there was a short pause, and Miss Anna, who was making wedding favours, looked up for a moment, and then went on with her task.

"My dear," Mr. Smallchange recommenced, "I am not at all sure that I like this match. Isn't Mr. Pluffers much older than Anna?"

"Why, of course he is," said Mrs. Smallchange. "Have you only just discovered that?" (Mr. Pluffers was fifty-five if he was a day.)

"It never struck me before," said Mr. Smallchange, meditatively. "Well, you know that will never do. Can't anything be done to stop it?"

"Why, how CAN anything be done now?" replied Mrs. S., "all the preparations are made, and the people invited for to-morrow."

"And the thing must really go on, then?" asked Mr. Smallchange, helplessly.

"Not if you disapprove of it, Mr. Smallchange," replied the lady. The chronic indecision was beginning to work in HER now.

"Not if you disapprove of it."

"O! it isn't exactly that I disapprove of it, you know," Mr. Smallchange answered; I should be very sorry to say that I disapproved of it."

"Whether you say it or not, I am quite sure that you do disapprove of it," said Mrs. Smallchange, "and under those circumstances, I cannot but feel that it is my duty—averse as I am to unsettle what has once been decided on—to put a stop to this ill-assorted union. O, dear me!" continued the good lady, plaintively, "why did we ever go and decide that such a wedding should take place?"

"O, dear me," echoed Mr. Smallchange.

"At all events," said Mrs. Smallchange, valorously, "I am determined that it shall not come off to-morrow."

At this moment Miss Anna, having just completed a favour, proceeded to place it in the basket along with the others, and taking a new supply of ribbon began to make a fresh one.

"My dear," said her excellent mama, perceiving this, "you needn't make any more favours."

"Very well, mama," replied the young lady, cheerfully.

"Have you not heard," continued Mrs. Smallchange, "that your papa and I have decided that the wedding is not to take place?"

"Yes, mama."

"Then why, my dear, do you go on with the favours?"

"Because, mama, I thought perhaps you might alter your minds about it."

"No, Anna, no; I never alter my mind. Mr. Smallchange does, it is true; but tell me, my child, I suppose you have no objection to this change of affairs?"

"O, no, mama," replied this dutiful girl; "but what's to become of the favours, and my wedding-dress, and the breakfast which is all prepared?"

"Why, my dear," replied Mrs. Smallchange, "with regard to the favours and the dress, there's no telling how soon you may want them yet, and they will keep well enough; and as to the breakfast, as the things are all cold, I think it would be a very nice plan to pack them up in a hamper, and go and have a pic-nic, to-morrow, at Hampton Court."

"Or Richmond," suggested Mr. Smallchange.

"Yes; or Kew," said Mrs. Smallchange.

"Or, perhaps, Chiswick—"

"At all events," interrupted Mrs. Smallchange, "we'll go somewhere, and then we shall be out of the way; and the carriage which was to have taken us to church will just do; and then Mr. Pluffers will have time to cool down a little before we meet; and the people who are asked to the breakfast must be told when they come that unavoidable circumstances—yes that's the expression—have compelled us to postpone the marriage, and so," continued this excellent lady, quite in spirits at a reprieve from the necessity of taking so decided a step as had been contemplated on the morrow; "and so we shall have time to think what is to be done next."

"Poor Mr. Pluffers," said pretty Miss Anna, complacently. "what will he say when he hears of all this?"

"At all events," said Mrs. Smallchange, as she lit her bedroom candle; "at all events—we'll sleep upon it."

Now Mr. Pluffers, upon the wedding-day being settled, had, as a matter of etiquette, been incontinently hustled out of the house; and, upon the eve of the day in question, especially had been forbidden to show his nose on any pretence whatsoever. A practice which I am told, must be ever observed on such occasions, on pain of an infringement of all the canons of decency and propriety. It happened, therefore, that the excellent gentleman was all this time in happy ignorance of the changes which were going on in his destiny, and spent the evening in trying to get on a pair of white gloves which were several sizes too small for him, and in learning the whole of the marriage service (the clergyman's part included) by heart.

The next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Smallchange, manifesting a most unusual decision, of character, perhaps because it was exercised in carrying out an act of indecision, found themselves still bent upon putting a stop to the wedding. So, when the coach which had been hired to convey the whole party to church, where they were to meet the bridegroom, arrived, the hamper was hoisted in, and closely followed by the whole of the Smallchange family. And the last thing that was seen of them that day by my in-

formant (cook, number twenty-four) was at the corner of the street, where every member of the family—including the youngest child, who might be about three years old—leant out of the window in turns, to give the coachman contrary directions.

The methodical Mr. Pluffers was at the church punctually at fifteen minutes past eleven, which was the appointed hour. Here he remained till ten minutes to twelve, passing the time in polite but incoherent conversation with the clergyman and clerk, and in reading from beginning to end the epitaphs on the different monumental tablets with which the walls of the edifice were decorated. It is indeed doubtful in the last degree whether these mural biographies conveyed any very distinct idea to his distracted mind beyond a vague and general feeling of wonder as to how it happened that, though all people who die are possessed of the whole of the cardinal virtues, and every quality calculated to make them unexceptionable members of society, and faultless in all the relations of life, there yet happen to be here and there one or two very unpleasant people in the world.

At ten minutes to twelve, it being evident that something must have happened, Mr. Pluffers left the church, and rushed with delirious haste to the abode of the faithless Miss Anna. But to tell of the effect upon this injured gentleman of the disappearance of the bride, and upon the invited guests of the disappearance of the breakfast, would be to harrow unnecessarily the feelings of the reader, who yet, if he insists upon having his sensibilities thus lacerated, is hereby referred for a more powerful description of such a scene than the present writer could furnish, to any one of those paragraphs which appear (during the autumn season of the year) in the different provincial newspapers, and which are usually headed, Singular Scene at a Wedding.

Whether the excellent Mr. Pluffers was ultimately made happy by the possession of Miss Anna's hand, I am unable to affirm with certainty, but rumours have reached me to the effect that one morning, after it had been definitely and finally settled overnight by Mr. and Mrs. Smallchange, that they never would or could part with their eldest daughter during the term of their natural lives,—I have heard it vaguely rumoured, I say, that the next morning the whole party adjourned to the parish church, and that, at the conclusion of the ceremony which converted Miss Anna Smallchange into Mrs. Pluffers, and during which Mr. Pluffers had, from his accurate knowledge of the service, caused considerable confusion by putting his oar in in parts of the ritual in which the voice of the officiating clergyman ought alone to have been heard,—it was at the conclusion of the ceremony, that Mr. Smallchange was heard

to whisper to Mrs. Smallchange as they left the building: "I suppose nothing could be done to stop it now?"

UP AND DOWN THE GIRALDA.

THERE were but a few hours left to me in Seville, and I had to go to the government cigar manufactory and to ascend the Moorish tower of the Giralda.

I was anxious to see the cigar-making, because smoking is so pre-eminently a Spanish national habit, and this manufacturing palace is the well-spring of Spanish smoking. All the tobacco comes from Cadiz. Cadiz, the bright Venice of Iberia, is the depot of the Havannah leaf, and its quays are heaped up with the dry, scented, brown-veined leaves which contain that precious soothing balm to the worn and sorrowful, which the Spaniard loves so well to extract and turn to vapour in the red crucible of a pipe-bowl. In all places Spaniards smoke; whether they be fruit-sellers sitting beside their green and golden pyramid of melons; whether a butcher, grand over his gilt and painted scales; whether a bare-breasted porter asleep with his rough head resting, like wandering Jacob, on a seaside rock; whether tight-coated custom-house officials, or lovers clinging at midnight to the grating that shuts in a mistress; whether on mule, in boat, in vineyard, pepper-picking, or grape-treading; the Spaniard smokes, as if he were born for that special purpose and for no other.

I had traversed over and over the fashionable walks on the bank of the Guadalquivir, where tides of carriages roll between shores of dusty trees. I knew the old Alameda, with its faded palaces now inn-yards, and its benches where peasants sit and smoke and gossip till the star-lamps are lit all at once by the celestial lamplighters, and the streets of Heaven outshine the streets of earth. I had wandered all round the five miles of yellow battlemented walls, and walked in and out of the unwatched gates. I had mused as is expected of one, in the Prado de San Sebastian, where the Inquisition once lighted its fires, and where good men were translated to the other world on fiery wings, while princes, bishops, courtiers, jesters, wits, and ladies, in a circumambient tide of cloth of gold and jewelled silks, looked on, chattering and fun-playing. The naked gipsy children and the beggar gamblers, I had seen and sketched.

Now, I skulk from the intolerant sun, walking along the dark rivulet of shadow on the left-hand side of the street. Not far from the gate of San Fernando, I find the tobacco manufactory, whose vast roofs—for there are twenty eight court-yard squares in this one cincture of walls—cover a hideous jumble of passages, cloisters, terraced inclosures, and factory halls, the work of a Dutch projector

in seventeen hundred and fifty-seven. It has a moat, and has been, in its time, fortified against the Carlists although its yellow stucco does not appear so much as pitted with shot. I see nothing of the four thousand cigar-makers of Seville as I go into the porter's lodge, where two or three idle, seedy, lounging warders drone away the hot hours; but I wait in that dingy guard-room while one of the pauper warders goes to some still idler superior with my card. The only visible thing in the room is an almanac, dead and ante-dated, with a catherine wheel cobweb spun over its face; and on the window-sill which looks into the court-yard, is the invariable Arab water-jar, placed ready for the stranger or chance-comer, be he king or peasant, friend or dun. It is of the usual dirty white kid-glove colour, and is now, as I raise it to my thirsty lips, empty; all but a mocking drop that trickles gratefully on my tongue. I pronounce a blessing on the last drinker, which puts me in a right state of mind to wait ten long Spanish minutes for my messenger who, at last, returns, and leads me off down purgatorial passages, playing the Virgil to my Dante.

I first go through courts where splashing fountains toss about silver prodigally over their octagonal marble basins and circumjacent court-yard stones; which it renders luminously and transparently wet. I see, everywhere, empty piles of square packing-cases of this precious weed. I enter the low, dark, shady cellar-rooms, on the ground-floor, where the celebrated rappee snuff—the snuff that, in Louis the Fourteenth books and in the Spectator and Tatler period, was called The Spanish, par excellence. This is the snuff which, put as a joke in his wine, killed the wit and verse-maker Santeuil. This was the irritating scented dust that was the special luxury of the clergy of this priest-haunted city in the good old times, when bands of black shovel-hats filled the city squares and public places. Here are brown snuff-coloured men tinting the black chocolate-like powder with ochrous earth from the seaport of Carthage. I look like a mad apothecary who has covered himself with his own drugs; for my black coat is covered with the rhubarb-coloured dust, and I grow snuffier than the snuffiest canon that ever drewled a mass. The guide tells me that snuffing, in the old times, was more common than smoking. I have no respect for the habit; so I sneeze loudly in protest, passing it off as the infirmity of a stranger. There they go on, those brown old men, chopping the leaves ready for grinding on huge oak blocks, which are yellow and dusty. There are scuppers and troughs full of the black treacherous powder, and there are vats of black treacle, with sticky bubbles rising to the surface, in which some of the tobacco is steeped and glued together. The men, I observe, seem working more like careless soldiers engaged on public works,

than ordinary disciplined workmen in a great national factory.

In other courts and rooms which I pass through (following Virgil, who is, I think, anxious to get to dinner, yet is not a refuser of a peseta, or shilling) they are sawing deal planks for boxes, knocking together huge packing-cases, and burning in certain letters which form the government brand. In corners of the courts, under shelter of porticoes, or drying in loose shuffling heaps on the leaden roofs, high above the city, lies the tobacco. There, are the great spear-headed leaves, dry, dark brown, and fragrant, piled in great sacrificial altar-heaps: all brought, I suppose, from that mountain of tobacco I saw gathered together, amid shattered wrecks of scented Havannah packing-cases, in the moat-like court of the government store at Cadiz, fresh from the holds of West Indian ships.

The cigarreras, or female cigar-makers, three or four thousand in number, are the special curiosities of the Seville tobacco factory. They pass me by twos and threes, laughing and chatting, bare-footed or griset-tishly shod, in every court and passage. They are the Murillo women, the city Dulcineas, and are a sect and caste of themselves, employed here in slowly toiling through their annual task of making two millions of pounds of cigars. These are the women whose sires perished in the fires of the Inquisition, in the bull-ring, and the Moorish battle-field. Knife, guitar, and cigar, they handle well. What a clack and Babel of jarring tongues there is as I enter the chief hall! where some two thousand of these loose-clad matrons and damsels are seated in vis-à-vis groups at long low oval tables! Their bare arms and necks seem as of unbaked clay, moist and yellow. The nimbleness with which that woman with the red handkerchief tied over her head and under her chin, furls up the brown leaf into a twisted tube is something near a miracle. She has her little brown child in a rude cradle by her side. The cradle is on rollers, and she rolls them with her foot while her hands twirl the cigar leaves. The little Pedro is firm asleep on its back, with its little fists cataleptical in the air. It has nothing particular on, but a little ridiculous dirty white shirt; and round its fat roll of a neck dangles an ivory ring, which, I suppose, does as well for dental purposes as a coral radish mounted in silver. A bowl of paste is on our matron's table. With this she fastens that little nipple of the cigar which smokers bite off as they would a fruit-stalk. On shelves above her, are bundles of finished cigars, brown and fluted like so many Pandean-pipes cut into lengths. I do not see round them those pleasant soft crimson and yellow silk bands which one sees in London tobaccoists' windows; so, I suppose those are added as a finishing off and final bloom.

But I must mention, only to show that I

had eyes, and saw what could be seen, that our matron Caterina was not satisfied with the double and onerous task of rolling government cigars and rocking the dormant Pedro; she was also dining; and her frugal dinner of clouded yellow grapes, greasy to the eye, salt-fish, and white cakey bread were lying by her on the table, which was rather dirtier than the floor.

It required a family man's assurance to face those files of hungry, impudent, defiant, wicked quizzing black eyes; still, I do not know that I felt much the worse for them. So I went on to other rooms, all full of mischievous chattering girls, brimful of fun, and loading white cigarette tubes or rolling those brown Havannah leaves, so crisp and fragrant. They form a pleasant gipsy encampment as you take them, in a coup d'œil, from one end of the hall, with their red and yellow head-cloths, strange coloured turbans and impromptu coquetish draperies twisted and bound round their coarse, full-blooded faces. We see no more the old mantilla that the ancient cigarrera wore, and which was an Eastern sort of disguise, such as you still see in the half Moorish town of Tarifa. It was crossed over the face and bosom, and was a provoking, enticing, love-making article of dress.

I leave these young Jezebels to slander, scandal, love confidences, and general happy chatter, and pace on, following Virgil through a train of more courts and anterooms; where hags nurse children and cook dinners over red, glowing charcoal. There were groups eating, playing at dominoes, and there were children who seemed merely waiting for their sisters or mothers. There were stony-faced crones, Macbeth witches, with throats a pucker of yellow wrinkles—like the folding part of a pair of bellows—sitting sibyl-like, waiting for I know not what. And so, passing by more coffin-rows of empty presses, and piles of brown autumn tobacco-leaves, and talked at by more wandering troops of cigar girls, I break my way into the torrid street, and bear towards the Giralda, which, mast-like (as Ford, ever quick at similes, says), rises from the brown-burnt sea of roofs, an eternal monument of the Pyramid builders and their bygone faith.

On my way, I meet and fraternise with Fortywinks, the great traveller; a puffy, red-faced man, with blue shorn chin and bushy moustachios. I met him yesterday at the table d'hôte, and, finding him intent on a book about Spain, kept making signals of friendship to him with the downward turned decanter.

Fortywinks has round staring eyes, prominent and projecting with eager observing; he is dry about the lips with over-much talking; he is one of the most voluble, enthusiastic, self-satisfied noodles that ever devoted himself to investigating the manners of a country. His mind seems filled with

the trivialities of travel. He jabbars about Fonda Madrids, Fonda Europas, Fonda la Regnas, Posadas, and Ventas. He knows the price of everything, and exactly how many bottles of Manzanilla (six) it takes to fill your travelling bota (or leather bag). He is something between a hagsman, a chevalier d'industrie in his noviceate, and a military officer. He smiles at ladies at the table d'hôte, whispers you, Did you ever see so fascinating a brunette? stares at her hard, colours the colour of pickled cabbage when she looks at him casually on her way to a slice of melon, plunges into knots of conversation, talks bad French and worse Spanish, laments to men in loud voice the stupid prejudices of my countrymen, who never find Spaniards—as he has found them—courteous, affable, hospitable, intellectual, tolerant, generous, and liberal. Fortywinks is the strangest and most inconsequential man I ever met. He came to me wonderfully, and disappeared wonderfully. He was by turns condescending and overbearing. He supposed I was laughing at him; he was sorry to find Englishmen so unsociable; he was sometimes ashamed to own them as countrymen. Then, in the middle of a string of recommendations of the guides in the last city he was in, he would plunge again headlong into distant Spanish conversations down the table, gesticulating, apologising, making sham jokes and feeble theorems, then bowing and scowling until I really trembled for his wits, till I found on examination he was born without them. His name he would not give me, but hinted that it was known, and of weight. I found it by tracking through the visitor's book, and asking the waiter, who had looked at his trunk. Whether he was an impostor or a fool, I never quite decided.

If I go to Grenada, says Fortywinks, I must waste no time, but at once ask for Ben-saken. Without Ben-saken, I shall see nothing. He, Fortywinks, without Ben-saken, would have seen nothing. You walk about in that wonderful, most wonderful city, and see perhaps a coat of arms over a door; says Ben-saken, that coat of arms, Monsieur, was put by the Duke of Medina Coeli, in fifteen hundred and eighty-six,—the first of April, fifteen hundred and eighty-six. So he goes on—wonderful! Perhaps I thought the age of adventures past? Not a bit of it. Had I heard of the hotel falling, in the Calle Frances, Madrid? No? Was astonished. He was there. Some one building next door had gradually undermined the foundations of the hotel. Middle of the night awoke: floor sloping: slipped on his stockings, threw his carpet-bag out of window, ran down, found the stairs full of ladies in their night-dresses, ran out, looked back one street off, and saw the hotel fall to the ground. Was not that an adventure? That was nothing. Had I been the night-journey to Grenada? Such a conveyance!

Market-cart—mere market-cart; no sleep; jolt, jostle, bump, jog.

But, now we are at the Giralda, the great Moorish tower of beauty, with its frescoed walls: the sharp square of keen brick, with the stucco peeling off, as the stone tunic is peeling off the Pyramids. We look at it from all sides. We have seen it illuminated at night, rising a starry pinnacle to the blue heaven. We have seen it a centre-point, in the hot silent Spanish noons, for the sun to burn. We want to see the Moorish tower of prayer now from above, and from the airy summit where the falcons build and circle, to look down on the Arab river, and the great mob of brown-roofed houses, convents (now factories), and Renaissance-foliated palaces, all girdled in by five miles of crumbling walls, where the aloe bristles, and the bramble crawls, and twines its thorny chains round its purple fruit. We want to see the relative position of the noble, and the gipsies' quarter; the relative preponderance of the mediæval Roman, and Moorish cities; of Abou-Yoosof-Yacoub's city and that of Columbus or Charles the Fifth.

So I and Fortywinks—disregarded the yellow flower-stalk pinnacles, countless as the alpine peaks of the cathedral that supplanted the mosque of the Faithful, the doors netted round and banded over by stone tracery, the guardian porter saints who heed neither the righteous nor the sinner who enter, the Pharisee priest, or the publican muleteer—push on past the stone terraces and broken Roman pillars chained together in a rude jailor way that surround the church, and enter the enclosure leading to this stupendous tower; which, in Fortywinks's humble opinion, "if he may be considered to be in a position to assert it," shoots up like a rocket into a region of beauty unknown to all other European or Oriental towers. We walk round the fifty feet of sharp close stuccoed brick, that form one of its sides, and reach the lower guard-room, where the curator resides. The curator is a tight-jerked man, with a great bunch of keys at his girdle, like the jailor in a play. His face is one of those dry, brown Spanish faces, with eyes smouldering with quiet fire, a surly mouth and a slow articulation. Evidently, if there is one thing he hates more than another, it is going up those seventy inclined planes to the bell-turret of the Giralda. There is also an old crone, who mumbles prayers to herself, and is rubbing, with other purposes than Aladdin's, one of those old Roman lamps that the Andalusian peasantry and the poor people of Rome still use. (It was just like those found at Pompeii, and still used throughout Naples. It went up in a square brass stalk, with a base below to rest on, and a ring above for the finger; half way down came the boat-shaped oil chamber, with three spouts for wicks.) Brushing the room with a bundle of peacocks'

feathers of faded emerald and other jewel colours, moves a brisk, black-eyed Immaculata, or Juanna, giving furtive attention to a handsome young muleteer lounging at the door in the "promiscuous," desperately accidental way peculiar to lovers. This full-bodied, agile girl, is the sister of the celebrated Campinila, or Daughter of the Giralda, at present the best public dancer in Seville,—a pantheress at the Bolero, a leopardess at the Cachuca, a snake in the Fandango, and a flying angel in everything else. A sort of superstition connects her with this old Moorish-painted tower, as the dream of Victor Hugo's does Esmeralda with the twin towers of Notre Dame. She was born in it; perhaps will come back a faded old woman, tired of the pumps and gawds of the world, to die in it, and be tolled for at last by her old friend, the big bell La Gorda, which daily announces to the pious of Seville the Angelus Domini and the Ave Maria—the beginning and end of the religious man's day.

Up I go through several dark passages, and small colt's-foot arches, and begin to ascend the ramps, as the short inclined planes are called, that, with the Moors, superseded stairs. Every ramp is numbered just over its entrance arch, and stands off at an acute angle from its predecessor. We are going up three hundred and fifty feet, as high as the Campanile at Venice, up to the bronze figure of Faith with the labarum banner that crowns the highest summit, as it has done ever since the wise monks put it there—two thousand pounds of it, to shift with every breeze—in fifteen hundred and sixty-eight.

At every fresh slope of ascent we pause, to let the echo of our tramping feet die away, and look down the giddy precipice height through the simple Moorish window-loops with the two colts-hoof openings, clinging by the central slender shaft of dark marble or amber alabaster. It was from this slender outer balcony, frail, but beautiful as the open side-work of a lady's casket, that the green-turbaned Cadi used, in his white and crimson robes, to address the rolling, troublous sea of turbans, when the silver clarions, mentioned in the old Cid ballads, had sounded, and the Atabal bell-staffs and Moorish drums had beaten and jingled noisily to order silence.

"By Jove," says Fortywinks, who always speaks in a controversial way, "don't you call this beautiful? Talk of Bow Church?"

I hadn't said a word about Bow Church, or its mean, tight little balcony hanging over its stormy street. I hadn't denied the beauty of the Tower of Prayer; nor the sanctity of Justina and Rufina, the sainted potter's daughters, whom Murillo painted from live potter's daughters, and who are supposed still miraculously to defend this tower: being indeed seen as late as July, eighteen hundred and forty-three, when they caught some

of Espartero's cannon-shot, just as an Eton long stop would catch a spinning cricket-ball.

Right—left—up, up—tramp, tramp—tramp, tramp. There is no prospect to turn and admire, as elderly gentlemen do when they are blown going up hill, and want to mop their foreheads; and I am not going to stop at Fortywinks's desire—though I think he wants to stop, for I hear him puffing and panting like an over-walked poodle, just turning 54 ramp; 57, 58, 59, 60: another horse-shoe window, giddier still to look down: 61, 62, 63. The curator goes sulkily on, cursing his fortune, looking on himself as a vexed, and personally ill-treated Spaniard. "Bad enough," I think I hear him saying, "to show the tiresome old tower, that seems to me to grow higher every day, as I get older—worrying enough, to show it, I say again, to real Castillians, and the 'well-boiled' Majo; but to foreigners, and, above all, Englishmen—bah!" and he curses us in the name of the false prophet and all his gods, who helped the Moslem to build this hateful tower.

All this time I, like Gallio, "caring for none of these things," and knowing that, English or not, he will pocket our shillings, tramp up the stone slopes, thinking of the outside of the fair tower, with its circled pilarets and the rope net-work of quatre-foiled and pierced tracery encircling its precious surface. Far behind I hear Fortywinks, groaning, and calling out, "I say, old fellow, how much more of it?" and "Isn't it a way up?" I think of the figured shadows that play and wanton about its dark-eyed loops. I think of the fading frescoes, with their dim red and yellow saints, fading off, as if really the intense blood-and-bone Mohammedanism of the building were too much for them. I think of the running scrolls of thorny flower-leaves that twine round the spandrels of the window arches, that from below look so small,—mere swallows' nests of shady balconies up against the great brick world of a tower. Fortywinks, at last catching me, insists on reading from his red Guide-book "as how" the tower was Mueddin, or a Prayer Tower, for the old mosque that stood below. It was built in eleven hundred and ninety-six, in our early Norman king's days, by Abou Joseph Jacob, who added it as a crown to the great mosque his father had built, in imitation of the forest of pillars, one at Cordova still existing. The father was the wise Sultan who threw a bridge of boats across the muddy river, who completed the walling of the city, repaired the old Roman aqueduct, and built wharves for the Moorish Sevilleans. Jaber, a Moorish architect built it as well as sister edifices at Morocco and Rabat; built them to be nearer Heaven, to worship Allah, and observe the stars, in the year of the Hegira, five hundred and ninety-three (eleven hundred and ninety-six.) On the summit he

placed four brazen apples, cast by an Arab alchemist of Sicily, costing fifty thousand pounds, and which were, in thirteen hundred and ninety-five, thrown down by an earthquake, such as has just been felt in Seville since my visit. It was here (to purge ourselves of the intolerable torment of facts and dates) that in our Henry the Third's reign, San Fernando took the city finally from the Moors, a Scottish knight first ascended the Giralda, and proclaimed the conquest, just as Cardinal Mendoza did from the bell-tower of the Alhambra. Fortywinks is a painfully inquiring man.

Higher and higher: curator, longing to throw us out of a loop; but, by strong screwings up, contriving to be sullenly civil. Suddenly drags us into a sort of cupboard-room, unlocks a door in the wall, and shows us with the proud triumph of a Beafeater showing the regalia to a group of country people, a clock made by José Cordero in seventeen hundred and sixty-four—the greatest lion of Seville—but which replaced a curious old jotter of Time's breathings, date fourteen hundred, the first ever made in Spain. I, having no mechanical head, see nothing but a skeleton world of shining brass wheels, indented cogs, steel weights, and shining metal surfaces. Fortywinks sees no more in it, though I know he really believes, that, if he gave his mind seriously to it, he could invent a new steam-engine. The curator scowls at us as two brainless, atheistic idiots, and shuts the clock-case, with a contemptuous bang, giving us a look as if he had struck us: which Fortywinks returns with a grand glance of austere defiance. Already we are above the old Moorish shields of the tower; those last square loops in the roof light the last tier of the Moorish brickwork; and now, passing a walled passage, which outside is arched with pointed engrailed arches, go through a door and come out on the airy and lofty bell turret; the last height but one that we can get to below the high globe on which the Italian figure of Faith stands. Above our heads is the roof, with the parapet crowned by stone globes and urns and carved bells, and, at the four corners the huge Iron Lilies, four or five feet high, which are attributes of the Virgin, the guardian and special deity of Seville. From this again, rise the four lessening pierced turrets, which nobody but the builders have ever ascended.

But, in the bell turret, we are in a semi-dark covered passage, built round the core of the roots of the upper tower, lighted on each of the four sides by five long arched loops for bells. Here the Mueddin once summoned the faithful to prayers, crying with sonorous voice, "Come to prayer—come to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep—prayer is better than sleep"—and then the short battle-creed, "La allah illaha, wa Mahmud rasool ullah!"—"There is but one God, and Mohammed is his pro-

phet." Here, where the hawks wheel and whistle, are the baptised bells, the names of their particular saints inscribed over them. I read Saint Barbara, Saint Peter, and Santa Maria. Each bell has a special purpose as well as a special name. This bell is for marriage, that bell for death, this for fire, that for baptism. I think of Schiller as I read their names, and wonder at the worthy patriarch of them, La Gorda (the fat one.)

I should mention that the Spanish bell-ringing is (like the Italian) only a jostling clash and clamour, without regard to time, chime, sequence, or harmony. It is merely meant to scare the devil during thunder, to invite rain, and frighten goblins—which I should think it might well do. The large mouthed, loud voiced bells are hung on great green cross-beams of wood, with a counterbalance rising from them in a straight line with the bell. To the top of these counterweights, the bell-rope is fastened; so that when the ringer wants to sound, he twists the rope round and round this, till all the rope is wound out. Once at the end of the tether away it goes back again, the bell tumbling head over heels with a clatter enough to waken the Cid. Sometimes, when the bell is large, these lazy bunglers simply tie a rope to the clapper, and so beat out their sacred music.

As I am staring about, in a helpless traveller way, at the suspended bells above my head, a sadder and stranger object than even that fantastic fiction, Quasimodo, comes through a door-way towards us, in a blank purposeless way, apparently to ring the bell of the hour, for it is just noon. He is a lean, shambling, pale stripling, perhaps twenty, but not looking more than seventeen: so puny and faded in his youth. As he approaches nearer to the great bell, I see, by the way he feels the walls with his hands, as well as—now he comes nearer—by the dimness and pulpiness of his eyes, that he is blind. This is poor Diego, the blind idiot, who is the bell-ringer of the Giralda. Poor and blind, he loves the bells like his own brothers, and has names for all of them. He knows all their tricks and all their voices: chiding, warning, loving, wooing, praying, summoning, or alarming. He likes to be up there when there is lightning; and he spends hours there on summer evenings high above the flocks of brown burnt roofs; which he calls his sheep. He comes there too to cower from the fierce deluge rain of the south.

Mercy of Heaven! see him now, how he springs up in that high arch under the big bell, and winds the cord round the counterweight; how he throws himself at the rope, and plunges almost through the loop, laughing vacantly as the great bell tosses and tumbles and clamours above his head! It is terrible to see the strong recoil of the rope, as each stroke all but sucks him through the opening, more than two hundred feet to the stones below. I put my

head out under the bells to reconnoitre, and Fortywinks, to match me, does the same in the next loop. The result of my look is, that I am in a cloistered turret, just above the beautiful Moorish arcade that seems so much Mechlin lace turned to stone. Above this small corbel ledge runs a sort of band of inlaid panel, in small patterned squares and triangles, very pleasant to the eye. From this, spring the five long-arched loops on each side of the square,

Where the bells rock, swing, and sway,
In their merry wanton way.
Swinging in and swinging out,
With a clamour and a shout,
One and two, and one and two—
Clashing, clashing, brazen crashing.
With a tumult and a sound,
From the belfry to the ground.
Over roof and over tower;
With a maddened swelling power.
As if stern old Sultan Time,
Growing weary of the chime,
Were despotically intent
On his final message sent,
Crying with a savage clamour,
As he smites with brazen hammer.
Through the heat and through the gloom,
With mechanic voice of doom,
Careless as the headsman be,
Of the blow that sets us free—
“One-more-day-is-dead-and-gone—
One-more-day-is-dead-and-gone.”

Having well noted the dark level of the two side loops, and the beautiful ribbed cornice of the central doorway, the broad cornice above, with the dark and white lozenges of stonework, and the pierced roundels which are mouth pieces for the bell music to pour out of—now unable to bear any longer the sight of Diego, who makes me giddy by throwing himself suicidally at the bell-cords, apparently trying to hang himself, and plunge head foremost over the battlements at the same time—I mount the inner staircase, whose stone steps are scooped out by generations of feet, and get out into the breezier air of the highest terrace of the Tower of Prayer, though the lessening peaks go soaring eighty or ninety feet still above me. I am now up close to the green iron tree-lies, fixed in huge Domdaniel iron jars, pierced with stars, and mounted on stone pyramids of bells. I can now, which is a satisfaction, put my hand on the stone spheres and hollow urns or lanterns, that crown the parapet. Below these, when I glance over, I see a panelling of dark marked bands and small pediments crowning the greater bell-arches below, from which worn heads of guardian saints look out, like men who are alarmed at night by a sudden cry of fire—or like quiet people who thought they had gone to bed at an inn, but awoke suddenly in the night discovering it to be a belfry. Behind me rises the mysterious, unvisitable lesser turret, topped

by a balustraded parapet, fairer than all the minarets of Seville. Fortywinks utters nothing but the singular interjection, “Scissars!” at minute-gun intervals.

As my eye travels up still further, it sees a smaller turret rising from the last I described. It is hollow, and supported on paralleled square shafts which force it up to the round cornice, and the square sharp ledges, bearing in great Roman letters the scriptural legend from the Proverbs, xviii. 10, *Nomen Domini fortissima turris*, “God’s name is a strong tower (of defence).” A beautiful consecration of it to God’s services by the monkish builder. Yet, here it does not stop—no. The monk half way up to heaven, stayed but to carve his prayer. Up soars a smaller and finer turret—up like a flower just shot from its cup and sheath of leaves; up beyond the stone urns and pierced filagree scroll-work, which give the Giralda the look of one of those gothic font-covers, or rich pinnaced tabernacle, wrought by Venetian goldsmiths, who prayed and struggled as they worked. Again, from the round cable-girding and base of moulding, rises, with fresh aspiration, another hollow turret from the rim of vases; another, small as the poop-lantern of an admiral’s ship, a mere airy cradle for the whistling falcon to swoop round, and to watch its young in. From the stone cup of this—not larger does it look than my hat—rises a coping of filagree work, then a shimmering globe, that looks no larger than a gilt bolus, and on this at last balances the great Italian bronze figure of La Fé (Faith) just as it was set there in fifteen hundred and sixty-eight, by Bartolemè Morel. From my high terrace of vantage it looks no larger than a chimney-ornament; but, in truth, it weighs, with its banner, five thousand pounds, and though only a weathercock, is fourteen feet high—in fact, preposterously colossal.

This female weathercock figure of Faith is a stock butt for the wits of Seville. A female figure of Faith, say they, and not merely a female figure, which might have been pardonable, but a weathercock figure for what should be fixed and immutable as the sure set mountain! Protestants think it suitable to the perpetual changes and contrivances of the church, whose popes cancel each other’s deeds; who throw off perpetual fresh sects and heresies, and call them new monastic orders; who, if the age is cruel, are cruel; if merciful, are merciful; who—condemn new truths, yet resuscitate old errors; who have turned Christianity into a republic and eke a despotism; whose vicegerent is supported by foreign swords and bayonets. Even old, fat, studious canons, nestled in cathedral closes, have their pot shot at it and quote Seneca: “What is more unstable than air?—Lightning. What than lightning?—Fame. What than fame?—Woman. What than

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A JOURNEY IN KAFIRLAND.

I KNOW not whether Nature intended me for a traveller, but Fortune has sent me wandering to and fro upon the earth; of all her behests, I think that was the most unconscionable, which despatched me in a bullock-wagon from the Cape colony to Natal.

What a journey it proved! And to complete its difficulties, my sister and her little girl accompanied me, or rather, I accompanied them, for it was on their account that the journey was undertaken. My sister's husband having been appointed Kafir Agent at Natal, she was anxious to join him there, and like all Cape residents, preferring a wagon to a ship, she undertook the journey by land, appointing me escort.

It was my first essay in wagon travelling, and I felt somewhat embarrassed as I stumbled into my place in the huge unwieldy vehicle, in the rear of fourteen brick-red oxen, with a cow of the same martial complexion hovering along the ranks. The driver cracked his long whip, the leader shouted, and off we started to a tune of jolts, to which our unsprung conveyance continued to treat us with innumerable variations, according to the capabilities of the ground.

But it bore us safely on, over roads such as I had never even imagined, across wild tracts of country, through dark wooded valleys where we scarce could force our way, and up steep rocky defiles, aglow with the crimson and amber blossoms of the aloë. When night came, the wagon was our house—at least it afforded a comfortable shelter to my sister and her child, and a nook for her little Africander maid; while the Hottentots slept beneath it, and the oxen were tethered, like a body-guard, around it. I was ensconced by myself in a little tent beside the fire. My sister said my quarters were the best of any, but I greatly doubt it, for more than once I found a snake coiled up beneath my pillow, or a centipede stretched beside me; the red ants, too, paid me domiciliary visits; and if it rained, a gully was sure to take the direction of my bed and flood it. Yet, in spite of these disagreeables, I soon began to enjoy the journey; the air was so clear, the country so varied and beautiful, and our mode of travelling gave us so much leisure to admire it, and to

profit by the rare botanical treasures which surrounded us.

As we went on, the few farmhouses we had at first passed, disappeared, and the country became lovelier and wilder. The silence, too, of those vast solitudes grew almost oppressive, and we all spoke gently, as though we feared to break it, save our merry little Birdie; her joyous laughter, and sweet childish songs, rang through the arches of the dim old woods.

For some four weeks we continued our journey under the guidance of Hans, our little Hottentot baboon-faced driver, and I often marvelled at the facility with which he pursued his way unerringly over vast trackless flats, through whole labyrinths of kloofs, and between ever-recurring chains of mountains. But in the fifth week I fancied there was an uncertainty in his movements, and before the conclusion of that week he admitted that he had somehow lost the clue, and did not know where we were.

This was indeed bad news, especially to one so ignorant as I was how to better it; and though reproach was useless, I could not help reproaching Hans for having brought us into such a dilemma. But I was speedily interrupted by my sister bursting into a passion of tears at the alarming thought of being lost in the wide wilderness; while Birdie's tears and cries that she should never more see her dear papa, added to her mother's distress. I tried to comfort them by the assurance that we would soon find our way out; but what I said mattered little, for the noisy grief of the Africander girl—who had left none behind, and had none to go to—completely overpowered my eloquence, and her mistress was compelled to calm herself to soothe her.

The remainder of the day was passed, as might be expected, in great despondency. Poor Hans was overwhelmed with distress, and sat miserably crouching by the fire, with tears rolling over his cheeks, and unheeding the schemes we were endeavouring to devise for our extrication. At length Jan, the leader, who had once before travelled to Natal, suggested that by following the north-east direction, to which he pointed, we might be able to recover the road, or if not, might meet Kafirs who could direct us. This plan was too great

an improvement on any of our own to need discussion, and with the earliest dawn we hopefully recommenced our journey.

For two days we travelled in the proposed direction, but on the third there appeared before us, faintly traced against the bright blue sky, a range of mountainous hills, whose nobly varied outline struck out into bold spurs, or shot up into lofty peaks with pale rocky summits, which, polished by the storms of ages, shone in the African sunshine almost like snow. The admiration with which we gazed on them was, however, considerably diminished by Hans's announcement that he feared our path would lie across them, for that they evidently extended too far east and west for us to travel round. On the succeeding day, when we encamped at noon, he went forward to seek among these hills for any practicable track for the wagon.

In the evening he returned, with a tolerably favourable report, and the following morning we began the ascent. Long and toilsome it proved. The road was rugged beyond all previous experience, full of rocks and deep gullies, with now and then a chasm which the oxen had to leap. I had followed the wagon up on foot, and when I saw the sloping hill-sides, slippery water-courses, and boulder-strewn defiles, along which it was pitching and tossing like an unwieldy ship in a heavy sea, I became alarmed for the safety of its passengers, and took them out.

At length we reached the highest point of the ascent, which was also its most difficult part, as the only path it afforded swept round a precipitous ledge, jutting out from a spur of the mountain. With much cracking of Hans's broddingnagian whip, and many loud cries of warning and encouragement, the timid oxen were persuaded to follow their leader along the slippery narrow shelf, which afforded them an uncertain footing, and granted hardly six inches grace to the wagon wheels.

But, the oxen struggled bravely with their difficulties, terrified though they evidently were by a huge beetling cliff which overhung the path, and was so lightly poised, that it seemed as if a crack of our driver's whip might send it hurtling down upon us. It held its ground, however, glooming darker, heavier, and closer upon us as we proceeded, until at the farther end it hung down like a portcullis, but a few feet above us—fewer than we had imagined, for when our wagon essayed to pass beneath, it struck its tent violently against the rock. The shock caused it to swerve a few inches on the slippery ledge, but those inches were all-important. With scarcely a jerk it slid over the edge, hung for a moment in the air, the fore-wheel quickly followed, and then the wagon rolled heavily over the precipice,ragging rapidly down in its train, two by

two, the unfortunate and struggling oxen, which none had power to save.

It was a horrible sight, the vain efforts of the poor animals to retain their footing, as they where swept resistlessly down, and their wild, despairing eyes, as they felt themselves hurried to destruction. Then our ears were filled with the din of splintering branches and crashing timber, as the heavy mass crushed down trees, and struck against rocks, in its swift descent. Then the echoes caught up the sounds, throwing them back from peak to peak with tenfold force, until at length they passed away in low, faint moans, like the last suffering utterances of our poor oxen. When all was again silent, we knelt and looked over the ledge; and there, dimly visible at the bottom of a deep chasm, intermingled with branches and stones, lay a shattered heap which had once been our wagon and oxen.

The magnitude of this fresh misfortune almost overwhelmed us. Alone in the midst of a vast wilderness, without conveyance, without food, without arms to kill the wild animals or goods to barter with the Kafirs in exchange for cattle; without clothing or shelter, without any of the requirements of civilised beings. This presented an appalling prospect, especially with young and feeble charges such as mine were. Remembering my sister's distress when we lost our way, I expected that she would be quite overpowered by this new calamity with its long train of certain evils. But, if there was a spark of heroism among us, it certainly glowed in her bosom, in that hour of extreme trial. Hers were the first words of thanksgiving for our preserved lives, hers the first words of hope to cheer us, and hers the first and best advice—that we should travel on, on foot, in the direction we were going, trusting that, before our strength was exhausted, we should reach some Kafir kraal, where we might obtain assistance, or else that we might recover the road, and be overtaken by some traveller or trader. And, when we again resumed our journey, a forlorn party of foot-travellers, my sister walked bravely on after Hans, clasping the hand of her precious Birdie, who travelled in my arms, while Jan (the cow), and the Africander girl brought up the rear; the latter with such heavy sighings and groanings, that I think the echoes must have helped her.

Just as we started, the leader gave a shout of joy. We looked round in surprise, to learn that he had discovered among the bushes a little iron pot, which had fallen from the front of the wagon. It seemed to me, then, a small matter for congratulation; but many a time afterwards had we cause to prize it; for, during the remainder of our journey, it was our sole culinary utensil, as well as our milk-pail and water-can.

It was hard work, scrambling down steep rocky descents, through tangled jungles, and

across rapid rivers; by evening we were utterly exhausted, especially my sister, who was so weary that she was glad to lie down on a pile of dried grass, beside the glowing fire, regardless that she had no shelter from the night dews save a bush, and no food save a little milk, and some elephant cabbage stewed in our iron pot.

Fortunately for us the air was calm and mild. The perfume of the flowers hung balmily on the night air, and the glorious constellations of the south shone down on us through the clear atmosphere, as if to raise our thoughts above earth and its cares. Later in the evening, I lay down near my sister and niece, to watch their slumbers; but I was soon faster asleep than they, and did not awake until my sister laid her hand upon my arm, in great alarm, whispering me to listen to a horrid yelling laugh or scream which sounded close to us. Lying on the ground, along which the sound reverberated, she had not recognised the well-known cry of the hyena.

Soon after, the moaning bark of the jackall wailed round our little camp, and farther off the roar of the leopard echoed through the arches of the woods. Gradually these sounds multiplied, and were repeated on every side, until it seemed as if the whole plain were alive with beasts of prey. Never during the whole of our journey had the wild animals been so numerous or so near; and though I knew our often replenished fire was held to be a sufficient safeguard, yet, with my dear ones lying upon the ground, the near neighbourhood of the wild beasts terrified me; not daring to trust myself to lie down again, I sat watching while the Southern Cross glided athwart the sky, and until it was lost in the haze of dawn, when the savage night-wanderers crept back to their lairs, and all was once more silent.

By sunrise we were astir, for it was needful to travel early and late, to avoid the burning heat of noon. We had feared that want of food would have been added to our other trials; but that was mercifully spared us, for the plains proved so full of hares and partridges that we killed them with stones and knobbed sticks. Hans also found an old rusty assegai, which he sharpened against a stone; when night came, he and the leader stole out with it into the darkness and in two hours returned with a buck, which they had surprised and slain.

Thus passed the first day of our foot travels; four similar days followed; with each we grew more weary, and on the fifth we were compelled to stop, that my sister might rest.

A few days more brought us to a green savannah, plentifully intersected by the spoor of cattle, which assured us that we were not far from some kraal; a few more hours brought us in sight of a cluster of gigantic ant-hills dotting a slope leading

down to a little river. A savage-looking horde came out to gaze at us; tall, muscular black men, clad in skins, burly black women, similarly attired; and innumerable children, unincumbered with clothing. Nor was our own appearance particularly civilised, for we were tanned, toil-worn, and travel-stained; our clothing was torn and discoloured, and its defects made good with hare skins—sometimes pinned on with the long sharp thorns of the mimosa, at others sewn by the slender supply of thread which chanced to be in my sister's pocket; our shoes were worn out; and their place supplied by veldt schoen, or brogues made of undressed buckskin.

The people among whom we now were, though they had before seen white traders, had never beheld a white woman, and they were perfectly enchanted with my sister and her little one. Despite all our hardships, my sister's hair fell round her face in long brown ringlets, and Birdie's little head was covered with waves of gold. These adornments were the especial admiration of all the Kafir women, and before evening every one in the kraal was busily engaged in pulling and tugging at her own hirsute wool, and bedaubing it with sheep-tail oil, in the hope of soon becoming the happy possessor of glossy ringlets. Their efforts certainly effected a considerable change in their appearance, for their congregated heads resembled a flock of fantail pigeons in mourning more than any other objects in creation.

The Kafirs—between whom and us Hans stood interpreter—received us kindly, expressing much noisy sympathy with our misfortunes, interspersed with witty observations which sent the whole community into roars of laughter. They made us presents of maize and thick milk, for which they begged my waistcoat buttons, and they offered us a hut to sleep in; but we had reasons for declining this civility, and contenting ourselves with our usual bush shelter.

My greatest anxiety was to obtain horses to lighten the remainder of our journey, but the Kafirs either could not, or would not, spare us any. However, after a long and pompous speech from the chief, in which he expressed his sorrow for our many disasters, his joy that we were again following the right path, and his wish to aid us on our journey, this man of vast herds concluded by bestowing on us, expressly as gifts, two indifferent pack-oxen. And never did crafty trader exact a larger recompense for his goods than this mighty chief did; for, under wily excuses and pretences, he stripped us of every available article he discovered us to possess: from my chain and seals, with which I had hoped to purchase horses (Hans had hidden my watch, or it would have shared the same fate), down to the glittering steel pins which fastened my sister's shawl.

We had still some few articles of jewellery

which had escaped the keen eye of the chief, and as milk and maize could be obtained in exchange for them, we resolved to remain a few days to recruit. The day after our arrival, a Kafir was struck down insensible by a kick from an ox. Like most men who go wandering about the world, I had some little knowledge of surgery, and taking a lancet from my pocket I bled him, and restored him to consciousness.

Never was fame equal to that which I acquired by this achievement; Jack's beanstalk was a slow grower compared to it, and a luxuriant bay-tree would scarce have yielded sufficient wreaths for my head. Within an hour I was beset by a swarm of miserable objects—the halt, maimed, and blind of a horde of savages—all vociferously demanding to be cured. Most of these applicants were beyond my aid, and only to very few of them was I able to afford any relief; yet not one of my patients went away dissatisfied, for the worst among them fancied my expression of powerlessness to be a spell of sovereign efficacy.

Then followed a bevy of invalid quadrupeds, respecting whose ills I was too ignorant to offer any opinion; but that did not dishearten my Kafir public, who presently raised me to the honours of necromancy. During the week of our stay, I was constantly importuned to avert the evil eye, make rain, restore blighted maize, and perform a hundred other magnificent impossibilities.

Many also came to entreat my evil offices in casting malignant spells upon their enemies, and (strong proof of the revengefulness of the Kafir character), these last were the only class who offered remuneration; when their suit was denied they left me in such fierce indignation that, had an evil eye been really capable of inflicting suffering, I should have been the most wretched creature about the kraal.

When we again resumed our journey it was in improved health and spirits, as well as in much better style, for my sister and her little girl rode together on the sheepskin saddle of one of our pack-oxen; while the other carried, by turns, the remainder of the party. But, however these new acquaintances might lighten our journey, they were certainly far from smoothing it, for never in my life did I get such a shaking as our horned steeds administered to us as they stumped leisurely along at their usual jolting walk, breaking occasionally into a playful, grotesque trot, that taught us practically what rough-riding was. A day or two's travel subdued these exuberances, and we became used to the pace, and matters progressed more satisfactorily.

After leaving the kraal we followed the rout pointed out by the Kafirs, as leading towards Natal, and we soon found that it brought us into a wilder and more sandy region than any we had hitherto traversed. As we proceeded, it became almost bare of

trees, the few it possessed being too sparsely leaved for shelter; the game also became scarcer, and its place had to be supplied by ostriches' eggs, for which we groped in the sand.

Another great trouble now befell us in the loss of our cow. She had gone out to graze with the other cattle, and when Hans went to drive them in, she was not to be found. Search was made for her in every direction, but no traces of her were to be seen. Hans maintained that the Kafirs had followed us and stolen her, because she was of a valuable fatherland breed, and that they had cunningly effaced both their own spoor and hers. However that might be, we never saw her again, and her loss was greatly felt, especially on account of the poor little child, already condemned to such hardships and privations.

It seemed as if rain had not gladdened this land for months; every day it grew more barren and arid, and the ponds along our way fewer and smaller, until, on the fourth day, they disappeared altogether, and ostrich eggs were no longer to be found. All the sufferings of our past journey dwindled to shadows, compared with those we endured that day, as we toiled over an immense plain, whose pale glittering sand was scarce tinted by the spare wiry grass that grew among it, and exposed to the full glare of an African sun, without a breath of air to cool our burning temples, or a drop of water to moisten our parched lips—utterly worn out and exhausted, yet compelled to drag our weary limbs along, by the knowledge that to pause where we were, was certain death. The land before us was so arid that we knew that the ponds, which might be on our way, were hourly evaporating in the burning atmosphere. It seemed as if Death in one of its most fearful forms, were pressing close upon us. The poor oxen bowed mournfully, as if they could hear his coming footsteps.

Night fell sultry and unrefreshing, and still we crept on, though our exhaustion was now so great that we would, I believe, have willingly sunk down and died. Throughout the miserable day no murmur of complaint was heard. Even little Birdie laid her weary golden head on her mother's breast, and prepared, uncomplainingly, to yield up her dawning life.

The moon rose over the dreary landscape, changing it as if by enchantment into a fairy scene, as the glittering sand reflected the moon-rays, and filled the air with a silvery haze that shed softness and beauty around. But it brought no breath of cooler air, nor flashed out any gleam of water to gladden our fading eyes. More slowly—more despairingly than ever—we crept on. Silence had fallen upon us; even the oxen had ceased to do more than pant, when one suddenly lifting up his head, uttered a long wistful low.

"He smells water!" cried Hans, clasping his hands with a weak tremulous joy. "O, let him lead us to it!"

With renewed energy the animals sped on for a time, followed by the now hopeful travellers, until they paused at the brow of a deep ravine. But, no water was to be seen; we only looked down on a carpet of the richest verdure. The animals at once stooped their heads to meet it, and with a tempered expression of joy, the Hottentots threw themselves upon it, and began to pluck and eat the juicy though flavorless fruit of the Hottentot-fig. The next moment we were eating them too, and poor and despised though they are, they were the means of saving our lives.

An unlimited supply was spread out before us, and most heartily both we and the oxen ate of them—we even plucked and chewed, without injury, the cool succulent leaves, which, growing among sand, are yet filled with such abundant moisture as to render them a true traveller's joy in the desert. With the necessity for exertion the last remnant of our strength deserted us, and, seeking no shelter, we sank down on the ground and slept soundly until morning.

Hottentot-figs continued to grow in patches along our path; then, ground cherries, with their tart amber fruit, were added to our fare; lastly we came to water. Though the first draughts we obtained were green and stagnant, we drank eagerly.

After this, our journey lay through a more fertile country, and we recurred to the old order of march. But, it was strange to observe how the sufferings of those few terrible days had altered us, and, though we no longer wanted food or water, we did not improve in appearance. Above all, it was fearful to look on little Birdie, with her small face withered and wrinkled like that of old age. Many times as I looked at her I thought that, after all her hardships, our Birdie's hours were numbered, and the tears that stole down her mother's sunburnt cheeks told that these were her thoughts also.

At length, Birdie's weakness could no longer bear the motion of the oxen, or even to be carried in our arms, and sorrowfully we laid her down to die, without one comfort to assuage the sufferings, or smooth the grave-ward passage of the beloved child. That very day as we watched by her, an unusual sound broke through the stillness which had now become habitual to us—it was the report of a gun, and we sent out our Hottentots to discover who had fired.

Then came aid, and hope, and joy. We were nearer Natal than we had believed, and that shot was fired by the husband and father, whose wife and child were at so disastrous a pass. He was out on a shooting excursion with friends, little guessing the straits to which those dearest to his heart were reduced; and thus his wagon was at hand to receive them, and its many

comforts aided in staying the flight of Birdie's gentle spirit.

I remained at Natal only long enough to see Birdie restored to health and to her former childish beauty; then, availing myself of a cutter returning to the colony, I took a passage in her. And though all the prophecies respecting heavy winds, and heavier seas, among which she would toss like a cork, came true, I infinitely preferred encountering them, to again risking the chances of a journey overland.

THE CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

LIFE IN LIGHTLANDS.

LIFE in Lightlands! Life in a stupid country parish, with probably not more than a dozen well educated people in it, why there can't be any life there at all,—worth mentioning. The notion of life in Russia may be crushing; of life in India, just now, exciting; of life at the North Pole full of freezing interest; but life in Lightlands must be simply a bore.

Really and truly, however, it is no such thing to earnest-hearted Englishmen and Englishwomen. Will any one tell me that there is no life in Lightlands, when morning after morning scores and scores of labouring people are abroad there, in all seasons, and in all weathers, harnessing horses to the team, speeding the plough across the upland, driving the harrow in the valley, cutting the corn in harvest fields, labouring with the scythe among the hay, sowing the seed of our daily bread, before one of the lazy dwellers in towns has opened a shutter?

And is there nothing interesting about these our toiling home-born brothers, beyond the mere general knowledge that they are labouring people doing what they are set to do, living and dying at their posts, and being succeeded by others who pass away, as they do, almost imperceptibly, leaving behind them only a dim unread record of a name and a date in a rusty parish register? Does no one care to know how they lived and how they died? Is the manner of eating rice in China, or beefsteaks among the Galla tribe, of greater importance?

The mention of beefsteaks suggests to my mind that it might be curious to consider how it comes about that beef, in any shape, or animal food generally, is not eaten among English laborers except on rare occasions, such as Christmas-time, or harvest-time. Only I am afraid the speculation, however curious, might turn out a troublesome one, too long and too deep for the purpose of a short paper like this; so I will leave it alone.

But I have not done with my questions yet, and I want to know whether it may not be considered that there is a little life in Lightlands on a Saturday afternoon, when dozens and dozens of women and children may be seen making their way up and down the village street with baskets empty and baskets

laden, with babies and umbrellas, in wet weather and dry weather alike, as they pour in and out of the general shop, where old Mr. Snuffles stands behind the counter waiting upon them, and calling them all Ma'am, as he would his best customers, regardless of old scores yet unpaid, and of new scores always running up? And is there nothing interesting in watching their various faces, variously expressive of eagerness, patience, sorrow, happiness, carelessness, thrift, some fresh but more toil-worn, as they execute their several little matters of business, and lay in their scanty stores for weekly consumption?

Unskilled in the art of what is termed commanding the countenance, the outlines of their little stories are mostly written in their faces, and he who knows anything of their lives may easily fill them up and read them.

That tall thin woman, with the blank face and full basket, has a very long bill with Snuffles, and a sick child at home; and the basket-lid won't shut down over the oranges, groats, tea, sugar, candles, black-lead, matches, scrub-brush and soap, that will "all perish with the using," and can't be made to accommodate themselves to circumstances.

That flaunting, tawdry, gay-ribboned young woman, who looks as if she hadn't a care, has quite as heavy a bill with Snuffles as her tall thin neighbour; but she makes light of it, as she does of every trouble in life, and as, it is to be feared, she does of her toiling husband, her young baby, and herself.

That trim tidy little body, in high pattens—for pattens linger still in nooks and corners of Lightlands—pays up regularly, being a shepherd's and not a labourer's wife, and is naturally Mr. Snuffles' favourite customer, as she was my favourite neighbour among the poor around me—she is Mrs. Appleby—and she may be seen any Saturday afternoon, at four o'clock, precisely, trotting down to shop, either in those highest of pattens, or the neatest of shoes, according to the weather.

That bent worn old woman, in the stiff cardboard covered bonnet, of shape unconvertible to existing or pre-existing fashion of whatsoever date, is on parish allowance, and finds it hard work to screw out of it enough to defray the cost of her weekly half ounce of snuff: which she takes secretly, as fearful that the "House," through the relieving-officer, may take cognisance thereof, and, not undertaking to furnish luxuries, may stop her pay.

That slight pale middle-aged woman, with a heavy basket on one arm and a heavier baby on the other, and the next baby to that, toiling after her under a great green umbrella, is the careful care-worn mother of four more children, and the wife of a soured, sullen, discontented labourer, made so by constantly adding to his family, and never adding to his income; which will not stretch to that desira-

ble point at which the two ends can be made to meet; consequently, he and his landlord, or he and the miller, or he and the shoemaker, are always getting on the reverse of good terms.

Snuffles alone stands his friend; but Snuffles is everybody's friend in the parish, and mine among the number. Quaint, shrewd, but thoroughly good-natured, I have often wondered what the poor of Lightlands would do without him, or without some such another general shop-keeper in his stead; for the truth is, that Mr. Snuffles, although scrupulous to a half-penny worth of tobacco in making out the weekly bills of his customers, will always give trust. Of course he frequently makes bad debts by so constantly listening to the necessitous cry of, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all;" but, somehow, he has always contrived to live at the old village-shop, and his compassion may one day help him to live elsewhere.

I have frequently dived into that little old shop of his, and—sitting in the midst of a bower of brushes, short and long and Turks'-heads diversified with clogs, pattens, candles, dust-pans, waistcoat-pieces, kettles, comforters, apron-pieces, children's shoes, men's hats, and iron spoons, with other matters too numerous to mention—have held long and interesting conversations with Mr. Snuffles.

In reference to Mrs. Hodge, the discontented labourer's wife, I once said:

"Mr. Snuffles, I am sure Hodge is in debt, and I am afraid your bill will never get paid."

"I keep a careful account, ma'am," answered Snuffles, "and if ever Hodge can, I know he will, pay me."

"Hodge's employers—for he has had several—don't speak well of him, Mr. Snuffles; they say he is a troublesome, surly fellow, never content with his wages."

"Mrs. Turnover, ma'am," said Snuffles; "no labourer with a wife and six children ever was contented, that I have had any conversation with; unless he has become so stupefied with trying to do what can't be done, that he gets past discontent, and gives it up; or unless he was a man, muddle-headed from the beginning, with not sufficient ideas to feel contented or discontented."

"Goodness, Mr. Snuffles!" I exclaimed, with a smile, "I didn't know you were a Radical!"

"No more I am, ma'am," replied the old man, drawing himself up. "For Queen and Country," is all I know about politics, and all I care. But that don't prevent me from seeing and knowing that the labourers work very hard, and don't get paid in proportion."

"They certainly do work hard," I assented, "nobody will, or can, deny that; but people say, if they managed better, they might do very well indeed—might not only live, but save."

"If I thought so, ma'am," said Snaffles, "I wouldn't give trust as I do. But I know better. I wish I didn't. I don't say but what they might manage better than they do; but how is anybody to expect them to try, try, when, after all their trying, they will only come a step or two further on the right road, without being able anyhow to reach the end of it? A man must have a good hope, ma'am, or he can't do anything; and, as things are, he can't never hardly look forward to anything better, after all his life and all his labour, than to die at last and be buried under the name of a pauper!"

At this point of the conversation, sensible that it would have shocked and outraged all the magnates in Lightlands, especially the churchwardens, and feeling besides, that it was getting dangerously political, in spite of the old man's loyal and sound professions of opinion, I made an opportunity of bidding him good morning. Yet, after living some years at Lightlands, I am afraid I became almost as heretical as Snaffles himself.

Late one November afternoon, as I was coming out of Mrs. Appleby's cottage, I was astonished by the appearance of a long ragged string of strange semi-civilised looking beings, anomalously clad in sun-bonnets, fustian coats, draggled petticoats, and buskins, advancing in irregular file up the muddy village street. Being new to Lightlands then, I was puzzled to make out whether they were men, women, or gipsies. Tidy little Mrs. Appleby did not enlighten my mind much, when I asked what or which they were, by replying,

"O, no! That's the gang, ma'am."

"The gang!" I repeated; "then they are gipsies, only they don't look nearly as picturesque or as pretty."

Mrs. Appleby smiled at my ignorance, and said again:

"O, no, ma'am! that's the gang come home from work. They ha' been toppin' and tailin' all day, and nice, clean, tidy work that is for labourin' people's wives and daughters, all in the drizzlin' rain, too!"

Mrs. Appleby spoke indignantly, and I began to have a dawning perception what she meant by a gang—it is a term used in the Lightlands district (and elsewhere, I am told,) to denominate the rough, coarse, unhousewifely looking band of women employed in field labour.

Mrs. Appleby, who was invariably called Mrs. Applepie by her neighbours, and who, when I asked her whether that was her real name, smiled and said:

"O, dear no, ma'am! only t'sound suffin' like it, and t'don't singeryf."

Mrs. Appleby looked so utterly unlike the rough women then passing by her door—she in her cleanly print gown and neat cap, her smooth pretty hair, and bright wholesome face, which always gave one the

notion that it had been scoured every day, like her floors, kettles and saucepans—they, in their slovenly, slouched huddle of motley garments, bespattered with mire and dirt, which, in half unsexing, wholly disguised, them—that I could not reconcile to myself the idea of her ever making one among the wretched looking gang. Something proudly she answered my hesitating question as to whether she ever went out to field work?

"Never, ma'am! My John wouldn't like to see his wife at such work. let alone all that belong to it. And, to tell you the truth, I shouldn't hardly know how to feel if he did, for I wasn't brought up to it. One good thing, he ain't azactly a labourer—a shepherd's a little better, you know, ma'am—so, please God, as long as he keep his place, which I ain't no fear on at the present, I shan't be obliged to go out to work."

"I hope you never will," I answered. "I never saw a gang before, but I don't like the look of one."

Here our little conversation ended; but the matter remained long in my thoughts, and my subsequent experience respecting it, and the conclusions that resulted from them, never induced me to like the look of a gang any better than at first.

I once remarked upon the subject to old Mr. Oxley one of the largest occupiers of land in the parish; but he only laughed at my notions, and said, "If I went among the poor people, I mustn't mind a little dirt. They live by the land you see, Mrs. Turnover," added the old gentleman, "and a little of the mud of it won't hurt em."

Old Mr. Oxley lives by the land too, I thought, and lives a great deal better by it than ever these poor creatures are likely to do, let them get as muddy as they may. But I did not utter this sentiment, though I could not help answering; so I began: "O! if it were only the mud, Mr. Oxley,"—when by a look from my husband, who was with me, I perceived that I was but losing my breath, while at the same time Mr. Oxley had begun to show signs of losing his temper; so, feigning not to have noticed either of these circumstances, my husband abruptly changed the conversation. Afterwards, I learnt that Mr. Oxley was the largest employer of women in all Lightlands, for the reason, that they were cheaper than men, and he did not like parting with his money: so it was not likely that my horror of gangs would meet with much sympathy from him.

As I am not at present addressing that old gentleman, perhaps I may finish what I began to say to him.

If it were only the mud which these women contract who go out to field-work, at Lightlands and other such places, it would, indeed, as Mr. Oxley said, matter but little—the picture they present might be, simply, too dirty and dreary to be agreeable—if it

were only the mere matter-of-fact, unfigurative mud! Mud, however, is of divers kinds, and is not always equally easy to wash off. Let any one chance to take shelter under the hedge of a field where the gang are at work, and so be an unwilling listener to the conversation that goes on, either among themselves—roughened, vulgarised, almost brutalised, by the very nature of their employment, so ill-suited for civilised, not to say Christian women, who should be cleanly, quiet, “keepers at home”—or, with coarse men and lads, associated with them in their toil, in whom the proper Home Influence of women has long been unfelt and unexercised; and let him say whether the gang have not contracted far more defilement than can be washed away in a whole lifetime.

To the little children, too—the little, soft, tender creatures, given us to bring up in trust for their Heavenly Father—what harm is done by this same employment of their mothers in the field! I have walked through Lightlands late and early, and these are some of the pictures I have seen presented by them day-after day, and year after year.

The day is cold and bleak—Lightlands is a bleak easterly-windy place—the cottage door is locked, but by it, crying bitterly, and blue with cold, tired with trying to play in the ungenial weather, stands a child; a little tender thing of five years old; and when I ask her, “What the matter is!” she, sobbing, says, “Mother ain’t home, and I’m so cold, and I want something to eat,”—and she sobs, sticking her cold little fingers into her heavy little eyes, more drearily than ever. Besides the cold, and her hunger, and her tears, the child is dirty, ragged, and wet, and in everything neglected.

This is one true picture; here is another.

The cottage door is not locked; so I knock, and, getting no answer, lift the latch and enter. There, huddled over the fire, I find, may be, six or seven babies of different families, ranging from four to eight years old, in dangerous companionship, with no grown person to help them or care for them. Playing, as children will play, one has a lighted stick, which it twirls, to make fiery rings and ribbons, regardless of the sparks that fall on the tinder of their shabby, unmended, unwashed, untidy little frocks; regardless, also, of the eyes of one or two younger babies, mere infants, left to these elder babies to “take care of.”

One feature is prominent in all these scenes; the feature of neglect. For suppose a case, even in which a mother puts her babies to school, as it is called—which with very young children in most country parishes, means giving them into the care of some old woman, past work herself, who is to look after them, and keep them out of mischief. The old woman, selected mostly because she undertakes to “keep children,” and not on

account of any fitness she may possess for the office, is scarcely able to take care of herself, much less the children. She sits in her chair beside the fire, little heeding what they are about; but now and then, in self-defence, as they break out into quarrelling, screaming and disorder, she rises tottering from her seat, and, bent on quelling the disturbance, without inquiring into the cause of it, administers spiteful, hasty slaps to all alike, or to as many as she can catch.

O, sad to think that the great enduring lessons taught by ever-watchful motherly love and tenderness, never can be learnt by children thus neglected! Sadder yet to think that their mothers’ care not to teach them; but, for a few more shillings at the end of the week, leave their unspeakably more precious possessions unimproved and uncultivated.

Often little Mrs. Appleby has said to me, in speaking of these neglectful mothers:

“I don’t think they’d do it, ma’am, if only their husbands got enough. Not but what I do believe, if they was to look into it, they’d find that they’d save more by stayin’ at home, than they do by goin’ out to field; for look at the sight o’ clothes, ma’am, both their own and their children’s which never do get half mended; and look at the evenin’s which their husbands would pass at home, and spend nothin’, which on the accounts of findin’ the house uncomfortable when they come home from work, they now often pass at the White Horse, and spend a deal—a deal, leastways for them.”

“True, Mrs. Appleby; I only wish they could see the matter in this light.”

“Well you see, ma’am,” Mrs. Appleby would apologise, “they get so addled and stupefied like, with always pinchin’ and pinchin’, that they seem as if they couldn’t see straight before ’em; and so when Mr. Oxley offers ’em work at eightpence or ninepence a day, they say, in the middle of their pinchin’ and strivin’, ‘Well, here’s a little more we might earn—every little is a help.’ They see that, but they can’t seem to see no further.”

With respect to the young unmarried women who go out to field labour, their fathers and mothers will tell you, that if they cannot get them out to service, there is no choice left for them but to go “into field;” and of the difficulty in obtaining situations for the daughters of labouring people, every clergyman’s wife, living in a country parish, must have had some experience. For myself, I can only say, that incessant requests about getting a place for my Betsy, or my Sally, or my Ann, have formed some of the lesser troubles of my life. For, how can one recommend to one’s friends, neighbours whose appreciation of a broom, or whose knowledge of furniture, is of the most doubtful kind? Or cooks, who, without question, have had no experience as to the roasting or boiling of

even a plain joint? Yet it must be done, sometimes, and I sometimes do it. And then I know that numbers of Betsys, Sallys, and Anns, are either breaking china, spoiling damask, ministering to indigestion, or taking away appetite in families charitable or hardy enough to have engaged them: or are deteriorating in character, and becoming utterly unfit for service, in the rough work of the fields.

MISS CICELY'S PORTRAIT.

I do believe, said Mr. Dipchurch, the steward of the Grange while doing the honors of the picture-gallery, there never came down upon God's earth a sweeter angel than that little child with her arms about the dog's neck. She was the joy of the house; and if you were ever so low-hearted, the sight of her bright face, as she danced round the lawn, or tripped down the passage, was as good a cure as a sorrowing man could desire—better, a deal, than can be found at the bottom of a tankard. I declare there was music in her merry laugh, fine music as was ever played; and a little speech of hers made heavy work come very light. Every one was glad to have her at his knee, to hear her pretty talk and prattle; and she had such coaxing ways, there was no refusing her anything. She would come to me with, "Dear, good Mr. Dipchurch" (I was under-steward then, and had charge of the bread-room,) "Dear, good Mr. Dipchurch, I want a very very big loaf for the poor woman at the gate." And though squire would not have been overpleased, as he said it encouraged rogues and trampers (which I believe it did), yet I could not resist her little ways; and she would go off with her large loaf in her arms down the avenue. She had such delight in doing of good works, that she might have been a little sister of charity; and I believe most of the pocket-money the squire took delight in giving her, she gave away to the poor people about, always getting some one to take her out. It was a pretty sight to see her going on these walks, in her straw-hat and blue cloak, her little basket on her arm, and the pet-dog following on behind. Pincher was the name of the dog—a sheep-faced, blinking, yellow-haired, long-backed creature, who was good for nothing but lying in the sun all day, and eating at all times. No one cared particularly for him; and he would have been sent away long since (shaming the house as he did,) but that he was Miss Cicely's dog. One day he came panting up the avenue with his tongue hanging out and his fore-paw broken by a stone, flying from some cruel boys of the village who had been hunting him. At the door he fell over on his side, and lay there quite dead and exhausted. It was Miss Cicely who, chanceing to come out upon the steps, took him up in her arms, cried over him, and tied up the broken paw with her own little

hands. The squire was for having him shot at once, to put the poor brute out of pain; but Miss Cicely begged so hard that they would only try—just try and save his life, that he was brought in and taken all care of, and soon after was going about quite sleek and fat. From that time out he was Miss Cicely's own dog, going with her everywhere; and very often I have seen her as you see her in that picture, sitting on the terrace, dressing his yellow neck with flowers, making frills for his sheep's face; he blinking his round eyes lazily, and letting her do much as she pleased with him. For she was a pleasant child.

Some way, I could never take much to her cousin Lady Alice, and I believe nobody about the place ever did. I fancy that same ladyship to her name went a good deal towards turning her head; for she was always talking of her family, and what a great lady her mother had been—one Donna Maria, as she told us. Which was like to be true enough, as her father was a proud man, and was said to have married a prouder lady over in Spain. He was all this time away at the wars, fighting the French, and for four or five years his daughter was left at the Grange, and brought up with Miss Cicely. It used to make us laugh sometimes to see her little airs, and the way she would walk up and down in her black lace, a red rose fixed in the side of her hair, with a fan, in the broad daylight, as she told us the Spanish dames always did. This was droll enough; but there were other points about her that came, no doubt, of that same Spanish blood, which we servants were not long in finding out. If we were long in attending to her when she called, or if she were crossed in getting what she wanted, she would toss back her head, and beat her little hands with her fan, and stamp her foot—looking so wicked all the time. The squire used to laugh at these fits, and, I believe, encouraged them unknown to himself, giving her her way in everything; but the old people would shake their heads, and prophesy that such a temper would never bring her to good. Miss Cicely, curious enough, loved her very much, doing anything to please her, and giving in to all her perverse ways, which the Lady Alice took easily enough, as if she were a young queen, and such things were only her right. But what I fancied least in her was the dislike she had to the poor limping dog—wondering how any one could take up with such a low-born cur. Often, very often, I have seen her exactly as in that picture before you, standing behind and looking down with a sort of contempt on Miss Cicely and her dog Pincher. It is a mystery to me up to this day, how she ever came by the odd notions she had. I suppose she took them from her mother's country, where, I've heard, that they are women full-grown at sixteen years old. Once, indeed,

when Miss Cicely was taken very bad with some sickness (a sickness that came only once more in her little life, and took the sweet child away along with it); once, I say, when she was lying ill, and everybody going about with blank faces and a dead-weight on their breasts, I think Lady Alice took it to heart. I saw her at the end of the long gallery, when she thought no one could see her, crying bitterly.

I think she would have died sooner than let any one see her cry, and I recollect she had picked up some story out of the old history books about a boy who had a stolen fox under his cloak, and let it eat into his flesh rather than cry out—which she said was a fine thing, a noble thing, of the boy. Heathenish, I thought it, and what you might expect from unchristian people. But the way the poor dumb brute Pincher took on and grieved was enough to shame Christian men with souls. To see him—that we had taken for a lazy, sleeping creature, with no thought but for his meals—moping, and searching, and turning up his long face to everybody, whining dismally in corners, and refusing his food, would have touched a heart of stone, and made me heartily repent having so misjudged the poor animal.

There was much jubilee, you may be sure, when Miss Cicely got over that attack. Poor squire had nearly gone distracted, and in his trouble, I do believe, vowed to build a church if she got well. Whether this was so or not, a church was begun immediately, and there it stands on the southern half of the estate, some five miles away. It might be a year after that, coming on to November—it was hard by November, for All Hallow's Eve was only a few days off—that young Mr. Richard came down to the Grange for the shooting. A fine, bold-spoken, cheery fellow, full of life and spirits, with an off-hand manner which took with every body that came near him. He was full of dash and spirit, and was bound for the great French wars then being fought. So he came down and shot and ranged over the fells, and every keeper and follower about the place, and squire himself, thought they never met with so fine a fellow. As I said, he was so ready and off-hand with the men, and in-doors, as you may well guess, the two little girls thought there was nobody far or near to match with Cousin Richard—only each liked him in a way of her own.

It was pleasant when the long evenings came on, and the lamp lighted, and the fire well raked up, and they were all sitting in this room—the squire weary with his day's hunting, and young Richard having ridden perhaps to and from Arbour Court, where he was fond of visiting—it was pleasant to see how he would draw up his chair and set to work amusing himself with the two little things. He would have them one on each side of him, and very often Miss Cicely, his

pet, upon his knee; and there she would laugh and chatter, and ask questions the whole evening. It was enough to make one laugh to see Alice's airs, and the way she tried him with her dignity and stately looks, all to let him know what a great lady she was. Then she would dress herself up in all manner of queer ways, and come in and walk up and down, with her head back, trying to attract Cousin Richard's attention, of which he would purposely take no heed, but talk and laugh with the little creature on his knee, telling her that he loved simplicity and to be always simple and natural. Until the other, having flouted to no purpose, would be ready to sit down in a corner and cry. Not that she would think of doing such a thing. She would not give him that satisfaction, but would sit and sulk the whole evening. Then he would speak to her with a kind of mock respect—calling her the grand Spanish lady, the Donna, the dark-haired Donna who had a right to queen it there on account of her high blood. "Poor little Cicely," he would say, "you have no blue blood in your veins."

Blue blood! that was his word on which she would stamp her foot and fire up, saying, she had a great Don in Spain for her uncle, who had a long, long sword, and would protect her and kill any one that insulted one of his family. At which terrible threat Mr. Richard would nearly drop from off his chair with laughter, and the squire would lift his eyes from his newspaper and laugh, too; and then she would step away out of the room, looking round on them all very wickedly. Then Miss Cicely, with tears in her eyes and putting up her hands, would beg and pray of Cousin Richard not to be so very cruel to Cousin Alice; and it would all end in Mr. Richard's going out and bringing her back with much difficulty, finding her outside the long corridor like a scared deer. She would tell him that she hated him, and always would hate him, and talk again of her Spanish uncle and his long rapier, which only made Mr. Richard laugh more and more, and say that he would be proud to meet the old Don.

Pretty much the same scene used to go forward every night, but the fact was, that for all her pettishness and talk of hating him, she was very fond of Mr. Richard. Whenever he would pretend to be angered at some of her saucy speeches, and not speak to her for a time, I could see she got troubled, and tried all manner of little tricks to bring him round again, without bringing down her pride. Once when she had marched herself out of the room into the corridor, Miss Cicely came running out after her (I was just then coming up-stairs, and so I heard it all), and putting her arms round her, said:

Come back, darling, do. Cousin Richard didn't mean what he said—I know he doesn't.

He told me so the other day. I'll run and tell him, and make him promise not to do it any more."

Well, I declare, I saw her push the sweet child from her, firing up as if she had been a woman of twenty.

"Don't speak to me in that way," she said. "I don't want your help, you poor child. I can do without it." Here came a little scornful laugh. "I dare say Cousin Richard loves me, though he doesn't set me on his knee and pet me like a baby."

With that she flounced away, leaving poor Miss Cicely standing there, with her head hanging down, and looking after her quite scared.

Would you think it? The proud little lady was jealous. It was queer, the notion of such a thing in one so young; but so it actually was, as I afterwards came to find out.

Poor Miss Cicely was sadly distressed at finding her so cold, and could not make out what was at the bottom of it; however, they were soon friends again. Meantime, Mr. Richard stayed on over a month, until his time grew very near, riding over, every day, to Arbour Court for reasons of his own. One day came down to us, as usual, Miss Cicely, to ask for her loaf, "And," said she, as soon as she came in, "dear, good Mr. Dipchurch, when I have my own large, big house, I shall have plenty of bread to give away, and you shall take care of it, and have a great room to yourself."

"I thank you, Miss Cicely," I said, "but I fancy we shall have to wait a few years before we get into the big house."

"Not so very, very long, Mr. Dipchurch," she said, putting back her yellow curls, with one of her roguish looks, "not so very long—"

"Pretty well, I think," I said. "Say ten years, at the least."

"Listen, good Mr. Dipchurch. I have such a great, little secret; oh! such a wonderful secret," she said, opening her little eyes; "but you won't tell any one?"

"Trust me, Miss Cicely, for that."

"Well," she said, "dear Cousin Richard—you know Cousin Richard?"

"Well, I think so, Miss Cicely."

"Well, dear Cousin Richard says, as soon as he comes home from the wars, that I am to be his little wife, and we are to live together in a big house."

"You don't say so," I said, pretending to open my eyes with astonishment.

"I do, I do!" she was clapping her hands and giving one of her merry laughs, "he has told me so over and over again."

"Take care," I said, "he doesn't meet with some beautiful lady in foreign parts—a handsome princess, who might fall in love with him when he was taken prisoner, and marry him for good and all."

She turned very grave and thoughtful on this.

"Do you think so really, Mr. Dipchurch?"

"Nothing more likely, Miss Cicely; these military gentlemen do it every day."

She began counting on her fingers, and looking on the ground, and then very wistfully at me.

"I must speak to Cousin Richard," she said, taking up the hem of her skirt, and plaiting it as if she were going to sew.

"I think that would be the best way," I said, looking wise. "In fact, it would be more desirable to put it off altogether until he came back."

"Do you think so?" said she again, still plaiting.

"Well," I said, "it's purely a matter of convenience, but I think it would be better. Then there's your cousin, Lady Alice, I fancy he has promised her, too."

"O, no!" said Miss Cicely; "Cousin Richard would not do that."

"Nothing more likely, Miss Cicely," I said.

She seemed wonderfully confounded at this notion, and fell to thinking it over and over. Then, putting her hands to her little head, she called out suddenly:

"O! dear Mr. Dipchurch! such a strange pain in my head! such an odd feel!"

I was frightened a bit at what she said, for you don't hear of children of her age complaining of such things, and it was in that way that she had before began. At that moment came by her Spanish cousin, looking stately, as usual. Miss Cicely runs out and stops her, putting her arms about her.

"Darling cousin," she says, "good Mr. Dipchurch tells me that Cousin Richard has promised to make you his little wife when you grow up and the wars are over—"

"And if he has?" says the Donna, looking very wickedly at her; "hasn't he the right?"

"Only," says Miss Cicely very gently, "I thought I was to be his little wife."

"You!" says Lady Alice; "you! you little little child! What, you a wife for Cousin Richard?"

"I know it," says Miss Cicely, hanging down her head; "but I thought when I grew to be tall—but you are much more beautiful!"

The Spanish Donna laughed scornfully.

"Did Cousin Richard promise you?"

"I thought so."

"Good!" says Lady Alice, getting into one of her fits; "you are a wicked, deceitful girl—don't dare to speak to me again."

She flounced away in a fury, and all the rest of that day Miss Cicely was very silent and dejected, keeping much to herself, and talking a deal to her dog Pincher. Next morning, which was a fine frosty one, with the sun shining out, she came running to me before breakfast to tell me something.

"O! Mr. Dipchurch!" she cried, "I have made up my mind" (her little mind, sweet

soul). "I thought it over in bed last night, and I have made up my mind——"

"Tell me all about it, then, Miss Cicely," I said: "but first, how is that little pain?"

"I had it a long time last night," she says, "but it is better this morning. I will give up Cousin Richard to Cousin Alice, and she shall be his little wife, and they will be very happy together. Don't you think so, good Mr. Dipchurch?"

As she said this, the sweet angel looked at me so earnestly and sadly, that I could have taken her up in my arms and cried heartily over her.

"Yes," she said, beginning again to plait the corner of her frock, "I think it will be all for the best. When Cousin Richard comes in for breakfast, I will go to him and tell him all, and that Cousin Alice is much more worthy of him."

That little pain of hers troubled me very much, and I determined to let squire know of it at once. Presently they all came in to breakfast. Squire, and Lady Alice looking haughtier than ever—all except Mr. Richard, who was out riding. Squire looked knowingly and laughed as he said he was gone over to Arbour Court—perhaps might come home to breakfast, perhaps might not—squire rather thought he would not, and looked knowing again.

He did come back then, but just as they had finished. Miss Cicely, who was at the window, called out that here was the postman on his pony, coming down the long avenue, and Cousin Richard riding beside him. Not long after, I saw him in the oak corridor, with a great open letter in his hand, and looking very troubled.

"I must go to the wars at last, Dipchurch," he says, trying to be cheerful.

"Well, sir," I said, "nothing like honour and glory: but I hope they have given you a long day?"

"Only ten days, Dipchurch," he says with a sigh, and went on muttering about a bubble to the cannon's mouth.

Then it all came out; Mr. Richard was engaged to be married to one of the young ladies over at Arbour Court, and now it was settled that they should hurry on the marriage before he went.

There was great bustle and excitement at The Grange that day. Every one about the place having the story that Mr. Richard was now going for a soldier, but was first to be married to Miss Abbott. I thought the Spanish donna, when she heard it would have bitten her lip through with rage and mortification; but she only tossed back her head as if she didn't care, and said not a word.

But for that sweet child, Miss Cicely, my heart bled and bled again. She was so grieved, and I believe took on quite as much at the idea of her cousin's mortification. But

she loved Mr. Richard so, and fretted so when he went. Not for that little notion she had first taken into her head, but because he was so free-hearted with her, and so good and kind that—but I don't like thinking of those times. She would sit on the grass as before, talking to her dog. I have heard her say, when passing softly behind her, 'You, poor Pincher, you are the only one left that I love, after papa, the only one—the only one.' This she would say over and over again, while the creature would look at her fondly, with his heavy, blinking eyes, and whine, as if he understood what she said.

Soon she began to complain of a certain weariness and heavy feeling about the head, and that first pain turned out (as I thought it was) the warning of the old sickness coming back again. Water-on-the-brain, they called it.

As I said before, I don't like thinking over those days, it gives me a dead weight on my heart, and such a choking feeling in my throat. I may as well say at once that, before a fortnight was out, the little angel was taken gently up to heaven, where, added Mr. Dipchurch, huskily, it is my firm persuasion she is now and ever-shall be world without end! From which happy country, it is also my firm belief, there never came down a purer soul.

"And Pincher, the dog?"

He went about for some days in a restless sort of fashion, looking, I think, for his little mistress, in all manner of places. I once met him coming along, in his old shambling way, through a place he never was known to be found in before: and squire met him there, too—burst out crying over him,—crying and sobbing as if his heart would break.

I had to go away, up to London, a little after that, on business, and when I came home they told me that Pincher had been found one morning under a rose-tree, which Miss Cicely herself had planted. Lying there, stretched out, his poor, white sheep's-face resting on a bed of moss which grew about the root of the tree.

CALM.

There is a time when nature sadden'd lies,

Not slumbering, but undisturb'd, in night,
Gazing aloft with all her flower'd eyes

Into the tranquil heaven's liquid light.

Then shows the distant land-escape clear and fair,

And softly thrills the lone bird's simple song;

Sere leaves float silently amid the air,

And distant sounds glide echoless along.

There is a silence falls upon the sea.

When the impassioned storm has onward swept,
As if the spirit of humanity

Had sunk in hopeful slumber as she wept.

Then scarce a crest upon the long, still waves,

In creamy foam comes bubbling o'er the shells;

Low music murmurs in the rocky coves,

And the expanse in radiant stillness dwells.

There is a calm which comes upon the heart,
Shedding a sease of holiness around;
Assuaging pain, allaying throe and smart,
And tuning all its chords to tender sound.
It is not hope, nor patience; but the soul,
Exalted, yet resigned, feels one by one
Its passions ebb, and gazing on the goal,
Breathes the unconscious prayer, "Thy will
be done!"

IDLE HOURS IN CADIZ.

I sit in my murky London chambers one of these tawny foggy days when the sky keeps changing colours, like a great sickly cameleon, and I turn over the red-edged leaves of my Spanish note-book to rub up my memory.

I find amongst other notes:

GRANADA, Monday, August—, 1858.—The string of ashy-browed galley slaves in yellow jackets, who clink in chains, sprinkled water up and down the parade on the river side, trying maliciously to splash the passers by.

Let that go.

2. THE MADHOUSE AT CARTHAGENA.—The silent officer, who had not spoken for three days, and the moaning woman with the frightened staring eyes and black dishevelled hair, who had but the night before murdered her two children.

That won't do.

3. MURILLO'S PICTURE, at the Seville Museo.—The Saint holding his own heart, red as a pin-cushion, and with a sort of Valentine dart stuck through it.

I shall deal with Murillo another day.

4. THE FIRST GLIMPSE of that great sapphire mountain of a whale that we sighted off Cape Saint Vincent, and which sent up a water rocket as a signal to us, then touched his hat, bowed, and disappeared. A phenomenon followed by a neck-and-neck somersault-race of porpoises all round our vessel, and a huge ugly drift of a shark that we fired at, spotted with blood, but could not capture.

No. I must look at my Cadiz pages, for those are what I want just now. Here they are.

CADIZ.—The perpetual dimpling of the hotel fountain pool, and the blowing in and out, light and dark, of that luminous sail in the boat I took to cross the bay. N.B. The water near the shore, of the pleasant colour of lemonade with the sun on it.

Ah! now I remember. Yes, it was after days of stormy vicissitude and Odyssean coasting of cape and promontory, rock, monastery, and hill, that a certain bright ten o'clock of an August morning (almost the very morning that Columbus in a fishing smack pushed out of the harbour at Palos) certain voices on the quarter-deck called out that they saw land. Somewhere under the light there was certainly something, as I said to Parker, who was looking quite in the wrong direction—indeed, staring hard at a salmon-coloured and irrelevant

cloud. It was more like a small luminous fog bank, or a low bar of golden-breathed vapour than land. Gradually it grew; and grew faster than the magic bean plant in the fairy story: grew, grew, from a shapeless blurred line like so much cancelled sunshine, to solid gold dross; then this purified to a finer ore, and, lastly, when we poured up, like a party of boarders hot from a tea and toast breakfast, singing snatches of nautical songs and looking up at the rigging to appear nautical, we saw the gold veil filtering off, and a real bullion pyramid of houses: in fact, A CITY lying at the water's edge waiting for our arrival. It was Cadiz; the merchant city, the sister of Havannah, the city English guns have often vomited fire at through stormy whirlwinds of crimson and sulphurous smoke. It is the wine city; the city at whose capture Elizabeth stamped her foot and cried, "Marry, well done!" The yellow glazed domes like teacups turned over by a giant to preserve some special specimen of the bigot or fanatic, is the cathedral. Those brown square walls are forts. There are the palm trees. See how they run surging into the sea like so many sharks' snouts. Those white walls are government store-houses. That great yellow building is a barrack or a hospital. How graciously the city grows and grows; sending up tower and terrace and dome cluster after cluster; till we, forgetting that it is we who are in motion, seem to see some great procession advancing and widening towards us.

An artist who had studied at Madrid told me, as an instance of the gravity and dignity of the Castilians, that he once saw in a public square in that city an itinerant dentist mounted on a horse, to whom a pain-stricken muleteer came, griping at his jaw for advice. The grave quack did not dismount; hardly stooped in his saddle; but, with one experienced far-sighted keen glance at the cavernous tooth, drew a long Toledo rapier with a curious twisted steel hilt that hung by his side, slipped the point under the muleteer's black fang, and scooped it out with a single twitch. With military precision he then wiped his sword, slipped it back into its sheath, held out his hand for the twopenny fee, touched his sombrero, and rode gravely off. I certainly never saw anything quite equal to this deed of surgery; though I did once see a quack at Florence stop his chaise in the great Castle Square and take out a man's tooth in the front seat of the vehicle, surrounded by an admiring crowd. I have indeed too seen odd sights (for instance)—a Spanish beggar on horseback, and heard a Sicilian mendicant plead that he was a marchese; but I never saw anything quite so gallant, gay, and chivalrous as the agile man in black who sprang up the vessel's side. As we let the anchor go with a crashing froth and a chinking run and jolt of the chain cable, several bright-

coloured boats whose red oars cast red reflections in the water as from flamingo's wings, approach, but first of all, like a conqueror, leaped on board this brown-faced fencing-master man; who might, for shrewd daring and gallant mien, have been a younger brother of the Don Quixote, or even third cousin twice removed of the Cid himself. He bowed to us all, and double bowed and pirouetted to the ladies, who, at these moments of approaching shore, turn out especially gay, cheerful and unruffled, though, but yesterday, wallowing victims of the sea malady.

"Good evening, sar. How you, sar, all right, sar? Love England, sar, vary big country, sar, vary good peoples, Inglis, sar, I speak Inglis vary well, sar. I half past two yar in Inglis, sar," says the young Don to our fat captain with the coffee-coloured eyes, who stands serene and indifferent at the gangway, waiting for the Custom House officer.

I stood watching the first native I had seen, admiring his nimble dancing motion: the perch-back ruffle of his shirt-front, his light cassock waistcoat, his serge paletôt and his white leghorn planter's hat with the black ribbon and sable lining. Suddenly the fat captain makes a side spring at me, puts the back of his hand to his mouth as a wall to talk behind, and, in a speaking trumpet whisper, says confidentially, "That is the biggest thief in all Cadiz!"

"What, Higgins?" says the first mate, the good man, "who carried away his funnel" when captain of an Australian steamer. "The dirtiest rascal in all Spain!"

"What's he up at now, Simmons?"

"Why, touting for the Fonda Europa—the filthy little inn by the bull-ring in Hamileet Street."

"I should like to throw him overboard: he once swindled me out of five shillings."

I might have heard further revelations; but, just at this moment, a bare-legged boy, clinging round the mast-head, has some difficulty in reeving the P. and O. flag which is to intimate our arrival. The boy scrambles about as if he was bird-nesting; but the red whip will not fling out its yard or two of scarlet thread.

"Let a man go out!" cries the captain shouting himself into a crimson apoplexy, laying the sort of contemptuous emphasis on the word man that Queen Elizabeth did when she said, "My father loved a *man*!" Out goes a man, and out goes the flag; and at this moment Higgins—Don Antonio Higgins—seeing the angry stare of the first officer at him, hastily deals out a pack of lying hotel cards, and drops like a ripe or rotten fruit precipitately into his boat which lay alongside. And, seeing his sudden retreat, a lady near me starts, and as she starts, I start, and drop myself and trunk into Higgins' boat. He was counting some shillings with a chuckle; when he had done

it, he arranged his blue-caped cloak on his left shoulder, looked up the mate's red face which hung over at the vessel's side like a full-blown rose over a black wall, and smiled deprecatingly and innocently. He now stands up and cries to him:

"You want any cigars, sar? Best Havannahs, sar!"

I will not more than epitomise my first impression on landing, of a lovely Spanish face seen through the black convent-netting of a mantilla, or of the crowds of leather-greaved and bobbed and tasselled men I passed through on my way to my hotel in the grand square. I will not stop at the reed-thatched and walled quay stalls, formed of maize stalks tied together, where hot yellow tomatoes were for sale; or where half-naked fishermen, with brass charms hanging by dirty wet strings from their brown, lean necks, sat before heaps of some rough fishes that looked like purple chestnuts in the husks. The great matted bullock-carts, with the solid wooden wheels, cumbrous and slow, shall not stop me; nor the clinking and jangle of the perpetual mule-bells; nor the crews of lateen-rigged boats lying off the harbour, with their curved and sweeping sails, white in the intense sunlight. The heaps of chick peas on the quays and the dry black kidney bean pods of the carob-trees detain me for a moment, but I push on through a crowd of lounging porters, who seem all armed with pink slices of melon and brown ringerab-shaped loaves of bread; each stamped with a sort of talisman seal. Everywhere sounds the bullying, angry cry of the water-sellers; which has an oriental flavour, and makes you feel thirsty whether you will or no.

As for my hotel, all I need say of it is, that it looked out on a public walk; was next to a nobleman's house on the one side, and to a blacksmith's shop on the other; where, through the black frame of the door, I saw all day, and half the night, the red sparks flow upward, and the great orange-coloured flame throb up and down like a living thing eager to devour. Not far off was a nunnery, and nearer, were some suspicious, thievish-looking houses, where faces were always watching me as I passed, from behind the striped mat that was flung out, tent-wise, over the strip of projecting balcony.

But I will begin with next morning; when, before breakfast, I sallied out down a side-street leading from the outer walks on the wall, into the small trellised square where the post-office stands, and where the houses have all those curious little badges of the figure of the Virgin, that may be insurance records or religious memorials, I quite forgot to ask which. How curiously the different classes still nestle together—noble and blacksmith, merchant and barber, nuns, and I do not know what—I have already mentioned. The same odd sort of country town of the seventeenth century,

mingle-mangle, characterises the appearance of the streets this blessed pure early morning; when the soft sea air fans the streets of Cadiz. In this narrow passage, where no one particularly seems stirring, there are heaps of white unslaked lime lying just as the mules have shook it down from their panniers—perhaps that very obstinate wretch of a mule I saw yesterday lie down on his back when he was struck, and kick with all his four feet at once, like a sulky boy. As for the gutter that runs down the centre of the street, it is heaped with melon rinds, cigar stumps, and dusty refuse swept out of the houses. Ah! here come the street-sweepers, with a dusty smoke, which almost hides them, heralding their approach; they bear up a lazy, bustling string, with a smoky dust before them, as of a file of skirmishers. I see they move the dust; but I much doubt if they remove it. I gaze up the bright pleasant little street at the doors, which have neat bronze pendant hands, beautifully modelled, for knockers, and look up at the green cased-in projecting windows, which are so eastern and attractive. I think that dandily-dressed young citizen behind me, who looks up, just as a white hand on the third storey opens and shuts a lattice—has come here to pay his morning devoirs, for he now kisses the tips of his fingers, a sunshine breaks out in his face, and he walks away with a quick, joyous step, “his bosom’s lord sitting lightly on his throne,” and no day-mare waiting at his door for him to mount. Talk of the nightmare! What is she to the day-mare that hides the sun from us, neighs often at our window, and will keep beating its feet impatiently upon our heart till we throw it out some sugared sop of consolation?

Now, just as I cross into the square, I cut in two a religious procession filing down the street. They are two and two, some brotherhood, in yellow and white dresses, carrying candles (to help the sun I suppose); then one miserable, drawing man, who represents the band, alone, with a blunderbuss of a bassoon tucked under his arm; and, almost last a priest, in a three-pointed black cap and a cloth of gold robe, carrying the Host under a portable canopy. Every one bows and takes off his hat, as the procession rambles carelessly by. The square I enter now is trellised round with half-dead, dusty vines, sapless and juiceless, the fruit shrivelled and withered for want of moisture. Even at this hour, in the soft growing heat, there are gossiping loungers on the benches round the square, talking over the paper of the last bull-fight at Seville. There are no listening analysing sparrows about, and I hear no crush or roll of vehicles, I see none, and hear none. The city is as quiet as the country, but more cheerful and sociable. The waiter-looking servants, in the light jean jackets, exchange civilities, proverbs, and re-

partees, as they brush about in a playful, careless, Spanish way, at their master’s doors. Even now, early as it is, if you were to go into the quiet shut-in cafés, you would find burgesses at dominoes; and as you sat at your coffee, would be pestered by the pedlars, who come in with their wares, and tease the habitués. You must observe as you get into the bright street, the Calle Ancha (Broad Street), the pleasant light emerald-green used on the balconies and window-frames and the general shine and glitter of gilding about the trellises, which seems as rich as bullion. At some of the doors are huge lions’ heads with gold rings in their mouths; though the place is but a packet station. It was once the exchange; the court yard is paved with marble; other doors are bossed with long coffin-nail bosses, and over some threshold are strongly-cut helmets and deep bitten-in coats-of-arms. High up, cutting against the sky, are the celebrated miradores—the flat-topped towers which the Cadiz merchants build for various purposes, partly to catch the air, partly to smoke and read in, and chiefly as observatories to look seawards for their home-returning argosies.

But here comes two Spanish ladies, going to early mass, with the inevitable old duenna, close, watchful, and important as the nurse in Romeo and Juliet, at their heels; for this is a country where hearts are tinder, and sparks fly dangerously about. They look, as all Spanish ladies look to English eyes, full-dressed; so that a street full of Spanish ladies at the fashionable shopping-hour looks very much like an open air ball-room. Their hair is glossy as a blackbird’s wing, soft, I daresay, to the lover’s hand as a mole’s fur. The mantilla gathers round on their shoulders in a cascade of blackness, and their black fans work and winnow in that enchanting manner which, it is said, takes seven years to learn. The Cadiz foot is a proverb: the Cadiz beauty is famous: the Spanish walk is an institution. These ladies float along; walking as Juno floats on clouds; there is no stalking tramp here, no tremendous vigorous exertion of muscles. No; there is only a gliding, divine passage, not to be accounted for by vulgar mechanical laws. Just behind these comes a mule laden with twin altars of split firewood securely corded on his panniers, and followed by an old patriarchal muleteer, who gives one the impression of Abraham going up the mountain to sacrifice Isaac. The mule (the leader of a string of others) bears a bell, as large as a coffee-pot: underneath its neck, its mane is cut into a pattern: it is branded in large letters with the owner’s name on the left flank: it wears red bunches and tufts over its blinkers, and a great red and yellow tassel over its bent forehead. No wonder, with all these badges of distinction, that it leads the train of mean and servile followers somewhat proudly; after these comes a dust-cart, with a jolting bell

stuck in its front: and after this a blind fellow playing a guitar, and led by a Murillo-like child, who always contrives to pitch for the time near a fruit-stall, where a beggar-sort of vendor peels prickly pears as quick as a fishmonger opens oysters.

The Cadiz Spaniards cling very much to their Carthaginian ancestors, to judge by the names of the Cadiz streets, which are, as in Seville, labelled Hamilcar, Hanno, Hasdrubal; just as we call our great London streets after our own great men, Bacon, Newton, Shakespeare, Cowper, Johnson, and not after mere earthworm builders or unfortunate rich men. The Spanish street names are always indeed sonorous or sacerdotal; ringing out with a processional majesty and stamp of empire: as the Street of Manuel Henriquez, or the Rua de Villalobos. Sometimes they have a mediæval solemnity and quaintness about them, as the Street of the Five Wounds, the Street of the Seven Sorrows, the Plaza Jesus-Nazaren, the Street of Saint Elmo (the sailor's saint), the Five Towers, the Rosary, the Pirates, the Doubloons, the Wine-Skins—all characteristic and suggestive names. I even bought a little cobweb-map of the ham-shaped city, and jotted down the most picturesque and national names as a warning to the nation that calls its streets King Street and William Street and Cannon Street and such insipid names. I noted the streets of Consolation, of the Three Men, of the Cross, of Saint Dimas (the penitent thief), of God's Blessing, of Calvary, of the Capucins, of the Emperor, of the Flemings, of Saint Gines, of the Apple, of Hercules (founder of Cadiz), of Saint Ines. But, these are not a whit more picturesque than those of old Paris, where there was the Street of the Armed Man; or of Naples, that has its Street of the Marble Foot; or Rome, that has its Street of Madame Lucretia and the Three Robbers; or a certain old dirty brick Babylon, that, with all its Jones Terraces and Laburnum Villas, has still some old-world nooks, fragrant with the names of Bleeding Heart Yard and Lilypot Lane, and certainly fragrant with nothing else.

Cadiz, then, has besides these older streets, its bran new squares, where the bands triumph and dominate of summer evenings, on a green-shelved scaffold, under the light of golden-flowered lamps that scorn the sharp-rayed stars cutting the blue darkness above them. This is the square of San Antonio, with low stone seats all round it—low iron-backed seats, where you sit and tip off the white column of ash from your cigar against the end of your boot, and try and look as if you saw nothing as Pedro's cheek comes so very near the brown-redness of Juanna's that you really wonder the fat, comfortable old burgess of a father, who is talking patriotism with the thin neighbour on the next seat, does not make some remark.

This is the square, where in sixteen hundred

and forty-eight (there is no doubt in Cadiz about it), the figure of the saint came down from its pedestal (in a high wind) to succour and heal some poor stricken water-carriers. Nobody can disbelieve it, for there is the clearest possible evidence (much more clear than about the Commandant's statue in Don Juan) that the saint was seen getting down from his pedestal and getting up again. Ask at any of those fizzling fry fish shops, that flame purgatorially at night, and they will tell you with any number of oaths you may require, that greater miracles have been done here than anywhere in Spain. Why there was one local saint who was not quite sure if it was right to attempt to perform a miracle, and save a mason who was falling from a scaffold in the Franciscan church; so he went home and prayed to the Virgin, and the answer came that it was right. So off he posted back to the church, expecting to find the man dead, and intending to rub him all over with the great Arab doctor Ben Hollowaway's ointment. To his wonder and delight, he found the man, by the Virgin's aid, suspended in mid-air; and he stretched out his hand and drew him back on the scaffold. This is nothing; for Saint Vincent swam down a river on a mill-stone, to which the Moors had tied him. And even this is a trifle to the miracle of Father Joseph, of the Convent of the Bleeding Heart, at Seville; for he, one burning day in July, having forgotten the dinner hour in the refectory, went out in the olive garden of the convent; and, holding a raw beefsteak in his hand, held it up to the sun, which, focussing instantly upon it, cooked it in exactly three minutes. His absurd calumniators, indeed, hating and fearing truth, and materialists to a man, go so far as shamelessly to impugn the splendour of this miracle, and to assert that the saint took the steak out with him ready cooked. But even this great proof of the triumph of our faith pales before the great and crowning proof of Christian charity given us by Brother Lorenzo, of the Minorite Convent, at Bilboa, who, one day, going into a vineyard to eat grapes and meditate alone (Nanita of the neighbouring posada of Villa Dolces, is the witness of this miracle), held out his hand, as men do, to see if it rained: at that moment, a thrush from a neighbour-pomegranate tree flew down and laid an egg in the cup of his hand, then accidentally hollowed into the shape of a nest. The holy man, praying for aid with divine patience, actually waited till the whole five eggs were laid and hatched, and the grateful bird, in the presence of Nanita and thousands of peasants, flew to the nearest fig tree, changed itself into an angel, and sung the Nunc Dimittis or Song of Simeon.

After such miracles as these, it is quite ridiculous to disbelieve the story of the statue merely coming down from its pedestal. So we Spaniards, breathing out cigar-smoke, oaths and prayers alternately, talk of the

legend, as we sit and listen at night under the illuminated clock, to the stormy, blatant military music, which makes up by marrow-bone-and-cleaver violence, for what it wants in thought, tenderness, or genius. And while I think over these things, and compare San Antonio to Cockspur Street King George, who never does anything like that, I am suddenly found out as an Englishman, by a picaroon boy, who lets out chairs and sells fusees; having found this out, he sees no reason why I should pass unnoticed and ungreeted (he has only one shoe and carries a tin pot for his money) he comes round to the back of my bench, grins at me, and says:

"*Ingles, God dam! I Ingles. How you do, sar? Very well thank you? All right: good night—you give me? Thank you—how you do—all right? Good-by, sar.*"

Before I get well rid of this little human flea, I am accosted by a neatly-dressed fellow, in white trousers and black serge great coat. He begins by following me close, slowly creeping to my left side, then ostentatiously allowing me to pass; then watching my eyes, that turn to a list of voters pasted up at the post office door; then, as if I had asked him something, saying in good broken English, nodding, and showing his teeth, as I turn round:

"*I know—I am Ingles. Born at Geeberalter, sar. Very good man, father, sar: very respectable man rather, sar. Had ten children, sar. O very good Christian man, sar. He die, sar; mother die, sar; leave me all children to subsist on. Have saretificate, sar, here. You kind charité full of; very full of, sar. Give me money, I go back to Geeberalter, sar—per l'amor de Dios—for Goddes sake! I spit blood, sar*" (here coughs violently, which is partly accounted for by a van of street sweepers, with broad cane brooms, approaching us, veiled in clouds of dust.)

I look at the certificate, and find that it declares that Balthazar de Barbate has suffered very much, has by ill events quite lost his respectability, and is now very ill-conditioned, with a pulmonary chest. I think the fellow has deserved something for following me through six streets, and, to my great subsequent regret—as I am immediately after warned against him—I give him a quarter-dollar.

But Cadiz has other scenes than its fine central street of green and gilt balconies, merchants look-out towers, pierced doors, and pillared courts where the silver of the fountain seems always trying to leap itself up into the semblance of twenty pounds worth of change, and its gardens square, broad and spacious, and fit for mantilla'd ladies, armed with black fans, and eyes that stab you through and through. There are long defiles of pleasant streets, where open air store shops try and attract you with rusty car-bines old as the age of Cortes, dinted powder-

horns, rows of scallop shell castanets, tinsel fans, broad bead combs, golden-brown strings of dried flakey fish, old shoes, necklaces, relics, and wares. Here the seamen drink aniseed and fire-water, and utter their vehement beliefs, and here country girls stop and barter and gossip. I venture through Carthaginian named passes, where no carts go, and mules seem never to trot, clink, and clatter, to wide wastes, out by the ramparts, where the sea moans and complains because it cannot swallow the earth, as it wants to, and is only allowed to gnaw and nibble at the cliff and shore.

Perhaps I will break out by some stranded looking store-houses, or deserted barracks, and come to the bull-ring, which the sea has undermined, and which will never more be safe. See the great brown Windsor stone heaps, the piles of rubbish in the crumbling amphitheatre, where bulls and men have bled, within sound of the great suffering moan of the sea, that has always, be it storm or calm, that great settled sorrow at its big heart; that dreadful dream of the Deluge; that complaint of its imprisoned genii.

It is in these sea-ward parts of the city, where the black lava-like Mediterranean dust which forms the road lies in great sifted heaps up against the stone heaps of the deserted bull-ring, inside the circus, no longer crimson with bull's blood or the gore of bronze-faced men, that you come to dreadful Spanish rookeries, where ghastly bearded ruffians, smoking in half-naked sprawling groups, scowl at you from the open doors, and where hideous leering women, in puffing white dresses, their black horsehair-looking tresses folded and looped with gold and pearl, greet you with siren whispers from under the shadowy twilight of the tent-like matting that trails over the balcony, or from the interstice of some coloured curtain that sweeps down over a mysterious window. It is in the "slums" and behind-the-scenes world of Cadiz—under these whispering windows, which seem innumerable, and besides these ruffian-guarded thieves' dens—that the strange motely masquerade of Spanish low life meets the Englishman's astonished eye. It is not on the four miles of sea ramparts, with the fire-tipped light-houses and fire-breathing forts, with their portly priests, tinsel soldiers, fantastic dandies, and ladies who seem to float on air or walk on clouds—that the traveller is to obtain his true notion of Spanish life. No: it is in the rows of naked-legged fishers for red mullets, who angle all day with their long cane rods—their backs to the fashionable promenaders—with a patience which has become proverbial, and who mutter prayers and talismanic adjurations to lure their dinner from the great, full-blooded teeming sea: it is in the blind guitar-player, whom that sweet-eyed child leads every morning to the door of the Academia de Nobles

Artes—where art starves in the old suppressed Capucin convent—where Essex (who had then his head very tight on) had his victorious quarters, and where much Canary was drunk, and many hearty English oaths were sworn.

It is in the Plaza de Mina, once the garden convent, where the monks once tended their little grave-plots of gardens between the buttresses, where the great dragon-trees and the celebrated palm grove once stood, and where now the Murillo children gnaw at melons, and wrestle, and gamble with buttons; using saints' names for adjurations. It is in the hospital, where those seven men who were stabbed the week I was there, turn groaning on their pallets, and renew their quarrels from bed to bed, till a bandage strains and breaks, and, with a gush of blood, the wailing thief, a curse on his pale lips, falls back and dies: an occasion seized by that stalwart black curly-headed wretch with no nose and ulcerous lips, to utter the appropriate proverb of his country, "When one door is shut, another is open;" by which he means, that the next birth in Cadiz will make up for the last death. Is not that hard, rattlesnake laugh hideous, that runs down the line of sick men's beds!

"Have you always this great number of knife cases?" I said, to the hard-faced doctor, who paced with me up the long hospital corridor, down which the soft sea air of Cadiz seemed to flow like an invisible and subtle liquid.

"Hombre! no; but last week the Solano wind was blowing: that sent up the mercury ball in a white thread Caramba six degrees in one night. The cursed dry heat poisoned the city, and drove the hot-bloods mad. I was up all last night, looking at knife-cuts. Hombre! You should have seen some of them. You know the first slice in a shoulder of mutton. Very well, then. By the bye have you eaten yet of any of our famous gilt head fish with tomato sauce? It is a meal fit for the Pope."

If you really want to see and feel the extreme animal misery and poverty of Spanish low life, go to the great yellow-ochre Doric Casa de Misericordia, where one thousand beggars noddle their beards daily over their messes of smoking soup. There you will see every note in the long gamut and keyboard of poverty, from the robust fisherman, who seems hammered out of steel, to the little old man shrivelled and burnt up by the sun till he looks like an Indian idol hewn out of a black-red mahogany log. There, too, are those special Spanish children, with ape-foreheads, and claws for arms, with a vacant idiot-knavery twinkling in their black beads of eyes. Spain once had its paladins and champions: its choppers-off of Moorish heads, and cleavers of Moorish hearts; but now it is peopled by padded, white-livered officers, intriguing in miserable little plots to

subvert viler men than themselves; and atheistic priests, who sneer behind the altar at the dolls they play and juggle with.

NEW PUPPETS FOR OLD ONES.

I HAVE cried out, in my time, pretty loudly against adulterations and shams; but then the shams and adulterations have always been in a different trade from my own. 'Tt is not without a struggle that I denounce the obsolete puppets used in my own craft; but it is time that their fluttering rags should be given to the winds.

First, there is the miser;—a pure creation of fancy;—an old and faithful puppet, who has amused the crowd for many centuries, though he is like nothing in the known world. I never saw his living model, nor any authentic account of its past existence; but a certain school of art required such a puppet, and he was dressed up to fill the vacant place. We gave him long, grey hair, sharp features, and eager eyes; we made him very thin, and we caused him to have a nervous twitching of the hands. We raised our patchwork idol in the market place, and we laughed with pity and scorn at the number of its worshippers. We told him to hide his money in coal-cellars and in dust-bins; we told him to visit his store with extreme caution in the dead of night; and we told him to howl like a dog when he fancied that his secret was discovered. All these things he faithfully did, not wisely, but too well; and those who looked upon him thought that avarice stood before them. No one seemed to inquire why his face was so dirty, when water and comfort were so cheap; or where he got the guinea (as he never appeared to work) which he was always adding to his store. No one ever doubted his acknowledged powers of calculation, though they saw him losing interest on his capital every hour, by hiding a small fortune in a summer-house, or a sewer.

By adding a little more dirt to his face, and making a very slight alteration in his dress, we transformed him at once to a bone-picker; and no one seemed to be aware that the same puppet still moved before their eyes. Again, when we caused him to spend his money in pictures and statues, and to gloat over these things instead of the cash which had bought them, we succeeded in deceiving ourselves, and we fully believed that the miser-puppet had given place to the enlightened patron of art.

All this time the real miser has been walking about the great world, unnoticed and undepicted. Sometimes he takes the form of a small fundholder, living in an inaccessible lodging, upon a very small portion of his annual dividends. His face is not dirty; nor are his clothes ragged; for he finds it far more profitable to be decent, like his fellow-men. He is not thin, but plump;

not nervous, but remarkably cool. He is a bachelor, of course, as families are expensive things; but he keeps a carefully brushed suit for evening dress, his plan being to dine very often at the expense of his friends. Five pounds invested with his tailor, some three years ago, have paid him a very respectable interest ever since. His omnibus-hire is not much; his cab-fare even less; for in wet weather he generally manages to secure a friendly lift. His amusements are selected from the national free list; and he has none of the small vices which eat into the heart of wealth. He is called a mean and shabby hunk by those who fancy they have caught a glimpse of his inner-life. His name was never seen as a subscriber to a charitable fund; but he is a benefactor to his country, for all that. His savings are poured into the great ocean of capital, which alone gives food and employment to the labouring mass.

Such is more like the actual miser—(sometimes male, sometimes female)—than the wild, old, moping idiot, that we have clung to so long. If we are to claim any credit as depictees of human nature as it is, it is time that we drove out the old puppet, and welcomed in the new.

The next puppet to be sacrificed is that favorite variation of the miser,—the old money-lender. We put him into a dingy office that we never saw; gave him parchments and mouldy furniture that he did not want; and we made him aged, weird, and grasping, which he never was. We caused him to affect a disregard for that business, by which he hoped to live, as if the trade of selling money was different from the trade of selling goods. We made the shopkeeper-puppet cringing and obsequious; but the money-lender puppet must be retiring and severe. We told him to say that he had no money himself, but he knew a friend in the City who had. If a wine-merchant had given such an answer to a customer, we should at once have perceived the absurdity of that. It was the old economical mistake of regarding gold as a commodity different from everything else.

We called our old money-lender puppet Sixty Per Cent.; a singular name that was based upon some vague tradition of his rates for accommodation. We were told that the usury laws had been long abolished; but we scarcely understood what our informants meant. We had been accustomed for so long to connect money with old, withered puppets, who ground the needy for their own selfish advantage, that we forgot all about the law of supply and demand, and the freedom which was open to the borrower of looking for a cheaper market.

While we have been hoisting this miserable caricature on high, the real money-lender has been plying his trade, unconscious that any banded brothers of genius have been trying to gibbet him in effigy. There is

nothing very remarkable in this, when the old puppet is compared with the living model. The latter is stout, jolly, polite, a man of the world, and not a retiring, morose hermit. He is a father of a family, an affectionate son, and a most exemplary husband. He is always anxious to do business at the market-price; properly shaved, in a clean shirt with diamond studs, and generally in a comfortable mansion. Far from being tender about asking sixty per cent., he has often demanded a hundred; and he has sometimes, on the other hand, lent money at four-and-a-half. It all resolves itself into a question of security; and the lowest rates are found to pay the best in the end. He sometimes makes a show of plate upon his dinner-table, and jewellery upon his wife and daughters at the opera, which have been left with him as substantial security for equally substantial loans. This is a weakness, not a crime; and is allowed for in the bill. Some traces of the old persecuting stigma still hang about him which have come down from the bad, dark days of the early English Jews. If he makes his mistakes—like other trades—and falls into bankruptcy, never to rise again, the old name will cling to him as he shuffles in shabby clothes along the streets, and he will be known as "that cursed money-lender" to the end of his days.

Take him with all his virtues, and with all his faults, he is still the actual money-lender of the world; and the old false puppet must be again driven out, to make way for the new one, and the true.

The next puppet to be destroyed is one that we ingeniously made by mixing the miser and the money-lender. We boldly called it a Capitalist; and the imposition was never discovered beyond the narrow limits of the class so falsely and imperfectly portrayed. We made him thin and parchment-faced, exact, methodical, cold, cautious, gloomy, and curt; tyrannical to work-people and inferiors; a grinder-down of labour; a circumventer of his brother men.

We gave him no imagination, no courage, no sympathy: and, above all, no heart. We sent him crawling about the city streets, bent double with anxiety and age. We peopled exchanges and market places with such melancholy shadows, until they became, in appearance, the abodes of the damned. We made him pace his small, dingy, counting-house, waiting for an important post, like a hungry tiger in his cage. We made his life one never ending rack, his capital a curse, his occupation a round of torment, risk, and loss. We made the line that divided him from the gambler-puppet so narrow, that a few slight touches sent him over the barrier; while a few heavier touches converted him into the forger, the felon and the suicide!

All this time the real capitalist, an open-hearted, bold, cheerful, dashing creature, has been devouring his mid-day pastry at a popular

bin-shop, or slapping his commercial connections on the back, in places where merchants most do congregate. He is not thin: he is not parchment-faced: he is scarcely cautious, and he is certainly not cold. Let him hear of a thoroughly new and adventurous investment, and it stirs his heart—for he has one—like a trumpet. He is in no way dependent on a bundle of flimsy letters, for the telegraph and other advanced contrivances supply him with the broad facts of intelligence; and his business is conducted on insurances and systems that secure him from much anxiety with regard to his ventures. His capital is only a curse to him when it lies idle at his banker's; and the occupation that gives it activity, is at once to him a pleasure and a profit. His imagination is far too rich, far too active, far too practical; as he often finds to his cost, when the palace of enterprise he has raised with his wealth, often sinks before his eyes, leaving no trace but a bleak dry desert of barren sand. Then it is that his ground-down work-people pass gaily over to another master, without a thought of unselfish sympathy for their late unfortunate employer.

Such is the real, living, breathing capitalist that we may see any hour of the day, any day of our lives: and it is time that his puppet-erieature should be consigned to the limbo of nightmares, monstrosities, and walking lies.

The next puppet requiring decent burial is that well-known comic puppet, the fat alderman. We made him wheezy and short-breathed! we gave him small pigs' eyes, and a stomach like a feather-bed: we made his life a perpetual succession of feasts; we told him his decision on turtle was final; and we called him by the funny names of Waddle or Gobble. He was the only puppet in the world who ever dined, or thought of dining, and the only one who ever reached the weight of eighteen stone. We made his face as purple as a winter's sun seen through a fog; and we always gave him three chins, and sometimes four. We forgot, when we displayed him sleeping after a City banquet in his brougham, which he almost filled, that he was only an alderman in his public capacity, while in private he was necessarily a capitalist (and, perhaps, a money-lender), whom we had only just represented as excessively lean. Our audience, luckily for us, had short memories, as well as weak observation, and the contradiction passed without discovery or comment. We gave him the gout, and then he was excessively amusing, for gout is essentially a comic disease. The more testy, the more red-faced, the more helpless we made him; the more tea-urns we made to drip boiling water upon his legs, and the more unruly boys we made to stamp upon his agonised toes, the more was our strong sense of humour relished by our patrons, and extolled by the critical beadles who guard the Temple of Fame.

A few almost imperceptible touches converted him into the chairman of a vestry, or some eminent parochial representative of the people, and the old high-tory obstructive freedom-hating sneerers at municipal liberty, and opposers of free government, laughed loudly at our amusing power of comic characterisation, and secretly blessed us for aiding their designs. Every blow that we dealt to the City which in the old days had been the stout and unflinching champion of right against dishonesty and might, every shaft of shallow ridicule which we aimed at the parish,—a copy of the City—were joy and satisfaction to their reactionary hearts.

All this time the real alderman has been walking briskly about his City, unconscious of the load of fat with which we have invested him. He has been working officially and mercantilely his good twelve hours every day, unoppressed by the sense of drowsiness that accompanies a multitude of chins. He is more ignorant of the qualities of turtle, and less solicitous about his dinner, than many a Grub Street author of the present day, whose puppet representative, by the way, requires quite as much alteration as that of the alderman, the capitalist, the money-lender, and the miser.

We look upon ourselves as guides and instructors of the people, and we have dazzled and deceived them with a set of unnatural scarecrows. We have held up a puppet spy, and a puppet Jesuit, with sneak and villain written on their faces, and while our believers have been gazing upon these deceptive pictures, the real spy and the real Jesuit have worked laughingly in the broad light of day, indebted to us for the shelter of an effective disguise.

These, with many other monsters of our hands, have gone abroad into the world, and the world still believes them to be solid gods, though they are more empty than the air. It is our duty, as their creators, to stand upon the edge of that narrow stream which divides the present from the past, and as they, one by one, attempt to cross, to smite them down, and bury them forever from the light.

THE EASTERN KINGDOM.

IN the time of Kublai Khan, and the Abyssinian maid playing on a dulcimer, somewhere about the year twelve hundred and eighty, Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, discovered a large island off Cathay, or China. This island, called by him Zipangu, but by the natives Nippon, is the same which, filtered through the alembic of Chinese pronunciation, we at the present day call Japan, or, the Kingdom of the Origin of the Sun; that is, the Eastern Kingdom. Marco Polo's island off Cathay was not believed in. Mixed up with so much that was curious, valuable, and true in the account of his travels, were such manifest absurdities,

that all his statements were involved in the same doubtful reputation, and he shared the usual fate of credulous men voyaging far in ignorant times. But he spoke the truth concerning Zipangu, or, as he called it, Cipango; consequently, his words did not die, but bore their fruit in due season. In the sixteenth century, a certain Genoese, one Christopher Columbus, based some geographical researches of his on Marco Polo's plans and charts and maps; and it was the large island to the east, written on the shore line of the Yellow Sea, that he went out to seek, when he fell upon a continent midway. Columbus never reached Japan; but Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, the Portuguese, was shipwrecked there in fifteen hundred and forty-three, when he and his men were received with kindness and liberality, and suffered to establish a trade with the natives,—suffered also to profess and propagate their religion. Father Xavier went there from China; and his success in proselytising was so great, that the more zealous and orthodox Japanese became alarmed, and appealed to the emperor to banish these foreign bonzes from the kingdom. For all answer to which prayer, the emperor calmly inquired,—

“How many sects may there be in Japan?”

“Thirty-five,” says the deputation, with all the conscious pride of religious abundance.

“Very well,” replies the emperor, Nabunanga, “where thirty-five sects can be tolerated, we can easily bear with thirty-six. Leave the strangers in peace.”

So the Portuguese Christians held their ground, and Jesuit and Dominican, Augustine and Franciscan, converted the followers of Buddha at their pleasure. This agreeable state of things did not last long. Prosperity and protection induced rapacity and insolence; the laity were hardly content with cent. per cent. interest on their ventures, and the ecclesiastics showed no greater moderation. Besides, they quarrelled among themselves; the Dominicans and Franciscans reviling each other as bitterly as ever Catholics and Protestants have done, and only uniting in a common hatred against the Jesuits. The native Christians were scandalised; the native heathen revolted; and the work of conversion slackened. At last a certain bishop, meeting a Portuguese noble, both in their sedans, refused to alight, as was the law of the land, but ordered his bearers to go forward, turning aside his shaven head as he passed the noble, and bearing himself with genuine ecclesiastical haughtiness. That bishop was the last straw on the Japanese camel, and his rudeness completed what vice, rapacity, immorality, and intolerance had begun. In sixteen hundred and thirty-nine the Portuguese were finally expelled the country, having been previously degraded and persecuted; and, since then, the Japanese heart has borne only hatred and contempt for the very name

of Portugal; hatred and contempt so great, that the Dutch were enabled to keep out the English, to whom the Japanese were favourably inclined, simply by telling them that the king, Charles the Second, was married to a Portuguese princess. But the Dutch, besides assisting in the massacre of their European rivals,—a massacre which included all the native Christians,—were willing to undergo any humiliation, and to undertake any baseness, in order to secure to themselves a trade monopoly and uninterrupted relations. The Dutch history, written in Japan, is one of the meanest and wickedest in the world.

It was strange, though, that an Englishman should have been the first to introduce the Dutch into that coveted eastern kingdom. Yet it was through William Adams, the English pilot of the Dutch admiral's ship, that the Hollanders ever got footing. In fifteen hundred and ninety-eight Adams, a “Kentish man, serving in the place of master and pilot in her majesty's ships, and about eleven or twelve years serving the worshipful company of the Barbary merchants, until the Indian traffic with Holland began, desirous of making a little experience of the small knowledge which God had given him, hired himself for chief pilot of a fleet of five sail of Hollanders,” and managed so well, that, after storms, shipwreck, famine, and other disasters, he anchored the admiral's ship in one thousand six hundred off Bungo in Japan, and was hospitably received by the natives. But the Portuguese, who then held the whole of the Japanese trade in their hands, denounced the Dutch as pirates, “denying that they had come for any purposes of trade or merchandise,” which naturally raised up a strong prejudice against the strangers, and made them daily fear the Japanese ultimatum of things. William Adams was imprisoned forty-one days: the Portuguese were earnest in demanding of the emperor the death of the whole ship's crew. But better counsels prevailed. The Dutch ship was seized, and the Dutchmen retained in the country; suffered to live, marry, and settle as they would; while the English pilot, Adams, was raised to high rank and place about the emperor, teaching him a smattering of mathematics and other sciences, and enlightening him as to the condition of foreign countries and strange religions. Things went on smoothly enough, when, in sixteen hundred and nine, two armed Dutch ships came to Japan. They were cruising after the large Portuguese carrack which made the yearly trading voyage from Macao to Japan, and which would have been such an inestimable prize if caught. The ship had sailed, so the buccaneers missed their object; but, putting in at Firando, they sent their commanders to court to see what they could get for themselves, so that they might come by Japanese

riches legally, and not be obliged to dance attendance on uncertain carracks, not always easy to plunder. William Adams was their chief negotiator at court, and it was owing to his exertions and representations that they obtained their famous commercial treaty, which, in sixteen hundred and thirty-nine, culminated in the expulsion and murder of the Portuguese, and in the establishment of their own trade monopoly. Poor Adams died in sixteen hundred and twenty, bearing to the grave a sore heart for the loving wife and two dear children he left behind him in England, to whom he sometimes wrote, but of whom, and of their ultimate fate, we, his readers, know nothing.

The Dutch have not had a very flattering time of it in Japan. They are tolerated only at Nagasaki; and even there are allowed only a very circumscribed area, where they may walk and circulate, accompanied by police spies (whom they are obliged to feed,) and followed by a rabble of boys shouting after them, *Horanda! Horanda!* which is the Japanese version of *Hollander*. Thus a visit to an acquaintance in Nagasaki is an expensive matter for a Dutchman; for police spies are as rapacious in Japan as they are elsewhere, and with the appetite typical of their class. Various other annoyances mynheer has to undergo from his contemptuous hosts, whose horror of European morals and religion is to be overcome only by the extreme of submission and self-abasement. But things are not quite so bad as they have been represented; and old Middleton's picture of a Dutchman in Japan trampling on the cross, and offering further indignities to the several symbols of his religion, is an exaggeration, to say the least of it. Yet it is true, that the Dutch have all to make a solemn declaration that they are not Roman Catholics, or of the religion of the Portuguese; and are certainly not encouraged, or even allowed to show, any very profound reverence towards their own form of the Christian religion.

Many attempts have been made by European nations to obtain a footing in Japan; but all failed as a matter of course, until eighteen hundred and fifty-two, when the great expedition fitted out by the United States during Filmore's presidency, and commanded by Commodore Perry, got the promise of trade, protection, and comparative freedom for all ships showing the stars and stripes. And the other day as we all know, Lord Elgin procured even a more liberal treaty for ourselves. Russia, who has long been hovering about Japan, and has blandly suffered many repulses, notably from the Americans, to whose skirts she was anxious to pin herself in the expedition of eighteen hundred and fifty-two, has at last got her first holding there. Other nations will follow; so that the mysterious exclusiveness of this most secret and conservative country, bids fair to come to a speedy end,

and the roll-call of the nations to be augmented by one recruit the more.

What the Japanese were in the days of William Adams of Gillingham, that are they at this present time. Government, arts, sciences, and manufactures, all stand pretty much where they did when the brave old Englishman died at Firando. They have still the same anomalous combination of royalty in their duplicate kings, the heavenly and the earthly, the contemplative and the executive, the Mikado and the Ziogoon. The Mikado lives in holy seclusion and royal confinement at Miako; the Ziogoon holds his brilliant court at Yeddo; the Mikado is first in nominal rank; the Ziogoon supreme in political power; the first has not a particle of influence,—has no army, no resources, must be content with the inadequate revenues of his small principality of Kioto, added to the presents sent him by the Ziogoon, for which he returns a bundle of prayers and blessings; the second holds the revenues of the state, has the army is his pay and keeping, and surrounds his brother sovereign with pairs of unsuspected police spies, who take care that no political movement shall be inaugurated at Miako, and no political ambition suffered to express itself in action. The Mikado is supposed to be the lineal descendant of the sun-goddess; and is held so holy that he is not suffered to stir from his own palace, excepting on the shoulders of men, lest he should be polluted by contact with the earth; while in his palace he walks only on the finest and most exquisitely wrought mats, so as to keep his sacred feet from the unblest ground. The sun may not shine on him, nor the wind blow upon him; he may neither pare his nails, nor cut his hair; but, when he sleeps, his attendants steal from him these exuberances of nature. At one time the Mikado was obliged to sit on the throne in royal state for many hours daily, during which time he was required to assume the rigidity of a statue, and was not suffered to move a member or a muscle. This was because, if he looked toward any part of his dominions, or turned to the one side or the other, war, famine, fire, or some terrible disaster, was sure to follow. At present, the crown, as the symbol of the safety and sovereignty of the empire, is pilloried in his stead; and the Mikado escapes one of his many irksome duties. He eats only rice, day by day precisely the same quantity; every grain being carefully selected by a proper officer, dressed in a new vessel, and served on new ware. When once used, both cooking and eating vessels are destroyed. The Mikado and his twelve wives are so swathed in cumbrous clothing, that they can hardly move; which is again a state precaution: no dress is used twice for him, and the old ones, after being kept for a certain time, are destroyed, as too sacred for the possible

use of another wearer. Besides his twelve wives, he has eighty-one, or nine times nine, female attendants; for it is a great matter to secure a descendant. He often resigns in favour of his son, even of an infant in the cradle; few of the Japanese, patient, tranquil, and superstitious as they are, being able to support the monotonous slavery and gilded degradation of this holy life.

The Ziogoon, the descendant of a confessed traitor and usurper, is yet by no means the absolute autocrat he would seem to be. Law is supreme in Japan: and justice, severe and sanguinary as she may be, is yet even-handed. Even the Ziogoon is subject to the law, as the old gods of Greece were subject to Fate. For instance: the council which assists the monarch in his government proposes a new order. The Ziogoon, by rare chance, disapproves and refuses to sign. The matter is then referred to his three nearest relatives, and, if they uphold the order, the Ziogoon is forced to resign his sovereignty; but if they uphold the Ziogoon, the framer of the new bill must kill himself. Indeed if anything goes wrong with the educated Japanese, they kill themselves without delay; for, by so doing, they save themselves from a disgraceful punishment, and preserve to their families the property which else would be confiscate to the state. The young nobility take lessons in the art of disembowelling themselves gracefully. This is also their mode of duelling. Two men quarrel; one in rage and despair kills himself in this manner, the other, for honour and etiquette, must follow his example. One would not expect many quarrels or duels in Japan.

Spies, or cross-eyed persons, are everywhere, and over everything. They always go in pairs, so as to be spies over each other, and, as the violation of the law is death—death to the highest and to the lowest alike—we can well understand how the Japanese have been so obstinate in their conservatism, under a system of espionage which nothing can escape, coupled with a rigidity of law and ferocity of punishment which no one can bend and few dare to brave.

They are, on the whole, an industrious and cultivated people. Their horticulture is advanced, yet odd. They can enlarge or decrease to any size they like; make plum-blossoms four times as big as cabbage-roses, and radishes of fifty or sixty pounds in weight; while, at the same time, they dwarf forest and fruit trees to three feet, and make Liliputian gardens of what would ordinarily be gigantic growths. Among their chief trees are enormous cedars, furnishing English ships with spars of ninety-six feet long, of which none can be cut down but by permission of the magistrates, and for every one felled, another must be planted. And they have tobacco; against which, and strangely enough in the time of our own James the First, an edict was passed, subjecting to

severe punishments the growers and consumers of that plant. The Drinking of Tobacco is, however, common, spite of edicts and penalties. Of minerals they have coals in abundance; one of the future great hopes from Japan: gold, silver, wonderful fine tin, but little used, copper, quicksilver; lead, iron made into excellent steel, and native sulphur. They have few of the rarer jewels; plenty of jasper, cornelian, agate, &c., but not diamonds or rubies. They make up for their poverty of gems by a composition called *syakido*, which is a mixture of all the metals, and is greatly prized, having much the appearance of fine enamel. They use this *syakido* for the hilts of swords, and various other articles, which else would be made of, or covered with, jewels. The scabbards of swords are made of shark's skin, finely wrought. They also make a mixture of gold and copper, called *sowas*, which afterwards is ornamented with designs traced in a fine blue or black ink, making, according to description, a very beautiful substitute for our niello. The art is a close secret among the workers. They can make clocks; and have a famous clock, with a mouse and all sorts of queer things running over mountains, &c., almost as complicated as the clock in the grand old Strasbourg Cathedral; and they can make watches, telescopes, thermometers, and barometers; by which last they measure their mountains: they also make chronometers and carpenters' tools—saws and planes like an English workman's; and they make glass, both coloured and uncoloured. But they use oil paper, mica, and shells for glazing windows, and have not yet found out the lustrous glory which a broad square of plate glass gives to the landscape. Neither have they learnt the art of silvering glass to any extent, but content themselves with metallic mirrors, as the old Greeks and Romans did before them. For doors they have fine soft mats, for pillows wooden stools, for shoes sandals of plaited straw, and squares of paper for cotton pocket-handkerchiefs.

They make better porcelain and silk than the Chinese: the best of the last is woven by criminals of high rank, and they plait straw to perfection. Cotton is a practical nullity among them, but they make it, though it is very little used, the soft spongy paper of the paper mulberry answering all the normal purposes of cotton. They have drainage, good roads, trottoirs in the streets, canals, water-mills, and lathes turned by water-power; and they make maps and charts, better or worse, as the case may be. They plough with cows and oxen, eating beef but sparingly, if at all, and making no use of milk or butter; and they have a post—a foot post, runners carrying the letter-bags, which the relays toss from one to another without stoppage. The highest nobles of the land are forced to give way before those letter-bags and their bearers. They have bridges, and they maintain a small coasting trade,

but a very small one; the national notions of insularity and isolation influencing even their own home voyages; for it is death for a Japanese to quit his country by design; perpetual banishment or imprisonment—should he return—if by such accidents as shipwreck or kidnapping. This law naturally makes them afraid to venture far. And they make mermaids—mermaids as perfect as any that Barnum got from the Fee-jee islands, baffling the critical incredulity of Japanese savants for generations. But the most wonderful thing of all is their Dosia powder. Dosia powder does everything. It is of excellent use in assisting poor tortured women with whom nature is a laggard, is a specific for various ailments, gives buoyancy and delightful gaiety to those who take it in good health, and, placed in the ears, nose, and mouth of the dead, prevents the corpse from stiffening, which is an unhandsome laying-out in Japan. This Dosia powder is white like sand; can be used many times, and is a profound secret religiously kept among the bonzes. They have a cheap literature and children's books, works on art and history, poetry and the drama, together with encyclopedias in true encyclopedia style. They knew something of the steam-engine when they examined it in the American ships, and made admirable drawings of every part, correct, and in proper scale; and they called things by their right names; as, for instance, they called the big gun a Paixhan, and knew all about its calibre and action.

The women are not very pretty; but the married women are really ugly, from their horrid habit of dying their teeth black. The men are better looking; and for the most part both sexes are straight and well made. They are polite, affable, courteous, and, as private gentlemen, truthful and honest enough; but no sooner does the shadow of political life fall on them than they become untruthful, crooked, suspicious, and given up to chicanery and artifice. Polite as they are, they carry off the leavings of a feast in the bosom of their robes and their paper pocket handkerchiefs; though, when the emperor dies, they only confess to having "heard that a great prince had gone." They cultivate their rice-fields by treading over them on large pieces of board, and something like snowshoes, by which they trample into the mud all the grass, weeds, and brushwood cropping out, and they grow the best rice in the world. Their tea is inferior to that of China, and is grown on any soil whatsoever, waste ground or what not. The only carefully grown tea is from Udsi, and is imperial property and very costly. They grind the leaves, as we do our coffee-berries, and the rich and luxurious

drink it foaming and very hot. Drinking tea with grace and propriety is an art in Japan; and old Kaempfer says that the children have masters to teach them that art properly, as we might be taught dancing, bowing, getting into a carriage, or any other grand necessity of deportment.

The grave-yards are filled with monuments inscribed much as ours might be, and flowers, freshly culled day by day, are placed in cups and vases all about. They have various temples for various purposes; in one, a mariners' temple—perhaps in all—thay ring a bell to waken up their god, and make him attentive to their prayers. Their form of worship, their priests and the mode of their consecration, some of their tenets, their singing boys, and their rosaries, are all strangely like the Roman Catholic; so strangely like that it was necessary to find a reason for it; wherefore the first Christian visitors made out apocryphal stories of still earlier visitors, who had left behind them shadows—adumbrations—of the eternal truth. In South America, on the contrary, the priests said that the Devil had carried a travestie of the Romish faith before them. But the Japanese have attained to a higher degree of mechanical piety than ever Papist or Protestant dreamed of: they have a praying wheel, the same as is to be found in Chinese and Thibetan temples, and for every revolution of the wheel, and consequent presentation of the printed prayer, a good mark is set in Heaven to the credit of the votary, and he is considered to have done a good work. The fox is their symbol of the Evil Spirit, and is hunted to death, because he is his willing agent on earth; and they have a place of extreme punishment—a den connected with their jails, called Hell, which is no bad representation of its prototype.

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DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE different aspects assumed by the variety of subjects which find their way, week by week, into the columns of this Journal, seem, not unnaturally, to have a certain analogy with the different aspects under which a variety of visitors make their appearance at a hospitable house. There is the subject which presents itself formally, in full dress, and on grand occasions only. There is the subject which comes more readily, at shorter notice, and at more ordinary times and seasons. There is the subject which is in itself of no particular account, but which may sometimes be found useful, at the eleventh hour, to fill up a vacant place. Last, and most precious of all, there is the happy subject which comes unbidden to the pen, and which insures its own loving reception—almost as rare in its way as the home-friend who comes unbidden to the house, and brings his welcome with him, visit us as often as he may.

The well-known name at the head of this article appears there as happily and as appropriately as the well-loved friend appears at the fireside. Foremost among the subjects which it is a happiness and not a duty to welcome, rank the Life and Labours of DOUGLAS JERROLD. Under the guidance of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold (whose excellent Memoir of his father is now before us), we propose to trace the outline of that Life, and to indicate in some degree the nature of those Labours; referring our readers to the book itself for all the details which cannot find a place here, and which assist in completing the interest of the biographical story.

Some seventy years ago, there lived a poor country player, named Samuel Jerrold. His principal claim to a prominent position among the strolling company to which he was attached, consisted in the possession of a pair of shoes once belonging to the great Garrick himself. Samuel Jerrold always appeared on the stage in these invaluable "properties"—a man, surely, who deserves the regard of posterity, as the only actor of modern times who has shown himself capable of standing in Garrick's shoes.

Samuel Jerrold was twice married—the

second time to a wife so much his junior that he was older than his own mother-in-law. Partly, perhaps, in virtue of this last great advantage on the part of the husband, the marriage was a very happy one. The second Mrs. Samuel was a clever, good-tempered, notable woman; and helped her husband materially in his theatrical affairs, when he rose in time (and in Garrick's shoes) to be a manager of country theatres. Young Mrs. Samuel brought her husband a family—two girls to begin with, and, on the third of January, eighteen hundred and three, while she was staying in London, a boy, who was christened Douglas William, and who was destined, in after life, to make the name of the obscure country manager a household word on the lips of English readers.

In the year eighteen hundred and seven, Samuel Jerrold became the lessee of the Sheerness Theatre; and little Douglas was there turned to professional account, as a stage-child. He appeared in *The Stranger* as one of the little cherubs of the frail and interesting Mrs. Haller; and he was "carried on" by Edmund Kean, as the child in *Rolla*. These early theatrical experiences (whatever influence they might have had, at a later time, in forming his instincts as a dramatist) do not appear to have at all inclined him towards his father's profession when he grew older. The world of ships and sailors amid which he lived at Sheerness seems to have formed his first tastes and influenced his first longings. As soon as he could speak for himself on the matter of his future prospects, he chose the life of a sailor; and, at ten years old, he entered on board the guardship, *Namur*, as a first-class volunteer.

Up to this time the father had given the son as good an education as it lay within his means to command. Douglas had been noted as a studious boy at school; and he brought with him a taste for reading and for quiet pursuits when he entered on board the *Namur*. Beginning his apprenticeship to the sea as a Midshipman, in December, eighteen hundred and thirteen, he was not transferred from the guardship to active service until April, eighteen hundred and fifteen, when he was drafted off, with forty-six men, to his Majesty's gun-brig, *Ernest*.

Those were stirring times. The fierce

struggle of Waterloo was at hand; and Douglas's first cruise was across the Channel to Ostend, at the head of a fleet of transports carrying troops and stores to the battle-field. Singularly enough, his last cruise connected him with the results of the great fight, as his first had connected him with the preparations for it. In the July of the Waterloo year, the Ernest brought her share of the wounded back to Sheerness. On the deck of that brig, Jerrold first stood face to face with the horror of war. In after life, when other pens were writing glibly enough of the glory of war, his pen traced the dark reverse of the picture, and set the terrible consequences of all victories, righteous, as well as wicked, in their true light.

The great peace was proclaimed, and the nations rested at last. In October, eighteen hundred and fifteen, the Ernest was "paid off." Jerrold stepped on shore, and never returned to the service. He was without interest; and the peace virtually closed his professional prospects. To the last day of his life he had a genuinely English love for the sea and sailors; and, short as his naval experience had been, neither he nor his countrymen were altogether losers by it. If the Midshipman of the Ernest had risen to be an Admiral, what would have become then of the author of Black-Eyed Susan?

Douglas's prospects were far from cheering when he returned to his home on shore. The affairs of Samuel Jerrold (through no fault of his own) had fallen into sad confusion. In his old age, his vocation of manager sank from under him; his theatre was sold; and, at the end of the Waterloo year, he and his family found themselves compelled to leave Sheerness. On the first day of eighteen hundred and sixteen they sailed away in the Chatham boat to try their fortune in London.

The first refuge of the Jerrolds was at Broad Court, Bow Street. Poor old Samuel was now past his work; and the chief dependence of the ruined family rested on Douglas and his mother. Mrs. Samuel contrived to get some theatrical employment in London; and Douglas, after beginning life as an officer in the navy, was apprenticed to a printer, in Northumberland Street, Strand.

He accepted his new position with admirable cheerfulness and resolution; honestly earning his money, and affectionately devoting it to the necessities of his parents. A delightful anecdote of him, at this time of his life, is told by his son. On one of the occasions when his mother and sister were absent in the country, the little domestic responsibility of comforting the poor worn-out old father with a good dinner, rested on Douglas's shoulders. With the small proceeds of his work, he bought all the necessary materials for a good beefsteak-pie—made the pie himself, succeeding brilliantly with the crust—himself took it to the bake-house—and himself brought it back

with one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, which the dinner left him just money enough to hire from a library, for the purpose of reading a story to his father in the evening, by way of dessert. For our own parts, we shall henceforth always rank that beef-steak-pie as one among the many other works of Douglas Jerrold which have established his claim to remembrance and to regard. The clue to the bright, affectionate nature of the man—sometimes lost by those who knew him imperfectly, in after life—could hardly be found in any pleasanter or better place, now that he is gone from among us, than on the poor dinner-table in Broad Court.

Although he was occupied for twelve hours out of the twenty-four at the printing-office, he contrived to steal time enough from the few idle intervals allowed for rest and meals, to store his mind with all the reading that lay within his reach. As early as at the age of fourteen, the literary faculty that was in him seems to have struggled to develop itself in short papers and scraps of verse. Only a year later, he made his first effort at dramatic composition, producing a little farce, with a part in it for an old friend of the family, the late Mr. Wilkinson, the comedian. Although Samuel Jerrold was well remembered among many London actors as an honest country manager; and although Douglas could easily secure, from his father's friends, his admission to the theatre whenever he was able to go to it, he does not appear to have possessed interest enough to gain a reading for his piece when it was first sent in to the English Opera House. After three years had elapsed, however, Mr. Wilkinson contrived to get the lad's farce produced at Sadler's Wells, under the title of *More Frightened than Hurt*. It was not only successful on its first representation, but it also won the rare honour of being translated for the French stage. More than this, it was afterwards translated back again, by a dramatist who was ignorant of its original history, for the stage of the Olympic Theatre; where it figured in the bills under the new title of *Fighting by Proxy*, with Liston in the part of the hero. Such is the history of Douglas Jerrold's first contribution to the English drama. When it was produced on the boards of Sadler's Wells, its author's age was eighteen years.

He had appeared in public, however, as an author, before this time; having composed some verses which were printed in a for gotten periodical called *Arliss's Magazine*. The loss of his first situation, through the bankruptcy of his master, obliged him to seek employment anew in the printing-office of one Mr. Bigg, who was also the editor of a newspaper called the *Sunday Monitor*. In this journal appeared his first article—a critical paper on *Der Freischütz*. He had gone to the theatre with an order to see the opera: and had been so struck by the super-

natural drama and the wonderful music to which it was set, that he noted down his impressions of the performances, and afterwards dropped what he had written, anonymously, into the editor's box. The next morning, his own article was handed to him to set up in type for the forthcoming number of the Sunday Monitor. After this first encouragement, he began to use his pen frequently in the minor periodicals of the time; still sticking to the printer's work, however, and still living at home with his family. The success of his little farce at Sadler's Wells led to his writing three more pieces for that theatre. They all succeeded; and the managers of some of the other minor theatres began to look after the new man. Just at this time, when his career as dramatist and journalist was beginning to open before him, his father died. After that loss, the next important event in his life was his marriage. In the year eighteen hundred and twenty-four, when he was twenty-one years of age, he married his "first love," Miss Mary Swann, the daughter of a gentleman who held an appointment in the Post Office. He and his bride settled, with his mother and sister and a kind old friend of his boyish days, in Holborn; and here—devoting his days to the newspapers, and his evenings to the drama—the newly-married man started as author by profession, and met the world and its cares bravely at the point of the pen.

The struggle at starting was a hard one. His principal permanent source of income was a small weekly salary, paid to him as dramatist to the establishment, by one Davidge, manager of the Coburg (now the Victoria) Theatre. This man appears to have treated Jerrold, whose dramas brought both money and reputation to his theatre, with an utter want of common consideration and common gratitude. He worked his poor author pitilessly; and it is on that account, highly satisfactory to know that he overreached himself in the end by quarrelling with his dramatist, at the very time when Jerrold had a theatrical fortune (so far as managers' interests were concerned) lying in his desk, in the shape of Black-Eyed Susan. With that renowned play (the most popular of all nautical dramas) in his hand, Douglas left the Coburg to seek employment at the Surrey Theatre—then under the management of the drunken and dignified Mr. Elliston. This last tradesman in plays—who subsequently showed himself to be as meanly unfeeling as the other tradesman at the Coburg—bid rather higher for Jerrold's services, and estimated the sole monopoly of the fancy, invention, and humour of a man who had already proved himself to be a popular, money-bringing dramatist, at the magnificent rate of five pounds a week. The bargain was struck; and Jerrold's first play produced at the Surrey Theatre was Black-Eyed Susan.

He had achieved many enviable dramatic successes before this time. He had written domestic dramas—such as *Fifteen Years of A Drunkard's Life*, and *Ambrose Gwinett*, the popularity of which is still well remembered by play-goers of the old generation. But the reception of *Black-Eyed Susan* eclipsed all previous successes of his or of any other dramatist's in that line. Mr. T. P. Cooke, who, as the French say, "created" the part of William, not only found half London flocking into the Borough to see him; but was actually called upon, after acting in the play, as a first piece, at the Surrey Theatre, to drive off in his sailor's dress, and act in it again on the same night, as the last piece, at Covent Garden Theatre. Its first "run" mounted to three hundred nights; it afterwards drew money into the empty treasury of Drury Lane: it remains, to this day, a "stock-piece" on which managers and actors know that they can depend: and, strangest phenomenon of all, it is impossible to see that play now, without feeling that its great and well-deserved dramatic success has been obtained with the least possible amount of assistance from the subtleties and refinements of dramatic art. The piece is indebted for its hold on the public sympathy solely to the simple force, the irresistible directness, of its appeal to some of the strongest affections in our nature. It has succeeded, and it will succeed, not because the dialogue is well or, as to some passages of it, even naturally written; not because the story is neatly told, for it is (especially in the first act) full of faults in construction; but solely because the situations in which the characters are placed appeal to the hearts of every husband and every wife in the theatre. In this aspect of it, and in this only, the play is a study to any young writer; for it shows on what amazingly simple foundations rest the main conditions of the longest, the surest, and the widest dramatic success.

It is sad, it is almost humiliating, to be obliged to add, in reference to the early history of Jerrold's first dramatic triumph, that his share of the gains which *Black-Eyed Susan* poured into the pockets of managers on both sides of the water was just seventy pounds. Mean-minded Mr. Elliston, whose theatre the play had raised from a state of something like bankruptcy to a condition of prosperity which in the Surrey annals, has not since been paralleled, not only abstained from presenting Jerrold with the smallest fragment of anything in the shape of a token of gratitude, but actually had the pitiless insolence to say to him, after *Black-Eyed Susan* had run its three hundred nights, "My dear boy, why don't you get your friends to present you with a bit of plate?"

The extraordinary success of *Black-Eyed Susan* opened the doors of the great theatres to Jerrold, as a matter of course. He made

admirable use of the chances in his favour which he had so well deserved, and for which he had waited so long. At the Adelphi, at Drury Lane, and at the Haymarket, drama after drama, flowed in quick succession from his pen. The Devil's Ducat, the Bride of Ludgate, the Rent Day, Nell Gwynne, the Housekeeper—this last, the best of his plays in point of construction—date, with many other dramatic works, from the period of his life now under review. The one slight check to his career of prosperity occurred in eighteen hundred and thirty-six, when he and his brother-in-law took the Strand Theatre, and when Jerrold acted a character in one of his own plays. Neither the theatrical speculation nor the theatrical appearance proved to be successful, and he wisely abandoned, from that time, all professional connection with the stage, except in his old and ever-welcome character of dramatist. In the other branches of his art—to which he devoted himself, at this turning-point of his career, as faithfully as he devoted himself to the theatrical branch—his progress was not less remarkable. As journalist and essayist, he rose steadily towards the distinguished place which was his due among the writers of his time. This middle term of his literary exertions produced among other noticeable results the series of social studies called *Men of Character*, originally begun in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and since republished among his collected works.

He had now advanced, in a social as well as a literary point of view, beyond that period in the lives of self-made men which may be termed the adventurous period. Whatever difficulties and anxieties henceforth oppressed him were caused by the trials and troubles which, more or less, beset the exceptional lives of all men of letters. The struggle for a hearing, the fight for a fair field in which to show himself, had now been bravely and creditably accomplished; and all that remains to be related of the life of Douglas Jerrold is best told in the history of his works.

Taking his peculiar literary gifts into consideration, the first great opportunity of his life, as a periodical writer, was offered to him, unquestionably, by the starting of *Punch*. The brilliant impromptu faculty which gave him a place apart, as thinker, writer, and talker among the remarkable men of his time, was exactly the faculty which such a journal as *Punch* was calculated to develop to the utmost. The day on which Jerrold was secured as a contributor would have been a fortunate day for that periodical, if he had written nothing in it but the far-famed *Caudle Lectures*, and the delightful *Story of A Feather*. But the service that he rendered to *Punch* must by no means be associated only with the more elaborate contributions to its pages which are publicly connected with his name. His wit often flashed out at

its brightest, his sarcasm often cut with its keenest edge, in those well-timed paragraphs and short articles which hit the passing event of the day, and which, so far as their temporary purpose with the public is concerned, are all-important ingredients in the success of such a periodical as *Punch*. A contributor who can strike out new ideas from the original resources of his own mind, is one man, and a contributor who can be depended on for the small work-a-day emergencies which are felt one week and forgotten the next, is generally another. Jerrold united these two characters in himself; and the value of him to *Punch*, on that account only, can never be too highly estimated.

At this period of his life, the fertility of his mental resources showed itself most conspicuously. While he was working for *Punch* he was also editing and largely contributing to the *Illuminated Magazine*. In this publication appeared, among a host of shorter papers, the series called *The Chronicles of Clovernook*, which he himself always considered to be one of his happiest efforts, and which does indeed contain, in detached passages, some of the best things that ever fell from his pen. On the cessation of *The Illuminated Magazine*, he started *The Shilling Magazine*, and contributed to it his well-known novel, *Saint Giles and Saint James*. These accumulated literary occupations and responsibilities would have been enough for most men; but Jerrold's inexhaustible energy and variety carried him on through more work still. Theatrical audiences now found their old favourite addressing them again, and occupying new ground as a writer of five act and three act comedies. *Bubbles of the Day*, *Time Works Wonders*, *The Catspaw*, *Retired from Business*, *Saint Cupid*, were all produced, with other plays, after the period when he became a regular writer in *Punch*. Judged from the literary point of view these comedies were all original and striking contributions to the library of the stage. From the dramatic point of view, however, it must not be concealed that they were less satisfactory; and that some of them were scarcely so successful with audiences as their author's earlier and humbler efforts. The one solid critical reason which it is possible to assign for this, implies in itself a compliment which could be paid to no other dramatist of modern times. The perpetual glitter of Jerrold's wit seems to have blinded him to some of the more sober requirements of the Dramatic art. When Charles Kemble said, and said truly, that there was wit enough for three comedies in *Bubbles of the Day*, he implied that this brilliant overflow left little or no room for the indispensable resources of story and situation to display themselves fairly on the stage. The comedies themselves, examined with reference to their success in representation, as well as to their intrinsic merits, help to support this view.

Time Works Wonders was the most prosperous of all, and it is that comedy precisely which has the most story and the most situation in it. The idea and the management of the charming love-tale out of which the events of this day spring, show what Jerrold might have achieved in the construction of other plots, if his own superabundant wit had not dazzled him and led him astray. As it is, the readers of these comedies, who can appreciate the rich fancy, the delicate subtleties of thought, the masterly terseness of expression, and the exquisite play and sparkle of wit scattered over every page, may rest assured that they rather gain than lose—especially in the present condition of theatrical companies—by not seeing the last dramatic works of Douglas Jerrold represented on the stage.

The next, and, sad to say, the final achievement of his life, connected him most honourably and profitably with the newspaper press. Many of our readers will remember the starting of Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper—its great temporary success—and then its sudden decline, through defects in management, to which it is not now necessary to refer at length. The signal ability with which the editorial articles in the paper were written, the remarkable aptitude which they displayed in striking straight at the sympathies of large masses of readers, did not escape the notice of men who were well fitted to judge of the more solid qualifications which go to the production of a popular journalist. In the spring of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the proprietor of Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper proposed the editorship to Jerrold, on terms of such wise liberality as to ensure the ready acceptance of his offer. From the spring of eighteen hundred and fifty-two, to the spring of eighteen hundred and fifty-seven—the last he was ever to see—Jerrold conducted the paper, with such extraordinary success as is rare in the history of journalism. Under his supervision, and with the regular assistance of his pen, Lloyd's Newspaper rose, by thousands and thousands a week, to the great circulation which it now enjoys. Of the many successful labours of Jerrold's life none had been so substantially prosperous as the labour that was destined to close it.

His health had shown signs of breaking, and his heart was known to be affected, for some little time before his last brief illness: but the unconquerable energy and spirit of the man upheld him through all bodily trials, until the first day of June, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven. Even his medical attendant, did not abandon all hope when his strength first gave way. But he sank rapidly—so rapidly, that in one short week the struggle was over. On the eighth day of June, surrounded by his family and his friends, preserving all his faculties to the last, passing away calmly, resignedly, affectionately,

Douglas Jerrold closed his eyes on the world, which it had been the long and noble purpose of his life to inform and to improve.

It is too early yet to attempt any estimate of the place which his writings will ultimately occupy in English literature. So long as honesty, energy, and variety are held to be the prominent qualities which should distinguish a genuine writer, there can be no doubt of the vitality of Douglas Jerrold's reputation. The one objection urged against the works, which, feeble and ignorant though it was, often went to the heart of the writer, was the objection of bitterness. Calling to mind many of the passages in his books in which this bitterness most sharply appears, and seeing plainly in those passages what the cause was that provoked it, we venture to speak out our own opinion boldly, and to acknowledge at once, that we admire this so-called bitterness as one of the great and valuable qualities of Douglas Jerrold's writings; because we can see for ourselves that it springs from the uncompromising earnestness and honesty of the author. In an age when it is becoming unfashionable to have a positive opinion about anything; when the detestable comic element scatters its profanation with impunity on all beautiful and all serious things; when much, far too much, of the current literature of the day vibrates contemptibly between unbelieving banter and unblushing clap-trap, that element of bitterness in Jerrold's writings—which never stands alone in them; which is never disassociated from the kind word that goes before, or the generous thought that comes after it—is in our opinion a right wholesome element, breathing that manful admiration of truth, and that manful hatred of falsehood, which is the chiefest and brightest jewel in the crown of any writer, living or dead.

This same cry of bitterness, which assailed him in his literary character, assailed him in his social character also. Absurd as the bare idea of bitterness must appear in connection with such a nature as his, to those who really knew him, the reason why strangers so often and so ridiculously misunderstood him, is not difficult to discover. That marvellous brightness and quickness of perception which has distinguished him far and wide as the sayer of some of the wittiest, and often some of the wisest things also, in the English language, expressed itself almost with the suddenness of lightning. This absence of all appearance of artifice or preparation, this flash and readiness which made the great charm of his wit, rendered him, at the same time, quite incapable of suppressing a good thing from prudential considerations. It sparkled off his tongue before he was aware of it. It was always a bright surprise to himself; and it never occurred to him that it could be anything but a bright surprise to others. All his so-called bitter

things, were said with a burst of hearty, schoolboy laughter, which showed how far he was himself from attaching a serious importance to them. Strangers apparently failed to draw this inference, plain as it was; and often mistook him accordingly. If they had seen him in the society of children; if they had surprised him in the house of any one of his literary brethren who was in difficulty and distress; if they had met him by the bedside of a sick friend, how simply and how irresistibly the gentle, generous, affectionate nature of the man would then have disclosed itself to the most careless chance acquaintance who ever misunderstood him! Very few men have won the loving regard of so many friends so rapidly, and have kept that regard so enduringly to the last day of their lives, as Douglas Jerrold.

In closing this brief sketch of the career of a dear and an honoured fellow-labourer, we must not forget to say a farewell word of sincere congratulation to Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, on the admirable spirit in which he has given his father's Life to the world. The book is most frankly, most affectionately, and, as to its closing passages, most touchingly written. It is good as the record of a literary life: it is still better as a tribute to the memory of a father, offered by the love and duty of a son.

CAST AWAY.

It was a quiet lovely evening, I remember, and I had lingered upon deck half-hour after half-hour, unwilling to go below into the hot saloon of the steamer. My life had, until then, been so constrained and formal, that there was a delicious sense of independence pervading my whole being; and had been since the moment that I bade adieu to my uncle and aunt at Southampton, under the chaperonage of a fat, good-tempered Dutch lady, to join my parents in Australia. These parents I had not seen since childhood, and even thus my remembrance of them was not happy; for my father's wife was not my own mother, and a family of young children had displaced me in my one parent's affection; so that this present freedom seemed like a bright ray shining between the two dark clouds of my aunt's sternness and the strange uncertainty of the home to which I was bound. There were others on deck beside myself, but of their identity I was not conscious, excepting one. I watched his figure as he leant gracefully, half-reclining, a few yards from me, occupied only in wreathing clouds of smoke from the cigar he held in his mouth. He and I had assimilated from the very commencement of the voyage; and I could not have told how far the giving up of this daily companionship weighed in the balance of my regrets at the prospect of the voyage's termination; now he caught my eye, which would wander to where he

lay, and he raised his wide-awake hat and smiled, and I was glad at the dusk, for I felt my face become flushed at his detection of me. I again looked across the water, with my mind, or rather my heart, full of him—Captain Conyngham—when my attention was diverted by that horrid Mr. Loring, who had unknown to me approached, and now stood by my side. One hates to be interrupted in a day-dream; and I am afraid I was very abrupt in my answers to his remarks. What he said I do not know, until my attention was arrested by discovering that he was actually making me an offer of marriage. I felt for a moment aghast, principally at his impertinence, as I should have termed it; too much aghast to interrupt him until he came to a pause, as if waiting for an answer. I had always disliked the man from the first moment I had seen him; Captain Conyngham also disliked him; and now, as his words fell on my ear, my objection amounted to hatred. He was dark, and strongly built, what is called a fine looking man; a complete contrast to Captain Conyngham, who was fair and slight. But he was waiting for a reply. I said:—

"What answer do you expect me to give you, Mr. Loring? Have I ever given you encouragement to suppose—" He interrupted me:—

"None, whatever. I will quite exonerate you from ever having shown me any kindness." I could hear by his voice that he smiled sarcastically. How I hate a sarcastic man! "Yet, Miss Gray, it is better to know certainly how I stand at once. I scarcely expect; and yet so long as there is suspense, it is difficult to give up hope."

I was annoyed with him and with myself; and I said:

"Do you then mean to say, that you have presumed to make me such an offer without even expecting me to accede to it?"

He was silent, and I indignantly added:

"I think, under these circumstances, the fact is a mere impertinence."

Hitherto he had been humble and quiet in his demeanour; but, as my words reached him, the hand which had rested for support against a coil of rope was removed, and his bent figure became erect, as he answered:

"Miss Gray, when a man offers to a woman, the only thing he has worth her acceptance—an honest affection—it is at the least an ungrateful return, to be met with—"

He paused, as if unwilling to add a harsh word. I half regretted what I had said, but I would not say so to him when he assumed such a position; and I wished him shortly good-night, and moved towards the ladder. Captain Conyngham was still leaning there; and he took my hand as I passed him, and whispered something which made me forget all about Mr. Loring for some time.

I was annoyed with myself on the following day," as, sitting with Madame Van

Dump working and talking, I answered flippantly to a remark of hers relative to Mr. Loring's kindness to the children. "O yes, he's kind enough, I dare say; but to me he is the most objectionable of men. I suppose I am very wrong, but I positively detest the sight of him." The next moment I knew that Mr. Loring had overheard me; for the figure which I had not until then recognised as his, moved to a greater distance.

From that time Mr. Loring never changed in his manner towards me. He was as attentive and respectful as before, but more formal. I was always uncomfortable in his presence, and glad to escape from him.

O, at this juncture of time, how distinctly I remember all the horrors which followed so rapidly one another! No need to recall; my heart trembles again at striving to write of them.

The ship was on fire! how, I know not. I never inquired by whose fault. Those to blame are gone to their account at that Court of Inquiry where misfortune will not be visited upon us as crime. Death was face to face with us, as we crowded on the deck, eagerly straining our eyes into the darkness, made more dark by the glare around us; and scorched, almost blinded, by the heat which momentarily increased. The boats were being lowered; the passengers, mostly in their night-dresses, were huddled together as near the edge of the vessel as they could get, helplessly entreating, or passively abandoned to their fate. At length the first two boats were out and immediately crowded with passengers. I saw Captain Conyngham rush on deck. As he passed me, I seized his arm frantically, and begged him to save me. But the evening before he had seemed so much to care for me. Alas! he never even heard my voice; he never saw my face of agony, or felt my touch. I credit him for that. The instinct of self-preservation was too strong; and yet I thought in such crises, men were more self-possessed than women. I saw him leap into the overcrowded boat, as she shoved off from the ship's side; and I was left vainly beseeching on the burning deck. All the female passengers had been cared for; I know not how it was, but I was overlooked. I felt my fate closing in upon me; yet, in the midst of all, the thought that Captain Conyngham could be so utterly selfish, and, could I acknowledge it, so utterly unmanly, struck me bitterly. I felt the heat gaining upon me, as the flames extended to my side of the ship. One man—he was a gentleman, I knew by all his movements—had been actively assisting in striving to subdue the flames, until they gained the mastery over the men's exertions, and at this moment broke out with fresh vigour, as if exasperated at being opposed. Then those remaining on board moved to the spot where I stood. I felt a strong arm thrown round me, and I

was lifted over the side of the ship. What followed I do not know; a long space of insensibility—a confused awaking when it was broad daylight—and I was at sea in an open boat, far away from the burning ship. I closed my eyes again, for my brain was too tired to take in any new idea. When again I looked round, I saw at a glance who were my companions; a chaplain, who had been on his way to Sydney, the steward, four of the men, and Mr. Loring. What had become of the captain and all those others whom I had last seen standing on the deck of the ship? I did not know until afterwards, that he and his companions had been crushed in a mass by the falling of one of the burning masts, and had found a funeral pyre on the vessel. The chaplain asked me whether I felt cold; and I glanced at my own figure as I answered in the negative. I had on rising thrown on a dressing-gown and a petticoat of flannel, but my feet were bare of shoes and stockings; but I was not cold, notwithstanding the chill morning air, for some one had wrapped a cloak round me, and my feet were covered with a man's coat. I presently noticed that Mr. Loring was sitting in his shirt and trousers only. He did not speak to me, which I thought strange; but my mind was full of conjecture as to the fate of Captain Conyngham, and I closed my eyes to hide the tears which would force themselves from under the lids, as I remembered his selfish disregard of me in the hour of danger.

Thus days and nights succeeded one another—how many I do not know. Alternations of hope and fear; the cravings of hunger unsatisfied; wild excitement; half madness; gloomy despondency; horrid blasphemies; impassioned prayers. I was surrounded by gaunt, haggard faces; men rendered desperate by famine and thirst, for the small keg of water which the steward had had the forethought to bring with us, was exhausted. It could not have been many days—it was very many hours—I was lying in state of apathy at the bottom of the boat, only conscious that some one of my companions, less self-engrossed than the rest, was chafing my hands and feet alternately; when a cry arose from all the boat's-crew, sufficient even to rouse me from my lethargy. The gaunt, wretched faces looked still more gaunt from the agonized look of expectation which they had assumed, as they stood, these men, stretching forth their eager hands towards the narrow strip of land which was in sight. I heard a gentle voice whispering in my ear, "Courage, we shall yet be saved," and warm tears fell over my face. The next hour was spent in strenuous endeavours to make the land, which, like most such energetic strivings, was successful.

We stood once more on firm ground, and every member of the company sped like madmen along the coast in search of something to eat. I wandered faintly, staggering in the

same search, but dropped exhausted after a short time. When I recovered I was lying by the side of a little stream of fresh water which trickled from a rock, and Mr. Loring was bathing my face with the water and pouring it down my throat from the hollow of his hand. I strove to thank him, but at that moment, a wild cry broke on the air, and he started to his feet without leaving me time to speak. The island on which we were was flat to the sea-beach and I could, upon raising myself to a sitting position, discern the group of my late companions fighting savagely over some prize. The poor, famished wretches had discovered food, and like wild beasts were struggling for their shares. After a time the contest came to an end; apparently more food was discovered; and there was enough for all. I saw Mr. Loring, who had left me, join the group and claim a share. O how vainly I longed for strength to reach them; the agony of hunger had revived by the water I had drunk, and I struggled to my feet and screamed in helpless misery for food. I had advanced but a few steps when Mr. Loring began to retrace his way. What the meat was, which he brought at that time, I never asked. I ate voraciously. I afterwards learnt it was that of large crabs; a fish in which the island abounded. I was so selfish that I never asked Mr. Loring if he had satisfied his own hunger; but he must have been more than mortal if he had not done so on his road to me, holding that raw crab's meat in his hands;—the most delicious thing, it seemed to me, that I had never tasted.

After that, all seemed to go smoothly: the men hauled the boat up on the beach and turned her almost bottom upwards as a shelter from the sun; her edge being supported by some pieces of rock, so that we had to creep underneath, on all fours, when we wished to enter this improvised dwelling-house. At night this house was appropriated to me by the arrangement of Mr. Loring. I remember the men opposed this at first especially one of them, whose name was Watson; but Mr. Loring knocked him down by way of argument, and I think his logic was convincing for the time. Now, for the first time the difficulty and the strangeness of my situation burst upon me. I was conscious every moment of being a burden upon my companions, and determined violently to exert myself to help instead of embarrassing. Next day, seeing several of the men collecting crabs upon the beach, I advanced, and asked if I could assist.

"Bless your heart," answered one of them who happened to be Watson, "them little 'ands of yourn ain't fit for carrying these great, thundering things. No, my pretty, thank ye; go and light us a fire to cook 'em by, if you can, and we'll be obliged to you."

I was indignant at the man's freedom of manner; but I hastened to collect the sticks.

There was no wood within some distance of the beach, and my bare feet were unaccustomed to rough usage. I could have cried with the pain before I had reached the copse, which seemed to grow more distant as I advanced towards it. It took me some hours to collect sticks sufficient, and it was as much as I could do to carry them back to the spot where the boat was placed. As I thus walked, with my feet aching and myself bent with the weight of the faggots I had collected, all at once the remembrance of other days shot across me in that unaccountable way in which incongruous ideas will sometimes present themselves. I remembered a farewell dance which had been given by my uncle and aunt before I left England, and my own figure reflected in a mirror dressed in white tarlatan, and my feet in white satin shoes with rosettes of ribbon on them. When I had deposited my burden of sticks I sat down and laid the fire. This was easily done; but how to light it? I had read of savages rubbing sticks together: besides, in all Crusoe's stories, that is a plan which succeeds admirably; but I rubbed the sticks together until my wrists ached, without producing any sparks. Perhaps the wood was not sufficiently dry, or I did not understand the method. I felt hopeless and despondent, but having resolved to be energetic, I was still seeking for some more promising-looking pieces of wood when I was joined by the chaplain, an elderly man, whose name was Hart, and Mr. Loring. They were both laden with crabs. I turned to the clergyman for assistance; and he, with more adroitness than I possessed, succeeded in setting light to the pile of faggots, and placing the crabs to roast.

Many days thus passed in the dreariest monotony. Occasionally, I could hear angry expostulations going on amongst the men, and proposals made which were opposed by Mr. Loring; but I did not ask him what it meant; for, of late, I was more uncomfortable than I can tell in Mr. Loring's presence. I could not help thinking of the pain I had once so unflinchingly given him, who had been so kind to me. At length I knew the reason of all these altercations; the men no longer hesitated to speak in my presence; they declared their intention of taking the boat and leaving the island in search of one less desolate. Mr. Loring vainly strove to dissuade them. Our temporary house was righted to its true position, and provisioned with quantities of baked crab's meat and water contained in empty crab-shells (our only vessels,) and the men prepared to put off.

I stood watching them from the shore, when suddenly Watson advanced; and, throwing his arms round me, lifted me from the ground and commenced carrying me towards the boat. In vain I struggled and shrieked. His arms felt like bands of iron; when all at once his hold relaxed, and he and I both fell.

"Come, now! we don't go without the gal, anyhow," exclaimed with an oath, one of those from the boat; "so, it's of no use trying on anything of that sort, I can tell you."

I regained my feet; and, obeying my instinct and the adjuration of Mr. Loring to escape, I fled like the wind towards the copse. Watson was held down struggling by his adversary, and happily none of the others attempted to follow me. When, after a time, I ventured to look back, I could see Mr. Loring and the chaplain still scuffling with them, until their patience apparently being exhausted, obeying the repeated cries of the men in the boat, they waded out, climbed the sides and put out to sea. I shuddered as I thought of what might have been my fate, had these men remained on the island. The chaplain, Mr. Loring, and I, were now alone without shelter of any kind.

Mr. Loring proposed to the chaplain to move higher up into the island and endeavour to make some kind of house amongst the trees. He always seemed to address himself to some one present sooner than to me. He was too completely a gentleman ever to be neglectful towards a woman, but I began to perceive about this time that he disliked my company—and no wonder. We explored as he proposed, carrying with us crab-shells full of water, in case we should find no nearer stream, and the remains of the meat which the men had left. Fortunately for us it was lovely weather. When we reached the copse, we laid down our burdens, and spent the whole day fruitlessly seeking for some tree sufficiently large to live in. There were none but those of stunted growth. In the evening we sat down exhausted, and the chaplain said:

"I expect the only thing left for us is to endeavour to make a tent out of the branches."

"Without any means of cutting down the branches?" asked Mr. Loring.

Mr. Hart relapsed into musing.

We had made a fire, to make the place look less gloomy. Both my companions were buried in thought. As I passed Mr. Loring, I could not refrain from saying:

"I am very grateful to you for rescuing me from Watson, this morning. Indeed I am."

He bowed to me, perhaps forgetting, at the moment, that we were on an uninhabited island, instead of in a London drawing-room. Than I felt embarrassed at his silence and moved away. That night we slept in the open air: or, more truly, I slept, and my companions kept watch in turns; for we knew not as yet but that the island might contain wild beasts. During the night I awoke. It was Mr. Loring's turn to release Mr. Hart. He leaned against the trunk of a tree near me, and I could see his eyes gleam through the darkness; for the fire was burning low. I was conscious that he was looking

at me; but the sight of me irritated him after a few moments, and he turned his back completely upon me with an impatient gesture, and sat down before the fire. I did not sleep the rest of the night. I was wondering how Captain Conyngham would have acted had he been placed under Mr. Loring's present circumstances. I had scarcely thought of Captain Conyngham since we had been upon the island. While I was so musing, Mr. Loring, as if in pursuance of a train of thought, rose to his feet, and held his hands imploringly up towards heaven, whither his eyes followed. Perhaps I was uncharitable. It flashed through my mind that Captain Conyngham would not have acted so.

Mr. Loring devised a method of obtaining boughs, by climbing the tree and hanging with his whole weight to the branch; a somewhat dangerous plan, which made me tremble many times for the consequences, and shut my eyes as he descended. By this means, we obtained a considerable number of branches as a foundation; which were interlaced in the trunks of four trees which grew near each other, and the interstices filled up with faggots. In this latter I could assist, and I never worked more heartily than when I strove in some degree to lighten the labour of the man who had done so much for me. But this hut, rough as it was, employed us many days to make, and I think "them little 'ands" of mine were in a very rude condition by the time it was roofed and finished. I was astonished myself at the amount of hard work I was capable of when obliged to do it. But what was to be the end of all this? Were our lives here to be spent in this branch hut, living on from day to day, collecting crabs and eating them? for although Mr. Loring had managed to make a sort of fishing-trap, and had discovered various birds' eggs, and occasionally young birds ready to leave the nest, still crabs were our staple resource. Such thoughts as the above I knew very often troubled him; for I, from my inner room: at night, could hear him tossing restlessly on his bed of dried grass, while Mr. Hart was sleeping quietly near him. As I have said, the chaplain was an elderly man, and could not look forward to a long life of dreariness. Yet, in words, I never heard Mr. Loring complain. His was the voice always to speak of hope and trust in Heaven, even when his older companion would despond. I do not know how many months we had been on the island: at first we tried to keep an account of the days but we soon lost it, and gave up the attempt. We used every now and then, by guess, to call one day Sunday.

O!—it must be acknowledged, sooner or later—how I loved that man! Day by day, it grew upon me. I shut my eyes to the fact for a long time. I, who had fancied I loved Captain Conyngham, who was not worthy to tread the same ground with Mr. Loring. I

saw my mistake; how entirely it had been a fancy, when I loved this noble gentleman, this true-hearted man, whose honest affection I had scorned in my blind infatuation. It was too late now: I felt it each moment of my present life. From the hour in which I had shown myself in my heartless, unwomanly character, he had ceased to care for me. He had, with his masterly, energetic mind, crushed the feeling whose object was unworthy, and had entirely succeeded. O, I was properly punished! I could not see an act of his now, nor hear him speak, without being reminded of the value of the heart I had thrown away. My only solace was in endeavouring to add to his comfort; and my only resource in avoiding his presence as much as possible. Our clothes, of so limited a stock, were continually in need of repair, and it was full employment for me to make small holes along the edges of the rents and draw them together with tough grass; sometimes with a thread composed of a dozen or two of my own hairs.

I ought to mention, that shortly after the departure of the seamen in the boat, two of their bodies were thrown upon the beach: they were dressed as they had left us, and hence we took advantage of their clothes. Mr. Loring and Mr. Hart buried them in the sand, and the latter repeated from memory some of the funeral service.

But the lovely weather upon which I had congratulated myself, began to change; and with the change of weather, Mr. Hart became ill with a species of low fever. It may seem strange,—it did so to me at the time,—during all the years of comparative happiness which I had spent—they seemed years of bliss to me now, looking back upon them—I had never given a serious thought to anything beyond the passing hour; or if sometimes my heart would ask the question which ought to interest us most, I had ready means of avoiding an answer by diverting it. But I could not do so here. Everything seemed forced home upon me, whether I would or not; there was no passing excitement to fly to; and I, who had my life through turned a deaf ear when churches were open and the book of God unclasped, was, when deprived of all these things—now vainly longed for—compelled to listen.

Mr. Loring's time was a good deal occupied in attending to Mr. Hart, who soon became too weak to rise from his bed, so that I was very much alone; but when we saw each other at all, Mr. Loring's manner was more kind to me than it had been since we landed. As I was returning one morning from a little creek, whither I went daily to bathe, I found Mr. Loring occupied in cutting a door-way directly into my sleeping-room. I asked him what he was doing; and, before answering my question, he rose, and taking my hand, led me out of hearing distance of the hut, and then said:

"I am afraid, very much afraid, that Hart's fever may be infectious; at least I will not have you run any risk until we know. You must not any more pass through his room."

"But," said I, "he must be taken care of."

"Cannot I?" he asked, "continue to take care of him?"

"But if it is infectious," said I, carried away by my terror into betrayal, "if it is infectious, as you think, you may become ill: what should I do? O Mr. Loring, let me wait on him! let me at least share the risk. If you should die—"

A strange light came into his dear eyes as I spoke, and he still held my hand, and hesitated; then, all at once dropping my hand, he answered, sadly:—

"Of course: it is natural enough; but never fear, poor child! He will not leave you without a protector."

That he should think me so utterly selfish!

"I did not intend that: you mistake me,"

I commenced, but I was unable to continue; and, sitting down upon a heap of dried grass near our house, I buried my face in my hands.

He walked up and down several times; then stopping in front of me, he said:—

"It seems very sad that your brightest days of youth should be wasted in such a place as this; but rest assured, though we cannot see it, that it is so for some purpose which will result in good hereafter. It cannot continue: some help will come before long. I am convinced of it."

How little he knew! I would sooner have remained cut off from all comfort and society on this almost barren island, only with him, than return to England, under happiest circumstances, without him. But I could not say it, and he went into the hut, in answer to a call from Mr. Hart, and left me.

I felt frenzied on the subject of this fever. I would not disobey Mr. Loring, and pass through the room; but I kept as close as I could to it, that we might at least run more equal risks, during the time of uncertainty. After a few days, he told me that he had been mistaken, and that I might resume my attention to Mr. Hart. He was safe, then; and, in my first transport of delight, I fell on my knees before him, and seized his hands. The same look passed over his face, that I had observed on the former occasion; but he only said:—

"You are content, then, to put up with my society a little longer? Then, more gravely: "I am afraid, before long, I shall be your only companion: Hart is dying."

I had of course a certain amount of regard for Mr. Hart, as was inevitable under our circumstances, and I was shocked and grieved at the news; but it did not affect me so violently: it moved Mr. Loring. He shook with emotion; I had never seen him so agitated before; and again he stretched out his hands

to Heaven, as I had seen him do that first night of our sleeping in the copse.

Two days after I was abroad in the wood, collecting firing; my almost daily occupation. I was unsuccessfully trying to twist the faggots into a bundle, when Mr. Loring joined me. He had been amongst the rocks in search of birds' eggs, the only thing we could procure suitable for an invalid. He took the branches from my hands, and commenced twisting them round the firewood, and I stood watching his strong arms doing so readily what had caused me so many vain attempts. He was fully engrossed with his occupation, and I with watching him. I saw a little viper crawl hastily out of the wood, and lodge within his shirt. I could not move: my heart seemed to stop beating: I dared not scream, lest he should irritate the beast by moving, and I should bring upon him what I dreaded. Mr. Loring looked into my face as he finished tying the bundle, and smiled; but the smile was quickly changed into a look of alarm, as he saw my terrified expression. The very thing I would have averted, came to pass. He started, exclaiming, "Margaret, what is it? Are you ill?" but the next moment put his hand to his shoulder, with an exclamation. I flew towards him, and pulled aside the shirt: there, on his shoulder, was a dark spot. The reptile, glad to escape, glided away. I placed my lips to the wound: Mr. Loring tried to repulse me, but in vain: I threw my arms round him, and clung to him as if my life depended on it. Was not his life dearer than my own?

It makes me shudder even now to think of it. Then, suddenly a strange consciousness flashed across me. I felt my face crimson with confusion, and I walked some paces away from Mr. Loring, and burst into tears. He did not speak to me; he did not even thank me: but he lifted the bundle of faggots from the earth, and looked at me inquiringly. I walked on by his side, still sobbing from excitement. Presently, he held out his hand to me; but I pretended not to see it. I wanted to look at his face, but had not nerve to do so for some time. When I did, I saw that he was walking with his eyes on the ground, but looking inexpressibly happy. He seemed to have forgotten his distress about Mr. Hart. While I was thus watching his face, he raised his eyes, when I withdrew mine; and, stretching out his hand again, he said:—

"Margaret, I half believe you love me. Look me in the face and tell me so, before it is too late."

I did look him in the face. I would have said: "believe it entirely; believe it from your very heart;" but I could find no voice.

That evening, as I stood at the door of our hut—Mr. Hart was asleep—he came towards me, and, without a prefatory word, drew me to him, with his arms placed round me.

and, in a low voice, explained to me the meaning of his words, "Before it is too late." He wished me to marry him before the chaplain died. The proposal did not come strangely from him, strange as it was in itself. It seemed to have been the haunting fear of his life, that Mr. Hart would die before I had learnt to love him. I did not hesitate a moment in my compliance—why should I? As he moved towards the house, I said: "Are you going to speak to him now, Mr. Loring?"

He nodded and smiled: then observed, quietly, "My name is Henry," and left me.

That evening we were married by Mr. Hart; who needed no preparation for the event. He guessed the state of affairs throughout. He drew up a sort of certificate, with a wooden pen, on a piece of calico, with some ink manufactured from berries.

After this, Mr. Hart sank rapidly, and it was not many days before he died; Henry Loring and I were left alone.

Those were days, to me, as happy days as I can fancy those of our first parents must have been before they fell. I could never have desired a change but for his sake; and it was with gratitude—chiefly on his account—that I hailed the message which one day, he brought me, with a pale, agitated face, and trembling voice, that a boat had put off from a ship at sea, and was making for the island. For his sake, I rejoiced as we landed again in England, after an absence of more than two years.

All that island life is not a thing only to be talked of to our children, and to be looked back upon almost as a dream.

PEARLS.

THE chief place among all precious things belongs to the pearl, says Pliny; and although pearls are not now held in the same extraordinary estimation as in ancient times, they are still gems of price: a necklace consisting of fourteen of them being the gift of a prince to his royal bride.

Britain early acquired a reputation for its pearls, as appears from a statement made by one of the oldest Latin writers, Pomponius Mela, to the effect that some of the seas of Britain generate gems and pearls. A tradition preserved by Suetonius says that Julius Caesar was tempted to invade the island by the hope of enriching himself with its pearls; and Pliny speaks of the pearls of Britain as small and ill-coloured, referring to the breast-plate studded with pearls which Caesar himself had brought home and dedicated to Venus Genetrix in her temple at Rome. Solinus affirms that the fact of the pearls being British was attested by an inscription on the shield. This agrees very well with Pliny's expression, that Caesar wished it to be understood that the offering was formed of British pearls.

Pliny gravely tells us, that the oyster produces pearls from feeding upon heavenly dew. Our own early writers entertained the same notion; and Boece, speaking of the pearl mussel of the Scottish rivers, says that "these mussels, early in the morning, when the sky is clear and temperate, open their mouths a little above the water, and most greedily swallow the dew of heaven; and after the measure and quantity of the dew which they swallow, they conceive and breed the pearl." Harrison says, that the pearls are also sought for in the latter end of August, a little before which time the sweetness of the dew is most convenient for that kind of fish which doth engender and conceive them. In the East, the belief is equally common, that these precious gems are

Rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.

"But, alas!" as Doctor Baird justly says, "alas! for poetry and romance! the science of chemistry, which has with its sledge-hammer of matter-of-fact converted the all-glorious diamond into vulgar charcoal, has also pronounced the precious pearl to be composed of concentrate layers of membrane and carbonate of lime!" This being admitted, the question then arises as to the cause of a substance so dissimilar in appearance to the shell in which it exists, and why it should be present in some shells, and absent in others.

In all cases it appears that the ultimate cause of the animal's forming this beautiful substance, is to get rid of a source of irritation. Sometimes this happens to be a grain of sand, or some such small foreign substance, which has got between the mantle of the oyster and the shell; and, proving a great annoyance, the animal covers it with a smooth coat of membrane and a layer of nacre, forming a projection on the interior, generally more brilliant than the rest of the shell. At other times it is caused by some enemy of the inhabitant of the shell perforating it from the outside, to get within reach of its prey. The animal, therefore, immediately plugs up the opening made, with a coat of nacre; and, shutting out the intruder, balks it of its nefarious design. In both these cases the pearl is usually found adhering to the internal surface of the shell. The most valuable specimens, are generally found loose in the muscles or other soft parts of the animal. This source of irritation is proved, according to the observations of Sir Everard Home, to be an ovum, or egg of the animal, which, instead of becoming ripe, proves abortive, and is not thrown out by the mother along with the others, but remains behind in the capsule in which the ova are originally contained. This capsule, being still supplied with blood-vessels from the parent animal, goes on increasing in size for another year, and then receives a covering of nacre, the same as the animal spreads over the internal

surface of the shell. As long ago as sixteen hundred and seventy-three, Sandius communicated the same fact to the Royal Society of London; he was led to it while investigating the mode of breeding of the freshwater mussel, by generally finding in the ovum, round hard bodies, too small to be noticed by the naked eye, having exactly the appearance of seed-pearls, as they are called. On further examination into the structure of pearls, he ascertained that all split pearls possessed a small central cell, which surprised him by its extreme brightness of polish; and, in comparing the size of this cell with that of the ovum when ready to drop off from its pedicle, he found it sufficiently large to inclose it. He came thus to the conclusion, that these abortive eggs are the commencement or nuclei of the pearl. When once formed, the animal continues to increase its size by the addition of fresh coats of nacre; adding, it is said, a new layer every year. Those pearls found in the substance of the animal are generally round; but occasionally they are found pear-shaped, from the pedicle by which the animal is attached having received a coat of nacre as well as itself. When the pear-shaped pearls are perfect, they are the most valuable, as they are in great demand for ear-drops. The true pearl is remarkable, as it is well known, for its beautiful lustre: which cannot be imitated. According to Sir Everard Home, this peculiar lustre arises from the central cell being lined with a highly polished coat of nacre, and, the substance of the pearl itself being transparent, the rays of light easily pervade it.

Mother-of-pearl is the inside lining of the nacreous shells, which, like the pearl itself, is composed of alternate layers of very thin membrane and carbonate of lime; but this alone does not give the pearly lustre, which appears to depend on minute undulations or waves of the layers. This lustre, it is said, has been successfully imitated on engraved steel buttons. Sir David Brewster, in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, tells us that the iridescence of the inside of the pearl-oyster arises from the circumstance, that we find in all mother-of-pearl a grooved structure upon its surface, resembling very closely the delicate texture of the skin at the top of an infant's finger, or the minute corrugations which are often seen on surfaces covered with varnish or with oil-paint. Similar appearances are to be seen in the structure of pearls. In these, the coloured images are crowded into a small space round the common image, partly on account of the spherical form of the pearl; and the various hues are thus blended into a white uniform light, which gives to this substance its high value as an ornament. Pearls, however—at least, the most valuable—are not perfectly solid; and in a split pearl the transparency is considerable. If a split pearl is set in a

ring, with the divided surface outwards, and examined with a magnifying glass, this central cell becomes very conspicuous, and the different layers of which the pearl is composed are also beautifully displayed. It is this brilliancy which distinguishes the real from the factitious pearl,—a lustre which no art can altogether give, though often attempted with considerable success.

Pearls are produced by many bivalves, especially the British river mussel (*Unio margaritifera*) and the Oriental pearl oyster (*Avicula margaritifera*). All the pearl shells are called *margaritifera* from *Margarita*, a pearl, and *fero*, to bear.

The pearl mussel is found in the mountain streams of Europe and America, the East and West Indies. They are more especially abundant in the rivers and lakes of North America; but several are natives of this country, and produce the once famous British pearls. The animal is of very little value as food from the insipidity of its taste, and at present it is used for bait in the Aberdeen cod-fisheries. The inside of the valves is sometimes pink, sometimes white,—often highly iridescent, and they occasionally contain numerous large pearls; as many as sixteen having been taken from one shell. Pennant says that this species is noted for producing quantities of pearls; and formerly there were regular fisheries in many of our rivers to obtain them.

The Esk was famous for pearls; and Camden and his translator Gibson have left us an account of the pearls found in the River Conway, in North Wales, in their time. The pearls of this river, says the latter, are as large and well-coloured as any we find either in Britain or Ireland, and have probably been fished for here ever since the Roman Conquest, if not sooner. A Mr. Wynn had a valuable collection of pearls procured from the Conway, among which, Gibson says that he noted a stool-pearl, of the form and bigness of a lesser button-mould, weighing seventeen grains.

Sir Richard Wynn of Gwidir, chamberlain to Catherine, Queen of Charles the Second, is said to have presented her Majesty with a Conway pearl, which is, to this day, honoured with a place in the regal crown. The shells were called by the Welsh, *crigen dilume* or *deluge* shells, from the belief that they were left there by the deluge. The river Jet, in Cumberland, also produces pearl mussels, and Sir John Hawkins, the circumnavigator had a patent for fishing that river.

The Scottish pearl fishery continued until the end of the last century, especially in the river Tay, where the mussels were collected by the peasantry before harvest time. The pearls were generally found in old and deformed specimens; and round pearls about the size of a pea, perfect in every respect, were worth three or four pounds.

In the Irish pearl fisheries the mussels were found set up in the sand of the riverbeds with their open side turned from the torrent; about one in a hundred contains a pearl, and about one pearl in a hundred may be tolerably clear.

A curious account, published about thirty years ago, says, that the pearl mussel is found in abundance in the River Conway, and is collected by means of the natives of North Wales, who obtain their livelihood entirely by their industry in procuring the pearls. When the tide is out they go in several boats to the bar at the mouth of the river, with their sacks, and gather as many shells as they can before the return of the tide. The mussels are then put into a large kettle over a fire to be opened, and the fish taken out singly from the shells with the fingers, and put into a tub, into which one of the fishers goes, bare-footed, and stamps upon them until they are reduced to a sort of pulp. They next pour in water to separate the fishy substance which they call *soloch*, from the more heavy parts, consisting of sand, small pebbles, and the pearls which settle at the bottom. After numerous washings, until the fishy part is entirely removed, the sediment, if it may be so called, is put out to dry, and each pearl separated on a large wooden platter, one at a time, with a feather; and when a sufficient quantity is obtained, they are taken to the overseer who pays the fisher so much an ounce for them. The price varies from one-and-six to four shillings an ounce; there are a number of persons who live by this alone, and when there is a small family to gather the shells and pick out the fish, it is preferable to any other daily labour. The pearls are generally of a dirty white, sometimes blue, but never green or reddish colour. There are generally several scores of ounces taken to the overseer each week. But what makes this fishery singular is the mystery which hangs over it. It is a perfect monopoly, and there is but the person who buys them up who knows what becomes of the pearls afterwards. And this fact has, of course, given rise to some curious and fanciful surmises respecting them. Some suppose that the pearls are sent abroad to be manufactured into seed pearls; others more gravely say that they are exported to India to be dissolved in the sherbet of the nabobs!

The huts which have been erected for the convenience of boiling the fish, are on the extremity of the marsh about a mile north of the town of Conway. About twelve miles up the river pearls have been found occasionally as large as a moderately sized pea, and have been sold for a guinea the couple, but they are very rarely met with. The large and small pearls are all sold together; but some years they are as high as four shillings, and other years as low as two shillings an ounce.

There is a species of pearl mussel in which the Chinese produce artificial pearls by introducing small shot and sand between the mantle of the animal and its shell. Mr. Gaskoin has a specimen consisting of two strings of pearls, and another in the British Museum has inside the shell a number of little josses made of bell-metal, now completely covered and coated with pearl.

Another variety of the pearl-bearers is the Mya, which is found on the shores of the European, Asian, and African seas, where, in several places, it is used as food, and also devoured by aquatic birds. There was a great fishery for pearls in the river Tay, which extended from Perth to Loch Tay; and it is said that the pearls sent from thence—between the years seventeen hundred and sixty-one and seventeen hundred and sixty-four—were worth ten thousand pounds. In the present day it is uncommon to find pearls in these shells worth from one to two pounds.

Pearls are also produced in great quantities by different varieties of oysters. The best are found in the Wing-shelled pearl-bearer (*Avicula margaritifera*), which, although during ancient times sufficiently plentiful in the seas of our area, is now exceedingly rare, being for the most part tropical. It is remarkable both for its beauty and eccentricity of shape, as well as for the pearls which it contains. It is fished in many parts of the world, particularly on the west coast of Ceylon; at Tuticoreen, in the province of Tinnevely, on the coast of Coromandel; at the Bahrein Islands, in the Gulf of Persia; at the Soloo Islands; of the coast of Algiers; off St. Margarita, or Pearl Islands, in the West Indies, and other places on the coast of Colombia; and in the Bay of Panama, in the South Sea. These wing-shells afford the mother-of-pearl used for ornamental purposes, and the Oriental pearls of commerce. Mr. Hope's pearl, said to be the largest known, measures two inches long, four round, and weighs eighteen hundred grains. One of the most remarkable pearls of which we have any account, was brought by Tavernier at Catifa in Arabia (a fishery famous in the days of Pliny), for the enormous sum, it is asserted, of one hundred and ten thousand pounds. (See Forbes and Hanley's *British Mollusca*.) It was pear-shaped, regular, and without blemish, measuring nearly three inches in length.

The most extensive pearl-fisheries are those on the several banks not far distant from the island of Bahrein, on the west side of the Persian Gulf; but pearl oysters are found along the whole of the Arabian coast. The fishing season is divided into two portions; the one called the short and cold, the other the long and hot. In the cooler weather of the month of June diving is practised along the coast in shallow water; but it is not until the intensely hot months of July, August,

and September that the Bahrein banks are much frequented. The water on them is about seven fathoms deep; and when it is cold the divers are much inconvenienced,—indeed, they can do little when it is not as warm as the air, and it frequently becomes even more so in the hottest months of the summer. When they dive, they compress the nostrils tightly with a small piece of horn, which keeps the water out, and stuff their ears with bees' wax for the same purpose. They attach a net to their waist to hold the oysters, and aid their own descent by means of a stone, which they hold by a rope attached to a boat, and shake it when they wish to be drawn up. A diver generally dives from twelve to fifteen times a day in favourable weather; but when otherwise, three, or four times only. They continue under water from a minute to a minute and a half, or at most two minutes. The exertion is extremely violent, and the divers are unhealthy and short-lived.

Pearls are liable to a disease which makes them sicken and perish. Noble families, who pride themselves upon the possession of ancestral pearls, are every now and then panic-stricken by finding some of their precious gems turning of a sickly blue colour and crumbling into dust. The crown jeweller of France applied, not long since, to the Academy of Sciences for a remedy for this disease, caused, most probably, by the membranes which form part of the pearls corrupting and decaying, as all animal matter does, by contact with the air, and leaving the powdered carbonate of lime as the only remains of the once lustrous pearls. There seems to be no remedy that we can think of for pearl-sickening, except preserving the pearls as much as possible from the influences of the light and air.

IN A MILITARY PRISON.

[WE have received the following curious paper, from the hands of the Private Soldier who wrote it in his Barrack-Room. We do not adopt his opinions, but we give him the opportunity of expressing them. And we should add, that we have authority for believing that the Dietary and Labour maintained in Military Prisons are too severe, sometimes tending seriously to impair the efficiency of the Prisoner when he returns to his duty.

The manuscript is printed exactly as it is written. It is a genuine production, and has undergone no editorial revision.]

Having committed a breach of one of the many Articles of War, it pleased the Commanding Officer to refer my case to a Regimental Ct. Martial—which, in Military Life, is equivalent to giving the person tried 42 days' Imprisonment, as it is the Colonel who orders the President and Members to

assemble, and who approves and confirms the Sentence. This Court-Martial is thus only a matter of form—a man being, it is said, tried and condemned before he appears in front of it—for I suppose that never in the memory of man was a prisoner Acquitted by a Regl. Ct. Martial. I certainly heard of a case where the President and Members did acquit a prisoner—but they were promptly ordered to re-assemble, and brought to a proper sense of their duty, for in half an hour's time they reversed their finding, and sentenced the prisoner to 42 days Imprisonment. All they could award. Having said this much, I need not describe the proceedings—except that a Member of the Court employed his time in taking what I suppose must have been a correct likeness of myself—as it seemed to meet the approval of the Member on his left.

My Ct. Martial was read, by the Adjutant in front of the Regiment—it finished thus:

"The Court, having found the prisoner guilty of the Charge preferred against him—and taking into consideration the Absence of former Convictions, and general Good Character—do now Sentence the prisoner, No.—, Pte.* —, to be imprisoned with Hard Labour for a period of 42 days. I wondered at the time, wherein the benefit of a good Character and no previous Convictions lay.

The prison at this time being quite full, I did not go there until the fourth day, when I was marched down at 3 p.m. This being my first appearance in such character—I determined to watch everything that might occur during my sojourn. The prison itself is only a number of Huts, enclosed by a high wooden paling, all the supports, &c., being on the outside, the inside being as flat and bare as the wall of a room. There is a chain of sentries inside and out, in fact all I saw, the narrow portal to enter by, the Abstract from Prison Regulations (painted on a board conspicuously over the gate way), warning all persons from conveying Liquor, Tobacco, or Money to prisoners—aiding or conniving at their escape, the penalties for such offences—the silence and gloom hanging over the place, all taught me I was entering a prison. The Gatekeeper now took charge of me and marched me off to the reception ward, where several others from different Corps were already awaiting. We now stript, and went into the bath.—After this, a Suit of Prison Clothes were served out to each, consisting of a Jacket and trousers of grey cloth, Flannel Shirt and Drawers, Socks, Towel, Shoes, and a Kilmarnock Cap; our own clothes were then tied into a bundle, labelled, and placed in store—until the day of our release.

The Laws of the prison were now read to us by a warder, in which we were informed that all talking, looking round, and shuffling

in the ranks, inattention while at shot or any other drill, slovenliness in person or apparel, would for any of the aforesaid offences—be brought before the Governor, and punished according to the nature and degree of the offence, or whoever used or offered violence to a Visitor or any Officer of the prison, would be brought before a board of Visitors, who could award 6 months' imprisonment in addition to a former sentence, and Corporal punishment not exceeding fifty lashes. We were likewise told that all on entering the prison, are placed in the third class—those who have been previously convicted—if within 6 months are not promoted from the third class until two thirds of their term of imprisonment is expired, if within eighteen months until one half, but if the first offence or a longer period, it lays to the discretion of the Governor; the advantage of promotion is this, that in the second class you are at light shot, and in the first class you only do Lt. Labour, such as drawing the roller, wheeling stones, sand, &c.—then there is school of an evening instead of picking Oakum—The first class have likewise a meat dinner of a Sunday.

The Diet, laid down, is as follows:

Breakfast.....	10 oz. Oatmeal, and $\frac{1}{2}$ part of milk.
Dinner.....	10 oz. Indian Meal, and $\frac{1}{2}$ part of milk.
Supper.....	8 oz. of Bread, and $\frac{1}{2}$ part of milk.

This is never altered unless by order of the Medical Officer. Here however, owing to the very severe out-door work the men have, wheeling muck and mud all day—they are allowed five oz. of meat to Dinner thrice a week, Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays—but this is only while they are so employed, and have no such luxury in any other prison.

What is allowed is barely sufficient to keep body and soul together; in the instructions to the Medical Officer (vide Regulations) he is cautioned against being imposed upon by prisoners.—So, if a man puts his name in the Sick Report, the chances are that he finds his dinner or supper stopt that day.—Starvation they fancy will cure anything.

On being taken to our wards, a lump of oakum was given to each; not being skilled in unravelling this article, I was making I suppose but a poor fist of it—which the prisoner next to me observing, and having done his own, took a portion of mine and commenced picking it for me—the eye of the warder was on him, however, and in a sharp tone ordered him to replace it, threatening at the same time to report him to the Governor. He looked so savage at him, that I fancied if he had only the power, he had all the will to strike him there, and then. Of a verity there are plenty of "Leggises" in the Army. I managed anyway to get through my task by the time this night—and when I got into the way it was easy enough. You

* Private,

tie a strand of the rope round your leg loosely, now take another strand, this is passed between your leg and that already tied round, holding it at the ends in your fingers, it is twice or thrice drawn sharply crossways, assisting it to untwine at the same time; this frays the strand, and the operation of teasing it is now comparatively easy.

The Huts are of the same dimensions as others in camp, but have only one door, a fire-place being at the other end—instead of a stove in the centre—iron stanchions secure all the windows, the door is fastened with a double lock which can only be fastened or opened from the outside. This is kept shut whenever the prisoners are in the wards. The Warder has a small bunk next the door; in this he sleeps at night, locking himself in; from this he can see all the inmates, and from here a bell communicates with the Chief Warder's quarters. One would imagine it to be nearly impossible to escape from here—for if even the windows or door was passed there is the high wooden paling, where no hand or foothold can be got—and the sentries every twenty yards inside and out. Yet only the other day, a private made his escape, and last Christmas morning got clear away and was no more heard of.

Every one on admission, sleeps for the first seven nights, the same as a soldier does upon guard, i. e., without a bed—a rug being allowed in place of a great coat.—After this while in 3d. Class, a bed is allowed every third night, and in the 2nd. Class every other night.—The 1st. Class have their beds every night. The bell rings at 5.30 a.m., when all rise, and make up their beds, then shave and wash; after this the Tables and forms are thoroughly cleaned and the floor dry-scrubbed, clothes brushed, shoes polished, and all ready to march out for exercises at 7, a.m., until 8 a.m.; we now went to breakfast; at 9 o'clock exercise again until 10 a.m.; the Clergyman now comes and reads prayers. We were after this placed in Squads for Shot drill, this commenced at 10.45 a.m., and continued until 12.15 noon. Dinner from 1 to 2 p.m.; exercise from 2 to 3 p.m.; Short Drill from 3 to 4.30 p.m.; and all are inside by 5 p.m., picking oakum, except the 1st. Class, who are at Lt. Labor for half an hour longer. At 6 p.m., Supper; and at 7.45 p.m. beds are made down—and all quiet and regular by 8 o'clock, when the Chief Warder visits each ward. One day is just the same as another, with the exception of Sundays—when every man goes into the bath—the Doctor makes his inspection; in the afternoon there is Church parade.

One thing struck me at first as being very remarkable. That was the great attention paid by all the prisoners at Divine Service. Every eye was on the minister, and the responses all fervently and audibly made—it far surpassed in this respect any place of

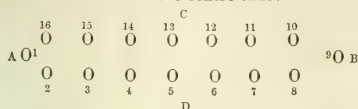
worship I had ever been in, and affected me at first greatly, but being behind the scenes, I soon found out it was only outward devotion.—I saw one lad hooted and derided for attempting to offer up a prayer to Him who could best assist him in his captivity. Most of the prisoners were profane swearers. Knowing this it did not take such a hold of me as it would otherwise have done, yet it was gratifying to see them even do so much. After Divine Service we were locked up for the night.

Shot Drill is the most severe labour in prison: the remainder;—marching drill, oakum-picking, &c.—is only harassing work; it keeps all your time employed, and from the hour you get up until you go to bed there is no rest. There is also Solitary Confinement, a punishment often awarded by Courts Martial in the ratio of one half and one fourth of the imprisonment.—If those Officers who are in the habit of adding Solitary Confinement to the Sentence, were only to pass forty-eight hours in a dark cell with a pound of bread daily and water ad libitum, they would probably think twice ere they sentenced a fellow creature to such a torture. I imagine it is mostly done by a thoughtless President, who fancies it likely to take the General's eye—when he reads, after sentencing some poor devil to four months' imprisonment with hard labour, the President adding a second and fourth week of each month to be solitary.

The Author of Experiences of a Gaol Chaplain says that "After lengthened consideration of the subject, and highly favorable opportunities for ascertaining its tendency I hold it to be a punishment which no human being has a right to inflict upon another. Its results are too frightful, its tortures are too great, its penal consequences are too permanent." He quotes likewise, "that at the Spinning House at Cambridge, where there are two cells termed solitary, the keeper has declared that, he is afraid to confine them (the women) lest they should commit suicide, two having attempted to strangle themselves." Again, "The surgeon of Brecon county jail observed that *Soldiers* placed in Solitary Cells suffer much both in body and mind, and said they would rather be hung than remain there." Another case "where a man died in Monmouth County Gaol apparently from fright." He was put into a Solitary Cell, and was found dead in the morning; the verdict found was, "Died from Apoplexy produced by the effect of a superstitious dread of solitary confinement." The Rev. Mr. Kingsley, in his work on Prisons and Imprisonment, speaks greatly against this punishment, and his knowledge ought to have great weight.

Short drill as I have already stated is a very trying punishment. The shot, each weighing thirty-two pounds, are all placed in wooden blocks on the ground under a large

shed. They are in divisions of sixteen, placed at a distance of four paces or ten feet apart in two rows, seven in each row, and one at each end in the centre thus:



The men are marched in, in two ranks, halting and fronting D in succession; as they arrive opposite the blocks, the right hand front rank man stands at the block A, and the left hand man of the rear rank at the block B. The order is now stand at ease lachets and stocks off; these are neatly folded and placed on each man's right. The Senior Warder present drills, the remaining officers are distributed among the prisoners to preserve order.

On being called to attention the whole face to the right, and consequently are all looking towards No. 1, or A. The command is now given, together left; at this all stoop as one, the shot is taken up and placed on the left hand, the right hand gliding under the left remains there and supports it. On the command one, a pace is taken to the rear with the right foot, turning at the same time on both heels to the right about. You now face the block that was in your rear. On commands two, three, and four, three paces forward are taken, which brings you close up to the other block. The shot are then all placed on the blocks together; then empty-handed you take a pace to the rear. As before with the right foot, right about, and moving forward three paces brings you to your former position. It will be seen that the shot are all off the blocks at one time, and on them at the same, and that they move round from No. one to No. sixteen, in an opposite direction, to the way the men faced at starting, and that they are only carried one half of the distance you walk—although as punishment you can be made to carry them back and forward, but it is seldom done. Six shot are supposed to be carried in a minute or seventy-two in the quarter of an hour this allows three minutes for standing at ease—the drill continues for an hour and a half. Seventy-two shot, I have said, are what is expected to be carried in the fifteen minutes, but ninety is the regular number, and the average that I carried was ninety-six; and on one occasion I carried one hundred and twenty-five, through the time being hurried, and the warder trying to “fig” one or two men—thus punishing all for them. In the hour and a half a man will carry, at six shot a minute, four hundred and thirty-two shot, a weight equal to 6 tons, 3 cwt. 1 qr. 20 lbs., and double that daily a distance of ten feet, walking in the same time a distance of seventeen thousand two hundred and eighty feet.*

* 1 shot sent to commissariat and 1 quarter.

The stooping, lifting, and carrying shot brings on a severe pain across the small of the back, arms, and legs. This goes off a good deal in time, but for the first week I could not bear to sit down, and I am confident that six months' imprisonment must materially injure the soldier's constitution, and it is to be regretted that some other less injurious mode of punishment is not adopted.

If the offences that soldiers commit are taken into consideration (and for which they are brought to Court Martials,) as well as the Punishment awarded often so disproportionate to the Crime, it is greatly to be desired that some other punishment besides Flogging, Shot Drill, or Solitary Imprisonment be substituted. I do not intend here to speak at length on Military Punishments, but I feel confident that soldiers' Crimes are punished with a degree of severity uncalled for—and that if more leniency was shown, it would be followed by more favourable results; it will be urged against this, that discipline must be kept up in the army—and discipline requires severity, but whoever recollects the army thirty years since, when crimes were punished with tenfold severity to what they are at the present day—when those who had not been flogged were the exception, instead of as at present the rule; when 1000 lashes was often awarded, and as often inflicted; when I say look at the army of that day and this, in a moral or any other point of view—and considering over all this, who will venture to say that the discipline of our soldiers now is not quite as good as it was then—and must join with me in thinking—that severity in punishment never lessens crime.

Let this experience be followed up, let trivial faults be looked over in a great measure. In the Foot Guards, I believe when a man is late or absent from watchsetting through meeting with a friend or any other cause, he has an hour's extra drill the following day, for every hour he is absent until midnight—up to that time he is allowed to go to bed. If this does in the Guards, why not try it in the line? It would be the cause of less Court Martials. Many a one when they find themselves late, knowing that they will have to go to the Guard Room if they go to barracks, make up their mind to remain out until the following morning, and from that to the following day, and so on, until when he goes in a Ct. Martial is the result, would, if the same system as in the Foot Guards was adopted, go home and do their hour or two's drill cheerfully—their names of course would not be entered in the Defaulters' book at all.

Military Prisons are all conducted on the Silent System—if practical; from their being only huts where I was, this could not be done, but as far as vigilance could go the warders exercised it. But it was next to an impossibility to prevent talking (when it

is considered that a look or a nod is sufficient at times to convey news)—a conversation is easily carried on when picking oakum, owing to the stooping position of the prisoners, which brings their heads close together. Again at night there is little to prevent them speaking to each other. The few weeks I was in prison I was in nearly all the wards at one time or other, and had an opportunity of hearing many a tale of their adventures, and nearly all I spoke to had been tried for desertion. One, an old soldier, related to me what seemed, if true, a rather hard case. His Regiment was at Birmingham on duty, the day her Majesty visited that town. The same night they had to parade at the Railway Station and proceed to Aldershot. A great many were absent, this man amongst the others. He got drunk, and the following morning went to Coventry where his friends were, and got money from them to pay his fare to Aldershot. On arriving there he went to the Guard Room and surrendered himself a prisoner—he having been in all three days absent. Now is the curious part of the story. He was tried by a District Court Martial for Desertion, found Guilty, and sentenced to six months' Imprisonment. He was certainly a bad character, having been tried ten or twelve times. Still in my opinion he was not Guilty of the crime laid to his charge, which instead of desertion ought to have been—Absence without leave: but I doubt the truth of this. Another man was tried, and received six months' imprisonment. After the Court Martial was read, the Commg. Officer abused him in front of the Regiment, saying that he was a good-for-nothing fellow, a bad soldier, &c. The prisoner being a passionate man, and thinking that he did not deserve this—recalling to his mind as well, that at the Battle of Inkerman he had assisted to carry this very Colonel, when wounded, off the field—he told me that thinking all this, and that the reproach was unmerited, he so far forgot himself, as to take his highlow off and throw it at his Commanding Officer, it was thrown without aim, and struck the Adjutant on the thigh. For this he was tried by a General Court Martial, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude, this to commence at the expiration of the six months, already awarded. I asked him if he had made any mention of the provocation he had received, at the time he was tried, but he said that he had not, although he made a report of it afterwards while in prison to a Visitor, he heard no more about it, however, and I expect it was too late.

What astonished me then, and does now, in the risk, fatigue, and trouble some would undergo to desert. Without money or clothes, they would boldly set out to walk to London, and in nine cases out of ten would succeed; although this place is surrounded with provosts, very few are taken attempting to

desert—it is after getting safe away, and being settled at home, that some one informs the police, probably their own friends who get tired of their society. In one instance at Worcester a lad's mother informed on him, and I know of one of the — Hussars, a soft looking fellow, with his head on one side, who I met along with his mother in London. They were going to Hounslow, where the old lady gave him up as a deserter to his regiment.

A laughing little fellow of the East Kent Militia, a bricklayer by trade, took it into his head to desert one Sunday evening, through meeting with an old man, a hawker of nuts, &c., who offered to buy his greatcoat of him. A bargain was made for four shillings, it was a new coat, and away he started in the direction of Guildford, stopping and listening when he heard any one coming, hiding until they passed, and then on again, running until out of breath when the road was clear. Being afraid to go through Guildford, he made across the fields, thinking to reach the London road on the other side of the town. This part of the country was quite unknown to him, but after a long time he got to the high-road; thinking all was right now, and having only the dread of what lay behind, he walked and ran, ran and walked, until daylight. All this time he was afraid to make any inquiries, but he thought he must have gone over twenty miles; he at last mustered courage to ask a cottager who was standing at his door the distance from London. Greatly to his astonishment and dismay he learnt that he was on the road and high to Portsmouth, having been travelling all night in quite the contrary direction to where he wished to go. He was now advised to strike across the fields, and get on to the Brighton road, the man seeing what he was, wished him good bye and God speed. He saw no one after this until he came to a public-house on the main road, where some hay-makers were standing. As they seemed to eye him closely coming along, he determined to go boldly up and throw himself on their generosity. He told his tale to them, how he had deserted, the mistake he made in coming the wrong road; it was all right, he had got among some of the good sort; they first filled his belly, then rigged him out, one gave him a pair of trousers, another a jacket, and so on, the landlord supplying a billy-cock. Nothing he had was of any service to them, so he could make no return; certainly one took his waistbelt to make a razor strap of.

He had now a good rest until the following morning, when he started with a full belly, and feeling quite another man, to what he done the day before, he pushed on to Brighton, from there to Maidstone, and to Canterbury, his native place. Not considering it safe to stop there, he went to Sittingbourne, and from there to Milton, where he got employment, and was rubbing along very

comfortable, until one night coming from work he met one, who had known him in the Militia. He was questioned at once, where and how he had left them. In reply he told him that he had been discharged on account of being too short (his height being only five feet two inches), but this was of no use, the other having seen his name in the Hue and Cry. It was proposed to him to give himself up at once, and if he done so he would share the reward. Knowing this only to be a ruse to get him to the police station, he seemed to comply, when they went to a public house; from this he managed to give the fellow the slip, and got to his lodgings all safe. He now saw that Milton was too hot for him, and packing up his bundle, determined to start the first thing in the morning; but delaying has lost empires; he ought to have gone there and then, for at midnight the informer was at the door with the police, and woke out of a pleasant dream to find himself a prisoner. The following day he was sworn in a deserter, and laid in jail until an escort came for him from his Regiment.

I will relate an account as told me by another, a little undersized Chap, whom I took a dislike to at first sight; there are some who as soon as you set eyes on, you detect something wrong about—something that tells you, they are not to be trusted, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, on further acquaintance, you find this first impression to be correct. In this instance it was so with me. I will tell his story as near as I can in his own words.

"I deserted from Sheffield in May last; I had gone to town one night, and happened to meet along with an old shopmate, I had formerly known in Liverpool; he was extremely glad to see me, and insisted on standing treat. We went from public-house to public-house, and got quite comfortable and jolly together, so nothing would satisfy him but to have on my clothes, he would be a soldier for one night; we exchanged, and then it struck me I would never have a better chance of stepping it, the fool had left all his money in the pockets, about thirty shillings. I slipped out of the room, and out of the house, down one street up another. I now breathed freer, and even had a laugh, when I thought how surprised he would be at my absence—but I had no time to lose, but made the best of my way to the Railway Station, when I was lucky just to catch the train for Liverpool. I paid my fare and got in, but felt very nervous until we were fairly off. I got to my destination all safe, and procured work easily. The men in the shop discovered I was a deserter from my underclothes being marked my name and regimental number; but I could trust them all, and would have been there until now only for my confounded bad luck.

"As is customary in the trade, another man

and I worked together, and at the fortnight's end I drew his pay as well as my own, intending to settle with him when we met at the House of Call, but I never went there, and forgot all about it, got on the spree, spent the money, his as well as my own, and did not show front until the Thursday; but by this time the Chap (whose togs I had borrowed at Sheffield) put in his appearance. That affair, and my having the money, caused them to report me to the police. Before an hour I was in jail, for desertion, and lay there close on three weeks. Being a tailor I put in as pleasant a time as I could wish under the circumstances, having plenty to eat and drink, besides tobacco to smoke—quite a different affair from this shop I can assure you. I made a coat here—for a policeman, who fancied, as he supplied me with several things, and being a prisoner, I should charge him nothing; but he found out his mistake, for when the escort arrived I reminded him that he owed me a few shillings for work done. He laughed at the idea of paying a prisoner, but the Corporal of the Escort, on being made acquainted with the affair, made it his duty to see the governor and state the case to him. The policeman and I were brought up, when I made a charge of twelve shillings for making the coat. This the governor ordered to be paid at once, explaining that, until I was tried and proved guilty, I could not be considered a deserter, for by the law a man is innocent until the contrary is proved. On being brought to Aldershot, I was tried and sentenced to eighty-four days imprisonment by a District Court Martial. Another man of the name of — was tried by the same Court, and received the same sentence. While we were in the guard room, a man of the Regiment gave himself up as a deserter from the —, but that Corps did not feel disposed to claim him, so he was released. But when a prisoner, this young fellow discovered that the door opening to the cells, was locked on the inside, and could be easily unscrewed with a knife and taken off—an easy mode of escape lay before us, which we did not fail to take advantage of; for, about two o'clock in the morning, we quietly opened the door and stepped out, he first, I after him. It was quite dark, so we had scarcely any trouble. We got out of the Camp as quick as possible, the sentries challenging as we passed, although none tried to stop us. We swore that we should not be taken alive, although neither of us meant this in reality.

"We pushed on now as hard as possible until daybreak, but had no idea in what part of the country we were; feeling certain however that we were far beyond the camp boundaries, and this was all we cared for. A policeman tried to stop us, but he got a lesson that would prevent him stopping others. We now came to a road-side public house, and had plenty to eat as well as

drink, in fact were rather fresh ; but we did not fancy the looks of the host, who wished us to remain for an hour or two, so we made off again, and reached a Canal, which we crossed, and proceeded along the banks, thinking that it would lead us somewhere. On our left was a plantation, the canal being on the right ; here we were overtaken by four countrymen, who, from questioning us as to where we came from and whither bound, proceeded to stop us, and said we must go with them to the police-station. Seeing that it was all up, S——knocked one of them flat, with a right-hander, and made for the plantation. I turned round and made for the bridge, but found my retreat cut off by two fellows on the other side. I foolishly jumped in the Canal, where I proved an easy capture—far differently had it happened with poor S——. He had tried first to gain the wood, had been beaten back, these fellows striking him over the head and body with bludgeons, he now made for the water, and jumped in—but, poor fellow, although a good swimmer, he sank to rise no more ; the blows must have stupefied him. Search was made, but his body was not recovered for some hours. I never learnt how the coroner's inquest brought it in, it surely could not be accidental death. The clothes he wore when brought to the Regiment were covered with blood, and the opinion of all is, that he was murdered. By what right had these fellows, on mere suspicion, to take and ill-use us as they did ? I remained in Guilford Gaol for two months over another affair, and was then brought back, and tried for breaking out of the Guard Room, receiving eighty-four days additional, and who should I find a prisoner along with me but J——, the contriver of our escape. He had his wits about him as usual, for he stole a key that would open both padlocks that the door was now fastened with.

"They had neglected to profit by former experience, and still locked the door inside, although they had placed a sentry outside. We should have gone that night, but J——was marched into prison that afternoon. He left the key with me, but none would join, and I did not fancy somehow going by myself.

"The next day a sergeant came on, and on counting the keys missed one ; he suspected I had it, told me that I had better give it up quietly and there would be nothing more about it—but if he searched and found it on me—he would put a crime against me for stealing it. I gave it up, and have come in here to do near on six months."

I thought when his tale was finished what a difference there was in the treatment by Civilian—of these two deserters—the Militia man and ——, the former receiving shelter, clothes, and assistance in every way from them, the latter getting only ill-treatment.

Desertion is at present the most prevalent Crime in the Service. Upwards of forty per cent. of all Court Martials is for Desertion, twenty per cent. for Absence without Leave, and only fifteen per cent. for Drunkenness. When I joined the Service some years back it was in an inverse ratio to this—Drunkenness standing first in the List. Can any reason be assigned for this exceedingly large proportion of deserters ? And this has nothing to do with those now at large—numbering I believe over ten thousand.

One cause in my opinion is the large bounty now given to recruits. Many during the Crimean War made a trade of enlisting ; receiving the bounty, and deserting—and many do now. A recruiting sergeant cares nothing about who he enlists as long as he passes the Medical Officer. What is it to him whether he has taken one or a dozen bounties previously, as long as he gets the fifteen shillings for enlisting him ? And after this he cares not how soon he starts again ; for by such are recruiting sergeants enriched. When a recruit enlists he receives ten shillings ; and, on joining his Regiment, two pound ten shillings and a complete kit ; if he joins the Militia in the first place, and then volunteers, he gets three pounds additional. While this money lasts, soldiering is all very well, and I dare say he likes it : but the money gets done and he comes on fourpence daily pay : he misses his pint in the morning, his bread, cheese and porter for lunch, and his quarts at night ; he disposes of some part of his necessaries for half their value ; this does for a time to supply these luxuries, until all is gone ; if he makes these good he will, if in the Infantry, be thirty shillings or two pounds in debt, if in the Cavalry twice as much. He is now under stoppages, and receives one penny a day. As he could not do upon fourpence, he cannot exist upon a penny—the sale of all his kit and desertion follows. He now enlists in some other Regiment, where the same is again enacted, and so on.—I've heard them boast of the number of Regiments they had been in. One mentioned no less than seven Regiments he had served in, another four, another three—yet all considered themselves unlucky in being taken at last, and all declared that they would again desert the first opportunity. From this it will be seen that one man may represent several in the Hue and Cry.

Some one says that the worst use a man can be put to is to hang him, and I think the worst use a soldier can be put to, is to place him in a Military Prison ; where he only entails trouble and expense.

Military Prisons are now in all Camps, Garrisons, and Barracks, for however small the barracks are, there is provost cells, provost sergeant quarters, and a provost sergeant with so much extra a day. Here for instance there is a prison capable of holding some-

where about 180 men, to this there is a Staff of Officers attached with salaries as stated below yearly :—

	£	s.	d.
Governor... ..	385	0	0
Chief Warder... ..	103	8	4
Store Keeper... ..	83	12	11
Infmy. Warder... ..	66	18	4
1 Warder... ..	66	18	4
8 Asst. Warders, at 57l.15s.10d.	452	6	8
12 Acting Asst. Do. at 27l. 7s. 6d.	328	10	0
Gate Keeper... ..	57	15	10
Messenger... ..	39	10	10
Cook... ..	39	10	10

Total... 1638 12 1

This does not include the salaries of the Doctor and Clergyman, which can safely be put down as £400 more, so there is upwards of £2000 expended in paying the officials alone, in a prison holding only 180 men. I do not know what the Rations, Clothing, Bed and Bedding, Coals, Candles, and a host of other requisites too numerous to mention will amount in a year, but it must be, at least, double what the salaries come to or £4000; so that £6000 is expended annually to keep one hundred and eighty soldiers in confinement, this sum would pay double that number at their duty, and when we consider that those prisoners kept up at such an expense to the state, are of no benefit to the army, they neither work for the Government or make shoes for their Comrades, nor make clothing for themselves, they do not sew, weave or spin. If they must have prisoners, let the prisoners be employed in tasks that would not injure their Constitutions, as Shot Drill, &c., is so well known to do. Again, do men after imprisonment prove better soldiers? If any answer this I am sorry to think it must be in the negative—for let a man be of however good behaviour, in a prison he must meet the worst of Characters, and “who can touch pitch without being defiled.”

The crimes committed by Soldiers are in most instances of a trifling nature compared to those committed by Civilians; but the soldier fares worse in a Military Prison than the felon does in a Civil Prison. How is this?—for I find that at Dartmoor, convicts get as their daily ration twenty-seven ounces of bread, and eight ounces of Cooked Meat—without bone, one pint of Cocoa in the morning, and one pint of Oatmeal porridge in the evening, and potatoes to dinner. This is what is termed able-bodied diet. There are other scales, where some are allowed porter, others treacle, &c. Their hours of labour are from seven A.M. until five P.M., an hour is allowed for dinner from twelve to one, they attend chapel twice a day—and above all this, three-halfpence daily is placed to their credit, which accumulates until their term of imprisonment expires. This they receive on leaving

the prison. They likewise have books lent to them, Classes are formed for Instruction, Chaplains visit them in their Cells, everything done to make them wiser and better men.

I say nothing against all this and more being done for the felon; but I ask why the Soldier prisoner is so miserably fed?

Compare the scale of diet as laid down for the Soldier in prison, and that allowed to the felon: instead of three-halfpence a day going to the good of the Soldier—I was charged in my account three shillings and sixpence for the use of clothing I had while in prison. There is here again a wide difference between the two.

JAPANESE SOCIAL LIFE.

THERE is a general air of resemblance between social life in Japan and social life in the Western kingdoms. The Japanese meet to talk, to sing, to dance, to play; they make water parties and drink tea together; they hunt and hawk; they ask riddles, and they play at forfeits; they act charades, and no doubt they sometimes gossip about friends and acquaintances.

But here we come to a point of divergence; and as their prayers are executed by the revolutions of a wheel, and as a fervent spirit stands no chance against a vigorous arm, so we find another anomaly in regard to scandal. It is done by a professor, who makes a business of it; gets up his innuendoes and facts and incidents, and recites them in public at so much an hour. But the strangest part of the thing is, that this professional scandal-monger is a polished gentleman. He is looked up to as a model of politeness and high breeding, and is expected to raise the tone of the society which he enlivens by his anecdotes. In fact, the general air of resemblance fades away when we look into some of the details of the three great events of life, birth, death, and marriage, and find how strangely they are conducted by the inhabitants of the Eastern kingdom.

Take, for example, a marriage. A Japanese “gentleman about to marry” may be influenced in his choice by any or all of the many motives which influence gentlemen in Europe. By way of making known his intentions to the family of the lady whom he has chosen, however, he affixes the branch of a certain shrub to her father's house. If it is accepted, so is the lover; if no notice is taken of it, he withdraws his suit.

If affection has drawn him to the maiden, and she wishes to show that she reciprocates his feelings, she blackens her teeth, and they will remain black for the rest of her life. At a later stage of the proceedings, she will pluck out her eyebrows. We must suppose that the gentlemen appreciate these marks of devotion; but only imagine an English woman slitting her nose or cutting off her ears, in

order to gain favour in the eyes of the man she loves!

When the branch is accepted, that terrible routine of ceremonies is commenced, which, in Japan, demand the study of a lifetime to comprehend and the patience and long-suffering of a martyr to perform. There is a ceremonious appointment of male friends of the bridegroom and female friends of the bride, and a ceremonious meeting between them to arrange the terms of the marriage-contract, and select two auspicious days, one for a ceremonious interview between the affianced pair, and the other for the crowning ceremony—the wedding.

Let not the uninitiated suppose that crowning is synonymous with concluding. It is rather the grand inaugural ceremony, and signifies that from henceforth until the time when the poor worn-out frame is carried to its last home, in a coffin shaped like a washing-tub, no event of life important or unimportant shall be passed over without its appropriate ceremony.

A Japanese lady is not exactly purchased of her father. Still very costly presents are expected for a handsome daughter, and the best the bridegroom can afford in any case. These presents, which are sent to the lady, are at once made over by her to her parents, and are kept by them. They, in return, send some articles of trifling value to the bridegroom. Next comes the ceremony of burning the childish toys of the bride; then that of preparing her trousseau,—which includes articles of household furniture, all the requisites for the kitchen, a spinning-wheel, and a loom.

Some authors maintain that marriage in Japan is a civil contract only, and is unaccompanied by any religious solemnization. Others say that there is a religious ceremony, and that the marriage must be registered in the temple to which the young couple belong. Prayers and benedictions are there pronounced by the priest, and there is a formal kindling of bridal torches, the bride's from the altar, and the bridegroom's from the bride's; after this they are proclaimed to be man and wife.

Now begins the business of the day. The unhappy lady with her black teeth is dressed in white, and when she leaves her father's house she is covered from head to foot in the garment which is to be her shroud. In this plight she is seated in a *norimon*, or palanquin, and carried forth to parade the greater part of the town, escorted by her family and friends. When she reaches the bridegroom's house two of her youthful friends accompany her to the state room. These friends, instead of bridesmaids, are called the male and female butterfly. In this state room sits the bridegroom in the seat of honour, with his parents and nearest relations; and there are two tables in the apartment very elaborately arranged. On one there is a miniature re-

presentation of a fir-tree, emblematic of man's strength; of a plum-tree in blossom, the emblem of woman's beauty; and of cranes and tortoises for long life and happiness. On the second table stands all the apparatus for drinking saki, the national beer. By this, the bride in her shroud and the attendant butterflies, take their place; and here they commence pouring out, presenting, and drinking saki, amidst formalities which Pet-Singh says are numerous and minute beyond description or conception. When the drinking bout is over the wedding guests appear, and the evening is spent in eating and drinking saki. In deference to the frugality and simplicity of the early Japanese, the wedding feast consists of very simple fare.

Three days after this, the bride and bridegroom pay a visit to the lady's family; the bride plucks out her eyebrows, and the wedding forms are over.

It constantly happens that fathers in Japan, worn out by the vexations, burdens, and restrictions attached to the condition of head of a family, resign this dignity to the son; either as soon as he is of age to assume the position, or at his marriage. Thenceforward the father with his wife and younger children become dependants on the eldest son.

On the first intimation of a probable addition to the family, a girdle of braided red crape is bound round the body of the future mother above the waist. The opinion of the unlearned in Japan represents this as a precaution by which the unborn babe is prevented from stealing food out of the mother's throat, and so starving her to death; consequently the fillet must remain as first fastened, until the birth of the infant. Poor lady! as soon as the baby is born she is given over again to ceremonies and superstitions. She is placed upright in her bed in a sitting posture, and fixed in it by great, hard bags of rice wedged under each arm and at her back. She is compelled to remain in this position for nine days and nine nights, very sparingly fed, and actually kept wide awake lest by falling asleep she should in the slightest degree change the prescribed position. No wonder that after this she recovers very slowly and is nursed as an invalid for one hundred days. The baby, however, with the exception of one day, is absolutely free; wearing no clothing that can impede the growth and development of body and limb, and being victimised by no ceremonious observances.

The exceptional day is that on which it receives a name; for a girl the thirtieth, and for a boy the thirty-first day after birth. The baby is carried to the family temple, accompanied by its wardrobe,—by the abundance of which the wealth and dignity of the father are estimated—and by a large procession of friends and servants. Last of all walks a maid-servant carrying a box, which contains money for the priestess and three

names on a slip of paper. These names are submitted by the priestess to the god to whom the temple is dedicated; she announces which has been selected and names the child, which she sprinkles with water.

The new member of society is then carried to several other temples—for religious exclusiveness is unknown in Japan, and the members of different sects deem it an act of courtesy to visit each other's gods and do them reverence. Lastly, it is carried to the house of the father's nearest kinsman. He gives it a bundle of hemp to spin it a long life, and various charms and relics; to these, if it is a boy, he adds two fans—to represent swords, and if a girl, a shell of paint—typical of beauty. The baby then remains free and unconfined for three years; at the expiration of that time, whether boy or girl, the clothes are confined at its waist by a girdle and it is taught to pray.

The boy receives a mantle of ceremony at seven years old, and—with appropriate religious observances—a new name. This change of name must be one of the most perplexing of Japanese customs. The boy changes his name again when he is of age; and this third name is in its turn laid by for a fourth when he obtains office—and every Japanese unless of the very lowest rank, holds some official position. But this is not all; no official subaltern may bear the same name as his chief; so that every new appointment to a post of importance necessitates a change for all those who may happen to be namesakes of the great man.

One of the old Jesuits compiled a grammar of the Japanese language, but he declined explaining the mode of handwriting; he said that it had been "invented by the devil to perplex poor missionaries and impede the progress of the Gospel." We may make a similar remark as to this system of changing the name, which extends even to the throne. Can any mechanical contrivance make the study of Japanese history and biography possible?

But, to return to the children. It is said that children of both sexes and of all ranks are sent to elementary schools, where they learn reading and writing, and even, in spite of the obvious difficulties, acquire some knowledge of the history of their country. This education is deemed sufficient for the lower orders, and it is said that there is not even a day labourer in Japan who has not received as much as this.

Children of the upper classes leave these schools for others of a higher order, in which they are taught morals and manners; taught all the wonderful science of good-breeding in Japan, and the innumerable laws of etiquette applying to every person of all ranks and stations in the empire. Then too they must have a thorough knowledge of the almanac with all its lucky and unlucky days, since it would not only be disastrous but disgracefully

vulgar to marry, or take a journey, or do anything of importance, on an unlucky day.

In addition to this, boys are taught arithmetic and the whole mystery of the *Hari-Kari*, or *Happy Dispatch*. This *Happy Dispatch* is no other than the art of disembowelling themselves, as described in a previous paper. As it is, to every well-born man, the possible mode of the termination of his existence, it is necessary that he should know not only how to perform the operation gracefully, but with what ceremonies it should be accompanied, and what degree of publicity or privacy the peculiar occasion may require. Above all, he must be thoroughly well grounded in all the occasions, the causes, and the situations in which the *Happy Dispatch* may be imperative on a gentleman and a man of honour.

Princes and all members of the higher classes ask permission to perform the *Happy Dispatch* when sentenced to death, and this is generally granted. The criminal, however, does not make away with himself in a quiet manner. On the contrary, he assembles his family and friends, puts on his richest garments, makes a most eloquent speech, and looking blandly around him, throws aside his robe and makes the slash upwards and then across which terminates his existence.

Two high officers of the court meet on the palace stairs and jostle each other. One is a hot-tempered violent fellow, and immediately demands satisfaction for the insult. The other is cool and calm; he offers an ample apology, but declines giving any further satisfaction, as the occurrence has been purely accidental. The violent man will not, however, be appeased, and finding that he cannot provoke the other to a conflict, he suddenly draws up his robes, unsheaths his katana, and slashes himself in the prescribed manner.

The instructions received in youth have taught the survivor that in this case only one course is open to the man of honour; he must, in imitation of his adversary, disembowel himself. Which he does on the spot, and so falls dying by the side of the dying man whom he had unintentionally offended.

In the year eighteen hundred and eight, an English frigate found an entrance into the harbour of Nagasaki and detained the Dutch who boarded her, as prisoners, demanding fresh beef as their ransom. The governor of Nagasaki had no alternative; the Dutch were under his protection and must be released, so the beef was supplied. Nevertheless, his conduct would bring disgrace and ruin on himself and his family. He anticipated this and partly averted it by disembowelling himself, and his example was followed by several others in his house.

The *Happy Dispatch* is always performed either publicly—that is, in a solemn assembly of friends; or privately—that is, in the presence of the family circle only. It is performed in public when a man has incurred

ill-will, or committed some offence which would be visited by punishment, confiscation, or corruption of blood. But justice is satisfied and the punishment obviated by his self-destruction. On some occasions the Happy Dispatch is perpetrated in a temple, after a splendid entertainment given to relations, friends, and the priests of the temple. When it is performed privately in the family circle, it is because a man dies may boen, or in secret. Possibly he has held some office, and his death is concealed till the reversion of his place has been obtained for his son. Or if deeply in debt, he dies may boen for the benefit of his creditors, who receive his salary whilst he continues nominally alive.

When the necessity for the may boen ceases, or when a Japanese dies openly either by the national Happy Dispatch or as a Japanese sometimes dies—in the course of nature—the first sign of mourning is the turning of all doors and screens throughout the house upside down, and all garments inside out.

Leaving now the Hari-Kari, let us turn for a few moments to the last hours of a Japanese, the father or mother of a family, sick of some mortal disorder. When all chance of recovery is at an end and death seems to be approaching, the garments of the sick person are changed, and clean ones put on; the last wishes are asked for and written down, and the deepest silence is maintained. Men at this time are tended by men, and women by women. When all is over, the relatives come to bewail the dead, and the body is carried to another place, and covered with the robe worn during life, but the skirt is placed over the head and the sleeves over the feet of the corpse; its head is laid towards the north, with the face turned to the east, and the face is covered with light gauze. Screens are placed round the body to keep away cats; for the Japanese say that if a cat jumps on a corpse, the dead will come to life; and there is a severe law against striking a cat with a broomstick, because, it is said, in that case the body dies again.

The son and heir of the deceased person and his family mourn in white garments; sometimes they tie up their hair with a hempen cord, and they must neither wash nor eat for three days. If they cannot fast so long, friends may give them a little moist rice.

All matters of business and ceremony are carried on by friends; as the family are supposed to be too much absorbed in sorrow to enter into any of the details and preparations required on this occasion. One friend orders the funeral; another stands at the door of the house, in a dress of ceremony, to receive visits of condolence; another superintends the digging of the grave. This is shaped like a well, and situated in the grounds of a temple.

If the deceased be married, the grave is made large enough to receive husband and wife; and on the monument bearing the name of the deceased, the name of the survivor will be engraved, to be blackened or else gilt at a future time.

A fourth friend superintends the laying out of the corpse, and, in a few days, the setting of it up. For the corpse, washed and clothed in a white shroud—for a married woman, the dress that she wore at her wedding—is placed in the sitting posture of the country, in a coffin shaped like a washing-tub, and enclosed in an earthenware vessel of the same shape. Thus it is borne to the grave, in a procession consisting of the family and kindred in mourning garments of pure white, friends in their dress of ceremony, and servants carrying paper lanterns and torches. The ladies of the family and female friends close the procession, each in her own norimon or palanquin, and attended by her female servants. A funeral service is performed by the priests of the temple, and the corpse is interred to a peculiar kind of music, produced by clashing together copper basins. In former times the dead man's house was burnt—now, it is merely purified by kindling a great fire before it, and burning odourous oils and spices. Long ago, also, servants were buried alive with their masters: then, they were allowed to kill themselves before being buried (in both cases this was expressly stipulated when they were hired;) now, effigies are substituted for living men.

For forty-nine days after the funeral, the family of the deceased repair daily to the tomb, where they pray and offer a peculiar kind of cake, as many in number as days have elapsed since the funeral. During this time, the men allow their heads and beards to remain uncared for; but on the fiftieth day, they are shaven and trimmed, all signs of mourning are laid aside, and both men and women resume their ordinary occupations. For half a century, however, the children and grand-children of the deceased will continue to visit and make offerings at the tomb.

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BURNS.

VIEWED AS A HAT-PEG.

BEFORE the dawning of the twenty-fifth day of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, it might have been reasonably supposed that all intelligent people in these realms were well acquainted with the nature of the obligations which society owes to ROBERT BURNS. We all knew, as well as we know anything, that the Ayrshire Ploughman had written some of the noblest poetry that ever fell from mortal pen. We all knew that this great genius had established undying claims on our gratitude by contributing in the highest degree to the most ennobling and the most intellectual of our pleasures. And, lastly, we all knew, from the story of his life, how gloriously his own example had helped to enforce the great and useful truth, that the means of winning the highest and the most enduring of earthly distinctions, rest with the man himself, and not with the station, high or low, in which he may be placed by the accident of his birth.

We knew all this long before the present year. Was it possible to know more? Yes: on the twenty-fifth of last January another discovery burst on the world. We of the Public had only learnt to regard Burns previously as a great Poet. On that memorable day he was revealed to us in a new light,—as a great Hat-Peg.

This is very gratifying; and these are, indeed, remarkable times. To be well aware that the memory of Burns is something to be proud of, is only to possess an idea which has been the common property of former generations. But to know that the memory of Burns is likewise something on which the smallest of us can hang up his own individual importance; something which may help the greediest of us to grub up our little handful of money, and the obscurest of us to emit our little speech, is to make one of those rare and remunerative discoveries which we of the present generation may claim as peculiarly our own.

So far as mere Englishmen are concerned (we write of ourselves deferentially, in consideration of the Scottish nature of the subject), the honour of discovering that the memory of Burns might be profitably used

in the capacity of a Hat-Peg, rests with the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company. Who first started the idea, has not transpired; but, the discovery once made, there can be no question of its vast capabilities of application to the commercial necessities of the great Sydenham speculation. Here we are, a struggling Crystal Palace Company, taking, in a theoretical point of view, the 'highest ground as dispensers of public instruction; but reduced, in a practical point of view, to descend to the humbler position which is occupied by proprietors of public amusements generally; and forced to consider the great and difficult money question under these two aspects only: first, how to make as much as possible flow in; secondly, how to let as little as possible flow out again. What in the world will help us, on some early, given day, to answer this complicated double purpose, and to look impressively intellectual and literary, at the same time? The memory of Burns. What in the world will provide us with an excuse—when we have taken the public shillings—for giving the cheapest and shabbiest of musical entertainments, and trying to palm it off as a compliment to the visitors, by granting them permission to join in the choruses? The memory of Burns. What in the world will enable our enterprising contractors for feeding the public, to get a fresh start; to try some striking novelties; to appeal to economical nationality on one side of the Tweed; and to rash curiosity on the other, with cock-a-leekie and haggis, at three shillings a-head? The memory of Burns. Was there ever a Hat-Peg discovered before on which so many small personal necessities could so profitably be hung up as great public benefits to the general view? Here is a new use found out, not in Burns only, but in all other great men besides. A few more inexpensive commemorations—easily arranged beforehand by a reference to the almanac for the current year—and who shall say what prodigal dividends the Crystal Palace Company may not end in paying, after all?

But, the expansive utility of the new discovery is not confined to Companies. The convenient Burns Hat-Peg, which serves assembled bodies of men, will answer the

purposes of solitary individuals just as well. I am a member of any national society; and, which is more, an orator, if the world only knew it; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of Scotch flesh as any in Caledonia; and one that likes to dine to the sound of bagpipes. Go to! And all this is generally private, and unknown to everybody but me and my own set. What will help me, Mr. Mac Anybody, to make a long speech, and to get it reported in all the newspapers? What will procure me the privilege of telling an assembly of my much-enduring fellow-creatures that I have "sauntered with delight along the Banks o'Doon; that I have stood in rapture on that spot where Ayr gurgling kissed its pebbled bed;" that I have "climbed" up this place, and "wandered through" that; and "looked with emotion" here, and "gazed with sorrow" there; and what will give me the pride and pleasure of actually seeing it in print the next morning? Heh, sirs! Just the memory of Burns.

Leaving London, and ranging over provincial England and Scotland, we discover all sorts of distinguished and undistinguished people swarming in clusters on the new Hat-Peg, and publicly humming together to their hearts' content. Sometimes we find the most benevolent sentiments hung up to be aired, as it were, at the memory of Burns. At Glasgow, for example, we discover, to our unspeakable gratification, that our friend Sir Archibald Alison does not think the worse of Burns because he was a Radical. There is something affecting in this. It does honour to Tory human nature. Very interesting, also, is Sir Archibald's account of how Burns came by his fame. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, Nature, it appears, had "a passport to immortality" to dispose of; and she seems to have set about *her* work, as our English government has generally set about *its* work, by carefully going to the wrong place, and looking for the wrong man. She sets out to look for Burns in the "halls of princes;" and doesn't find him there. She tries "the senates of nobles;" and doesn't find him there. She wanders into the "forums of commerce;" and doesn't find him there. She looks for him at last, where she ought to have looked for him at first, in her own solitudes—under her very nose, so to speak—and pounces on him at the plough, "with his eye fixed on the mountain daisy."

At Newcastle-on-Tyne, a refreshing originality appears to have characterised the proceedings. Here the Burns Hat-Peg seems to have given way altogether early in the evening, and to have been skilfully replaced by local and living hat-pegs. Here, we learn from an after-dinner orator, that one of the grand characteristic merits of the Northumbrian peasant is his "looking with one eye of suspicion on the questionable sentimentality of the present day." This singularly clear and intelligible tribute to local virtue having

been offered in the words just quoted, an appropriate living commentary on the observation of the speaker was presented in the shape of a new pitman-poet, who typified, we presume, that unquestionable sentimentality which Northumbrians, look on with an eye of approval, for he contrived to get all the surplus cash of the company, after paying the expenses of the meeting, laid out in the purchase of copies of his poems.

We have reserved the demonstration at Edinburgh for the last, because the Festival at the Music Hall is the only one of the Burns Festivals which has, in any single respect, produced a favourable impression. We are not disposed to single out this particular assembly on account of anything that was done at it. One thing, indeed, was done at it, the taste of which seems to our mind rather questionable. Relics of Burns were exhibited, of course, at all the Commemorations. His hair, his toddy-ladle, his wife's hair, his snuff-box, his pistols, his punch-bowl, and even a print over which he is reported to have once shed tears, were all displayed at different places. But the Edinburgh Gathering went a step further, and exhibited a living relic, in the shape of a poor old man, who had lived one hundred years in this weary world, and who at that great age was hung up in public on the Hat-Peg, because he had been brought, as a carrier, into personal contact with Burns, as an exciseman. It seems scarcely consistent with the respect and consideration which are due to great age to make a show of this old man: and, when one assembly had done staring at him, to pass him on to another.

The claim of our Edinburgh friends to be singled out for favourable distinction, arises, in our estimation, from the circumstance that one man happened to be present, who has done something for the memory of Burns besides talk about it. Among the list of toasts and speeches, we find just two lines, reporting that the company drank, "The Biographers of Burns," and that Mr. Robert Chambers acknowledged the toast. What Mr. Robert Chambers said for Burns, on this occasion, is not mentioned in the report we read. The infinitely more important question of what he has done for Burns, we are in a position to answer without referring to reports. About seventeen years ago a grateful country had left Burns's sister, Mrs. Begg, and her daughters, in the most impoverished circumstances; and Mr. Robert Chambers set on foot a subscription for them. The result of the appeal thus made, and of a solemn Branch-Burns Commemoration, got up in Ayrshire, was a subscription amounting to something less than four hundred pounds; of which the Queen and Court gave sixty-four. As much was done with this pittance as could be done, and it was sunk in an annuity for the three poor souls to live upon.

Mrs. Begg and her daughters were settled in a cottage in Ayrshire. Mr. Robert Chambers then went bravely to work with his own hands and brains to help Burns's kindred for Burns's sake. After devoting admirable industry and research to the task, he produced *The Life and Poems of Burns*, in four volumes; published the work in eighteen hundred and fifty-one; and devoted the first proceeds of the sale, two hundred pounds, to the necessities of Mrs. Begg and her daughters—thus giving from his own individual exertion more than half as much as the entire sum which all Scotland had given. We hope Mr. Robert Chambers will forgive us for filling up an omission in the newspaper history of the twenty-sixth of January, and mentioning, by way of contrast, the nature of *his* tribute to the memory of Burns.

If there be a brighter and better side to the Burns centenary picture than we have discovered, there happens, at any rate, as circumstances at present exist, to be one easy means of showing it to us. In the *Times'* report of the Crystal Palace Festival, a document is printed, with names attached, which asks help for the only surviving daughter of Burns; and the plain question is put below it, whether that daughter would derive any benefit from the proceedings of the day, so far as the Palace at Sydenham was concerned. To our knowledge, that question has not been answered yet. We looked carefully at the reports of all the Dinners in England and Scotland, and found no reference made to the subject anywhere. Everywhere, the company sang, and took tea and coffee, and admired the relics with the tenderest curiosity; but we can find no instance in which the hand of the company is reported to have entered the pocket of the company with a view to Burns's daughter, at the close of the evening. Until we are favoured with some satisfactory explanation of this singular circumstance, we can only repeat the question in the *Times*; putting it, in our case, not to the Crystal Palace Company only, but to every other company, small and large, which commemorated the anniversary of the twenty-fifth of January last. What has this grand outburst of enthusiasm done for the last surviving daughter of Robert Burns?

THE INQUISITION'S GALA-DAY.

IN vain I went to worm out the house where Murillo was born, and spent some time watching some gipsy girls, and haggard old crones with red rims to their eyes, who, in the square of Seville, not far from the Archbishop's palace, were busy cooking something in a tripod cauldron, over a charcoal fire that the wind kindled in gusts to a white crimson.

Yes, even of sketching, as of other good things, there may be too much; so I slapped

my pencils in their case with the angry haste with which a hard-pressed soldier rings his ramrod into the barrel, clicked my knife to as if I had got an enemy's fingers under the blade, and set off to go and inflict my dulness on the English Consul,—a kind old man, and a lover of art. Now, he who loves what I love, I always love; but, to tell the real truth, the rain of sun-fire had now dried up an hour ago all love of humanity in me: my heart seemed a hard Barcelona nut, my brain a dried-up madepore; my veins were contracting; I was rapidly becoming a baked man,—a bad terra-cotta likeness of Adam. The Spanish sun had turned my milk of human kindness into curds and whey. Just now, I was admiring the Spanish nobility of bearing; their quick rebound of wit; their courage, their freedom from pride. Now I find myself, yellow-faced victim of bile that I am! sneering at the Inquisition, denouncing the shoals of Indians whom Cortes drove to death, laughing at the little strutting baboon grandees, and speaking irreverently of a certain Madrid lady, the Messalina of modern times. All this comes of a rise in the thermometer. But a man cannot kick himself, or pull his own nose. So I let it pass. Ill-tempered, bilious wretch that I am, I pretend to be going to chat and trifle with an old friend; but don't I really know that I am really going to vent on him my ill-temper; to sit obstinately sullenly enjoying the fact that a bored and long-suffering friend is not allowed, by the rules of the Book of Etiquette, to drive you down-stairs, with the word *Bore* chalked on the back of your black coat.

I wind down all sorts of quiet streets in the environs of the Archbishop's palace; where, now that Peter's net is made of gold wire, the fishers of men, Saint Peter's descendants and worshippers, keep their fishing materials. At last, after long trains of blind walls and grated windows, from which music here and there oozes out for my solace, (poor bilious pilgrim that I am, with unboiled peas in my life-pilgrim shoes), I come to Numero X., and a grated door looking very much like the entrance to a sort of Paradiseal Newgate. As I stand at the threshold, my tongue hangs out like a mad dog's; my liver seems swollen as large as a hat-box; as for my heart, it is like a bad horse in a race,—nowhere; my throat is a potsherd. I track my way as I go, like a water-cart, with hot drops from my brow. I feel for the first time the curse of Cain, and am scarcely able to bear it. How long the fellow is answering the bell. I stare through the grated door like a felon from his condemned cell. I feel blood-thirsty and felonious. I long to bathe in a lemonade ocean, and wish for a steady two days' rain of soda-water. A man fast becoming a tile has a right to lose his temper: flesh I had lost long ago. O, that Spanish sun! Would I had a diving-bell, that I might spend my afternoons at the

bottom of the Guadalquivir, looking for Arab relics, and studying hydraulics.

Will that fellow never come? I cower from the heat—blinding, dazzling, scorching, screeching—under the Consul's portico, where the stones are dry and cleaned by the all-purifying heat: which, has been ever since day-break, in a broad waft of sunshine, stealing across its white surface like the shadow that cancels the hours over a dial-face. I look in, through the flowering iron of the grating, at the quiet court, with its glossy-leaved orange trees, their porous gold balls of bullion fruit, and their tight, highly finished rind, standing so watchful and thoughtful, that I believe, if I could find the right key and the old Moorish talismanic word, they would speak. I observe the fountain dimpling with the pettish drops that fret the silver mirror of its surface, and break up the pretty reflected picture of the four trees and the corridors above, the doorway of the sitting-room at the side, and other garnishing, into broken and discordant scraps and sketches of pictures. I mark—for my eye will have it all to hand over to blind Memory, who sits in the dark rooms of the brain, shutters up, and depends on her for out-door news—I mark the square, cut down from the higher surface, just as in the rooms in Pompeii. The Sevillians, indeed, retain strictly the old Roman type, and a more pleasurable semi-open-air life can scarcely be conceived; but then you must group children, and lovers, and old fathers round the fountain. Long before I hear the servant's tardy feet I have time to observe the corridor balconied above, leading to the bedrooms, looking so airy, tranquil, and cool, that you would half-expect, on opening the door, to find some of Zurburan's saints asleep on the beds, or a Murillo's Saint Francis struggling in rapturous devotion before an ebony and ivory crucifix.

At last Pepe comes, smiling, and rubbing his lips, still redolent of olla. Of course he is gravely polite, and has a proverb—"No summer like a late summer"—to which I condescend no reply: a fact that does not in the least discomfort Pepe, who assures me that he and all that is in the house are at my feet. His Excellency the Consul is not at home; but must be in soon; for, at three, his Reverence the Archbishop comes to dinner. Do I not hear the hissing in the kitchen? That is a snake that hisses, but does not bite. I must pardon the kitchen proverb. Will I walk in and take my siesta till his Excellency the Mayor returns? From the bottom of his heart he regrets that he must, however, leave me there alone, as he has some horses to look after, and some herbs to get for the omelettes. But shall he bring me some Manzanilla and a plate of biscuits?

I yield. I am shown into the Consul's sunny twilight library; where the many coloured bindings of the curious books for which he is famous, mottle the wall as with

precious tapestry. Where I sit, I can look out into the great hall, and see the busts from Italia that stare at me with sightless eyes from behind their leafy ambuscades. I am in the room of a highly civilized man, for the walls are rich with choice pictures—bouquets of very fleshy Rubens's, Rembrandt midnights teeming with life, enamelled miniatures by Gerard Dow. Seeds of pistol-firing horsemen by Wouvermans.

I lay back luxuriously in a Turkish arm-chair, and thought of the different siestas at that moment taking place in Seville. Beggars asleep smiling in doorways, their children resting against their bandaged knees. Duchesses in their rose-leaf coloured boudoirs, their humming-bird fans, dropped from their white wonders of hands—perhaps still warm with lovers' kisses. For even duchesses have lovers. Globular canons with mellow bald heads asleep over Saint Thomas Aquinas, which is no wonder. Craftsmen dozing at their looms; or beside their forges. Every day at noon a Spanish city falls asleep, and who knows when it wakens?

In this dim studious twilight, with a silence only broken by fountain kisses, as of a perpetual water nymph's honeymoon, and scented with bridal orange blossoms, oriental, as fits the city, I throw myself luxuriously into a cushioned chair, and, propelling myself lazily, like a paddler down a lotus river, I drive slowly along the book-shelves, beating them for game as an old pointer would the yellow hair-brush stubbles. I have not well passed over a yard or two of Lope de Vega's, and nearly as much of Calderons and Perreiras, when the word *INQUISITION* on the back of a little dried-up, colourless, cracked duodecimo, with the date, sixteen hundred and eighty. Amsterdam, on the title-page, attracts my eye. I open it, and find it is a collection of narratives of Inquisition imprisonments in this very city, written by one Serafin de Carcel, who escaped from Cadiz to Holland, after having been condemned to be burnt for heresy.

Now the Inquisition and its horrors are always of special interest to me.

I had only yesterday paddled all round by the tobacco manufactory and the tall English factory chimney rising from a convent passing the arsenals (we got the word from the Moors), the piles of salt codfish (how they smell!), and the sellers of the fried fish (called "soldiers of Pavia" from their yellow uniforms). After many errands and strays, I got to the Prado of Saint Sebastian, where the foundations of a square platform still mark the Quemadero or Burning Place. This dusty horrid deserted square was the spot where so many martyrs ascended in fiery chariots to heaven.

So, while I had to wait, I took out my notebook, and wrote down a few facts from this rare and curious book; from which, by the aid of memory, I have since put together

the following narrative of the Inquisition ceremonials with all their horrid semblance of religion and mercy.

Carcel was a goldsmith in the Serf's Street, Seville, and was arrested on the second of April, sixteen hundred and eighty, at ten o'clock in the evening, as he was finishing a gold necklace for one of the maids of honour. A week after his first arrest Carcel was examined. In an ante-room, says he (I give it, as far as I can remember, in his own plain touching way) a smith frees me of my irons, and I pass from the ante-chamber to the Inquisitor's table, as the small inner room is called. It is hung with blue and citron-coloured taffety. At one end, between the two grated windows, is a gigantic crucifix, and, on the central estrade (a table of fifteen feet long surrounded by arm chairs), with his back to the crucifix, sits the secretary, on my right Francis Delgado Gonados, the Grand Inquisitor who is a secular priest. The other Inquisitors had just left; but the ink was still wet in their quills, and I saw, on papers before their chairs, some names marked with red ink. I am seated on a low stool opposite the secretary. The Inquisitor asks my name and profession, and why I come there, exhorting me to confess as the only means of quickly regaining my liberty. He hears me; but, when I fling myself weeping at his knees, he says coolly there is no hurry about my case; that he has more pressing business than mine waiting (the secretary smiles), and rings a little silver bell which stands beside him on the black cloth, for the alcaid: who leads me off down a long gallery where my chest is brought in, and an inventory taken by the secretary. They cut my hair off and strip me of everything, even to my ring and gold buttons; but they leave me my beads, my handkerchief, and some money I had fortunately sewn in my garters. I am then led bare-headed into a cell, and left to think and despair till evening, when they bring me supper.

The prisoners are seldom put together. Silence perpetual and strict is maintained in all the cells. If any prisoner moans, complains, or even prays too loud, the gaolers who watch the corridors night and day warn him through the grating. If the offence is repeated, they storm in and load him with blows to intimidate the other prisoners, who, in the deep grave-like silence, hear your every cry and every blow.

Once every two months the Inquisitor, accompanied by his secretary and interpreter, visits the prisoners, and asks them if their food is brought them at regular hours, or if they have any complaint to make against the gaolers. But this is only a parade of justice; for, if a prisoner makes complaints, these are treated as mere ravings and fancies, and never attended to.

But these severities are trifles in com-

parison to the tortures some of my fellow-sufferers were put to, because their crime of heresy could not be proved without their own confession.

The water torture consisted in passing water down the wretch's throat till he almost burst, and then fastening him in a sort of vice and suspending him on a pole that almost broke his spine.

In the fire torture they lit a very fierce flame; then larded the prisoner's naked feet and held them for nearly an hour towards the flames, till he invented lies that pleased them, or confessed truths that inculpated himself.

In the rope torture they tie the man to a horizontal rope by his hand, which are tied behind his back; they then raise him in the air, and suddenly let him fall with a jolt that dislocates half his joints and makes him utter torturing cries. The only persons present at these butchery scenes are the stolid Inquisitors and the bishop, the grand vicar, or his deputy. There are never more than two lurid torches, which show the executioners, who are clothed in black robes and black hoods that hide all the face, but have holes for eyes, nose, and mouth. They strip the prisoner to his waistband; and, if he faint, the doctor of the Inquisition comes in to pronounce how much more suffering the tortured man can bear.

If all this fails, and soul and body are both of steel, the Inquisitors try snares. They put apostates into the bruised man's cell, who comfort him and complain of the Inquisition as one of the greatest scourges with which God ever allowed man to be inflicted. The Inquisitors, too, profess to be touched with their sufferings, to wish their conversion rather than their hurt, and to pray them to make even the slightest confession, which is to be kept an inviolable secret, and will restore them to instant liberty.

One Saturday, when, after my meagre prison dinner, I gave my linen, as usual, to the gaolers to send to the wash, they would not take it, and a great, cold breath whispers at my heart—to-morrow is the Auto-da-Fé. Immediately after the vespers at the cathedral they rang for matins—which they never do but on the rejoicing eve of a great feast—and I knew that my horrid suspicions were right. Was I glad at my escape from this living tomb, or was I paralysed by fear, at the pile, perhaps, already heaped and stacked for my wretched body? I knew not. I was torn in pieces by the devils that rack the brains of unhappy men. I refused my next meal; but, contrary to their wont, they pressed it more than usual. Was it to give me strength to bear my torture? No! their eyes not reach to the prisons of the Inquisition?

I was just falling into a sickly, fitful sleep, worn out with conjecturing; when, about eleven o'clock, the great bolts of my cell ground and jolted back, and a party of gaolers

in black—in a flood of light, so that they looked like demons on the borders of Heaven—came in. The alcaid threw down by my pallet a heap of clothes, told me to put them on, and hold myself ready for a second summons. I had no tongue to answer, as they lighted my lamp, left me, and locked the door behind them. Such a trembling seized me for half-an-hour that I could not rise and look at the clothes, which seemed to me shrouds and winding-sheets. I rose at last, threw myself down before the black cross I had smeared with charcoal on the wall, and committed myself, as a miserable sinner, into God's hands. I then put on the dress; which consisted of a tunic with long, loose sleeves and hose drawers; all black serge, striped with white.

At two o'clock in the morning the wretches came and led me into a long gallery where nearly two hundred men—draughted from their various cells, all dressed in black—stood in a long silent line against the wall of the long plain, cold vaulted corridor; where, over every two dozen heads, swung a huge brass lamp. We stood silent as a funeral-train. The women, also in black, were in a neighbouring gallery far out of our sight. By sad glimpses down a neighbouring dormitory I could see more men dressed in black; who, from time to time, paced backward and forward. These, I afterwards found, were men doomed also to be burnt, not for murder—no, but for having a creed unlike that of the Jesuits. Whether I was to be burnt or not I did not know; but I took courage, because my dress was like that of the rest, and the monsters could not dare to put two hundred men at once into one fire; though they did hate all who love deil-idols and lying miracles.

Presently, as we waited sad and silent, gaolers came round and handed us each a long yellow taper and a yellow scapular or tabard, crossed behind and before with red crosses of Saint Andrew. These were the Sanbenitos that Jews, Turks, Sorcerers, witches, Heathen or perverts from the Roman Catholic Church are compelled to wear. Next came the gradation of our ranks. Those who had relapsed, or who were obstinate, during their accusations, wore the Sambarra; which is grey, with a man's head burning on red faggots painted at the bottom, and all round, reversed flames, and winged and armed black devils horrible to behold. I, and seventy others, wore these; and I lost all hope. My blood turned to ice. I could scarcely keep myself from swooning. After this distribution, they brought us, with hard, mechanical regularity, pasteboard conical mitres (*carrochas*) painted with flames and devils, with the words, SORCERER and HERETIC written round the rim. Our feet were all bare: the condemned men, pale as death, now began to weep, and keep their faces covered with their hands; round which the beads were twisted. God only—by speaking

from Heaven—could save them. A rough, hard voice now told us we might sit on the ground till our next orders came. The old men and the boys smiled as they eagerly sat down; for this small relief came to them with the refreshment of a pleasure.

At four o'clock they brought us bread and figs, which some dropped by their sides and others languidly ate. I refused mine, but a guard prayed me to put it in my pocket, for I may yet have had need of it. It was as if an angel had comforted me. At five o'clock, at daybreak, it was a ghastly sight to see shame, fear, grief, despair written on our pale, livid faces. Yet not one but felt an undercurrent of joy at the prospect of any release, even by death.

Suddenly, as we look at each other with ghastly eyes, the great bell of the Giralda began to boom, with a funeral knell, long and slow. It was the signal of the Gala-day of the Holy Office. It was the signal for the people to come to the show. We were filed out one by one. As I passed the gallery in the great hall I saw the Inquisitor, solemn and stern, in his black robes, throned at the gate. Beneath him was his secretary, with a list of the citizens of Seville in his wiry twitching hands. The room was full of the anxious frightened burghers: who, as their names were called, and a prisoner passed through, moved to his trembling side to serve as his Godfather in the Act of Faith. The honest men shuddered as they took their place in the horrible death procession; the time-serving men smiled at the Inquisitor, and bustled forward. This was thought an honourable office, and was sought after by hypocrites, and suspected men afraid of the Church's sword.

The procession commenced with the Dominicans, whose founder instituted the Inquisition. Before them flaunted the banner of the order, representing in glistening embroidery that burns in the sun and shines like a mirror, the frocked Saint, holding a threatening sword in one hand, and, in the other, an olive-branch, with the motto Justice and Mercy. God of love, what a mockery of thy attributes! Behind the banner came the prisoners, in their yellow scapulars, holding their lighted torches; their feet bleeding with the stones, and their less frightened godfathers, gay in cloak, and sword, and ruff, tripping along by their side, holding their plumed hats in their hands. The street and windows were crowded with careless eyes. Children were held up to execrate us as we passed to our torturing death. The auto-da-fé was always a holiday sight to the craftsmen and apprentices: it drew more than even a bullfight; because of the touch of tragedy about it. Our procession, like a long black snake, wound on, with its banners and crosses; its shaven monks and mitred bare-footed prisoners; through street after street, heralded by soldiers who ran before to clear a way for

us, to stop mules, displace fruit-stalls and street-performers and their laughing audiences. We at last reached the Church of All the saints; where, tired, dusty, bleeding, all faint, we were to hear mass.

The church had a grave-vault aspect and was dreadful as a charnel-house. The great altar was veiled in black, and was lit with six silver candles, whose flames shone like yellow stars, with clear twinkle, and a soft halo round each black, fire-tipped wick. On each side of the altar—that seemed to bar out God and his mercy from us, and to wrap the very sun in a grave cloak—were two thrones, one for the Grand Inquisitor and his counsel, another for the King and his court. The one was filled with sexton-like lawyers; the other with jewelled and feathered men.

In front of the great altar, and near the door—where the blessed daylight shines with hope and joy; but not for us—is another altar on which six gilded and illuminated missals laid open; those books of the Gospels, too, in which I had once read such texts as—God is love; Forgive as ye would be forgiven; Faith, hope, charity; these three, but the greatest of these is charity. Near this lesser altar the executive monks had raised a balustraded gallery with bare benches; on which sat the criminals in their yellow and flame-striped tabards, with their godfathers. The doomed ones came last; the more innocent first. Those who entered the black-hung church first, passing up nearest to the altar, sat there, either praying, or in a frightened trance of horrid expectancy. The trembling living corpses wearing the yellow and red mitres, came last, preceded by a gigantic crucifix, the face turned from them.

Immediately following these poor mitred men came servitors of the Inquisition, carrying four human effigies fastened to long staves, and four chests containing the bones of those men who had died in the claws of the Inquisition before the fire could be got ready. The coffers were painted with flames and demons, and the effigies wore the dreadful mitre and the crimson and yellow shirt, all a-flame with typical paint. The effigies sometimes represented men tried for heresy since their death, and whose estates had since been confiscated and their effigies doomed to be burnt, as a warning for no one within their reach to differ in opinion with the Inquisition.

Every prisoner being now in his place—godfathers, torchmen, pikemen, musketeers, inquisitors, and flaunting court—the Provincial of the Augustins mounted the pulpit, followed by his ministrant, and preached a stormy, denouncing, exulting sermon, half an hour long (it seemed a month of anguish), in which his "burning eloquence" compared the Church to Noah's ark; but with this difference, that those animals who entered it before the deluge came out of it unaltered, while the blessed Inquisition had by God's

blessing, the power of changing those its walls once had shut on, turning out—meek as the lambs he saw around him; so tranquil and devout—those who had once been cruel as wolves, and savage and daring as lions.

This cruel, mocking sermon over, two readers mounted the pulpit to shout the list of the names of the condemned, their crimes (now for the first time, known to them) and their sentences. We grew all ears, and trembled as each name was read.

As each name was called the alcaid led out the owner of it from his pen to the middle of the gallery opposite the pulpit, where he remained standing, taper in hand; after the sentence, he was led to the altar, where he had to put his hand on one of the missals, and to remain there on his knees.

At the end of each sentence, the reader stopped to pronounce in a loud angry voice, a full confession of faith, which he exhorted us (the guilty) to join in with heart and voice. Then we all returned to our places. My offence I found, was having spoken bitterly of the Inquisition, and called a crucifix a mere bit of cut ivory. I was therefore declared excommunicated, my goods confiscated to the king, and I was banished Spain, and condemned to the Havannah galleys for five years, with the following penalties: I must renounce all friendship with heretics and suspected persons; I must, for three years, confess and communicate three times a month; I must recite five times a day, for three years, the Pater and Ave Maria in honour of the Five Wounds; I must hear mass and sermon every Sunday and feast-day; and, above all, I must guard carefully the secret of all I had said, heard, or seen in the holy office (which oath, as the reader will observe I have carefully kept.)

The sentence once read, and the worst known, even the condemned seemed happier; and every one fell to eating the figs and bread he had no appetite for in the morning; for we were all worn out with our long fast.

The Inquisitor then quitted his seat, resumed his robes, and followed by twenty priests each with a staff in his hand, he passed into the middle of the church; and, with divers prayers, some of us were relieved from excommunication, each of us receiving a buffet from a priest. Once, such an insult would have sent the blood in a rush to my head, and I had died but I had given a return blow; now, so weak and broken-spirited was I, I broke into tears.

All this time the fussy, frightened citizen who served as my godfather had not dared even to give me a pinch of snuff or to answer any of my anxious questions; now my sentence was commuted, he bowed, chatted, and handed me his snuff-box, which I refused with contempt and indignation. But he only shrugged his shoulders and stammered an apology.

Now, one by one, the condemned, faint and

staggering, were brought in to hear their sentence, which they did with a frightened vacancy inconceivably touching. A devil would have shed tears to see them; but the Inquisitors were gossiping among themselves and scarcely looked at them; so surfeited were these priests with their enemies' blood.

Every sentence ended with the same cold mechanical formula: That the holy office, being unhappily unable to pardon the prisoners, on account of their relapse and impenitence, found itself obliged to punish them with all the rigour of earthly law, and therefore delivered them with regret to the hands of secular justice, praying it to use clemency and mercy towards the wretched men; saving their souls by the punishment of their bodies, and recommending death, but not the effusion of blood. Hypocrites!

At the word blood, the justice hangman stepped forward and took possession of their bodies; the alcald first striking each of them on the chest, to show that they were now abandoned to the rope and fire.

A month before this auto-de-fé, the ministers of the Inquisition preceded by their banner, gorgeous and luminous with sacred symbols, had gone in cavalcade from the Palace of the Holy Office to the Cathedral Square and proclaimed the ceremony with drums, trumpets, and clashing of brass, to the great crowd that thronged to hear the good news.

Our present auto-de-fé was to celebrate the king's marriage, and was to be followed by great bull fights. They had erected in the square a great theatre, fifty feet long, raised to a level with the king's balcony. All round ran an amphitheatre of thirty steps for the Council of the Inquisition and the king's ministers. Above these, and higher than the king's seat, was the Grand Inquisitor's place, under a gilt and crimson dais. On the left of the theatre was a second amphitheatre, where the criminals sat and trembled. The fire shone on their pale faces. In the midst was a smaller scaffold, with two cages, for more penned up criminals, to hear their sentences in. There were in front of this, three special chairs, for the preachers and readers of the sentences; and near these chairs was a large grey altar, hung with black.

The king had the queen on his left hand, and the queen's mother on his right. The court ladies filled the rest of the balcony; a high, white canopy and a canopy of gold and red with blue rays. There would also be a canopy for the ambassadors, the king's judges, and the judges.

The procession consisted of first, one hundred charcoal men, armed with pike and halberd, and behind a building of wood; One the king's wife, carrying a white cross; and the Duke of Medina Sidonia, as is the hereditary privilege of his family, the great red damask banner of the Inquisition, which has on one side the arms of Spain, and

on the other a naked sword thrust through a laurel crown. Next came a green cross muffled in black, followed by nobles and Familiars of the Inquisition dressed in robes, adorned with white and black crosses, edged with gold. The train was closed by fifty halberdiers, or Guards of the Inquisition, clad in white and black, and commanded by the hereditary Protector of the Inquisition in the Archbishopric of Seville.

The standard and cross were fixed above the royal seat, and the Dominicans, who had been all night singing hymns and thirsting for our blood, drew up in line, as the king and ladies at that moment appeared in the balconies, in a blaze of colour and splendour, like a sun-burst.

This was at eight o'clock. The charcoal-burners were placed on the left of the king's box, the guard on the right. The great pasteboard effigies were placed prominently at one end of the amphitheatre. Next filed in, sad and slow, the hundred men condemned to the fire; cords round their necks, the three-feet-high flame-coloured mitres on their heads; their feet bare; the torches shaking in their trembling hands.

Next, each led between two familiars, came the commuted; and, last of all, the innocent. Some of the condemned had gags in their mouths, to prevent any outburst of blasphemy, and they were each of them surrounded by four or five friars, holding crucifixes to their eyes, and exhorting them, angrily and noisily to repent.

Having passed under the king's balcony, and then round the amphitheatre, they were placed on the left hand of the amphitheatre, between the familiars and the priests; who exhorted them continually to repent.

Next arrived the banner of the parish of Saint Sebastian, the Inquisition Council, the Inquisitors, the Qualifiers, and a long procession of secular and religious dignitaries, who placed themselves on the right side of the theatre, surrounding the Grand Inquisitor's chair. Last of all came the Grand Inquisitor, robed in violet, attended by the President of the Council of Castile; and when he (the archdevil) took his seat, the president bowed and retired.

Then mass was again said, and the priest, having the altar, sat down upon which, the Inquisition, putting on pontifical robes and mitre, bowed first to the altar, and then to the king; and, ascending the steps of the throne, a servitor bearing the cross, read aloud the oath by which the King of Spain had bound himself to protect at all hazards, even to the loss of his kingdom, the Catholic Faith, to extirpate heresy, and to support the Inquisition. Then the king taking off his hat (the great sword held in his right hand by a herald on his left side), swore to observe the oath.

The Inquisitor unrobed and resumed his place, while the same oath was administered

to all present. Next, there was a sermon by a Dominican, praising the Inquisition, and denouncing heresy, and the procession moved towards the piles, now dry, piled and stacked with wood billets and faggots.

A few horrid moments of rivetting collars, blankets: a twist or two of the garotte for the least guilty: a struggle here and there, with a demoniac yell, soon stifled by cruel hands and driving blows. The fires were lit. Now the excitement in the boxes got greater and greater. The fans agitated in black waves; the silk dresses too, waved like flowery meadows in the March winds. But no pity; not a tear. The flame raged with cruel leaps and mounts; it drove up in great quivering pyramids, that the wind now and then drifted out in horizontal banners, showing black bodies, black burning stakes, and thin hands clasped together in prayer. Higher and higher mounted the great twisted columns of smoke; now turning to roaring and racing masses of living fire, furiously, wrathfully, and gluttonously hungering for victims.

I tossed down the book, surfeited with the horrors of the scene. "How long," I cried, in a burst of indignation, "is man to turn earth into hell? how long to use Thy name as a mask for his most loathsome wickedness—how long—?"

"Hulloh!" said the consul's voice behind me. "What is the matter? I hope Pepe has not been impudent! O, I see you've got hot over that curious little book about the Inquisition. Take care. Remember we are in Spain. Pepe, bring some glasses; and, if I catch you listening again—! I must stow away that book before the Archbishop comes. Never mention the Inquisition, my dear Don Fulano, to a Spaniard. There is a proverb of Andalusia:

"Con el ojo y la Fè
Nunca me burlare."

Briefly thus:

"In my Faith and in my eye,
No one has a right to pry."

CHLOROFORM.

HARVEY's discovery of the circulation of the blood, and Jenner's introduction of vaccination, stand out as great achievements of the past. Our own day has witnessed a discovery scarcely less important than either; namely, that by which surgical operations, however serious and agonising, may be undergone painlessly and indeed unconsciously.

Little more than half a score years ago, the sufferer, the subject of operation, was obliged to meet the pain inflicted by the surgeon's knife with a bold front and determined courage; or, if his heart failed, he was carried to the operating table in a paroxysm of fear, and bound hand and foot, while the wholesome amputation was effected. The first year's

man, come to pursue his studies at the hospital, seldom escaped his initiatory fainting, while witnessing the cries and struggles of the hapless patient. Operations had to be deferred again and again, because the latter feared to encounter the attendant pain; and often they were at last submitted to when the chance of cure had almost passed. Not uncommonly it happened that he who believed he had made up his mind to meet the necessary evil bravely and unflinchingly, suddenly lost all control at the first step of the operation, and had to be restrained by main force until it was completed. The soldier who never feared death itself on the battle-field, recoiled from the deliberate wound inflicted by the surgeon's scalpel; and it is reported of a gallant officer in her Majesty's navy—who had been foremost in many a desperate fight, and who was reputed to be one of the bravest of admirals—that, having expressed his readiness to submit to the removal of a small tumour which had appeared on the site of a wound received in action, he took to his heels as soon as he caught sight of the surgeon's knife, and left the operator and his assistant in sole possession of the field.

Since the employment of chloroform, the sufferer may walk to the operating theatre, free from all dread of pain; or, if much debilitated by disease, or the patient be one of the gentler sex, the cup of Lethe can be administered in bed; and, when unconsciousness is produced, he or she is carried to the table, the operation is completed, and the subject of it awakes, as from a tranquil sleep, comfortably arranged in bed, and filled with wonder and gratitude that the dreaded calamity is past.

Walking through one of the large hospitals, we saw a cheery little woman of two or three and twenty, who was carefully nursing what remained of an amputated arm. We were told that this patient had been afflicted with a rapidly spreading erysipelas of the forearm, which had destroyed most of the textures of the limb, and which, if allowed to invade the centre of the body, would have been beyond control or remedy. The severity of the disease had entirely prostrated the woman's strength, and the additional pain and shock of removing the limb would have been hazardous in the extreme. A dose of chloroform, however, had saved the patient both the pain and the shock, and, next morning, she had exchanged the anxious symptoms of exhausting disease, and slightheadedness and cheerful countenance;—her system bearing with impunity the healthy wound made by the surgeon's knife, while it threatened to succumb to the putrid and disorganised limb.

We saw, also, the robust occupant of a bed in the men's ward, vigilantly guarding an apparatus resembling a hen-coop, which kept the weight of the bed-clothes

from pressing on his fractured leg. He seemed distressed if any one walked across the floor, as if the slightest motion pained him; but was perfectly ready to divulge the nature of his accident, when he saw there was no intention of disturbing his disabled limb. He had suffered a compound fracture of the leg, by a loaded wagon passing over it, and had been carried to the nearest police station. The pain was so intense when he was lifted a second time to be taken to the hospital, that he would have surely fainted outright, had not a dose of chloroform been administered to him, and enabled him to be borne safely and insensibly to the hospital. "There was some fear," he remarked, "in the minds of the doctors that they might yet have to make him a one-legged pensioner;" but he was ready to submit to the necessary operation, on condition that the dose of day before yesterday should be repeated.

To a third patient chloroform had been given, to produce unconsciousness during the painful and periodical dressing of an extensive burn; and to a fourth, during the application of a powerful caustic.

Since the employment of chloroform, as many lives have been saved by immunity from the effects of anxious expectation, as from relief from actual pain. It is, moreover, no mean achievement, to spare the subjects of these terrible calamities the mere recollection of what was once endured; not alone to secure the painlessness, but even the unconsciousness of what then occurred. Those only who have encountered such a torture can tell with what horror each incident is recalled, and how willingly they would be free from the very remembrance of it.

But the benefits of chloroform are not confined solely to the patient; they extend to the medical practitioner. While it saves one the suffering, it spares the other the pain of inflicting it. Few operators have become so hardened by education and custom, as to be heedless of the agony and regardless of the shriek of pain. Cheselden, one of the most successful operators of his day, felt sick, before an operation, at the thought of the pain he was about to inflict; although, during its performance his coolness never forsook him. Such experience is shared by many surgeons; who, less gifted than Cheselden, control their emotions less, and consequently endanger their patients more. Possessed of the means of abrogating the pain, the compunction about inflicting it of course vanishes, and the surgeon is more equal to his responsibility.

Another example of the assistance chloroform renders to the surgeon may be instanced, in the reduction of dislocations. Formerly, in dislocations of the hip and shoulder, if much time had elapsed since the accident, not only had several strong men, with cords and pulleys, to take part in the operation, but the patient had to be weakened by bleeding, warm baths, and tartar emetic, to overcome the resistance

of the antagonistic muscles. Now, a full dose of chloroform produces the necessary relaxation, and the surgeon seldom needs more than a single assistant to do all that is required. Tender age, again, offers no impediment to its administration. It has been given with impunity to the youngest children, and for hours continuously. One remarkable case is recorded: an infant, a month old, being seized with convulsions, and all other remedies having been applied ineffectually, chloroform, as a last resort, was administered, and, the fit returning as the effect of the drug passed off, the inhalation was kept up for twenty-four hours continuously; no less than ten fluid ounces having been expended. The result of the treatment was, that, at last, the convulsion was subdued, and the child made a perfect recovery.

Lastly, we read that chloroform has proved valuable in detecting cases of imposture practised by prisoners and mendicants. Pretended paralysis and contractions of the limbs at once vanish under its potent influence; and, not long ago, a continental doctor employed it successfully to expose the deceptions of a pretended mute. The impostor had intended to quarter himself upon one of the cantonal hospitals; but, under chloroform, unluckily betrayed his power of speech in an involuntary, and not very gentle manner.

The history of the introduction of anæsthesia, as that condition is termed in which the body is rendered insensible to pain, is very interesting. It would seem that the idea of annulling the pain of operations is really one of great antiquity. The ancient Greeks and Romans endeavoured to effect this by the administration of mandragora, a herb of the nightshade family; opium and other narcotics were similarly employed; and there is evidence that the Chinese, more than two thousand years ago, used Indian hemp for a like purpose. Middleton, in his tragedy of *Women beware of Women*, published in sixteen hundred and fifty-seven, alluding to this, says:

"I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons

To this lost limb: who, ere they show their art,
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part."

During the last and present centuries, various imperfect attempts were made to supersede pain; but the results, being unsatisfactory, were not pursued to their legitimate conclusions. The birth of the modern practice of anæsthesia really dates no further back than the year eighteen hundred and forty-six. Mr. Morton, practising as a dentist in Boston, United States, then hit upon the plan of producing unconsciousness by the inhalation of the vapour of sulphuric ether, which he dignified by the name of *Letheon*, intending to reserve his discovery for his own benefit. The secret was soon divulged, however, and the *Letheon* was speedily employed in graver operations than

that of tooth extraction. So heartily was the discovery welcomed by some leading surgeons in Great Britain, that its announcement seemed half expected. The scientific world once roused on the subject, it was soon felt that other agents must possess like properties, and that ether had many attendant inconveniences, being bulky, unpleasant to smell, and not very manageable. To Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, belongs the distinguished credit of introducing chloroform; which has nearly superseded all other anæsthetics. Possessed with the notion that something better than ether existed in the chemical world, the Professor set about deliberately to examine any volatile substances which afforded promise of revealing the required properties. Various gases and liquids were experimented upon; and, at last, chloroform—a ponderous liquid which provoked no great expectations, and only known as a chemical curiosity in the laboratory—was brought to the trial. Doctor Simpson, with his two assistants, sat down late one night, after an arduous day's toil; and, when most physicians as well as patients were wrapped in sleep, began to inhale various substances which had been collected. A small bottle of chloroform had been raked up out of some obscure corner, and was to take its turn with the rest. Each experimenter having provided himself with a tumbler or finger-glass, a portion of each selected fluid was poured into the bottom of it, and the glass was placed over warm water to favour the evolution of vapour. Holding the mouth and nostrils over the vessels, these votaries of science courageously explored this terra incognita by inhaling one vapour after another. At last, each charged his tumbler from the small bottle of chloroform, when immediately, says Professor Miller, An unwonted hilarity seized the party; they became bright-eyed and very happy, and conversed with such intelligence as more than usually charmed other listeners, who were not taking part in the proceedings. But, suddenly, there was a talk of sounds being heard like those of a cotton-mill, louder and louder; a moment more, then all was quiet, and then—a crash.

On awaking, Doctor Simpson's first perception was mental. "This is far stronger and better than ether," he said to himself. His second was to note that he was prostrate on the floor, and that his friends were confused and alarmed. Hearing a noise, he turned round and saw his assistant Doctor Duncan beneath a chair: his jaw dropped, his eyes staring, and his head half bent under him; quite unconscious, and snoring in a determined and alarming manner. More noise still, and much motion. And then his eyes overtook Doctor Keith's feet and legs, making valorous efforts to overturn the table, or more probably to annihilate everything that was upon it.

All speedily regained their senses, and, from that day—or, rather, from the middle of that night—dates the discovery of the marvellous properties of chloroform. A patient was found in the Royal Infirmary, who submitted to its influence during operation, and who awoke up afterwards, quite unconscious of what had happened, with a merry eye and placid countenance. Henceforward ether was all but abandoned; and chloroform is now used, more or less, in every public hospital both in Great Britain and on the Continent.

In writing a biography of this new child of science, it can never be forgotten how nearly it was being strangled at its very birth. In the very first surgical case in which it had been intended to give chloroform, Doctor Simpson was unable to be present, and it was consequently withheld. The patient who had thus to bear the pain of the proceeding unanæsthetised died suddenly after the first incision had been made, and with the operation uncompleted. Had chloroform been administered with the same result, it would, of course, have been regarded as the cause of the accident, and might have proved its coup-de-grâce. Escaped this danger, the prejudices excited against it were so strong that the greatest caution was needed to carry it safely through its infancy. When Doctor Simpson was first introducing anæsthetics into his special department of practice, he purposely abstained from employing any in the case of one particular lady for whom he had reason to anticipate coming evil. His fears were realised; for the patient, though escaping with life, made a most protracted recovery. The acquaintances of the lady, strong in opposition to the unnatural innovation then much talked of, and bent on regarding this as the source of the entire mischief, asserted that the quantity of the anæsthetic vapour which had been administered to their unfortunate friend was so great, that they felt the odour of it quite oppressive when calling to ask after her, even days after. The simple answer to all this was, that not a drop of the supposed agent had ever been in the house.

Devout and well-meaning people were persuaded that to seek immunity from the pain which God in His good Providence had seen fit to inflict upon them, was in the highest degree sinful, and that our wives and mothers, in seeking to annul suffering which had been entailed upon them as part of the primeval curse, were "yielding to a decoy of Satan, apparently offering itself to help woman, but which, in the end, would harden society and rob God of the deep earnest cries which arise in time of trouble for help." These small theologians, indeed were scarcely tranquillised by being shown that, to be consistent, they must uproot no more thorns and thistles, and that physicians, whose good offices they were so willing to accept on a

bed of sickness, were according to their theory, criminals of the deepest dye, daily and hourly attempting to alleviate pain, and to avert the death which had been pronounced upon all men. On this point it was with great truth remarked, that "whatever is true in point of fact, or humane and merciful in point of practice, will find no condemnation in the word of God."

The objections of hostile physicians assumed another form. One condemned a remedy, which rendered a patient, as he asserted, "drunk and insensible." Another asserted that pain was desirable and salutary, and that the expression of it should be regarded as a healthy indication. Even the chief of the army medical staff recommended the surgeons, during the Crimean war, not to use chloroform; as the pain inflicted by the knife was a wholesome stimulus, and its abolition likely to be injurious. Practitioners were found who did not hesitate to affirm that much which was said about suffering and agony was sentimental nonsense, and that doctors who pandered to the morbid tastes of dilettanti patients were committing a moral wrong. In justice to the profession in general, however, it must be said, that such expressions of opinion were quite exceptional.

The community generally, who are not troubled with theological or professional scruples, had two principal objections. First the dread of losing consciousness; and, secondly, the fear of fatal results. The former arises purely from the absence of experience, and a distrust of encountering whatever we are unaccustomed to. The same suspicion attaches itself to most innovations; extending even to matters of luxury or convenience. Lord Campbell in his *Lives of the Chancellors* tells us that when he first travelled from Edinburgh to London in the mail-coach, the time was reduced from twelve or fourteen days—which the journey had previously occupied—to three nights and two days. "This new and swift travelling from the Scotch capital," he adds "was wonderful, and I was gravely advised to stop a day at York, as several passengers who had gone through without stopping, had died of apoplexy from the rapidity of the motion."

What we could not do at first, we could not do at last. The use of chloroform, nearly always vanishes with the first trial. Our consciousness is lulled, and we are lulled in natural sleep, and we voluntarily yield ourselves up to it night after night without compunction or regret. The only real difference between this and anæsthetic sleep is, that we yield ourselves up to the former to cure corporeal fatigue, and that experience has made us so familiar with it, that we resign ourselves confidentially to its embrace; to the latter we submit for relief from physical pain: but, in default of experience, we dread to do so.

The objection that chloroform has pro-

duced, and may again produce, death, is by far the most valid: and one which demands the gravest consideration. It must be remembered, however, that when we hear from time to time about fatal cases, no mention is made of the thousands of instances in which chloroform is constantly given with impunity and with the happiest results. The uninitiated may be led to suppose that it is seldom given; and, when it is, only at considerable hazard. The truth is, that this agent has been administered in Europe and America, probably hundreds of thousands of times, and the reputed deaths collected from all these quarters are very little over half a hundred. Although used most extensively to abate the pangs of maternity, there has not in these cases been a single death recorded when the agent was administered by a qualified medical man. It may, we think, be affirmed without exaggeration, that every one who starts on a railway journey encounters an almost equal risk; and the proportionate number of accidents which occur from sea-bathing and skating are annually greater. The danger, indeed, of inhaling chloroform is fractional, while the benefit it confers on humanity is incalculable. The science of anæsthetics is yet young. Further experience will probably still further diminish the slight risk which anæsthesia entails.

TWO LEAVES FROM THE DEVIL'S BOOK.

My dear and excellent friend Albion Ball, who knows, and often deplures, my too great affection for all things Parisian, had thought it necessary to administer a few nasty knocks to the French nation, the last time I saw him before starting for the metropolis of France.

"Above all things," said this good and unprejudiced gentleman, at the conclusion of a somewhat lengthened address; "above all things, I entreat you to observe the atrocious nature of French literature generally, but more especially as it develops itself in the plays which appear, from time to time, upon their demoralised stage. And let me hear," he added, "when you get back, what you can possibly have to say in criticism of a drama which is one continual exposition of vice and immorality, which will shake your excellent principles to their centre, and send you out of the theatre degraded in your own eyes by what you have had the misfortune to witness."

Now, it so happened that, during my stay in the French capital, I had the opportunity of attending some of the earlier performances of two plays destined to take a Philippee in the favour of the play-going public (which means the whole public) of Paris, and with one of which the play-going public (which does not mean the whole public) of London has been made acquainted through a recent adaptation.

In accordance, then, with the request of my friend Mr. Bull, I proceeded on a certain evening in November last to the theatre which bears the name of *La Gaité*, and placing myself in a *stalle d'orchestre* awaited the rising of the curtain with some anxiety.

"Now," I said to myself, as the ominous hammer of the prompter struck the three blows, which announce that the performance is about to begin—a sound, by the by which is ever received by the audience with a loud hum of anticipated delight—"now for an exposition of vice and immorality which will shake my excellent principles to their centre, and send me out of the theatre degraded in my own eyes by what I have had the misfortune to witness.

When the curtain fell that night upon the last act of one of the most touching and powerful dramas which I had ever seen, I retired like a solitary jurymen, in my own custody, to a neighbouring café and there—while consuming a very pleasant but harmless mixture called *un grogs de vin*—set myself to consider my verdict, and to get my answer ready for Mr. Albion Bull.

The play which I had just seen was called *Les Crochets du Père Martin*; and it may as well be mentioned at once that *les crochets* are a pair of wooden hooks, or yokes, which, passing over the shoulders, sustain upon the back a kind of cradle, in which any burden which has to be carried may be borne. They are worn by all French porters.

Let me now see what I remember of this play.

The passenger who, arriving some forty years ago at the port of Havre, confided his luggage to the *crochets* of the commissionaire Martin, and, being safely lodged at the hotel, dismissed him with a fee of ten sous, would have been surprised if any one had told him that five of those small coins would be put aside towards the formation of a fund which the unlearned porter was laying by in order that he might give an education to the son, whose advancement, though the child was yet but a baby in his mother's arms, was the whole and sole object of the man's ambition. Yet it was so, and the privations which the honest couple endured became at last a habit and part of their nature. Little by little, by heroic endurance, by long self-sacrifice, by unwearying industry, enough is amassed for the grand object, and the son, educated at such a cost, is sent to Paris to complete those studies which it is needful he should pass through in order to enter on the career of an advocate, while the father, a man now of some sixty years of age, is able to retire and spend his declining years in a well-earned repose.

Once, and once only, he goes to Paris to pay a visit to his son. The lad is taken by surprise, and is found surrounded by dissolute companions. His idleness and extravagance have rendered his father's self-

denial useless. His career is blasted at the outset.

But the simple old porter is far from perceiving all this, and it is a painful thing to see how completely and how easily he is taken in. The companions who are feasting at the son's expense—nay, the very usurer who has brought him a fresh supply of money—all these are represented as clients who have come to consult the young advocate, and the father (whose presence seriously interferes with the festivities of the day) is ultimately got rid of by a story of a pretended lecture on law which the son is bound to attend as a part of his professional duties.

It would not be easy to imagine anything more affecting than this first portion of the play. The father so completely deceived. The son already unhappy in anticipation of a little-distant future, when all must come out.

His credit gone as well as his money, the wretched boy yields at length to the request of his parents, who still live at Havre, that he will tear himself away from his professional avocations, and visit them for a day or two at least. The father and mother almost fight for possession of him on his arrival; and, independently of the sufferings which the lad undergoes from anxiety about the future, it must be no small punishment to him to hear the continual allusions which are made to the severity of his studies and the predictions of future greatness in her son with which his poor old mother comforts herself.

It is a blow which makes the spectator wince as if he had been struck, when the whole fabric of this worthy couple's happiness is by one rude and terrible stroke shivered to pieces in an instant. It is a whole life's object gone in a moment. A lifetime's hope withdrawn.

The usurer before spoken of, becoming impatient for his money, makes a journey to Havre, and, getting the *Père Martin* alone, reveals to him, in a long and dreadful scene, the true condition of his son's affairs—the hideous amount of his debts—the accursed history of his idleness, his dissipation, his spendthrift folly.

I remember, then, all this—and what besides? That the old porter, true to a life of unselfishness, is, even in his first horror and indignation, mindful of others, and resolves that, though the ruin which has fallen upon them cannot be hidden from his wife, yet that her belief in the son whom she has made an idol of shall be left to her—lest, if the veil were torn aside, the truth should kill her. So he takes upon himself the blame, and revealing to her that they are left without a penny in the world and that the shelter of the house over their heads must be theirs no longer, he yet attributes this disaster to the failure of a speculation in which he had embarked their little property,

and thus incurs the whole responsibility of their ruin. A load, be it remembered, which it is all the heavier to bear because the miserable boy who is the cause of all this wretchedness, having to be sent as an only resource to sea, the mother attributes that misfortune too—a greater one to her than the ruin which has made it necessary—to the ill success of the father's speculation.

It was a delicate and charming touch—a fine trait of feeling in the old porter, that in his prosperous days, the crochets by the aid of which he had earned so hard the means of resting from his labours in his declining years, were kept hung up in his room, in a place where everyone who entered the house must see them. Alas! the time has arrived when they must come down from the wall and take their place again upon his shoulders. And when once more the old man—fearfully altered, his modest bourgeois costume changed for the patched and shabby dress of a commissionaire, staggers across the stage with a burden on his back which would be no light one for a man of half his years—it was then that the groans and cries of Dieu de Dieu! from the audience rose to such a storm that one half of the spectators was occupied in trying to hush the other, that the performance might be heard.

It is the sight of his father labouring thus that greets the son on his return, after a long absence, from sea. This is, perhaps, the most powerful and distressing scene in the whole drama. Also is it the last of its kind. I remember that the play ends happily, and that this ending is brought about by no outrageous or clumsy machinery, but simply by what is probable enough—that, by prize-money and certain other strokes of fortune in a sailor's career, the son has amassed enough to secure the last years of his father and mother from want, and so the crochets once again may take their place against the wall.

All these things I remember then. Yet such is the obtuseness or obliquity of my moral sense—such the laxness of those principles on which my friend Mr. Bull was good enough to congratulate me—that in all this I am unable to detect either vice or immorality; but, on the contrary, about as strong a protest against both the one and the other as has been entered since the days of William Hogarth and his idle apprentice.

"Well," said I to myself, having nobody else to speak to, "I suppose, in the next play I see, the inherent villany of the drama of France will come out in all its naked hideousness. I will go to-morrow to the Vaudeville, and assist at the first representation of *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*.

II.

THE corporal of Dragoons who sits next me, and who has given hostages to the drama to the playhouse-door, leaving there so many of his accoutrements that his bulk is dimi-

nished by about one half, would astonish me by his presence in an orchestra-stall; but that knowing how completely it is a part of the present system in France to pet the army in every conceivable way, it would not the least surprise me to hear that the members of the military profession got their places in the theatre for half the sum demanded of their more peaceful countrymen. I have, however, nothing to say against my neighbour; but, on the contrary, am proud to be able to state, that he was extremely courteous and affable to me, though he was a corporal, and I only a civilian; and that he conversed freely with me between the acts, making many guileless inquiries relative to the manners and customs of the English, which it was my agreeable duty to answer in such French as I could command, and with an ingenuous modesty.

What a house! What a country for the arts! The people on the Place de la Bourse to-day were talking about the new play almost as much as about francs.

The corporal of Dragoons settled himself in his place, with deep-drawn breath of prophetic satisfaction, as the curtain rose; and I proceeded, for my part, to consider the course of the play with close and critical attention.

It is a good subject—poverty. And it is before me here in one of its most disastrous forms: the sudden poverty of one brought up in luxury, and with the prospect before him of a life in which even economy would be unnecessary. This man—Maxime de Champcey, a member of a good and ancient house—finds at his father's death that the family estate has, by a long series of imprudences and misfortunes kept concealed from him, been so deeply compromised, that he and his little sister are left literally without a farthing in the world. This sudden change of circumstances, this unexpected contact with want, in one who has never even thought of the existence of poverty before, is a trial of which those can form no conception who have not seen the results of such tragedies. I, for my part, have been brought in contact with such things in more than one instance, and have known a man, in the prime of youth and health, who died of such a stroke as this.

The rising of the curtain, then, discovers *Le jeune homme pauvre* in the first misery of a newly-discovered ruin. He is living in a garret in the house which was once his father's; and is at this particular moment, owing to a pride which he cannot master, and which forbids him to seek a temporary assistance in the shape of a loan, in such absolute want, that he is made acquainted with a sensation—which those who read these words have in all probability never known, and which, let us hope, will ever remain practically a secret to them—the sensation of hunger, without any reasonable prospect of

relief. It is while suffering thus, that he receives a visit from a friend of his prosperous days, and one to whom, by-the-by, he had at that time lent money. The chill indifference with which this last receives the news of his friend's misfortunes is distressing enough to witness; though it is but justice to him to say, that their full extent, and the actual present condition of want which the unfortunate Maxime is experiencing, is hidden from him. At his departure he offers his starving friend a cigar; and Maxime's bitter smile as he accepts it, saying as the door closes, "It is something to have a cigar!" is not lost upon the audience.

The corporal of Dragoons observes, at this juncture, that he thinks this is "*par trop fort*," and that Maxime might very well, considering his present position, have asked for a return of the loan which they had granted in his days of prosperity to the other. The remarks of the gallant corporal reach me indistinctly and in a muffled tone, owing to a perfect grove of moustache through which they have to penetrate. I wish, with all my heart, that this garniture of his upper lip were equally efficacious to mitigate the flavour of the garlick with which this officer has solaced himself at his evening meal. It comes upon me with a blast like a simoom at every communication.

The next visit that Maxime receives, is from the old lawyer who is engaged in settling the family affairs, and in paying off the debts which Maxime's father has left—his only legacy—to his son. The man of business arrives, big with proposals which are to make the fortune of our *Jeune homme pauvre*. Let us hear them. The first is the offer of a large sum for the use of his name in the prospectus of a Company, whose solvency is, from the nature of their scheme (into which we need not enter) doubtful in the last degree. It has been thought that the name of La Marquis de Champeey appearing among the members of such a Company will materially serve its interests, and a large sum is consequently offered to secure it. It is offered in vain.

The next proposal is of a matrimonial kind. The daughter of a rich tradesman, the members of whose family, anxious to make her into a marquise, are ready to accept Le Marquis de Champeey as a suitor for her hand—this young lady is to be had for the asking. It is a match which would relieve him altogether from his present difficulties. Yet this proposition is no more successful than the last; and the old lawyer is informed by our *Jeune homme pauvre* that he himself is not for sale—any more than his name.

The man of business takes his departure, and Maxime is again left to himself, to his reflections, to his hunger. The temptations by which he has just been tried, would have had little force had the question been one of his own sufferings only. But it is not so.

Comfortable and happy in the convent where she is being educated, the little sister of Maxime is still unconscious of the disasters which have fallen upon her; and it is the thought that this child, whom Maxime regards more with a father's love than a brother's, must be removed from the protection of her convent, and exposed to all the miseries of poverty, unless the fortunes of the house of De Champeey can in some manner be retrieved: it is this thought which gives to the temptations which have just been described a power which otherwise they would not have had. It is the wish to continue the child's education, to keep her safe and happy in her convent, to amass against the time of her growing up a marriage dowry for her, that makes the unfortunate Maxime ready to undergo any humiliation, to accept any occupation that may consist with honor. It is the existence of his little sister only that prevents Le Marquis de Champeey from enlisting as a common soldier.

The corporal of Dragoons whispers hoarsely that the young man might do worse than that. It is anything but a bad service just now, he says; and I believe him.

After brooding over these things for some time, our *jeune homme pauvre* dropping at last from sheer exhaustion into an uneasy doze, is unconscious that the door of his apartment has been softly opened, and that the wife of the porter of the house is in the room, with a tray in her hand containing all the materials for an excellent repast. She has been an old servant of the family, and to her horror has discovered by an adroit system of watching, that Maxime has been without food for more than four-and-twenty hours. On waking up from his restless nap, Maxime discovers the portière arranging the meal on a table by his side, and, recovering in a moment from his first impulse, which is to devour it, fiercely demands what she is doing. The poor soul feigns astonishment at his question, and in her turn asks if he had not ordered the dinner to be sent—it had been brought from the neighbouring restaurant—was there some mistake? Yes—it is a mistake, is the almost the savage answer. But the portière is not beaten yet—she hesitates.

"Possibly Monsieur has not yet dined—in that case would this meal be good enough for him? It would be wasted if not eaten by him—" The proud man turns upon her and forces her to own her harmless ruse. "It would give her more pleasure," she says at last, "if he would eat her poor dinner than if he gave her fifty Napoleons."

What pride could be a match for such heavenly charity? Not that of Le Marquis de Champeey.

"I cannot give you," he says, with a change of tone full of inexpressible feeling, "I cannot give you fifty Napoleons. But eat your dinner, I can—and will—"

This is such a touching scene, as it is represented on the stage, that the corporal of Dragons is constrained to have recourse to his handkerchief to staunch his tears. He is in time to catch them. All—except one, which, rolling down his moustache, drops from his extreme tip, and mingles with the dust upon the playhouse floor. A noble tribute. A pure and great appeal against the sentence of those Englishmen, particularly those who are meek and gentle, church-dignitaries, full of loving-kindness, who would give both play and playhouses to the Devil. A confirmation strong of the words of that mighty moralist who thundered it into Boswell's ears, "That he was a friend to public amusements, for that they kept the people from private vice."

III.

It is to my mind a difficult thing to imagine a more romantic scene than a chateau in provincial France. Think of the house itself. Think of its high roof with dormer windows snugly ensconced in its steep and sloping sides. Think of the trim gardens, the oblong fish-ponds with fat old tench rooting about at the bottom, waiting to be caught on the next *jour neigre*. Think—but I have positively no space for description.

It is to such a country house as I have just hinted at that the scene now changes. The family of Laroque which inhabits it belongs to the tribe of the newly rich. It consists of an old father, Monsieur Laroque, his wife, much younger than himself, and a daughter, an only child. The other residents in the chateau are the governess of Mademoiselle Laroque, and a certain Mademoiselle Aubry, a poor—and it is needless to add touchy—relation. A fatuous resident in the neighbourhood, who is a suitor for Mademoiselle Laroque's hand, completes such portion of the dramatis personæ as, in this brief abstract of the piece, it is necessary we should come in contact with.

Le jeune homme pauvre—abandoning his title, and appearing under a name which belongs to him through his mother's family, enters this household in the capacity of "intendant," a sort of steward or bailiff. But the inconsistency of his appearance and manners with his present occupation is not wholly lost upon those whom he has come amongst. Nor is the secret of his real name and title altogether his own. The governess who has been already alluded to, and who is possessed of some personal attractions and of a shrewd and scheming character, has been at the convent where Maxime's sister is being educated, and has frequently seen him when he has visited the little girl at school. This governess, who, though Mademoiselle Laroque is now grown up, is retained as a sort of companion for her, falls in love with Le jeune homme pauvre, and as the passion is not returned, it very soon (as is its habit when neglected)

changes into hate. The governess perceives, too, that Maxime is in love with Mademoiselle Laroque, and reveals to that young lady the secret of his birth, representing him as an adventurer who has come to the chateau under false pretences, and whose real object is to retrieve the position of his family by marrying Mademoiselle Laroque for her fortune. The young lady, who, in her secret heart, is far from insensible to the merits of Le jeune homme pauvre, is so outraged at this as to treat him with a contempt verging upon insult, to which the nature of his situation in the chateau renders him peculiarly liable. It is painful in the extreme to witness these scenes; but indicating, as they are made to do, the perpetual struggles between the growing interest which Mademoiselle Laroque feels in Maxime and her indignation at what she believes to be his mercenary ambition, they form an important part in the drama.

It must be acknowledged that this young lady is slow to believe that one so faultless in the discharge of all the duties which his present situation involves, so unexceptionable in all his conduct as the new "intendant," can be the wretch whom the governess represents him to be. But she is convinced at last of his treachery, by the sight of an unfinished letter from Maxime, addressed to the old lawyer, who procured for him his present position in the household of the Laroques, and in which, describing the wretched life he is leading, he speaks of it as only tolerable for the sake of "that dowry which he so ardently desires—" The letter in this unfinished state gets into the hands of the governess, and is by her shown to Mademoiselle Laroque. Had it been concluded, it would have been seen that it was the dowry for his sister, which by his labours he was seeking to amass, to which the letter alluded.

But a scene is at hand which is to reveal unmistakably the metal of which our hero is made. A scene which, while it is the climax of the romantic has yet the chastity of truth about it; a scene, displaying in its true colours that high, and, as it is called, Quixotic sense of honour, which characterises him indeed throughout the play.

In the course of one of those excursions in the neighbourhood which his duties involve, the "intendant" turns aside, as the evening draws on, to examine a certain round tower which he has often heard of, and which lies beside his path. The scene shows us the interior of this tower at its highest point, and at the back of the stage a sort of platform, or look-out, reveals through its broken gap the tops of the trees which grow at the foot of the tower—some fifty feet below. While Maxime is examining the building, Mademoiselle Laroque, whose constant practice it is to take long and solitary rides on horseback about the environs of the chateau,

also enters the tower, which is a place of favourite resort with her. This is felt to be an awkward meeting; yet neither of the lovers—for such in reality they both are—has the heart to break it off. A constrained conversation on the subject of the ruin takes place; and, in order to see it more completely, they both go out upon the kind of platform which has been described, and which overlooks the abrupt descent of the precipice. While they are there, the shepherd, who keeps the keys of the place, comes in, looks hastily around, and seeing no one, retires—locking the door behind him. So it happens that when Mademoiselle Laroque and Maxime descend from the platform at the back, and attempt to open the door, it is found to resist all their efforts, and it becomes apparent that they are prisoners for the night.

It is then that all the worst suspicions of Mademoiselle Laroque are once again confirmed. A dread conviction comes upon her that this apparent accident is in reality part of a deep-laid plan, by which her honour is to be compromised, so that her marriage with Maxime—that marriage which she has been taught to believe he desires from such base and unworthy motives—shall be from that moment inevitable. As this suspicion forces itself upon her, the indignant girl recedes with horror from the man who could devise a plot so dastardly. There is a long and painful pause; and when she next speaks, it is in a voice whose unnatural calmness sound strange and almost terrible, in the dark and noiseless theatre.

"Monsieur le Marquis de Champeey," she says, addressing him for the first time by that name and title, which he believed to be concealed from her, "Monsieur le Marquis de Champeey, y a t'il eu, avant vous, beaucoup de lâches—dans votre famille."

Bitter and unmerited taunt. Last drops that fall to the brim that cup of insult and of suffering which poverty has held so long to the lips of this high-souled gentleman. Cruel words, that drive from her the man who holds his life more cheaply than the fair name of her who has thus basely injured him.

Yes: it is his life that he is about to risk. The long-restrained and pent-up feeling bursts out at last; and, in impassioned words that carry conviction with them, Maxime owns his love, but swears that until his means are equal to those of the proud girl who has so wrongly judged him, no word of that love shall cross his lips again. Then calling her to witness, that there is but one way by which he can disprove the imputation which has been cast upon him—but one way to save her reputation and his honour, he springs upon the platform that overhangs the precipice, and, before she can interpose to save him, has leapt into the gulf beneath.

It is a risk—but not, as the audience

knows, a certainty—of destruction. The trees, whose tops appear behind the ruin, break his fall, and, though bruised and wounded, he reaches the ground in comparative safety.

A striking breathless scene. It is almost the last with which we need be occupied. The corporal of Dragoons agrees with me, when I hazard an opinion that after this point the piece deteriorates sadly, and that when it turns out, on Monsieur Laroque's death, that his money has been fraudulently obtained, and that it is all by a strange coincidence the legitimate property of the Marquis de Champeey—when I point out, I say, that this is a termination clumsily and hastily wrought out, the corporal of Dragoons agrees with me at once.

I might have added—if they had not begun to turn the gas out in the theatre and so brought our conversation to an abrupt close—I might have added that this slightness, this hurry of termination, is too often a characteristic of modern work. I might have added that the consideration of probability in a denouement, is a thing too often undreamt of, and that the turning up of convenient discoveries, just at the right moment, is a thing contemptible in art, and hideously untrue. When do things happen so in life? Alas, if the legacy is to come, the lovers who have been waiting for it, grow old before it does—if there is a person in the way and his removal would set all things straight—is he the man to die? I might have added that, according to my poor judgement, all this rises from a condition of things in which men are thrown off their balance by a little success, and presuming on it, cease to take pains. They do not, in a dignified but humble retirement, perfectionate their work for the work's sake. They are the fashion. They are surrounded by parasites who, hovering about them, with servile buzzing flatteries, generate in them a blinding self-esteem, fatal, more than words can tell, to the production of aught that is great or solid. Their work must be done to a time that they may strike while the iron is not. They sacrifice their art to a temporary splendour of liveries and equipage—they fail to look on money as an accident of art—a necessary thing indeed, and one that should follow all success, yet still but an accident attendant on their work, and not that work's great object.

But, leaving all that I might have said, but did not, I have now to record for the benefit of my friend, Mr. Bull, a truth which, though it fills me with alarm, must yet not be concealed from that gentleman. It is this, that unable again to see the gross vice and immorality of another French play, I begin to fear that there must be something defective in my moral and intellectual eyesight which has hindered me from perceiving the hidden villainy of the piece, whose sadder portions

have moved the tears, as the happier portions have moved the smiles, of an attentive and delightful audience.

Watered by such tears, warmed by the sunshine of such smiles, rooted in the black mud of cities, expanding strongly in their faint and sickly air, the drama rises, like a good and stately tree. Beneath its boughs is found a pleasant shade where those who live pent up in towns, may rest after their day of toil. Train it aright, and use it well, and from its comely leaves a scent exhales, wholesome and profitable to man. What, though its growth has in the world's long history been sometimes warped and turned aside. What, though the boughs that should have grown towards heaven have been—but this not often—dragged down by wicked hands, which forcing them to creep through mire and offal, have caused the wholesome leaves so steeped in poison to give a deadly exhalation forth. Shall the tree be blamed for this? The tree, whose culture was the life's work of Shakespeare—whose fruit was handed to our forefathers by Garrick, and at whose root that friend of Garrick, whom the world delights to honour, has been found himself at work.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.

THE Chinese year is divided into lunar months, consequently New Year's Day is the first day of the first moon. It is a great day in China. It is a day of public worshipping of the emperor by the mandarins and other high officials. We are led to understand that this ceremony would be observed with more than usual splendour for certain state reasons, and therefore determined to be present. We were informed that four o'clock in the morning would certainly see them at the Ching-wang-meau or city king's temple. But woe to those who put their faith in Chinese punctuality! Should the Taou-tae be disturbed with evil dreams, or his thoughts in his bed disquiet him, he is very likely to rise at two o'clock and proceed to his devotions; but should his sleep prove refreshing, it is just as probable he will remain in the arms of Morpheus until seven o'clock.

With the warning of several failures before our eyes, we determined not to be disappointed; and therefore, having fortified our inner man with hot coffee, curry, and rice, and our outer selves with various fur garments of very un-English forms, a large party of us sallied forth, a few minutes after three o'clock in the morning, attended by six or eight coolies with lanterns. Truly our courage merited reward; for the night was pitch dark, and as it had rained the whole of the previous day, the broad rough stones along which we had to proceed in Indian file, were so slippery that every now and then some of our party made a sudden and disagreeable

descent into the mud, of which there was a liberal supply on either hand.

As soon as we entered the city gates we met crowds of people going from every direction towards the temple; for at this season every Chinaman, however careless or wicked he may be, thinks himself bound to set matters straight by offering candles, gilt paper, and incense, and prostrating himself before the shrine. Rich men come attended by their servants, who carry the offerings; then, first making a bow to the idol, they take some sticks of incense, light them, and hand them to a priest, who places them in a tripod, the servants giving the candles and placing the gilt paper in a brazier. Retiring a few steps from the shrine, they kneel down, prostrate the head six or nine times, muttering prayers the while.

We found crowds going through this ceremony when we reached the Ching-wang-meau, which was brilliantly lighted with all kinds of lanterns; indeed, there were so many worshippers that they could only allow each candle to burn for a few minutes on the frame before the idol, it was then taken off and replaced by another. The floor of the shrine was actually raised some inches above that of the temple, by the accumulated mud brought in on the feet of the worshippers; and the clouds of incense that arose from all the shrines, made the temple almost dark. We were soon tired of watching this meaningless worship; so, after a short time, we went to the silk-shop near, telling some of the priests to send us word when the mandarins were really at hand. They did so, and this time we proceeded to the Kwai-te-meau or temple of the god of war, which was also splendidly lighted. Here the idol, of colossal size, was concealed from the public gaze by an embroidered veil, in the centre of which is the Yin and Yang, the male and female principle which has existed (say the Chinese) from eternity. This veil has a large aperture through which the idol's eye is supposed to gaze on his deluded worshippers.

We wandered about in the courts of this temple till six o'clock; and on going into one of the side rooms to sit down, the attendants offered us some tea, à la Chinoise, which we gladly accepted and found very good. At length the official servants began to arrive; amongst them came the executioners wearing red caps quite in the style of the Albert hat. The striking of gongs announced the arrival at last of the great men, who went into one of the side rooms to robe: meanwhile, the temple gates being closed and a space cleared in front of the shrine, the servants spread fur and silk cushions for them to kneel upon, two in front and two rows of five behind. A man in silk robe and fur cap, like our Lord Mayor's sword-bearer, only rather more grotesque, entered first and took his stand in front between the cushions and the shrine.

The two front cushions were occupied by the Taou-tae or Governor of the province, and the military commandant, the former in a splendid dress of sable fur, over another of rich embroidery, a beautiful fur cap with a red button and a peacock's feather, so arranged as to give it and the button very much the appearance of a bird of paradise; the dress of the latter was similar, except that he had no feather. The remaining ten cushions were occupied by the Ohe-heen or mayor, the captain of the coast-guard and eight other mandarins, of whom only the second had a fur dress, the other wearing black, brown, or purple satin robes, edged with white fur, and beautiful square pieces of embroidery, like the Jewish high-priest's breast-plate, hanging on the breast and between the shoulders. The cuffs of their sleeves are shaped like a horse's hoof, because when they prostrate themselves before the Emperor they fancy themselves horses, and go on all fours, carefully concealing their hands within the sleeves.

They walked in, in solemn procession, looking neither to the right nor left, and remained standing each by his own cushion, till the deep loud voice of the man who first entered and acted as master of the ceremonies uttered the word "Kwei!" (Kneel down), and down they all went as though moved by clock-work; "Keou sheaou" (Knock the ground with your heads), was the next word of command; this was done three times; "Hwang!" (Rise up), and they all rose at once. This formula was repeated three times, making three kneelings, and nine prostrations of the head, all in solemn silence except the fogleman of the corps. They rose and passed out quickly; their attendants came to remove the cushions, and hearing from them that they were going next to the Confucian Temple, we took a shorter road unfettered by red tape, and arrived there first. This Temple of Confucius is a very pretty one; the ceiling is painted in compartments; and there are no idols in it, only tablets to the sage and his seventy-two disciples. The same ceremony was twice repeated here, once in the court-yard and once in the temple; when it was over, we went up and spoke to them (as the Taou-tae spoke English, and nearly all our party spoke Chinese). After congratulating them, we inquired when they would worship the gods; the Taou-tae very coolly said: "To-morrow we will worship them, we have done quite enough to-day;" then folding his hands together and making us a low bow, he walked off.

Returning home we went into the Ching-wang-meaou, to see the ladies worshipping. They were there in large numbers, very splendidly dressed, with their faces rouged, and flowers in their hair; presenting, as they knelt before the various shrines, rather an elegant appearance. Poor things, they are only allowed to go out and show their finery

in public two or three times in the year, and they esteem this New Year's Day fête as their most favourable opportunity, and improve it accordingly.

The festivities last for several days, during which business is entirely suspended, and all the shops closed.

It is very amusing to go into the city at this time, the tea-shops only being open, and the streets crowded with people in their holiday attire, rushing about with card-cases in their hands, busy calling upon all their friends. As time is precious, friends numerous, and ceremony all that is thought of, many of the people have a little square hole in their shutters, though which the cards are dropped, precluding the necessity of a personal call. These cards are simply slips of red paper, on which are inscribed characters expressing some congratulatory sentiment, and the visitor's name.

No one will do any work at this time: even household servants expect a great deal of time to themselves: and I am not quite sure that if anyone were inconsiderate enough to die at this season of universal rejoicing, anyone would find time or inclination to bury him.

The temples, which are very large, present an odd appearance; the shrines being crowded with worshippers, while in the courts you see gambling tables, fortune-tellers, improvisatori, and jugglers, all plying their various trades for their own special benefit, and the amusement of a crowd of eager gazers. One man was playing some very clever tricks with a ball; he had in one hand a circlet of twisted straw, with a leather socket, looking like the root of animal's horn: in this he kept catching the ball in all kinds of positions: at length he placed it on his head, with the socket on his forehead, and, throwing the ball an immense height, caught it firmly in the socket.

The tea-shops were crowded with visitors. We went into one, where we found about three hundred people seated at tables, smoking and drinking tea. The charge is ridiculously small: for one halfpenny, you may have what they would call a sumptuous meal—three cash being the price of a cup of tea, fifteen hundred cash going to the dollar. Their mode of making tea is very different from ours; they put the tea into the cups, and then take them to immense copper kettles with furnaces inside; filling each cup with boiling water, they put on its little cover, and allow it to stand for a few minutes; then pushing the cover just within the rim of the cup, so as to prevent the leaves making their escape, they drink it, without sugar or milk. They will refill the cups once for the same money, but if you want more, you must make second payment.

We ended our New Year's wanderings by visiting the grottoes, with which most of the temple gardens abound, and which are nearly

as high as the temples themselves. They were crowded with people in every variety of dress and colour; and certainly looked very pretty. The Chinese have the art of making the most of a little; and by these grottoes, caves, and artificial mountains, they will contrive to give you a mile and a half of walking, where the level plain would give you a quarter of a mile.

A RELIC OF THE MIDDLING AGES.

IT came into our possession quite unexpectedly, as a legacy left by an old friend of my husband. It was described in the will as a messuage or tenement, although it was actually the remains of an old Norman castle. Lawyers are precise in their language, but certainly not descriptive; and there was no getting any correct idea of the place without a personal visit. The small woodcut and the two inches of history which we found respecting it in a book upon the Antiquities of Sussex were sufficient to excite our curiosity; but not sufficient to satisfy it. With as little delay as possible, my husband went down, and his letters were enthusiastic, not to say rapturous. He had always a strong passion for the middle ages (which, I must say, I never thoroughly shared), and I was not surprised when he suddenly returned, and gave an order for our immediate removal. It was rather late in a very fine autumn, and although we had only just come back from a lengthened stay at the seaside, we closed our London establishment once more, as my husband was bent upon passing the Christmas at his new property. There was something so novel and exciting in transplanting ourselves direct from a rather dull modern square, with not even a black statue of a statesman to give it an historical flavour, to a veritable castle in one of the oldest counties of England, full of legends and traditions, and venerable with age, that I was rather pleased than otherwise with the prospect of the change.

Our arrival produced no very great excitement in the surrounding neighbourhood, for the position of Rubble Castle (that was the title it went by) was somewhat lonely. There were several bleak hills, a scrap of moor-like common, and a bit of ragged forest near the place, and the village was four miles distant. How such a baronial dwelling came into the hands of the late owner (Mr. Vandal) we never precisely knew, though, we guessed it was an unredeemed mortgage.

Our removal was attended with considerable inconvenience. Our servants were annoyed at leaving London, and more annoyed at being conveyed to what I heard them call a downright "penitentshary." The coachman and footman became friendly for the first time since they had been in our service; the old female cook, presuming on her length of servitude, was rebellious; the two housemaids

were sulky and obstinate: my own maid was unusually prim and severe; and the only one who seemed to enjoy the change was little Waddles, our page.

Every room of our dreary castle was a passage, and every passage was a vault. It looked an imposing place from the outside, with its turrets, its drawbridge, its portecullis, its towers, its moat (which made the lower apartments very damp), its arched doorways, battlements, and little peep-holes of windows; but inside there was not a room—to use a vulgar expression—that you could swing a cat in, if we except the two principal halls, which were like railway tunnels. But the most singular part about it was an old warder, who looked aged enough to have been present when the first stone of the castle was laid. He was very feeble, of course, with rheumatism, and was just one of those old servants—very unlike my servants—whose pride it is to die at their posts. And a nice post it was. A hole in the thick stone wall, like a cell. Call it a porter's lodge, or give it any fine name you will, but you cannot alter the place. It was an unmistakable cell, worse than many I saw at the model prison, where burglars and such people were humanely confined for their crimes. The old warder's duty was to attend to the portecullis and drawbridge (the only entrance across the moat), and he would allow no one to interfere with him. He had worked that portecullis and that drawbridge before the present generation was born, before the family possessors of Rubble Castle went gradually to the bad, and sold or mortgaged their ancient property, and he was not in the humour to be assisted by our coachman or footman, even if either of those lazy and dissatisfied menials had offered their inexperienced services. The portecullis and drawbridge were old—absurdly old—the machinery was antiquated, rusty, and generally out of order, and the process, in the old warder's hands, of letting any person in or out, was a noisy creaking performance that lasted nearly half-an-hour.

There was little time left for moping about or even thoroughly examining the place, for some of the visitors—whom my husband had invited, with his usual impetuosity, to give the place a warming—were expected early in the course of the next day. We did what we could with mouldy hangings and scanty furniture, made some centuries before upholstery was raised into the dignity of an art; and, by the aid of enormous fires roaring up forge-like chimneys, we produced the appearance of comfort, if not the reality. The servants were not at all reconciled to the place upon further acquaintance, and they considered the whole removal as something little better than joining a gang of gipsies. If their situations had not been good, and their master and mistress had not been indulgent, I believe the whole body

would have tendered their resignation without a moment's hesitation.

The first visitors who arrived were Mrs. and Miss Gushington, an enthusiastic widow with her more enthusiastic daughters. They were in raptures with the castle, as I fully expected, and I was very glad of it, as it was a good example to set the servants.

"What a dear, delightful, duck of a place!" almost shouted Mrs. Gushington before the first salutations were over.

"And so old, mama," interposed the daughter.

"Yes, my dear," returned the mother, "so very old. Where did your respected husband pick up such a dear, quaint, feudal relic, Mrs. Coggleshall?"

"It was left us as a legacy," I replied.

"O, how charming!" returned Mrs. Gushington, with enthusiasm; "how very charming—so unexpected!"

"Don't you like the middle ages?" asked Miss Gushington, in a tone very similar to her mother.

"Not much," I answered.

"O, I do!" returned the young lady, in a most rapturous manner. "I think they were so nice!"

"Do you know, Mrs. Coggleshall," said Mrs. Gushington, "what I should call this place if it were mine?"

"Something very pretty I'm sure, dear," I returned with politeness.

"The Moated Grange! after Tennyson's poem you know?"

"Very happy, indeed, mama," replied the daughter.

Unfortunately many of our guests were not disposed to exchange the comforts of modern civilisation for the barbarity of the middle ages, without an unamiable struggle. Such were old Mr. Crowcomb and his wife. They had got the best apartment in the castle—stony, of course,—that could not be helped; but a room fit for a king and queen—in the middle ages.

They did not complain direct to me or Mr. Coggleshall; but Mrs. Crowcomb's maid made frequent application for impossible things in the kitchen. Our servants in their present temper took care to convey this to me, as a hint of their own deplorable condition.

A communication was opened with the neighbouring village (four miles distant) for the purpose of victualling the garrison. Considering the extent and the unusual character of the demand, we were tolerably well served; and it was amusing to see the old warder going through all the forms of challenging the butcher's boy in his cart on the other side of the moat, as if he had been an invading army. When he came for orders, to save the trouble of letting down the old, cranky drawbridge, they were shouted through a speaking-trumpet thrust through a slit of a window.

The first serious difficulty that I experienced in the victualling department was with the cook, who could find nothing in the shape of kitchen utensils with which she felt disposed to risk her professional reputation before company.

"It's all very well, mim," she said, "for born savidges, which was content to eat their meat raw from the points of daggers, but it won't suit my books."

I presume that she alluded to the manners and customs of the middle-age barons at their repasts; though I did not enquire further. To get over the difficulty, without more discussion, I took her to the armoury, and made a selection of helmets, breast-plates, and a variety of odd metallic things that I knew nothing about, sufficient to set up a cook in business at a public club-house. I knew I was committing sacrilege; but what could I do?

The moat was one of the most obtrusive nuisances that we had to deal with. It was, in parts, half-full of green, slimy mud, and we had not been in the castle many hours before we became painfully aware of its existence.

There was no concealing the fact, nor doubting the cause, and the old warder, being the only living link that bound us to the past, was summoned to render an explanation, and suggest a remedy.

"Well sir," he said, "I remember the old moat loike that for more nor fifty year."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Coggleshall, interrupting him, "we want to know the cause."

"Ah!" said the venerable adjunct of the place, with a chuckle, "that's more nor you nor I can tell. It cum loike that about a week a'ter old Sir Cleaves died, an' they do say—"

This was sufficient for my husband, who had a special dislike of the old warder's legends, and he dismissed the aged servant without further questioning. The next day we sent to the town for a surveyor—a person not easily found in those parts—and his report (which cost us fifty pounds), could only tell us that, in former times, the moat was supplied with water from a spring; that this spring had dried up from natural causes; that there were no means at hand for abating the nuisance except by boring for water to flush the moat, or by clearing out the mud altogether. We adopted neither of these expensive suggestions; but temporarily kept off the enemy by a liberal application of chloride of lime.

We had great trouble with our only child, Alexander, aged nine years, who was home for his holidays. He made a companion of little Waddles, our fat page, and together they scaled such giddy heights upon the tower-battlements, that it made everybody's heart sick to see them. When this amusement was denied to them, and

the ways of access were closed and guarded to the upper parts of the castle, they let themselves out of an arrow-hole, or window, by a rope into a dry part of the moat, and were lost, to the inhabitants of the castle for many hours. When they, at last, applied for re-admission across the drawbridge, they were one mass of dry, light-coloured dirt from head to foot, and they had great difficulty in making themselves known to the old warder. Their story was that a treacherous part of the moat had given way, and plunged them up to their necks in the ancient mud. They had run about the common and the forest until they felt dry and comfortable, and thought they looked decent, when they had presented themselves, a little before dusk, under the notion that they might enter unobserved. Alexander had spoiled a new suit of clothes, and little Waddles had utterly destroyed his livery.

Scarcely had we recovered from this fright when we heard piercing shrieks issuing from the north turret, where Mrs. and Miss Gushington had taken up their quarters. If it had not been for the courage of Mr. Coggleshall, I believe that no one would have ventured to investigate the cause of these sounds of terror; for Mr. Crowcomb distinctly stated that he was neither a hero, nor a crusader, and the servants were already beginning to believe in strange stories of white and red ladies who walked by night with great wounds in their breasts up and down the corridors. Mr. Coggleshall, with most praiseworthy promptitude, seized a thick stick, and went direct to the room where Mariana (Miss Gushington) was preparing herself for dinner. He found that young lady with dishevelled hair, crouching in a corner of the room, and staring wildly at two large bats, who were staring at her from two opposite corners. Mr. Coggleshall led the romantic young lady out of the room; and, after a short struggle, he put the two animals to flight. It turned out afterwards, that Mariana had opened the turret window to gaze at the rising autumnal moon, when the two brutes flew suddenly in, and nearly knocked her down in the entry.

Two other visitors arrived before we sat down to dinner—the Misses Tutbury, maiden sisters, living on their property; and, at last, after many difficulties in the series of vaults which did duty for the kitchen, the great meal of the day was served at exactly half-past eight p.m. railway time. The repast was plain, but ample,—boronial, in fact, and satisfactory enough, in its way; but the footman and coachman thought proper to wait at table wrapped up as if prepared for a long journey outside a coach. The dress first caught my eye, but I said nothing; and then it caught my husband's eye, who said a great deal.

"John Thomas and James William," Mr.

Coggleshall shouted across the table, "what is the meaning of this?"

There was a little hesitation. Then the footman, although the junior, put himself forward to speak.

"I knows what it is, sir, to which you eludes, but roomatiz is a thing that will come to us all, sir, sooner or later, an' its wrong, it is, to fly in the face of Providence."

This speech produced a sympathetic grunt from Mr. Crowcomb; but it only enraged Mr. Coggleshall still further.

"Take off that comforter, John Thomas," he said, "directly; and that ridiculous overcoat; and you, James William, either make yourself a Christian waiter, or leave the work to John Thomas. You're not driving the Carlisle Highflyer against a north wind!"

"Werry well, sir," replied the coachman, "if you wish it; but goin' hout o' this warm room—which warm it is compared with those passidges"—

An impatient gesture from Mr. Coggleshall stopped any further conversation, and the dinner was finished in silence.

During the afternoon the wind had shifted round to the north, and our position was no protection against the keenness of the blast. Our screen from the south, composed of the bleak hills before mentioned, was perfect; but from the east and the north we had scarcely the shelter of a blade of grass. Leaving the banquetting-hall, as it is called, to go across the dark passage to that other tunnel fitted up as a drawing-room, we all felt that the two men-servants were not so very much to blame.

We retired to rest early that night, only to awake to fresh troubles the next morning. Everybody had, of course, heard strange and unearthly noises during the night (the howling of the wind along the tunnels and passages), and almost everyone was full of complaints when we met at breakfast. The two Misses Tutbury had been horrified by discovering a large owl standing calmly before their toilet-glass on their dressing-table. Unlike Miss Gushington with the bat, they were strong-minded enough to drive it away with an open umbrella. Both Mrs. Gushington and her daughter were a little pinched up with cold, and a trifle—just a trifle—less enthusiastic. Mr. and Mrs. Crowcomb were, of course, sulky, especially Mr. Crowcomb; who had shouted for one hour in vain for shaving water in his lofty chamber in the battlements, there being no bells or communications between any two parts of the building. We had to apologise for many small short comings at the breakfast table. Our letters, which came to us very late, contained apologies for being unable to accept our kind invitation from many gentlemen whom we had calculated upon as beaux for the ladies. This is always the case in all parties, whether

in town or country; and one note from Mr. Aal Fresco was particularly vexing to poor Mariana (Miss Gushington), who I know had come for the express purpose of meeting him at the Castle.

The county paper contained the following paragraph, which Mr. Coggleshall read to us:—

RUBBLE CASTLE.—We are glad to learn that this interesting, ancient, historical, and local Norman relic, has passed into the hands of Udolpho Coggleshall, Esquire, a gentleman of enlarged views and ample property, in whom we hope to see those baronial glories revived which have so long lain dormant under the icy manners of the late uncongenial proprietor.

I think my husband felt a little pride at this paragraph; and, if so, it was soon checked by the receipt of a very large claim for poor-rates, which came amongst the letters.

"A most unjust assessment," he exclaimed, "and I shall certainly appeal against it. One hundred and twenty pounds for poor-rates! Why, what on earth do they reckon the rent of this?"—he checked himself as he was about to say something disrespectful of the place, and added calmly, "this castle?"

"Ah!" replied old Mr. Crowcomb, taking up the conversation, "I thought as much; I thought as much. If you will be a baron, Coggleshall, you'll find you must pay for it!"

We passed the short day in viewing what little was to be seen in the surrounding country; made a pilgrimage to the nearest town—a very poor place in appearance—and returned to the Castle early in the afternoon. When we arrived in front of the drawbridge, we noticed two persons in long beards and German hats skelcheling from different points, and we thought we saw a photographic apparatus moving off in the distance. A stout, elderly gentleman, in a white necktie, with several other gentlemen of equal age, but of very unequal size, were standing near the place. When Mr. Coggleshall made the necessary signal to the warder, the stout gentleman, who appeared to be the elected spokesman of the party, advanced, and said: "Have I the pleasure of addressing the new proprietor of this noble relic?"

"I am the present proprietor," returned my husband.

"We are the acting committee of the West Sussex, or B division of the British Archaeological Association," continued the stout gentleman, who paused for a reply.

"Indeed!" returned my husband, vacantly.

"It is a proud, but an onerous position which you occupy," continued the stout gentleman, enquiringly.

"I don't exactly understand you, sir," replied Mr. Coggleshall, while we all listened with interest.

"When I say proud," returned the stout gentleman, "I mean in owning the roof which once sheltered the great Rufus (called Rufus

the pug-nosed) after the siege of Mudport: when I say onerous, I mean in reference to what you may do with that roof."

A murmur of approbation ran through the committee, or deputation, at this speech; and tall gentlemen stooped to whisper to short gentlemen, while short gentlemen stretched themselves to whisper to tall gentlemen.

"I suppose," replied my husband, "that I have the usual liberty to deal as I like with my own property?"

"No, sir; pardon me:" returned the stout gentleman, very excitedly, "not exactly so in this case. If I may be allowed the expression, your country has an historical lien upon these hallowed walls, and we wait upon you, as guardians of local archaeological monuments, to satisfy ourselves that the place will receive no injury at your hands."

"Then, sir," replied my husband very coolly, "with every respect for my country, and the association you so ably represent, I must decline to satisfy you upon that point."

"You are not the possessor of a vulgar house," returned the stout gentleman, with much energy; "you are the recipient of a sacred trust. Remove but one brick of that trust,—desecrate but one stone,—and the voice of civilised Europe will be raised in one universal yell of indignation against you!"

The drawbridge, governed by the feeble and ancient warder, had by this time descended slowly to its place, and we prepared to cross it.

"Good day," said my husband, turning politely to the stout gentleman, and the deputation, who seemed to be astonished at the unsatisfactory result of their spokesman's tact and eloquence.

"Good day, sir," replied the stout gentleman, raising his hat with dignity. "Remember your trust: the eyes of your country—of the Archaeological Association—are upon you."

We were disappointed upon our return at not finding an expected visitor, Mr. Coggleshall, senior, the father of my husband. He had written to say he would arrive at the railway-station by a certain train, and we had sent the coachman over with a carriage to meet him. The train arrived, but no Mr. Coggleshall, and the servant had come back as he went.

Dinner passed over much the same as the day before, except that one of the maids had to wait in the place of John Thomas the footman, who had gone to bed with a violent cold, and face-ache. The soup was greasy, and the meat was half-raw, for the cook had become more rebellious, having been without any authoritative supervision during the day. The night was even a little colder than the last, and we retired to our stony chambers, if anything a little earlier.

In the morning, the first thing that met my eye, as I looked somewhat early out of our window, which commanded a view of the

bare country in front of the castle, was a shabby four-wheeled fly, standing immediately opposite the portcullis entrance on the outer side of the moat. Near the fly was a bony horse, endeavouring to graze, and a shabby groom trying to warm himself by dancing and flinging his hands under his arm-pits. Presently an old gentleman put his head out of the window of the fly, and I at once recognised Mr. Coggleshall, senior. I called my husband, and, by the time he reached the window, his father, who was very stout, had with some difficulty reached the ground, and began to make sigas towards the castle. Something struck us both, seeing the horse disengaged from the vehicle, that Mr. Coggleshall, senior, had passed the night in front of the moat, being unable to make the old warder hear. We at once hastened down to the cell, or lodge, and aroused the venerable servant, who was still sleeping soundly, dreaming, perhaps, of the glories of the past. Mr. Coggleshall, who is rather impatient, having assured his father through the speaking-trumpet, that his presence was observed, very foolishly ventured to try his hand at the portcullis. Neither he nor the old warder was able to move it. They both struggled hard; but the more they struggled the firmer the old barrier kept its place. It soon became evident that some hours might elapse before the passage would be again opened; and in the meantime Mr. Coggleshall, senior, who was, no doubt, tired out with waiting all night, would lose all patience at any further delay. My husband conveyed the melancholy intelligence to his exhausted parent through the speaking-trumpet, and received, in reply, some faint words, the meaning of which was eked out by unmistakable gestures of indignation. In this position the idea struck my husband, that Mr. Coggleshall, senior, might be hauled through the window by which Alexander and little Waddles got into the dry part of the moat.

The proposal having been made to the old gentleman, he seemed reluctantly to give his consent, and walked to the point indicated by his son. He got down the outer bank of the moat, and crossed it with some difficulty, and then came the all-important and heavy task of hauling him up to the window.

By this time most of our visitors had joined us; and the general opinion seemed to be, that he was a very large and heavy man, and that, when elevated to a level with the small slit of a window-hole, he would never be able to squeeze himself through. After some minutes of suspense, the purple face of Mr. Coggleshall, senior, was seen through the aperture; and it was evident to

all that he could be hauled no farther in that direction.

"Udolpho," said Mr. Coggleshall, senior, with as much indignation as he could command in his peculiar position, "What is this?"

"I assure you," replied my husband, with sorrow and humiliation—

"Kept out all night," interrupted Mr. Coggleshall, senior: "and now drawn up by a common rope to a rat-hole! Try a crane, sir, for your father. Try a crane."

A sudden twinge of the face-ache, which John Thomas felt at this moment, caused him to let go his hold upon the rope; and the loss of support sent Mr. Coggleshall, senior, gliding rapidly down the castle wall once more into the moat.

We rushed to the battlements, and saw him inciting the shabby groom to put the horse in the fly as quick as possible; and when the vehicle was ready he got into it. Without giving one look towards the castle and his penitent relatives, he drove away in the direction of the neighbouring town.

It was several hours after this event before the portcullis was again raised, my husband standing by in a fretful temper all the while. The first use he made of his freedom was to take a horse, and gallop after his father. It was quite dusk when he returned; but the old gentleman was not with him, having started for London by another road. He had missed the station when he came down by going to sleep in the carriage, and had had to retrace his lost ground by an up-train. This brought him to the required point at a late hour of the night, and he had hired a fly to bring him over to the castle. When he arrived in front of the moat, everything was perfectly still; and as both he and the driver could find nothing but very small stones to throw at the portcullis, they failed to arouse the old warder, and had to encamp for the night. He positively refused to be reconciled to his son until he took steps to dispose of his barbarous legacy.

"Which," said my husband, "I have determined to do; for though an Englishman's house may be his castle, an Englishman's castle will not do for his house."

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BOGIE ALBION.

It can scarcely be considered to be a profound secret, that a certain abstraction, known as Albion, has always been held in ugly estimation by a country which (not to say more than can be helped) may be found by the curious traveller at something less than a hundred miles to the east of Dover. All the world must have heard of Albion the Perfidious, of Bogie Albion. Survey mankind, not exactly as Doctor Samuel bids us from China to Peru, but Gallically from Dunquerque to the Pyrenees, and the air will be found re-echoing with the old eternal din. Not only Albion the perfidious; but, Albion the greedy, the cruel, and the rapacious: Albion, that gorges itself to inconvenience with rosbif, bifstik, and portère: Albion, that takes its wife to market and fair with halters about her neck, and sells her for what she will fetch: Albion, that keeps bags and ingots of gold in absurd quantities in cellars under every house, all ready for the marshals and colonels of the invading army when the great sack comes: Albion that has been lucky enough to produce one great poet of the name of Williams, and who holds out such encouragement to ability and steady perseverance, that the humblest in the land may one day rise, not so much to the rank of peer or prime minister, but even to the giddy elevation of Lor Maire: Albion, whose affair at Waterloo was, to say the least of it, doubtful; who is now clearly decadent, and certainly weak in that arm of the marine. This is Bogie Albion.

This is most ingenious modelling; a lay figure cleverly done. So do youngsters, in the frosty season, build up artfully a huge snow-man, cut him, and shape and make him as ugly as they can conveniently, and then unreasonably set to hard and fast demolishing of him. So, too, in those days, when old cronies were supposed to be riding brooms, and were liable to be "swum," or be otherwise ingeniously tortured, used waxen figures be moulded, and then set to melt before a slow fire. Very much like this, is the treatment of poor Bogie Albion.

Not indeed that the perfidious one comes forward in this matter herself, with perfectly clean hands. It must not be hushed up

that there has existed a corresponding abstraction, or pure French Bogie; but he has gone long since: some times before that entente cordiale which is still within the memory of man; before the Russian war; when there was the double income tax, and the curious brotherhood, and the drinking healths, and the alliance note-paper, with the flags entwined, and Partant pour la Syrie. Bogie Frenchman disappeared a little before that; and it certainly appears only proper reciprocity that Bogie Albion should be rubbed out, or knocked to pieces like the snow figures. The sports that celebrate the glorious fifth of November are found to be feeble. Even the Guy palls. The pomps which usher in the coming to his throne of the greatest personage in the realm—we allude to the Lor Maire—have lost their old sweet savour. The day for all stuffed shams is passing by. Let, then, the diverting quintain solace the free hours of imperators and ex-ministers; but let not poor Bogie Albion be set up for the whole nation to play the game with.

Nobody can deny, even if he were so minded, that there has been a real, downright French Bogie, made by our own hands, and treated unhandsomely, according to the mood; which gives rise irresistibly (but parenthetically) to this curious question. Whether every nation, of whatsoever kind or quality, must not of necessity make to itself some sort of Bogie, which it may pillory and pelt with eggs, and other unpleasant matter? which thus becomes vent salve or easing pipe for the passions of the distilled rascality of our planet? If there be, as there undoubtedly is, the mumbo-jumbo, or golden calf worship, why not the other extreme? But this by the way. You will see in the fine old caricatures, coloured so beautifully by Mr. Gilray and by Mr. Rowlandson the most ridiculous, laughter-moving conceptions, which hit the Frenchmen pretty hard, and not too delicately.

But was he not fair game, this rascally fellow hard by, that lived upon soup and nourished designs against England's liberties, and the glorious and immortal bulwarks of civil and religious freedom? Was he not the natural enemy of every man, woman, and child within the blessed realm? In

whose regard only was Britanniar made to rule the waves, by Doctor Arne, at the Opera House; and to whom, of all persons in the world, Britons nevvvar, nevvvar, nevv-var—shall—be-hee slaves! You have him, the Frenchman, Gilrayically busy impaling frogs (his natural diet as is well known) three at a time on the prongs of a fork: you have him making rat soup, snail fricassee, and other ungrateful mosses. You have him (still Rowlandsonised) invidiously placed beside the Briton: painfully bringing out the contrast between their respective persons. You have him Bony, in a hundred shapes and figures. You have him in the famous plate by Mr. W. Hogarth, namely, Calais Gate, with the lean, cadaverous sentry on duty, feasting his hungry eyes on the noble sirloin, which goes nigh to crushing completely that other lean Frenchman who carries it. There is the patriotic man in Doctor Goldsmith's book, who hated the French because they wore wooden shoes, and with whom doubtless hundreds of his countrymen felt. Well deserved, indeed, the tumultuous applause that greeted the great story declaimed by Mr. Braham, of how 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay, there the Frenchman lay; and how at the end, when the mimetic drums and trumpets had finished the noisy sea-fight, England was brought to confess, that e-very man—that day—hadd one—his de-ewty! That day—had done his—(suspension for Mr. Braham's lustiest note)—de-ewty! Natural enough that the natural enemy should be spoken of complementarily as Froggy, Jacky Frenchman, Mounseer, Johnny Crapaud, and other epithets.

"Why" (here a sanguineous interjection) "eyes," says our old admiral with frightful oaths, "didn't we blow him out of the water at Toulon and batter the place about his (something) ears?"

"We made the rascals run," says our old Peninsular Major, "at Vimero and Salamanca. We raced him, sir, through the whole country; and, when our fellows went at him with the bayonet, he did not stand two minutes."

"Invade England, sir!" says our admiral again. "I wish he would. Let him come, that's all!"

In those fine old days, too, Mounseer was brought upon the boards to crowded houses and convulsed audiences with his ridiculous mistakes and broken dialect. What inextinguishable laughter when the hapless wretch has tumbled into the pond or tub of water, and comes in dripping, his clothes clinging to his lean figure! What delight when the good dame has so contrived that he shall trip over among the flour sacks, and so make him enter quite blinded and whitened with the farina-ceous powder. All the young theatrical rustics (Yorkshire always) were made to pant with desire to go and fight the French. Then came fine opportunities for the benevolent

parent, guardian, landed proprietor, or testy uncle, standing by, to lift up his hands and say in broken accents: "Go, young man, go forth, and rally round the flag of your country: that flag which for twice a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze. Go forth and fight for our common country, and Heaven speed you." (Villagers shout.)

Having enjoyed for so long a time the fee, as it were, of his stuffed figure, theatrically as well as otherwise, and having had perfect immunity in this matter of making game of, jeering at, and otherwise unhand-somely treating our French Guy, it must be conceded, on principles of fair reciprocity, that our dear neighbours are entitled to *their* stuffed man, to handle theatrically, comically, or, indeed, any way that it shall seem fit to them. And so, setting off one stuffed figure against the other, Bogie Albion against Bogie Mounseer, it comes to this:—that bystanders had best only laugh heartily at both conceits, and see who has made out the best Guy.

Still, it is a curious thing to note the different treatment of their respective stuffed figures by the two countries. Mounseer, after certainly much scurvy handling, is suddenly taken away, set over combustible matter, and burnt like other Guys. When those delightful relations, before spoken of, came in to the vociferous chanting of Departure for Syria, to enthusiastic applause at Monsieur Jullien's concerts, the stuffed figure was to be seen no more: and it was curious to observe how the profile of a certain illustrious and imperial personage, hitherto be-monstered and made horrible in our metropolitan Charivari, became of a sudden smooth and beautiful. That stuffed figure no longer existed. Any one who should presume to revive the other figure, or bring him forward theatrically, would have been met with howls of indignation, and shouted down in unanimous Departure for Syria. It is, however, a grievous thing to think that, for all this handsome treatment, the corresponding figure on the other side of the Straits, has never for an instant been withdrawn—theatrically, that is. All through the hand-shaking, glass-clinking, Departing for Syria, God saving of the Queen, Alliance note-paper; nay, even through that Exposition year when the gay city of the Seine was flooded with enthusiastic Britons, the old-established, ridiculous, straw-stuffed figure flourished through thick and thin, flourished through entente cordiale and sight-seeing British invasion! The noble Briton rushing every night to theatrical recreation, and bursting in happiest ignorance through queue laws and bureau regulations, met everywhere something that was meant to be his own image, hideously deformed and provoking inextinguishable laughter.

The noble Briton thinks to himself, grinning

with tolerable good humour, as he goes out humming *Departure for Syria* (for soothing ointment), this an odd proceeding on the whole. Are these constant *Departures for Syria* and petitions for *Queen Salvation* to have any significance, or to be taken as so much unutterable cram? He goes next night to another theatre—next night to another—in fact, takes the round; everywhere the same monstrous image is thrust into his face. So was thrust in at a window, to meet the eyes of a queen, the gory head of the unfortunate *Princess Lamballe*, fastened on a pike.

He is driven to fury at last, and the British King of Beasts gets up within him. If any or all of these sneaking rascals would but step outside under the colonnade, he would show them the stuffed figure in an attitude and character they had not dreamt of. Just five minutes under the colonnade; fair play, and no foul hitting from behind. It is true, beyond doubt, *Bogie Albion* was the butt of all pleasant, innumerable quips and gags, before *Journeying to Syria* was thought of: was still satirised all through that embarkation through the hot menaces of the colonels, and at this hour is borne rampant and triumphant over many theatrical stages. They are never tired of it—never will be tired of it. We may safely prophesy it will endure through all time. It has a strange and mysterious vitality; like enough it may be to our own stage Yorkshireman our own stage Irishman, to our benevolent stage relations, and to our own Buckstonian cockneys, who are eternally taking lodgings already in possession of, or next door to, other odd people, and who, we may suppose, shall continue to have intrusions made upon them; to be assaulted by angry husbands, arrested by bailiffs—taken to be bailiffs, and treated as bailiffs deserve to be treated—until the end of all things, and the crack of doom shall have come.

The French dramatists have always a stock of *Bogies* on hand. Who does not know *Allcash*, *Milor Allcash*, in the delightful *Fra Diavolo*, or the *Im of Terrecina*—perfect picture of aristocratic Briton, who comes in, as all English lars do, with hair in curl-papers, and sprinkling goddams plentifully? In that pleasant, sparkling operetta of *Auber's*, known as the *Domino Noir*, this British nobleman again obtrudes himself. With painful disregard of the common courtesies of life, he persists in keeping his hat on in dwelling-houses and private drawing-rooms; keeping, too, his hands in those famous nether-flapped pockets which British noblemen always wear.

This aristocratic conception has served the French dramatist in good stead. Whenever he has been hard put to it for variety, he has only had to fall back on a Corinthian son of *Albion the Perfidious*, and the audience

shrieke again with delight. It would take long indeed to gather together all the strange English physiognomies French dramatists created. Longer, too, the taking stock of their curious jumble of notions upon English persons and things, transcending even that extraordinary baronet who lurks in the *Mysteries of Paris*—*Sir Walter Murph* by name—transcending even those singular glimpses of the inner English life, shadowed forth by *Dumas* in *Richard Darlington* and *Kean*, and other dramas; to say nothing of those household names, and pet sobriquets—so familiar to British ears—*Ketty*, *Betzy*, *Damby*, *Lor Mewill*, and *Sir Flaming*, who as the books of pedigree tell us, is connected with "*Les Premiers L'ors de Londres*." To say nothing of the theatrical quarrels into which the well-known "*Colley Cimmer*," who wrote an apology, found himself drawn, or of the extraordinary good fortune playgoers enjoyed in those days, when it was given to them to see *Mistriss Siddons*, *Macreddy*, *Miss O'Neill*, *Fanny Kemble*, *Illustre Kean* (*le Soleil d'Angleterre*), playing together in one company. A rare treat indeed, denied, it is to be feared, to our fathers, and kept exclusively for some fortunate Frenchman then on his travels through *Albion the Perfidious*!

A good many years ago, when that excellent prince *George the Fourth* and his lawyers were busy fighting the good fight in behalf of conjugal fidelity and the domestic virtues, a lively Frenchman gathered up the mishaps and sorrows of the ill-fated lady, and worked them into a thrilling drama. *Paris* flocked to see, and wept over the sad story of her wrongs. Wonderful pains were taken with the details, so as to make the piece a perfect reproduction of English manners and habits. It became therefore an instructive as well as a pleasing lesson. Thus, in that famous trial scene in *Vestminstair Hall*—wherein all the forms of judiciary proceedings were faithfully portrayed—were introduced such historical personages as *Lor Denman* and *Lor Brougham*, arrayed in full forensic costume, and pleading as though they were still simple commoners. Pleasant also to observe *Monsieur le President* who, when the audience grew tumultuous, would ring his little bell violently, and so restore quiet. But what was this to the famous tableau in the last act, when horrors accumulated, and the interest of the piece was wrought up to a fearful pitch? It was the well-known incident that took place at the coronation banquet, when the wicked king, unable otherwise to relieve himself of a spouse that was odious to him, conceived the horrible design of poisoning the wretched lady, as she sat beside him at the feast, little recking the cruel destiny that was in store for her. She sat beside her lord and master, the revel proceeded, and the exhilaration became fast and furious. High beakers were

quaffed to the health of the august pair, who sat so lovingly together; the bifetaires were brought in and consumed bif in enormous quantities for the amusement of the crowd. Ever and anon, the royal villain would turn to the noble lady beside him, and, with wreathed smiles and false heart, whisper into her ear those honeyed words which he was but too fond of using when he had his wicked ends in view. The poor lady hearkened, and gave back reciprocal smiles. All present believed that those little differences of which the public had been talking had now passed away for ever. Poor, poor soul! It may be questioned whether it had not been better for her to have been taken down by watter to Bartelmeu Faire, for public competition, and so have had that detested alliance dissolved according to the law and custom of the country. Far better.

The revel proceeds. More bif for the bifetaires. Marvellous the acquaintance with minutest details. "C'est exactement comme en Angleterre," remarks an elderly Frenchman to a gentleman who was present. Suddenly a cry; the whole assembly rises in commotion, and the inanimate form of the queen, in those convulsions usually incident to death by strong poisons, is borne to the front. Tableau. Bifetaires crowd round tenderly. Those strong men suspend their customary functions. Gog and Magog, who attend on all important festivities, offer little attentions. But the end approaches; and, a lane being opened through the crowd, Monsieur l'Archevêque de Cantorbory approaches to administer the consolations of his church to the dying woman. Tears flow plentifully. The good man, it is true, is dressed in purple cape, and stockings of the same colour, with a dazzling gold cross upon his breast, but what boots little matters of custom on such an emergency? He says: "Let us pray for the departing soul!" And all fall upon their knees; stertorous bifetaires heaving interiorly with sympathetic convulsions. All are moved save that scowling, ill-featured figure in a colonel's scarlet uniform, who stands well to the front, and is the very picture of 'Udson Lowe. It is the king with the brand of murderer plainly written on his brow. He will not kneel. His wretched heart is as hard as flint; he is the only dry eye. Disgusted, justly enough, at so outrageous an exhibition, the audience becomes frantic with excitement, and a unanimous cry of "Le roi à genoux!" (king to his knees) rises from every quarter of the house. With ill-concealed repugnance, this monster and faithful picture of the British husband had to bend his proud limbs, and no longer shock public decency. She yields up her pure spirit peacefully; but is avenged in the hootings and execrations that assail her destroyer in the colonel's uniform. "Exactement comme en Angleterre!" says the elderly French

gentleman again, when he has done drying his eyes.

Journeying into foreign parts, in the autumn of the year that has just closed, the brilliant but perhaps eccentric notion occurred to the writer of these notes of opening up the country—not pictorially, or scenically, or socially, or pedestrianly, or statistically, or gastronomically—but simply and purely theatrically. To go forth and study the fine effect of setting suns (theatrical) and of the pale moon (artificial) rising to the full; to watch with interest the wearied wayfarer crossing, with difficulty, the practicable bridge over the torrent, and follow him eagerly as he enters the door (in flat) of the village inn; to note with feeling of trepidation the gradual rising of the inundation, with all its startling effects, real waves (linen sheets), and practicable banks and trees; to learn instructive lessons of the procedure adopted in (stage) courting, (stage) jealousies, and offences; taking of (stage) life by the authorised bandits and bravos; as well as the fashion in which always terrific combats are fought and won. This certainly appeared to be a more novel and exciting mode of exploring a country and its manners and habits, than the customary and more hackneyed method in favour with the tourist world. With which whimsical view, therefore, he set out; and, taking shipping (General Steam Navigation) at London Bridge, aboard a packet bound, he was told, for a place called Boo-long, he was conveyed prosperously to that port, and passed the Customs' examination with considerable credit. Being then set down at a comfortable Boolong hotel (for which, as is well-known, that port is very famous) he presently has speech of the host, a pleasant-spoken man enough. The pleasant-spoken man discourses of many Boo-long topics and prospects; all, however, it should be remarked, more or less remotely connected with his own peculiar interest. Thus, he dwells largely on certain approaching festivities which will make Boo-long the most famous place, for the time being, in the world. Everybody will flock, as of course, to that one point. Next, falling upon the attractions incident to Boo-long, the pleasant-spoken host suggests the theatre as likely to afford surpassing entertainment to the disengaged stranger. The theatre! Pray, was not that structure long since made the prey of the devouring element? Nothing more true; but the théâtre Provisionnel—temporary edifice of extraordinary merit, was well worthy of a visit. The disengaged stranger, thinking he might as well inaugurate his new voyage of discovery, sets forth, and, after blundering into a thoroughfare known as Copper-pot Steel, and being delivered from thence only to fall into another known as More-loss-more-gain Street, floundered out,

at last, upon a little open Place, where was indeed the Théâtre Provisionnel, all glittering with flaming lamps and blazing pitchpots, with the usual complement of loungers and soldiers hanging about the door.

Interiorly, the Théâtre Provisionnel was prettily decorated, and about as full as an egg. There was a most diverting piece being then played, the whole strength of which lay in the amusing incident of a certain Islander's visit to a French country-house. The Islander carries his members in a sort of stiff fashion not wholly unfamiliar to the traveller, keeps bursting in upon the French familiar circle at inopportune seasons, pays his addresses in the most awkward and ungainly manner, and raises inextinguishable laughter upon all sides. Suddenly it flashes upon the traveller that this Islander must be meant for himself and his countrymen. And so, on reference to the printed bills, it turns out. When that piece concluded, which it did in the hopeless mystification and cruellest torture of the wretched foreigner, a funny person, with a singularly droll twist about his mouth, came out to sing, and sang, a very comic thing descriptive of servant life in Paris, with pantomimic burden imitative of oak polishing. The traveller laughs immoderately with the rest. V-v-ish, v-ish, the burden goes, with spirited corresponding motions of lower limbs, conveying exactly the idea of what they call *Frotter*. Suddenly some one is calling over the stairs; the comic boy-of-all-work's countenance assumes a dull vacant expression, his hands sunk deep into his pockets. The traveller feels a presentiment of what is coming. "Bee quicks!" says the voice, sounding hoarsely from over the stairs. "Bee quicks! Goddam! Yaise! Wee-wee! Goddam!" It was the unfortunate Briton once more, brought in by head and shoulders. That night they were determined to hunt him down to the death; for in a third piece he again made his appearance, in sailor shape, affording cruel sport and merriment to those who follow the same profession in *Boo-long*. The traveller flies from the Théâtre Provisionnel in disgust, and, with the morning light quites the town, casting the dust from off his shoes as he goes.

The same Nemesis still dogs his steps all the way from town to town until he reaches the capital. Everywhere the effigy of his outraged countrymen is thrust upon him. Until, at last, being set down in the metropolis, he thinks some little regard will be had for the tender feelings of the great nation whose sons go forth and fill their splendid caravanserais. Too soon shall the scales fall from his eyes! There is that famous piece, brought out at the Comical Medley Theatre, which is having such an extraordinary run, now in full swing as it were, which must be seen by all strangers as of course. It is the startling, transpontine, powerful, thrilling, horror-stuffed melodrame of *The Fugi-*

tives! With new effects, dresses, and decorations! Founded with extraordinary fidelity upon the late horrors experienced by the English in India. Everybody goes to see it, and so does the traveller. In six acts and nine tableaux. Nothing less. One: *The Holy River*. Two: *Les Jungles, et cetera*, with plenty of Englishmen. There is Wattson and a person called Willongby; and, with a sort of sinking of heart, the traveller makes out characters that seem to take the shape of Williams! There are many more brave and noble Englishmen introduced; but, some way, the whole burden of the fighting, the rescues, and the terrific is thrown, most unjustly, upon gentlemen of the French navy, who, by some lucky chance, have found their way into the country. Wonderful indeed the prodigies wrought by these children of the sea. Wonder, which indeed worked into admiration when, at the most critical portion of the piece, the ladies of the party are in danger from a strong force of natives, and it is known by the audience and everybody else that no help can come from the marine of France, those gentlemen being engaged fighting battles, at fearful odds, elsewhere; when all human help seems hopeless, two French sisters of charity come rushing in with crosses uplifted, and so deliver the victims. Happy denouement! Most opportune machine goddesses!

So, it is to be feared, our dear French natives will go on, reproducing the stuffed figure to the end of time.

RATHER LOW COMPANY.

QUOTH Mrs. Borum, addressing me the other day, (I beg to observe that I am also a "Mrs."), "You must have been dead of ennui, my dear, in that atrociously slow place, with nothing whatever going on."

This almost made me angry. For, while I should despise myself if I could depreciate the happy time I have had, since the happy marriage, which elevated (?) me to that world in which the fashionable Mrs. Borum shines; still, I hope I know, in a very quiet way, that the pith of my happiness does not consist in what that brilliant lady most values. Can I be so ungrateful towards the cheerful, hard-working days, at dear old Fowley, when I was a shy little nobody, only the mistress of the National School, struggling with and taming the rough boys and girls in the village, and looking up to my husband—now so dear and familiar,—as the stateliest, and most unapproachable gentleman that ever lived in a Hall! Can I so far forget those times as to say, there was "nothing going on!" There were human creatures going on. Children going on. Work going on. As to ennui, that is quite Mrs. Borum's affair. It is the weight of her life. We never heard of such a thing at Fowley.

I love to think of those dear old days, so

bazy now, although it is only a year ago that I left Fowley. What would Mrs. Borum have thought of the Misses Fawkes, and the Gummups? Good gracious, I tremble—or ought to tremble—at the notion of Mrs. Borum's being required to think about them at all. I suppose they could not, on any terms, be considered as belonging to society; yet, what a bright little change it was for me, after a hard day's work, to go and take a cup of tea with the Misses Fawkes. Miss Jemima was the elder. She possessed a bass voice, a beard, and a very docile nature. Miss Martha, the younger, was small, fair, delicate, and sometimes a little exacting; but Miss Jemima was always willing she should have her way in everything. How pleasant to pass through the village at dusk, in a perfect shower of "Good-night, Miss," to notice how cheery those greetings were, and how they gradually grew rarer and more solemn the farther I got into the dark lane. Then, at a sudden turning, to see the rich red firelight gleaming from the parlour-window at my dear Miss Fawkes's, and to know it was because I was expected; for they had a pretty, hospitable custom of never shutting their shutters until their guests arrived, but letting the noble light laugh out, and beckon you on as soon as you could see the house.

When Jane had shown me in, what a stately reception followed while she hastened to close the shutters, and make the little room more cheerful than before, if possible. What a funny little room it was! How difficult to steer in! But I knew it by heart. I knew which of the chairs you might not sit down in, because they had only two legs—how if you gave the slightest touch to the flapped-table against the wall, its principal ornament, the green tea-tray covered with parrots, slipped, and swept off the family Bible, with all the strange crystals and shells, in one ruinous crash. I knew the square piano, too, which made my heart leap the first time I saw it—for I had not touched one since I was twelve years old—and which was guiltless of any musical capacity. It was there they kept their old letters, and their mother's wedding pin-cushion, with the appropriate sentiment in pins which had never been disturbed. We were very slow at tea, taking surreptitious bites and sips, for in was etiquette to consume the meal as mysteriously as possible. After tea, we generally chatted over our work; but sometimes, to my great horror, cards were suggested—and when suggested I knew they were inevitable, for all details had been arranged the day before. My objection to cards is not the usual aversion to gambling, for we never played for money, but I noted at Fowley that no nature was proof against their degrading influence. I saw otherwise noble and amiable creatures exhibit meannesses and ill-temper in the excitement of the game, which it was

a pain to witness. It was nothing short of frightful to see those mildest of beings, and most loving of sisters—the Misses Fawkes—grow malignant towards each other, and really look dreadful, when a large vein in their foreheads—which was exactly the same in each—used to swell up, and threaten to burst the narrow fillet of black velvet with which they were wont to bind their brows. Doubtless, I am only preserved from the same moral downfall by my perfect inability to take any interest in the game, or to ward off a certain intolerable sleepiness which sets in after the first five minutes. When these evil passions had sufficiently subsided for the usual affectionate leave-taking, their natural goodness would gush forth in profuse offers of shawls and wrappers, always ending in the admonition: "Now do take care of yourself, my dear. Consider her lone state, Jemima!"

Vulgar as Mrs. Borum would pronounce all this to be, the Gummups were still plainer folk.

I don't know why Mrs. Gummup's garden was a drying-ground planted with line-posts. She did not take in washing. Only mangling. (Forgive her, Mrs. Borum!) Perhaps it was a sign of former prosperous occupation. She had always lived in her present poor little house, which looked as if it had grown old with her, and would crumble down on the day its lively old mistress died. She had had fourteen children, "an' all alive and kickin'," she would say, although as far as my experience went, they pursued that lively occupation anywhere but in her neighbourhood, for they were never seen at Fowley. Poor old couple! To think of the swarm of life Mr. and Mrs. Gummup must have lived in before their children left them, and now they were so very lonely, and so very old.

They had a portrait of one daughter—an uncomfortable work of art, from its peculiar perspective treatment, which gave an impression that everything was slipping out. This daughter had married well, was gorgeously dressed, and was represented as what I can not otherwise describe than sitting tip-toe, so surprisingly perpendicular was the position of her feet; the floor, on its way up to support the back legs of her chair, obligingly touched her elevated heels, and gave them that sliding-out appearance, characteristic of the whole. She sat in dignified idleness, but there was a bird's-eye view of a table like a target, on which was arrayed extensive preparations for industry, in the shape of a red morocco work-box, scissors, thimble, &c.—all slipping off. The only benefit which Mrs. Gummup had received from this affluent lady, was this picture, which my old friend—who is given to speaking mystically—told me was the "very moral of her." There was another daughter, about whom there was a story which I was never sufficiently clear-headed to understand.

There was clean linen from the wash in it, an illness, and somebody who fetched a cab for somebody, with some inexplicable intention of running away from somewhere and going somewhere else. Mrs. Gummup had an unfortunate married daughter, with whom she appeared to be more intimate. Her husband was a most imperfect creature. I never knew what was the nature of his offences, but he once did something, for which a friend learned in the law, told her (according to Mrs. Gummup) that she "might take him up as a baggabus." This advantage over the bad husband greatly delighted Mrs. Gummup. She repeated it frequently, and always chuckled at the idea.

This was all I knew of the family except Mr. Gummup, who could scarcely be called a member of society, so unobtrusive was the part he played. He was very old, and very feeble, and I should say was a machine requiring to be wound up before he would go at all. In this wise:—that he never undertook anything of his own accord, but was obliged to be set agoing by Mrs. Gummup; and then he appeared to have no power of leaving off, until Mrs. Gummup stopped him. She would put linen into the mangle, then fetch him out of his chair by the fire—in which he spent the main part of his existence—and hook him to the handle of the said machine, giving both it and Mr. Gummup a turn or two. This would set him going, and he would continue to grind until Mrs. Gummup unhooked him. In the same way, if the poker were put into his hand, he would poke the fire in the most infatuated manner until disarmed. Unlike his wife, he was very silent. The only occasions on which I heard him speak, were when I found him sitting alone. My arrival seemed to be a signal for him to begin a series of painful cries of "Sal!" which appeared to proceed from, and affect him strongly in, the calves of the legs. Sal was Mrs. Gummup. On sunny mornings Mr. Gummup was generally to be seen clinging to a line-post to which Mrs. Gummup had attached him for the purpose of airing, and his appearance at those seasons suggested the idea that he had been accidentally overlooked yesterday, and left out all night. Not that Mrs. Gummup could have committed such a piece of neglect, though. Almost as old and weak as he, she always contrived to find sufficient strength to tend this poor fading old man. And that is the only way in which I can explain her unceasing cheerfulness, poor and desolate as she was. She was never bored, my fashionable friend! As long as there was an object for her spirit of devotion to pour itself out upon—an excuse for her ever-busy little trotting about—Mrs. Gummup could find a cheery interest in life. That removed, the simple old soul would lie down to rest beside this last claim on her care, unable to live a

single day for herself alone. She had some secret to sustain her, that Mrs. Borum has never found.

MURILLO AND HIS PICTURE CHILDREN.

We are going to the Merced, once a convent, now the picture museum of Seville. We, that is, I, *egomet*, and Herr Schwartz-enlicht, who is, I believe, an agent of some National Gallery or other; a German gentleman, as I soon find out, very blind to the nature and beauty of art, but with a lynx-eye for the oils and varnishes such and such a painter used, or abused. He will tell you, on the smallest provocation, everything you do not want to know: on how many inch thick oak pannel Da Vinci painted; and how many yards long Gainsborough's brushes were. If you are pleased with the Titan-strength of a Zurbaran, he tells you that there is a dreadful want of balance in the second finger of the left hand: if you stop to admire Murillo's harmonious depth, he desires you to observe that the painter could never get real tone, and that his motives are never ideal. I turn with unpedantic desire to enjoy the reds and browns of the Andalusian school, its skilful drapery, swan-breasted clouds, stern ascetic sierras, lavish flowers, and, above all, its serious religious feeling. Seeing my German friend, at the very first sniff of the picture gallery, put on a grand, patronizing, and encouraging air, stroke his Judas beard, visibly swell and become larger and higher, with the intense desire of imparting information to a zealous but ignorant picture-seeker, I contrive to shoot off down a siding, leaving him for a time entangled with the curator, thirsty for shillings, and pursue my own way, fancy free. I obstinately examine everything he despises, and keep my back carefully turned to him; for, of all bores, a learned bore, and "an authority," is the most intolerable; and I trace my devious way up and down the lofty, bare, dreary room, once, I suppose, the chapel of the convent, the east end being elevated and approached by steps, serving now, not unfitly in the eyes of art-votaries, as the altar-piece. Hence, through a lonely church-yard cloister—hard, rude, bare, trellised, and tapestried with trailing flowers—we mount to the refectory and the long tiled corridors, that once led to the dormitories where monks dreamed of the world they had left. I seem to be wandering over the house of a painter newly dead, examining his masterpieces. Even the sly touters, who pull out of their sleeves daubs of copies and sham originals, do not thoroughly awake me.

Spanish art was born in a convent cell, bare and stony; and cradled, either in the squalid market-place (where the brown gipsy children sleep under the green melon mountains) or at the black stump of the charcoaled

stake. It was not a prancing, can-clinking creature, like Dutch art; nor a naked giant, chained with flowers, like Flemish after Rubens; nor a saintly Madonna contemplating votary, like Italian art; nor an opera fan-painting posture-maker, like French. No, it was a wrung, withered bigot, wrapped in brown sackcloth, girt with a Jew-strangling cord hid in a cavern of a cowl, next on its horny camel's knees before a bleeding image crowned with thorns, and above the thorns starry glory. Beat its skeleton breast bloody; tore its priestly ring of grey hair; kissed skulls, and lashed itself with thorny thongs. It was essentially a slave of the church and of the court in Spain; the twin upholders of bodily and spiritual slavery. If it sneered at a ruddled court lady, it was whipped into the Inquisition; if it smashed up with a mallet the Virgin's image, whose price the mean noble haggled at with the proud sculptor and painter, there was the same certain terminus of independence, or rebellion: the Inquisition. If the man with the pallet shield, blazoned and ringed with colour, refused to paint an insolent grandee: the Inquisition. If he painted too crude, or not flattering enough, or too strong: always the Inquisition. No wonder that Spanish art grew up a monkish, dusty-faced fakir, with no sunshine on his face, and the red reflection of the Inferno ever shining in his cruel, yet frightened eyes. No wonder, as the snakes round Leonardo's Medusa, its background darkness teemed with threatening awful shadows, breathed up from Tophet.

No wonder that I longed to get away from the ghastly Saint Jerome of Torrigiano, at the Seville Museum, who has been for two centuries beating his bony breast to a pulp with a round paving-stone; or Saint Dominic, opposite, who, having torn his back to a red-current jelly, is left like an angry school-master with only the stump of the scourge in his hand. Fortunately for me, as I stand in the long hall of the Museo, once a convent, gaping at these austerities of fire-lighting faith, it suddenly strikes me that Saint Jerome looks exactly, as some traveller used to say, like a man preparing for his cast at skittles; and Saint Dominic like a rival player, shaking his fist from over the bowling alley, and challenging him to come on like a man. Having discovered this bit of rough humour about the two saints, I instantly break into a merry laugh, harmless enough, but highly offensive to the irritable and sore pride of the curator, whom I have to pay two pesetas to for worrying at my elbow, and dogging me with ridiculous comments on the pictures, and at whose attention and condescension in taking my money I am brutal enough not to be grateful, having once ascertained that the Murillo pictures are all marked with a pink ticket and number in the corner, and the grand, gloomy Zurbarans with a green one. At the receipt

of this and other information, I am always expected to solemnly bow to the mechanical insolent wretch thirsting for my shillings. I soon see that if the curator has one prejudice in the world, it is for these Murillos he gets his shillings by showing. He has a peculiar way of snubbingly pointing at them with his chin, and patronisingly alluding to their merits, that, as a personal friend and lover of Murillo, exasperates me. But what is there to do? I could not flatten his bump of self-esteem even by a three weeks' beating.

But, before I begin my ramble through the old deserted convent—the choicest nest of Murillos in the world (at least, his religious pictures, for his children have wandered away from the earth hovels of Seville)—I must recall the chief Spanish painters as they struck my dull eyes collectively in the various Spanish galleries. Let me begin with Velasquez—Don Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez—born in this very city, that, if I were a Moorish king, I would at once go and bombard with oranges till it surrendered; black-eyed beauties, church-plate, and all. Let me take this handsome son of the Portuguese exile lawyer, the pupil of the fiery, dashing Herrera, who was born in the very year Vandyck opened his eyes in half-Spanish Antwerp. Was it not this very day I saw his portrait, in his tight doublet, plain white collar, buckled belt and dagger, with the celebrated cross (hanging by a gold cord to his neck) that the Spanish king admiringly added to the portrait of himself, the bushy-haired, gipsy, swarth man had newly painted. There he is with his short, stubby brushes, his stately maul-stick, and bag-shaped pallet. There he is, with his waving mouachios sweeping almost up to his eyes, his fine oval face, and swelling bumped-out brow. Have I not seen all the rustic drinkers, and rouged Infantas, and sturdy Dons, and boy horse-men, and young queen-wives, he ever painted, and know their dark charm and the Spanish magic of their strong grace?

And then there is Zurbaran, whose majestic Saint Peter—a divine anger on his swollen, prophetic brow—quite knocked me backwards, when I suddenly came on it yesterday in a side chapel in the murky cathedral of Seville; and Cano, and Roelos, and Pacheco. Can I recapitulate them all?

Herr Schwartzentlicht, the travelling agent of some National Gallery or other, who has been for some minutes grubbing on his knees, smelling at the right-hand corner of the Saint Thomas of Villanueva, suddenly rises, and pronounces, in an oracular voice, that the third toe on the left foot of the brown beggar with a bandage round his head is decidedly "out of keeping." Now, the peculiarity of Herr Schwartzentlicht is a love which he shares with several others of his unbiisable craft—that of flourishing perpetually, like the glittering sword,

of a juggler, phrases such as "lofty in feeling," "good motive," "subdued tone," "want of balance;" conventional phrases which I have generally found, though much used by dealers and other destroyers and manufacturers, to take the place of sense. Now he springs at the hapless picture, rubs his nose against it (to test, I suppose, the texture), makes a leap back, rolls his hand into the shape of a spy-glass, smiles, and then all at once turns away disgusted, exclaiming, "Harmoniously broken tones: but the execution note—no; note plastic anofe!"

I look at the picture, but not quite knowing what the German critic means by plastic, or what broken tones are in a picture that seems an emanation—not a building up or slow thought and hand labour, I turn from the Herr—who is absorbed now in what he calls the "broad and solid execution" of a grim black-visaged saint by Clavijo—to the wonderful napkin-picture, a little square Virgin and child, called by the Sevillians *LA SERVILLETA*, because it was painted by Murillo for a cook or servitor of the Capucin convent, who had been attentive to him at the refectory-table, and who begged a keepsake of him at parting.

"It is in his second manner!" roars *Schwarzenlicht*, jealous of my praise of the divine mother and the happy crowing child struggling on her lap, as if longing to be petted by the painter, just as the model-child probably did as the dark, keen-eyed man eyed its little kicking limbs, and struck them in on the napkin. "Too realistic," says *Schwarzenlicht*, making a face at the picture; "of too predominant a hot tone—quite fiery in the browns."

It certainly is a little hot, and Murillo has used, perhaps from haste or the mannerism of the moment, too much of that brown which the Andalusian painters, then and now, manufacture by burning the bones saved from the olla, just as the Valencian school imitate the purple of their mulberry-gardens. But, then, who but a pedant could avoid being charmed with the sweet temper and divine suavity of the expression, the homeliness and yet the religion of the whole scene?

"The flesh tones too red!" shouts *Schwarzenlicht*, storming about before the picture. "Mein Gott! you should see *Cornalioose*—that, sapperment! vos a bainter!"

Leaving him busy taking notes of "A Dead Christ," with corpse face and grinning yellow teeth, showing through the mirk midnight of a more than *Caravaggio* horror, I roam on to the nosegay of pictures of this compound of *Greuze* and *Raphael*, this last religious painter of Europe, passing through all grades of Murillo's three manners—the *Frio* (cold), the *Calido* (hot), and the *Vaporoso*, or *vaporous*. Presently I and *Chiaroscuro*, as I call the German, will go on to the *Caridad*, or hospital alms-house, out on the walls near the river to see the great Seville painter's great pictures—"The Thirst" and

"The Loaves and Fishes," all but the two little panels of Saint John and the infant Saviour, left by the French robber, *Soult*, of the eleven great pictures painted for the Chapel, by Murillo.

I am entranced as I look on the "Saint Felix de Cantalicio," a *vaporoso* picture—*Schwarzenlicht*, breaking out every now and then with phrases such as "full and marrowy execution," "harmonious tone," "speaking action;" alternating with a hail-storm of critical abuse, as "bad in motive," "no silvery tones," "no juiciness;" so that you really do not know at first whether he is talking of a pudding, a piece of plate, the coachman who drove us from the hotel, or a currant-pie.

This, Saint Felix, the Spaniards say, was painted with milk and blood, "*con leche y sangre*;" if you prick it, it would bleed; the child has fed on roses. The old saint, if I remember right, is on his knees to the little unconscious child, who is innocent and playful as any little bantling can be. And while the little creature, about whom there is an air of divinity and command, expressed, we know not how, is painted with such evident tenderness and love, the aged saint, whose flesh is sunk and ribbed and grey, is a model of intellectual, worn old age. The features, though wrung and storm-beaten, are most refined and beautiful—good for such a man have been the warm summer twilight spent in the cell, and the paces in violet-scented convent-gardens. We take this as the type of the good and intellectual monk. This vaporous, melting manner of Murillo he took up late in life: just before his fatal fall from the scaffold, when he was hurried by want of time, and was induced to imitate.

I admire Murillo's two Spanish maidens, Saints *Justina* and *Rufina*, the guardian saints of the *Giralda*, standing at either side. They are merely those clear, brown-faced, black-haired girls you still see in the Seville streets, or nursing children at hotel-windows with red roses stuck coquettishly over their left ears. The pipkins, green and buff, lying at their feet, show they were potters' daughters. They are perfectly painted with clean, gritty, creamy texture, and sharp cut shadows.

Except as a picture of two pretty peasant-girls, this work had no interest for me; but my German backer-up told me (he never cares about subjects) that it was a grand *Calido*, forcible yet tender, and *Mein Gott*, vary, vary (he shook his fore-finger before his nose to express the subtle meaning of his)—blank. There certainly never was a painter who, without much imagination and telling no story, could yet vision his eyes with such pure love, and make lips so parting with words of prayer as Murillo.

On I went through the Murillo room, leaving my critical friend to revel in seas of *Polancos*, *Valdez Reals*, *Varelas*, *Vasquez*, and other unknown nonentities, including the

rather hopeless Juan de Castillo, Murillo's master, who, compared to Ghirlandajo, the goldsmith-painter, who taught Michael Angelo or Perugino, who taught Raphael, is, as I heard a jocosse English traveller colloquially observe—"A poor ha'porth of cheese."

Leaving all sorts of gloomy pictures unnoticed behind me, I soon learned to see the thoughtful yet happy innocence of Murillo's virgins, though I thought the golden, perpetual sunlight of the "napkin" picture, rather too much of a hot chestnut tone of brown; but I suppose, to the end of time, lovers will call red hair auburn and golden, and one cannot be severe on a critic who suffers from a short delirium of good-nature.

For my part I prefer the little picture, (though it is an allegory) which I saw yesterday over the altar of the small chapel, of the Guardian Angel, in the dim cathedral of Seville. The angel, in a yellow girt-up robe and purple mantle, points to Heaven with one hand; and, with the other, leads on a little lively, tripping, yet sturdy child—emblem of the human soul. I was walking round the little episcopal dens of chapels, reading the frontispiece pictures that are panelled above their entrances, when I saw this divine picture.

Now the picture, where a covey of thirty-three cherubins, who continually keep flying probably because they are unable to sit, and who shower down on Saint Francis the red and white roses, picked from the briars with which he has been scourging himself, I have never seen; nor have I the picture of the child telling Saint Augustine that he will no more explain the mystery of the Trinity than he could put the sea into a finger-hole in the sand-pit; but I never hope to see a finer picture than the Charity of the Thomas of Villanueva—the pearl of the gallery—the most ambitious and inventive in composition, the most refined and varied in expression, which Murillo used to call fondly, "Su lienzo (his own picture)." It is merely the Saint in sharp white mitre and black robes stooping at the door of his cathedral distributing alms to a crowd of Spanish beggars.

It took Bartholomew Stephen Murillo a long life, with his black cataract of hair streaming down from his broad full forehead over his shoulders, before he could paint these lean-limbed bandaged Sevillian beggars so well. He could not have quite done this painted argument for Charity when for covering his school-books with saints and virgins, he was sent to his kinsman, Juan del Castello, to look at art afar off, while rinsing brushes and grinding colours. He appears here grown somewhat, since by the red brasier in winter, or under the court-yard awning in summer, he copied Torrigiano's *Mano de la Teta*, or stripped his brown arms that his fellow-students might copy them in conjunction with pots and pans, melons and peaches, quails and herons. He has grown since, with a burning brow, when his master's

school removed to Cadiz, he had to stroll about in the Thursday markets, amid stale fish, fruit, old iron, and pottery with muleteers, gipsies, and mendicant friars to sell his cheap daubs of Saint Onophrius, Saint Christophers, our Lady of Carmels, to captains of ships and South American exporters. Think of the poor painter, now an orphan, starting to Madrid on foot to petition the court painter Velasquez to help him on the road to Rome, whither he is never destined to go. Now we see why he, who sometimes painted an archangel playing the fiddle to Saint Francis, San Diego blessing a basin of soup, and the soul of that villain Philip the Second ascending to heaven in a globe of fire, loved these naked cripples that he has here strewn round the gentle prelate with the starched mitre, and we see where he sat to notice that happy knavish beggar-boy, not much warped from his first innocence, who runs to his careworn mother to show her the marvelled which the good almoner has put into his hand.

And that this is one of the old marketplace recollections we know, because the original sketch of the same good Archbishop of Valencia dividing his clothes among some poor children, was actually picked up at the Seville Feria by an English collector. Murillo was not an imaginative man, and his real subjects are simply street children, virgins, and saints. Of art-learning he had little; but he had what no academy can give—heart. He painted from that, and not from his head. Of head painters we know many; but only one heart painter.

How deliciously the rosy flesh of the children contrasts with the soft ascetic darkness of the prelate's robes and the rich transparent browns, deep without being clotty or glutinous of the background. What a bright serene nature shines through this picture that preaches so loudly of charity! Murillo, himself a father, loved to paint the Child Saviour in conjunction with thin-faced saints, who have shut themselves out from so large a branch of sympathy with the world as paternity implies; for, in this same room he has twice painted Saint Anthony and the Infant Jesus; in one picture standing; in another, sitting on the open folio which the unhappy hermit, who needed the purging of so much temptation, has lately been annotating. Murillo has achieved the difficult task of making the Infant Saviour beam with a divine intelligence and yet a perfect child. Whether painting the angels, cooking the Franciscan's dinner, the good Queen of Hungary healing the celebrated scald-head, or the jar of white lilies in the Saint Anthony picture that church-going sparrows have been known to peck at, Murillo never painted children more beautiful than these. The only excuse for Mr. Ruskin's sneer at the low vice and dusty feet of Murillo's beggar boys, is, that he has never been to Spain and seen any Murillos that are worth seeing.

I must not recapitulate all the charms of the picture of San Augustin, Saint Joseph, or the Dead Christ, or I shall be thought a greater bore than Schwartzenthal, who is bound by rule not to agree in admiring any painter till he is dead, and safely beyond the reach of envy,—out of the hearing of damning biographies and contradictory eulogies. Else should I like to learnedly inflict on you the beauties of that best Concepcion (for Murillo is called par excellence, “the painter of conceptions”); the glory of that blue robe; the singularity of the crescent-moon the Virgin stands on; the rapture of that burst of saffron sunrise that brings out the pure, pitiful woman, with her arms meekly crossed upon her bosom, and her serene, adoring eyes turned exultingly heavenward. It is the vision of a child-betrothed, dead on the eve of marriage.

And now, having seen the pictures in the old convent, we stroll off with a guide—in fact, our old friend Rose, who assures the “gentlemen” that if we give ourselves to him, he would show us all the wonders of the world for four dollars—to the Hospital of the Brotherhood of the Charity, where there are more Murrillos, particularly that truly Spanish picture, *The Thirst*. This building was revived in the seventeenth century, by Don Miguel Vicentolo, a knight of Calatrava, who was converted by a great light from heaven on his way, in a fit of anger, to scold a toll-collector at the gates of Seville who had refused to let some hams of his pass. A few crowns left him by a beggar began the work, which is at once a soup-kitchen, a refuge for the houseless, an almshouse and a hospital. Murillo painted for the church of this hospice, at the instigation of his friend, the charitable Don, no fewer than eleven pictures. The ceiling is a forest of ornaments. The dome is like a gold cup hung up to serve as a bell. The altar is a pile of twisted pillars and carving. The pulpit is a little gilt goblet, with a flower-stalk base. The two great pictures of Murillo still hang facing each other with quiet critical approval under the cornices and window beneath the dome, and above the side chapel; where priests all day bow and kneel. They are sketchy, low-toned pictures, not very luminous or brilliant, but full of nature and of the thirsty passion of a hot, drouthy country. The huge brown rock divides the “*Sed*” picture in two. Moses, in a violet robe, thanks the Almighty for the copious torrent splashing down its music-water among the fifteen bystanders, among whom is Aaron grateful yet amazed. Those sixteen jars and pans show a passionate thirst of which Englishmen have only read—thirst become a lust and desire, which destroys even a mother’s affection. There is a mother draining out a jug, and straining back her head to keep the child in her arms from the coveted treasure. There is a less suffering

mother giving her youngest and more helpless child to drink, and restraining the elder Esau from the cup he so ravenously desires. Then there is the mounted boy, and there are the children holding up their pitchers intreatingly to be filled. Then come camels and mules, dogs and sheep, all parched and pining for the draught: and, in the distance, winding down among the rocks, more thirsty people and more thirsty animals. The miracle of the Loaves and Fishes is as badly composed as its fellow is admirably put together (“Quite cut in two,” grumbles Schwartzenthal, delighted to find something to condemn, because praise is elevating another man, blame lowering another man); but still admirable for its old women, young women, and children.

And while we look at these pictures in the silent church, some paupers, in their hospital dress, are playing dominoes with stolid eagerness on a bench in the porch, and the sister of charity in the blue robe and white starched cowl, who has silently led us into the chapel, is praying on her knees beside the pulpit, the round ebony beads running through her thin fingers, as, with rapt eyes she stares vacantly at the curious carved and coloured Crucifixion which forms the altarpiece. And now that we have seen the two little panels of Our Saviour and Saint John, and the carrion bishop in his cloth of gold, which Murillo said to the arrogant painter Valdez Real requires you to hold your nose as you look at it, we snatch one glimpse at the midnight view of the angel helping San Juan de Dios to carry a sick man on his shoulders. The good woman rises, slips the key from her belt, receives our fee with a silent bend of the head—as much as to say, He who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord—and lets us out once more into the quiet cloister.

I feel better that night as I sit in my red-tiled bedroom at the hotel, and read at my little iron table slabbed with marble, thinking of the gentle, generous painter of Seville—the alms-giving, heaven-taught painter of heavenly things, of whom it was recorded as the noblest eulogy upon his tombstone (long since ground to pieces by the ponderous wheels of bullying French cannon) that he ever lived as if about to die.

MY TWO PARTNERS.

I.

WHY do men become chimney-sweeps; dust-contractors; sausage-makers; meat-salesmen; and soap-manufacturers? Why do men in large orchestras play upon kettle-drums, cymbals, trombones, and serpents, instead of choosing violins, flutes, and clarinets? I cannot make it out.

II.

I AWOKE one morning, and found myself

a man of property. A man of property! There is a bitter mockery concealed in those words. My uncle had died suddenly, without a will, and I was his heir. Heir to what? Three distinct and gigantic nuisances;—a bone-boiling factory, a skin drying settlement, and a patent manure dépôt. Inscrutable fate! My mother on her death-bed had exhorted me to be genteel; she had left me a genteel income; and I had lived a genteel life. It was all over now. At the early age of twenty-five; with the romantic name of Edwin Gazelle, I was sucked into the vortex of trade.—And such a trade!

III.

I WENT over my new possessions. It was a hard, sad task. I saw in the distance a bleak, bare wharf, which they told me was mine; but, I did not venture personally to measure its extent. I saw several rotten-looking barges lying off this wharf, and, in them, several men, who seemed to be dancing and churringup in the mud. They cheered me vigorously from the depths of their unwholesome craft; and I gave them beer. They were happy;—happier than their new master, who was obliged to conceal his conflicting emotions.

"Shall I put your name, sir, upon the barge?" asked my late uncle's chief clerk, who was now my managing man.

"Not at present, Steevens," I replied, with a shudder, "not at present. O, certainly not at present."

The next place to inspect was the skin-drying settlement; a Robinson Crusoe-like collection of huts that were built of twigs and branches. Here were hundreds of thin, flat, spectral forms of animals stretched upon the ground, and swinging upon strings over my head. A child's frock and a few pairs of socks were hung in the centre of these phantoms; relieving the animal wilderness with a little humanity.

"What is all this?" I asked of Steevens.

"These are your skins," returned my managing man.

"And the clothes?"

"They belong to the keeper's children."

We left the place without examining further, although the patent manure dépôt was at the back of these premises. The aspect was not cheering, and the smell was indescribable.

From the skin-yard we proceeded to the bone-boiling factory;—the chief of my new possessions. I had come into my property, and I was compelled, in common decency, to go over it; but there are certain things that a man is not equal to, even when interest and curiosity prompt him to undertake the task. The factory was large, busy, and situated near an important main road; and, at the moment I approached it, the least endurable part of its manufacturing process was in full operation.

"Steevens," I said faintly, "where is the chief counting-house?"

"In the centre of the factory yard," replied my managing man.

"Then, Steevens," I returned, holding my scented handkerchief to my nose, "as I have an appointment now, you shall bring the books and papers to my rooms at six o'clock this evening."

At the time fixed he came, in company with one Mr. Nickel, a friend of mine of experienced business habits. We employed ourselves till nearly midnight. The examination, as far as I could make out, went to show that the property, if rather repulsive, was decidedly lucrative. It was agreed that, to advertise it for sale, was worse than useless; and, appointing my friend as general inspector, to look after my interest, I accepted my destiny. From that hour I was a bone-boiler.

IV.

I HAD command of wealth, but I was not happy. Although I did not alter my style of living, I felt that I was no longer the same individual. I had bartered my soul for worldly goods, and the cold shadow of the eternal factory was always darkening my heart. I still moved in the same circles as I had moved in before. I was still the same eligible single man. I was still five feet five inches in height; my appearance still preserved its pleasing, if not commanding expression; and yet I was not happy. The name of bone-boiler was always hissing in my ears. The horrid effluvium, which had always prevented me from exploring my own premises, seemed to cling to my clothes, and exude from the roots of my hair.

I was now nervous and diffident; for I was moving in society under false pretences. Carefully as I had maintained the secret of my connection with the repulsive factory, and its very repulsive adjuncts, I could not be certain that others had been equally discreet, and, in every sly glance, every whisper, and every titter, I seemed to read the discovery of my imposition. The blow might fall at any instant, and I lived in dread.

V.

It was near the close of May, when I received my usual invitation for Mrs. Buckram's second annual ball. I was supposed to be the same young, idle loungeur with expectations, living in chambers, as I was some months before; and scores of such invitations came to me in the course of the year. I accepted this one gladly, for I knew that she would be there: Emma Sandford, Mrs. Buckram's niece, and the fairest and sweetest of her sex.

The night of the ball came, and with it all that I had anticipated, even in my fondest dreams. She was fairer and more amiable than ever, and she devoted so much of her time to me in the dance, that most

of the visitors though we were engaged really. When nearly all the dancers were down in the supper-room, we found ourselves upon a balcony, looking into the garden. My lips had long been struggling to disclose my love; and my honour told me that, at the same moment, I ought to state fully and unhesitatingly who I was—what I was. The situation in which we were unexpectedly placed (was it quite unexpectedly?) gave eloquence to my tongue:

"Miss Sandford—Emma—" I said, "I dare not speak to you upon the subject that is weighing on my heart, until I have made a full and honourable disclosure. I am not—I am not what I seem!"

"Good gracious!" gasped the blushing and trembling Emma.

"Yes," I continued "at the same moment in which I tell you that I love you, I tell you that I am—a bone-boiler!"

She sank upon a rustic seat, but quickly recovered herself.

"A bone-boiler?" she muttered in her sweetest tones, evidently relieved by finding that I was not, as she had seemingly expected—a man of crime; "a bone-boiler, Edwin; and what is that?"

Beautiful simplicity! Troublesome question!

"Well, dearest," I replied, getting more confident, now that I had made the revelation, I scarcely know, as I go so seldom to the works; but they boil bones—"

"Works? bones?" she interrupted evidently full of some sudden idea. "Speak, Edwin, tell me—where is this establishment—this factory? you know what I mean."

"My property, Emma?"

"Yes."

"About three miles out of London, on the Downham Road."

"Near the church?"

"Near the church."

"Then we are lost?"

"Lost?"

"Yes, Edwin," she returned, in sorrowful tones, "it is within a stone's throw of my father's freehold villa; and it is the one nuisance which embitters his life."

What reply I might have made to this I can scarcely tell; for, at that moment, Mr. Sandford, a stately man of severe aspect, entered the balcony.

"Emma!" he said, sternly to her, as he frowned at me, "I have been searching for you everywhere. Wish your aunt good-night."

Emma gave me one tender, sorrowful glance, and left the place followed by her father.

IV.

THE next day was a busy one, at least for me. I wrote to my manager at the works to cease operation for several days, and he replied that this could not be done. He would boil as little as possible; but boil he must. My object was to prevent the nuisance being very

obtrusive at the exact moment of my visit to Mr. Sandford.

I went to the Downham Road, about mid-day, and I was shown into Mr. Sandford's study. There was one large French window which opened upon an extensive ornamental garden; and, in the distance, just over the glass of a conservatory, I saw the two black, smoking chimneys of my bone-boiling works. Under any circumstances my errand was an excuse for nervousness, and my peculiar adjacent property did not add to my calmness.

In about five minutes, Mr. Sandford entered the apartment, very stiff and severe in his manner, as he motioned me to a seat.

"Sir," he said, "after the conference between you and my daughter, which I interrupted last night, I am not altogether unaware of the object of your visit. Take a chair."

This opening was chilling, and calculated to increase my trepidation. I made no reply.

"Sir," he continued, in a severe tone, "the first question which a parent very naturally puts to a gentleman in your position is, What are his means for supporting a matrimonial establishment? May I put that question to you, Mr. Gaz—Gaz—"

"Mr. Gazelle, I answered."

"Mr. Gazelle?" he inquired.

I was about to reply to this very troublesome, but fully expected question, when with fear and horror I observed a dense volume of smoke issuing from both my factory chimneys, and I was made painfully conscious, at the same moment, of a very disagreeable, not to say sickening effluvia, which floated towards us over the garden and through the open doors. I coughed and moved uneasily in my chair, while Mr. Sandford lit several pastiles on the mantle-shelf, and closed the garden window with a hasty bang.

"Go on," he said, in an excited manner, "go on; nothing but a Chantry injunction will stop this. Night or day—it's always the same. My chrysanthemums withered with smoke; my family poisoned with effluvia—"

"It's very annoying," I said, "but—"

"It's more than annoying, sir," he interrupted, "it's illegal, sir. They are bound down never to boil bones when the wind is in the south, and I only ask you to look at that weathercock over the conservatory. Look at it carefully, sir: you may be useful as evidence."

"That, Mr. Sandford," I said, with attempted firmness, "I am afraid can never be."

"Sir?" he ejaculated, in astonishment.

"The law of England, sir," I remarked, "protects a man from incriminating himself."

"You?" said Mr. Sandford, converting his brow into a tall note of interrogation.

"Yes, sir, I am the proprietor of those

works." I replied, with a nervous gulp: feeling that all was over.

It was now Mr. Sandford's turn to be discomposed; but he soon recovered himself.

"And you come here, sir," he said, red with anger, "to ask my consent to my daughter's union with an illegal and a pestilential nuisance!"

"Mr. Sandford," I began to reply, deprecatingly:

"Go, sir," he interrupted with irritating, though pathetic, dignity; "go; you have polluted my home. You have made the ark of my declining years unbearable; but you shall not rob me of my child!"

"You decline my offer?" I inquired with considerable spirit; for I now felt indignant and aroused.

"Good morning sir!" he said, with a majestic wave of his hand. "Good morning!"

In the passage I came full in the arms of my beloved and anxious Emma, who had evidently been listening.

"O Edwin," she exclaimed, "is papa indeed inexorable,—and are we to part thus?"

I could not trust myself to speak; but fled from the place.

VII.

SCARCELY knowing what I did I rushed to the works. The men were all on duty, with Steevens, the manager, and my friend, the inspector.

"Boil!" I shouted, in my excitement. "Boil like mad!"

My two managers looked at each other, and then looked at me; but they made no remark.

"Pile up," I continued, "mountains high, and let no copper in the place be other than a cauldron of bubbling stench."

"You are aware, sir," replied Steevens, "that we are already threatened by the inhabitants with proceedings for creating a nuisance?"

"And especially by one Mr. Sandford," interrupted Mr. Nickle.

"Gentlemen!" I exclaimed, becoming more excited on hearing the name of that obdurate parent. "You are the managers here; but I am the master. Boil, I say, to the utmost verge of your power!"

The order was obeyed without further remonstrance; and, in half an hour the neighbourhood must have been sickening under our repulsive activity. What was my design? I hardly knew. Perhaps to storm my enemy into compliance? To reach him I was compelled to annoy the innocent; and, while I gloated in imagination over his sufferings, I was painfully conscious that my own Emma must be affected by the same poisonous vapour.

At this thought a momentary weakness impelled me to stop the busy nuisance; but I checked it at once, when I remembered the

contempt I had met with. The smoke rose higher and higher, and rolled in majestic volumes of effluvium over my enemy's villa. I was amply revenged; and, as the works became unbearable, I began to feel dizzy, and turned my steps in the direction of home.

VIII.

THE excitement had preyed upon my health and I was not able to leave my residence for several days. At the end of this time I went once more into the world, and wandered by a mysterious impulse towards the Downham Road. I approached Mr. Sandford's villa with no definite design. I had not determined to call; but I was curious to see the place. A mild flavour of the works still hung over the neighbourhood; and I judged, from this, that my instructions had not been neglected. When I reached the villa, my heart sunk within me; for I found the shutters of every window closed, except those of the kitchen. A dreadful thought suggested itself. Could I have caused a death in the family?

Regardless of everything, I hastily rang the bell; and it was answered by an old charwoman.

"Is she—is anyone dead?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Lauk-a-daisy, sir," she replied, "you give me quite a turn!"

"Is anyone dead in this house?" I repeated.

"No, sir," she replied, in a nervous manner.

"Why are the shutters closed, then?"

"Well, sir, I don't know who you may be—"

"Why are they closed?"

"Becos the fam'ly couldn't stand them stinkin' works, an' they've gone out o'town."

"Madman," I muttered to myself; "I have driven them into exile."

I asked the old woman where they had gone; but, of course, she could not tell; for the address, as usual, had been written on a piece of paper which she had lost or mislaid.

"It's some town as begins with a P," she said.

"There are five hundred such towns!" I replied.

IX.

A DAY of misery and a night of restlessness were recompensed by an announcement which I read the next morning in the second column of the Times:—

EDWIN G.—Z.—I.E.—The Chain Pier every morning at nine. The air on the Downs is bracing, but it has no charms for me. Better the smoke of a hundred b-c-e h—g factories if thou wert only near. EMMA S.

I read with eager and dazzled eyes, and I could not doubt that this paragraph was meant for me. The pointed mention of the Chain Pier and the Downs, directed me to

Brighton; and, rejecting the old woman's statement that the town began with a P, I prepared, at once, to start for that fashionable watering-place. A few minutes before I sent for the cab, a letter without a signature, written in a strange hand, and directed to me, arrived through the post. Its contents were as follows:—

Beware of Mr. Sandford, who is nothing but a respectable adventurer. Far from having any objection to your marriage with his daughter, he is only too anxious to bring about the match; but, in such a way that no questions shall be asked concerning his child's prospects or wedding portion. Pause, and reflect.

YOUR WELL-WISHER.

I treated this base missive with the contempt it deserved. If it had contained any libel upon her whom I was flying to meet, I would have found out the writer at any cost; but, as it merely confined itself to remarks upon her parent, I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it. In a few hours I was at Brighton, gazing upon the sad sea waves.

X.

THE afternoon and evening passed wearily enough; for she was not to be seen. I sought her on the beach—the promenade—the Downs—and in the assembly rooms, but without success. I felt that I was rash in betraying my arrival in places where I might be discovered by Mr. Sandford; but I could not control my impatience until the morning. As dusk approached I gave up the search and settled down to a late and solitary dinner in the melancholy coffee-room of my hotel. The cutlet was tough; the wine was hot and acid; the waiter painfully obsequious; a clock was ticking with maddening regularity, and, a fellow-visitor, who ought to have been sociable, was glaring at me ever and anon, from an opposite table. At times the thought came across me that I might have been deceived by the advertisement, and my only comfort was to stick it before me against the cruet-stand, and read it all through the meal.

At last the morning came, and, at the appointed time, I hastened to the pier. The direction was right. I was not deceived. She stood before me more lovely than ever. I asked, after the first salutations were over, at what hotel or lodging they were staying; and was answered, "At neither."

"Where then," I inquired, perceiving some hesitation on the part of the lovely Emma, "if not at one of these usual places?"

"At an uncle's, Edwin," she replied, in a sorrowful tone; "would that it had been otherwise."

"Tell me more, Emma," I replied, "for there is something which you are concealing from me."

"It is a cousin, Edwin."

"A cousin, Emma?"

"Yes. They call him refined: because he

does nothing but smoke, play at billiards, and spend half his time in a yacht; but he is no favourite of mine; and rather than marry him—"

"Marry him, Emma! Surely your father can have no such design?"

"It is too true, Edwin; and, any day, I may be compelled to bid adieu to you for ever."

"This shall not be! Fly with me, Emma;—fly from this fashionable and detestable place."

"I cannot, Edwin. Where can I go?—unless—"

"Speak; I will take you anywhere; but fly, and fly at once."

"To my aunt Buckram's, then. She will do anything I ask her."

In a few hours we had reached the desired haven in London; and the next morning saw us man and wife.

XI.

My honeymoon was not without its troubles, though my wife was not the cause of them. My friend, Mr. Nickel (whom I suspected of having written the anonymous letter), departed one morning from his post as my factory-inspector, with a considerable sum of money which he never accounted for. On the next day to the one on which he left the country, my father-in-law, Mr. Sandford, made his appearance; calling upon us suddenly as we were seated at breakfast.

"I come here," he said, "in no spirit of enmity. You have acted without my consent; but I freely forgive you. The portion I might have given my daughter, Emma, if the marriage had been conducted in the regular way, will now remain a secret until after my death."

After we had thanked him for his kindness, and had wished him a life as long as Methuselah's, he continued:—

"I am not surprised that your inspector, Mr. Nickel, betrayed his trust, and embezzled your property. I knew him some years ago, and I never had a favourable opinion of him."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed.

"You are young and experienced," he continued; "and I am a man of the world. Go and enjoy yourselves, while you can, and repugnant as the bone-boiling establishment is to me, I will look after your interests—as a father."

"Mr. Sandford," I replied, "I cannot allow this generous sacrifice. After all that you have said regarding this repulsive business—"

"I only do my duty," he interrupted. "One member of my family has already become your partner for life. I propose to join the firm also. From this hour you will consider me your acting partner."

And he became a partner; I scarcely know how. Sometimes I think of the anony

mous letter, and suspect his disinterestedness; but one glance at my gentle and amiable wife reconciles me to all.

MICHELET AND INSECTS.

THE cries and the melodies of the winged world* do not prevent our overhearing the murmur of an infinite world of living creatures, who, although shrouded in shadow and silence, utter an energetic claim to our attention—a claim of appalling power, when we think of their number. Our collections contain about a hundred thousand species. But, if we think that every species of plant feeds at least three kinds of insects, we have, according to the number of known plants, three hundred and sixty thousand species of insects—every one, be it noted, of prodigious fecundity. Remember, besides, that every creature nourishes other creatures, on its surface, in its solid substance, or in its fluids; that every insect is a little world inhabited by insects, and those again are tenanted by others. Nor is this all; in masses which we used to believe mineral and inorganic, we are shown animalcules, of which it would take a thousand million to make a cubic inch; and these, nevertheless, offer a rough sketch of an insect, and which would have a right to call themselves incipient insects. And their aggregate number? A portion of the Apennines is built up with them; their atoms have served to raise that enormous hump or hunchback of America called the Cordilleras. At this point we might suppose the review to be ended; yet the molluscs which have fabricated such multitudes of islets in the South Seas, which literally pave (as the latest soundings inform us) the twelve hundred leagues of ocean which separate us from America—these molluscs are qualified by several naturalists with the title of embryonic insects. So that their prolific tribes come as a sort of dependence on this superior people; or, as we might say, they are candidates for insect dignity.

This is grand. Nevertheless, what binds us to the little world of birds, is not their music, nor even the spectacle of their sublime and buoyant mode of life. It is, that the bird can understand us. We make with him an interchange of languages; we speak for him, and he sings for us. But by what signs of intelligence can we contrive to open any communication with the insect? Our voice, our gestures, have no other effect on him than to cause him to fly. There is no look or speculation in his eyes; no movement in his silent mask. His senses are of infinite subtlety, but are they similar to our senses? He seems even to have senses apart, unknown in their nature, and, as yet, without name. He escapes our comprehension; nature has arranged so as to ignore his

presence in respect to man. If she exhibits him for a moment during the season of love, she hides him for years in the murky earth or in the discreet bosom of timber-trees. When found, caught, opened, dissected, and examined with the microscope, bit by bit, he remains for us an enigma still—an enigma which is anything but re-assuring, whose strangeness almost scandalises us, so completely does it confound our received ideas. What can we say of a creature who breathes at the flank, through holes in his sides? Of a paradoxical walker who, contrary to usual custom, presents his back to the earth and his belly to the sky? In many things, the insect is a being turned upside down, or with the wrong side outwards. His minuteness is another cause of our misconstruing his ways. Many an organ appears odd and menacing because our eyes are too feeble to see and explain its structure and utility. Things imperfectly beheld cause uneasiness, like objects seen in the dark. Meanwhile, we kill him. He is so small, moreover, that in his case we fancy ourselves dispensed from acting with justice. A German dreamer thought to seal the insect's fate by the dictum: God made the world, but the Devil made the insect.

The poor creature, however, does not own himself beaten merely by an insulting speech. To the systems of the philosopher and the fright of the child (which are, perhaps, the same thing) he replies pretty nearly as follows: That, in the first place, justice is universal; that stature has nothing to do with right and wrong; that, if it be possible to suppose right not to be equal, and that universal love can incline the scale, it would be in favour of the small and weak. He says that it would be absurd to judge him by his appearance; to condemn organs whose use you are ignorant of; that the greater part of them are the apparatus necessary for special professions, the instruments of a hundred different trades; and that he, the insect, is the grand destroyer and fabricator, the artisan par excellence, the active mechanician of life. Finally, he states (the claim will perhaps appear a little lofty), that, to judge by visible signs—namely, works and results—he of all living creatures is the one who loves the most. Love has given him wings, a marvellous iris of colouring, and even visible flame. Love is, for him, death either instantaneous or near at hand, together with an astonishing second-sight of maternity to afford to the orphan the most ingenious forms of protection. In short, this maternal genius is so highly developed that, surpassing and eclipsing the rare associations of birds and quadrupeds, it has made the insect the founder of republics and cities.

The insect often inspires children with terror and an instinctive repugnance. But we are all children; and the philosopher himself, notwithstanding his attempts at uni-

* See page 140 of the present volume.

versal sympathy, is subject to the same impressions. The arsenal of extraordinary arms with which the insect is mostly furnished, appears a standing menace to man. Living in the midst of struggle and contention, it was absolutely necessary for the insect to come into the world armed cap-à-pié. Those of the tropics are often terrible to look at. Nevertheless, a considerable portion of these arms—which frighten us—pincers, notched teeth, nippers, saws, spits, hooks, augers, wire-drawers, and crushing-mills—their formidable portable armoury which makes them look like old champions going to the wars, are, upon careful inspection, nothing but the peaceful tools which help them to earn their livelihood. Only, in this case, the artisan carries all he wants about with him. He is the operative and the machinery combined. What would be the aspect of human operatives, if they walked about always bristling with all the steel and brass which they are obliged to make use of in their daily labours? We should think them monstrously strange creatures; they would frighten us. Under certain circumstances, it is true, the insect is a warrior, from the necessity of defence or of appetite; but in general he is especially and above all an artificer. There is scarcely a species which cannot be classed according to its art, and be ranged under the banner of some trade corporation.

With insects, the mother mostly dies as soon as she has given birth to her progeny; her grand affair, therefore, is to construct some well-contrived shelter where the little foundling may be fed and securely cradled. A work of such difficulty requires instruments which appear to us inexplicable. Many a tool which you might compare to the poignard of the middle ages or to the perfidious arms of Italian assassins, is, on the contrary, an instrument of maternal love. Besides, Nature is so far from sharing our prejudices, our disgusts, our childish fears, that she appears to take particular care of the rodent insects, or the species which gnaw and nibble, who are the horticulturist's worst enemies, but who render useful assistance in maintaining the equilibrium of species and in diminishing the incumbrance of vegetable matter in certain climates. She is anxiously conservative of caterpillars, which we destroy. The processional caterpillars start on their pilgrimage clad in fur composed of bristling chevaux-de-frise, which overawes their enemies, until, transformed into moths, they flit about free and happy under the safeguard of the shades of night. Creatures thus privileged have evidently their work laid out for them to do, an important mission which renders them indispensable, and which makes them an essential element in the harmony of the world. Suns are necessary, and so are gnats. Order is great in the Milky Way, but not less so in the hive. There is not a

genus of insects which does not answer when summoned. Were a single species of ant to turn defaulter, it would make a serious gap in the general economy of tropical countries. Look at a deserted house or a neglected garden. In one year it will become rotten, old, and decrepit, through the invasion and the attacks of insects. The reasons of Providence for such certain devastation are quite intelligible, if we reflect. In the absence of man, the insect takes his place, in order that, by passing through the grand crucible, everything may be renewed or purified.

Insects are repugnant to us, they annoy us; sometimes they frighten us: but they do so exactly in proportion to our ignorance. Almost all of them, especially in temperate climes, are nevertheless completely inoffensive. We always regard the unknown with a suspicious eye. All the information we take the trouble to acquire respecting them, is simply to ascertain that we are able to kill them. Who has any pity for insects? Gros, the painter, saw one of his pupils, a handsome, careless young fellow, enter his studio with a superb butterfly, recently caught and still flapping its wings, pinned to his hat by way of ornament. The artist was indignant, and angrily exclaimed: "Is that the feeling with which you regard beautiful things? You meet with a charming creature enjoying itself in the sunshine, and you can find no other use to make of it than to crucify it and kill it barbarously! Leave the house, and never return; never show yourself in my presence again." It is more surprising to find an anatomist, a man who has passed his life with a scalpel in his hand, Lyonnet to wit, expressing similar sentiments, and that with respect to insects which interest us the least. Lyonnet has opened a new path to science by his laborious work on the caterpillar of the goat moth, in which he has demonstrated that, in regard to its muscular system, the insect is identical with the superior animals. He congratulates himself on having completed his task without having killed more than three individuals of the species he was investigating.

Michelet and his wife first began to study insects seriously during a tour in Switzerland, the country of Haller, Huber, and Bonnet. Not content with collections, which show only the outside of a creature, they determined to inspect the internal organs by means of the scalpel and the microscope. For this, it was necessary to commit several murders, remorse at which tarnished their enjoyment of the magnificent scenery by which they were surrounded. The eternal hymn uttered by the monster mountains scarcely drowned the tragic drama of small sufferers. A fly hid the Alps from their view; the agony of a beetle, which was ten days in dying, veiled the glories of Mont Blanc; the anatomy of an ant made them forget the Jungfrau. Never mind that; who can say

precisely what is great and what is little? All is great, all is important, all is equal in the bosom of Nature and in the impartiality of Universal Love. And where is this fact more perceptible than in the infinite complexity of the tiny organic world which they were then considering? To gaze up at the mountain top, or to look down upon the creeping insect, was all one in point of wonder and admiration.

Moreover, their system was never to pierce insects with a pin or other sharp instrument—a horrible torture, which never comes to an end. A month afterwards, or longer, you will see the wretched victims still writhing on their stake. Ether inflicts a death which is generally rapid, and appears to be painless. Accordingly, they etherised their prisoner largely. In a moment, he turned and fell; they thought it was all over with him. After an hour or two, he had come to life, had raised himself on his trembling legs, and was trying to make a walk of it. To tell the truth, his gait was exactly like that of a drunken man; a child would have laughed to see him reel. His executioners felt no inclination to laugh, because they were obliged to poison him again. A stronger dose was administered; in vain. Whatever they gave him, he always recovered. So they shut him up in a box, where he lingered long and withstood incredible doses. It was a fortnight before they could make him give up the ghost.

In general it may be stated, that the insect is the child of night. The greater part of them avoid the light, but how can they avoid the air? Even in hot countries, the contact of the atmosphere with a sensitive and naked body, whose skin has not had time to harden, is excessively painful. In our severe climate, every puff of wind must cause the sensation of little piercing arrows, or a million fine needles sticking into the creature. Certain hairy species are somewhat better protected; certain others are housed in fruits. Some (bees and ants) find protection in society; but the immense majority of insects are hatched solitary and naked. Several of my readers, well-clad personages sitting before a blazing fire, will be certain to make the remark, that cold is a capital thing to sharpen the appetite, to make you hardy, and all the rest of it. But those who have ever known poverty, will perfectly comprehend the drift of the foregoing observations. The recollections of their childhood will tell them that cold is, in point of fact, a torture; habit does not render you insensible to the suffering it inflicts; a continuance of its action does not render its effects more agreeable. What delight is felt by the children of the poor when a thaw comes to relieve the pinchings and the shiverings they have undergone! Certainly, there is no denying that cold is a powerful tonic, which brightens the faculties wonderfully, and excites their utmost inventive powers.

Cold, equally with hunger, perhaps more so than hunger, is the grand incentive of the arts, hunger enfeebles, cold strengthens.

Cold is the potent inspiration which urges infinite multitudes of chilly creatures to seek, above all things, the means of shelter. There is no want of food; nature has everywhere spread an ample banquet before them. The whole of the vegetable kingdom, and a great part of the animal, are ready for them to partake of. But the cold sears them; cold and humidity combined, give them influenza and paralyse their organisation. They have no rest in them till they have contrived some sort of covering. At the lowest scale of life, the humblest caterpillar is an artist, and (when he does not excavate a mine to dwell in) by means of weaving, rolling, spinning, and cutting out, soon fits himself with a robe which, like a second skin over his too sensitive skin, covers his suffering nudity. Some are skilled in mosaic work, others in inlaying or veneering. After having fabricated a dress, they will conceal themselves from observation by the artful application of surrounding materials—such as shells, bits of stick, and grains of sand. Their labour is great; but amongst the different species there is an admirably just compensation. Those who work hard when young, have little to do when adult, and vice versa. The bee which, while a grub, is liberally fed, nursed, and cradled by its elders, has to lead a most laborious life. On the other hand, another insect who, as a caterpillar, has toiled and spun, has nothing to do, by-and-by, but to talk amorous nonsense to lilies and roses. He is Dandy Butterfly, Esquire.

Most insects are destined to do their drudgery during their childhood, in their state of larva or caterpillar—a double and violent drudgery. On the one hand is the constant, urgent, pressing search after the food which is craved for by a ceaseless, internal sensation of want—the want of self-repair, of self-renovation, of nourishing the organs already acquired, and of preparing new ones. The life of these poor motherless insects is made up of a couple of hard conditions—labour and morbid growth; for their moultings or changes of skin are equivalent to an illness. Often they are the cause of death. If the effort or the pain of the crisis could inspire the insect with a glimmer of thought, he would say to himself at every moult, "I am out of the mess now. I have done with it; I shall be quiet at last; this is my closing change!" To which Nature makes answer, "Not yet! And, not yet! You are still an unborn babe. You have not yet brought forth your own proper self. What are you? Nothing but a larva, a mask which will shortly fall, and disclose your reality."

What! A mask that has a will and can work, that can contrive and can suffer! Which sometimes appears to be further advanced

than being destined to spring from it! Such industry and skill in a mere husk which will shortly wither and be cast to the winds! However this may be, one fine morning, some sort of irritation or restlessness, some mysterious impulse, drives the creature to a new task. You would say that withinside itself, another self excites and agitates it, to a given course already traced out, with the full intention of becoming—what? Does it know itself? We cannot say; but we see that it acts and conducts itself wisely and prudently exactly as if it did know. The presentiment of the slumber, which will steal over it, paralyse it, and expose it unresisting to all its enemies, causes it all at once to display fresh activity.

"Let us work well!" it says. "Let us work quickly! Ah, what a sound sleep I am going to enjoy!"

The strange drama of metamorphosis, which the insect performs, and the thoughts of immortality which it suggested to the sages of Egypt, have calmed more terrors and dried more tears than all the mysteries of Canopus and all the festivals of Eleusis. What is death? What is life? What is the waking state, and what is sleep? Behold that miniature miracle, mute confidant of the grave, who plays for our instruction the game of destiny. He sleeps in the egg, and, later on, he sleeps again in the nymph. Thrice is he born, and thrice he dies, as larva, nymph, and scarabæus. In each of his existences, he is the larva or mask, the figure of the existence which is to follow. He prepares, brings forth, and hatches himself. He bursts, shining brightly, from his sombre sepulchre. On the grey plains of Egypt, in its moments of drought, he glitters and eclipses every rival. Reflected from his jewelled wings, the all-powerful sun beholds his own image. Where was he? In unclean darkness, in night and death. A deity has evoked the beetle from his grave; he will do the same for a beloved soul. Happy ray of light!—hope founded on justice, on the impartial love of the Creator of all things living. The bereaved on the earth trust that, to those whom they have lost, the same measure shall be meted as is vouchsafed to the insect. Shall man receive a less degree of favour than is accorded to the brother of the gnat and cousin of the moth?

Modern science, partially and apparently, broke the spell of this ancient poetic mystery. Swammerdam found that the caterpillar contained the nymph, and even the future butterfly.

In the caterpillar he detected the sketch of the wing and of the proboscis of the coming insect. Nay, more, Réaumur found in a caterpillar only a few hours' old, the egg of the future butterfly. That is to say, the infant insect, at so early a stage that the caterpillar is little more than an egg gifted with locomotion—this infant, this moving egg, contains

eggs and infants. There appears here to be an identity of the three different beings; these are no longer intermediate deaths apparently; one single life goes on. Is the ancient mystery destroyed? Has man, in his plentitude, penetrated the secret of things? Réaumur himself thought not; he confessed that his most careful observations left very much to be desired.

In the metamorphosis of the caterpillar, everything is, and must be, changed. The legs will be legs no longer; he requires perfectly slim ones. What does a child of air, who will scarcely alight on the tips of the grass, want with short, clumsy paws armed with hooks, suckers, and all sorts of cumbersome tools? The head will be the head no longer; at least the enormous apparatus of jaw disappears, and with it the muscles, which set it in motion. All that is cast away together with the mask. Enormous prodigy! The creature changes from a masticating to a sucking animal. A wonderfully flexible trunk is uncoiled. If anything appeared to be fundamental in the caterpillar, it was the digestive organs. Well, this very foundation of its being is gone! Absorbent gullet, powerful stomach, greedy entrails, are all suppressed or are reduced almost to nothing. Of what use would they be to the new being which, as in certain species of butterflies, dispenses with food, and has a mouth merely for form's sake and the pleasure of sipping a little honey? It makes no hardship of yielding up a useless piece of furniture, and expectorates the skin of its stomach.

With what a marvellous feeling of security is this creature gifted, who quits everything belonging to him, who unhesitatingly leaves behind his former strong and solid existence, the complicated organisation which, a little while ago, was himself,—his own proper person! It is called his larva—his mask; but why? The personality appears to be at least as energetic in the vigorous caterpillar as in the delicate butterfly. It is therefore really his personal individuality which he courageously allows to shrivel up to nothing, in order to become, what? no very reassuring substance—a short, soft, whitish mass. Open the nymph soon after she has spun her shroud, and you will find only a sort of milky fluid, wherein all that you can trace are doubtful lineaments which you see or fancy that you see. After a certain time, you may, with a fine needle, isolate these ambiguous organs and imagine that they are the members of the future butterfly. A fearful interval! In most species, there is a moment when everything old has disappeared, and when nothing new has yet assumed form or shape. When Æson, to be restored to youth, was cut into pieces and thrown into Medea's cauldron, you might have found in the mess the limbs of Æson; but here, there is nothing of the kind.

Nevertheless, the mummy swathes itself in

confidence, docilely accepting the darkness, the repose, and the captivity of the tomb. It feels within itself a reason of existence, a cause of living still. And what cause? What reason? The vitality amassed by its former labours. All the treasure which it accumulated as a hard-working caterpillar constitutes its barrier against death, its inability to perish, the cause which makes it not only live but lead a light and happy life, whose ease is exactly in proportion to the efforts which it made during its former existence.

Admirable compensation! By diving so low into the depths of life, we might expect to meet with physical fatalities. What we really find there is justice, immortality, hope. Antiquity was right, and modern science is right. It is death, and it is not death: it is, if you like, a partial death. And is death ever anything else? Is not death actually a birth?

The insect has no part in human language. He speaks neither by the voice nor the physiognomy. By what, then, does he express himself? He speaks by his energies. First: By the immense power of destruction which he exercises upon the superabundance of nature—upon a multitude of sluggish or diseased existences which he hastens to cause to disappear. Secondly: By his visible energies, especially during the season of love, by his brilliant colours, his phosphorescent lights, and his poisons, several of which we employ as remedies. Thirdly: He speaks to us by his arts, which might give us hints for the extension of our own.

In order to counteract the shortsightedness, the disgusts, the terrors, the narrow and egotistical judgment with which we consider the things around us, we ought to recall to mind the grand and necessary reactions of Nature. Nature has not marched forward with the regularity of a continued stream, but with occasional ebbings, retreats backwards, and retrograding steps which allowed her the opportunity of harmonising with herself. Our limited scope of vision, which sometimes fixes its gaze on apparently retrogressive movements, takes alarm, becomes frightened, and misunderstands the purport of the whole. It is the attribute of Infinite Love, whose creative power is ever active, in every creation which He produces to render it capable of infinite extension. But, in the midst of this very infinity, He raises up a creation of antagonism which will keep it (namely, the said creation) in check. If we see Him producing monstrous destroyers, be sure that they are sent, as a remedy and a repression, to stop the course of monsters of fecundity.

Herbivorous insects were the check of the fearful vegetable incumbrance of the primitive world. But, as those herbivorous insects multiplied beyond all law and reason, insectivorous insects were sent for their repression.

These latter, robust and terrible, tyrants of creation in virtue of their weapons and their wings, would have been victorious over the victors, and would have exterminated the feeblér species, if, over the whole insect people and soaring above its proudest flight, there had not supervened the wing supreme of a superior tyrant, the Bird. The haughty dragon-fly was snapped up by the swallow. By these successive destructions, increase has been, not suppressed, but restricted, and the species held in equilibrium. So that all propagated, and all live. The more closely a species is pruned, the more prolific it becomes. Does it overflow its legitimate bounds? Instantly the superabundance is balanced by the fresh fecundity with which it endows its destroyers.

We, men of this tardy epoch, sons of the spare and sober West, brought up in those narrow, well-weeded, carefully-kept garden-grounds which are known amongst us as large estates, must imagine something quite different to these miniature inclosures, if we want to form an idea of the primitive vigour of the globe, of the abundance and the superabundance which the earth displayed when, bathed in hot mist, she sent forth from her bosom the first blossoms of her youth. The hottest countries of the actual world show us a faint image of what it must have been. The inextricable forests of Guiana and Brazil, in their entanglement, in their chaos of mad plants which, without rule or measure, envelop giant trees, smother them, cause them to rot, and bury them in ruins,—such is an imperfect picture of the grand ancient vegetable chaos. The only creatures sufficiently impure to support this mass of impurity, to breathe its air laden with death, were big-bellied reptiles, heavy toads, green caymans, and swollen serpents. And such would have been the sole inhabitants of the earth.

Then, from on high pounced down the Bird; plunging into the reeking gulf, he brought up to the highest tree-tops some one of the unclean monsters. But his incessant warfare would have still remained unequal to keep down their abominable fecundity, had not thousands of millions of nibblers cleared the jungle, opened the noisome hiding-places, and allowed the sun's health-restoring rays to pierce the thick covering beneath which the earth was panting. The humblest of insects performed the work which rendered the world habitable; they devoured the chaos.

"Small means for so grand a result!" You will say. "How could these tiny creatures contrive to make an end of an infinity?" You would dismiss all doubts if you had ever witnessed the waking up of a large establishment of silkworms, when one fine morning they quit the egg with that immense appetite which no abundance of leaves can satisfy. Their host fancied he had made

ample provision for them in his rich and handsome plantation of mulberry trees; but that turns out to be just nothing at all. You may supply them with whole forests, and they will still ask for more. Twenty paces off, and further, you can hear a strange rustling sound, which goes on without the slightest intermission, like that of brooks which flow for ever, gradually grinding away and using up the pebbles of their bed. And you are not far from the truth; it is a stream, a torrent, an endless river of living material which, under the grand mechanism of an infinity of little instruments, rustles, resounds, and murmurs, as it passes from vegetable to insect life, and is gently and invincibly melted into animality.

To return to the primitive ages: the most terrible destroyers, the most implacable rodents, who broke up the lower rottenness of the grand chaos, who higher up delivered the tree from the clasp of its parasite, who finally set to work on the boughs, admitting light into the livid shades—these were the benefactors of races to come. Their uninterrupted labour of indomitable destruction, brought to reason the vegetable orgie in which Nature had lost herself. Run wild as she might, they conquered; they swept open superb glades and alleys, and the monsters, exiled from their foul retreat, became more and more sterile, being delivered up, by this grand revelation of the forests, to the son of light—the Bird. Through a profound accord and a beautiful treaty between him and his opposite, the son of night, sunshine had penetrated into the abyss, and his enemies lay prostrate at his mercy.

The spider, at the same time higher and lower than the insect, is separated from him by organisation, but draws near to him in instincts, wants, and diet. She, strongly characterised in every respect, is still excluded from the grand animal classes, and is, as it were, apart in creation. Amidst the luxurious vegetation of the tropics, where game is superabundant, she lives in society. Spiders are cited who stretch around a tree a vast net in common, the approaches to which they guard in perfect concert. Still further: having often to deal with powerful insects, or even with small birds, they share the danger together, and give each other a helping hand. But this sociable mode of life is quite exceptional, confined to certain species, and to the most favoured climates. Everywhere else, the spider, by the fatality of her life and her organisation, has the same character as the hunter and the savage, who, supporting themselves by uncertain prey, remain envious, suspicious, exclusive, and solitary. Add to this, that she is not like an ordinary hunter, who has nothing beyond his toil, his journeys, and his personal activity to think of. The sportmanship requires considerable outlay to practice, and demands a constant drain on her capital. Every day, and every hour,

from her own proper substance she is obliged to draw the material necessary for the net which is to provide her with food and renew her substance. She therefore exhausts herself in order to feed herself; she reduces herself in order to fatten herself; she becomes lean on the uncertain hope of gaining flesh. Her life is a lottery, depending on the chances of a thousand unforeseen contingencies. Such an existence cannot fail to make an unquiet being with but little sympathy for its fellow creatures, in whom it seems nothing but competitors; in short, an animal fatally egotistical. Were she different, she must perish of hunger.

The worst is, that the poor thing is thoroughly and fundamentally ugly. She is not one of those who, ugly when seen by the naked eye, become handsome under the microscope. Any too strong speciality of trade, as we witness in the case of men, shrivels up one limb, exaggerates another, and excludes general harmony. The blacksmith is often humpbacked; in the same way, the spider is potbellied. In her, nature has sacrificed everything to the trade, to the need, and to the industrial apparatus which will satisfy the need. She is a work-woman, a rope-maker, a thread-spinner, and a weaver. Pay no attention to her person, but to the produce of her skill. She is not only a spinster, she is a factory furnished with spinning-jennies. Concentrated and circular, with eight feet planted around her body, eight watchful eyes in her head, she surprises you by the eccentric prominence of her enormous belly—an ignoble feature, in which the careless and superficial observer would behold nothing but gourmandise. Alas! it is quite the contrary. Her belly is her workshop, her warehouse; it is the bunch of tow which the cord-spinner carries round his waist to make the yarn—he is paying out. But, as the spider's tow is her own proper substance, she can only increase its quantity at her own expense, by practicing the utmost self-denial. You will often see her, emaciated in other respects, carefully husbanding her swollen treasury which contains the indispensable element of her labours, the hope of her industry, and her only chance for the future.

At the extremity of her abdomen, four spinnerets, capable of being pushed out and drawn in like a telescope, shoot forth, by a movement of her own, a tiny cloud which gradually increases. This cloud is composed of threads of extreme fineness. Each spinneret secretes a thousand, and the four combined make with their four thousand threads the single thread, sufficiently strong, with which the web will be woven. Note well that the threads of this intelligent manufacturer are not all alike, but are of different quality and strength, according to their destination. Some are dry, to make the warp; others are viscous to glue the fabric together.

The threads of the nest to receive the young, are like cotton; those of the cocoon, to protect the eggs, have the resistance necessary to insure their safety.

Everything that lives feeds on prey. Nature herself devours herself; but the prey is not always earned and merited by patient industry which deserves to be respected. Nevertheless, no creature is more the sport of fortune than the spider. As is the case with every good operative, fortune has a double hold upon her—on her work and on her person. A swarm of insects, the murderous carabus, the elegant and magnificent assassin the dragon-fly, are furnished with their weapons, and pass their lives joyously in butchery. Others have safe retreats, easy to defend, where they make light of danger. The field spider has neither the one advantage nor the other. She is like a small tradesman whose trifling capital and limited custom attract and tempt cupidity or insult. The lizard from below, the squirrel from above, give chase to the feeble huntress. The lazy toad fixes and gums her helpless at the tip of his protruding, viscous tongue. The swallow, and every other bird, considers her as a delicious tit-bit and an excellent medicine. Even the very nightingale, who, like other great singers, sticks to a certain regimen, every now and then prescribes himself a spider, by way of an agreeable purgative.

But supposing that she escapes being gobbled up herself, if the instrument of her trade is destroyed, she is in an equally miserable plight. If her web is broken bit by bit, a prolonged fast will deprive her of the power of spinning thread, and she soon dies of hunger. She can never escape out of a vicious circle; to spin, she must eat, and to eat, she must spin. Her thread is the thread of the Fates, of her destiny. When people talk about the spider's gluttonous greediness, they forget that she is obliged to eat double, or die; she must eat to restore her person, and must eat to repair her web.

Three things contribute to wear her out; the ardour of her incessant toil, her nervous susceptibility, which is developed to an extreme degree, and lastly her double system of respiration. For she has not only the passive respiration of the insect, which is subjected to the action of the air entering its stigmata or spiracles; she has besides a sort of active respiration analogous to the play of the lungs in the superior animals. She takes in the air, holds it, transforms and decomposes it, and by its means incessantly renovates her frame. Only to observe her movements, you feel that she is something more than an insect; her vital flux must run in a rapid circulation, her heart must beat very differently to that of a bluebottle or a butterfly. A superiority, but a peril. The insect braves with impunity mephitic miasms

and powerful odours. They are too much for the spider. Immediately stricken, she falls into convulsions. Chloroform, which a stag-beetle will resist for a fortnight or more, will instantly prostrate a spider, at the first contact, as if she were stricken by a thunder-bolt.

FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

In the days of frost or mist and chilly rain, we are disposed especially to believe all the good that can be said about fire-worship. Dosabhoj Framjee tells us, in a book, entitled "The Parsees, their history, manners, customs, and religion," all about his fellow flame-lovers. He is a young Parsee himself; native of Bombay. He grew up there, educated at the Elphinstone College into the form of an active minded Indo-Persian Englishman, a double patriot, true to our nation in the past and in the present; loyal alike to the by-gone King Darius and the reigning Queen Victoria. Dosabhoj Framjee edited, in Bombay, an English newspaper; and, when the recent mutiny was at its height, published a pamphlet in two native languages, to warn his countrymen against the madness of the attempt to overthrow the government. Then his desire was to make the tendencies of the English favourably known to his neighbours. Now (at the age of twenty-eight) he issues an English book in England, of which the design is to make his compatriots favourably known to the English: better acquaintance being the true peace-maker among reasonable men.

The same thing is true of customs that have held their ground for ages in the mind of any people. Men and women are, on the whole, good fellows at bottom, however ugly some of them may seem to be. Whenever any custom or belief has taken long and firm hold of entire nations of human beings, it may be safely assumed, either that it is imposed by necessity, or that its firm hold on the heart is by the growth of wholesome rootlets. Its fruit may be bitter—even poisonous—and yet it is to be compared rather to a tree pushing its living roots through wholesome soil, than to a rotten pole stuck upright in a quagmire. Now, therefore, while we are all over England, Scotland, and Ireland, friends of that part of the doctrine of Zoroaster which demands that fires shall be kept up, regards as a heinous offence the letting of them out, let us put Dosabhoj Framjee in the warmest corner of the chimney, cheer his eyes with the mighty blaze, and hear what he can tell us about Fire-worship. As a Parsee he is qualified to teach us.

At the time of the dissolution of the Persian empire, in the year six hundred and fifty, the few Persians who were faithful to their creed fled to the mountains of Khorassan,

and after a hundred years of quiet residence among them, the remnant of fire-worshippers was hunted from these fastnesses by their Mussulman persecutors, whom they called the devils. At length, reduced to a poor little band of brothers, they resolved to quit for ever the land of their fathers, and migrate to some new region, where they might, perhaps, be suffered to possess their souls in peace. Choosing therefore to betake themselves to India, they settled at Sanjan, in Guzerat, and in the neighbourhood of that place, they and their children, and their children's children rested.

The colony of Persians, or Parsees, existed for five hundred years. But, in the year fifteen hundred and seven, Moslem troops marched against Guzerat. The Parsees fought bravely for themselves and their Hindoo allies, but were again turned out into the world. And thus it happened that they reached Bombay a little while before the time when English merchants began looking to India for wealth.

The Parsees have been, during the last three centuries, especially at home in the city of Bombay. They understand the English, have something of English energy, with an understanding, rare in Asia, of the commercial as well as moral value of integrity. They are active, shrewd, liberal, and generally rich. Some people now describe these descendants of the ancient Persians as the Anglo-Saxons of the East.

There still remain a few cousins of theirs in Persia; wretched creatures, scattered about in the neighbourhood of Yezd. The number of the Indian Parsees is less than one hundred and fifty thousand. Three-fourths of them live in Bombay, and constitute about one-fifth of the entire population of the city. Of course they have adopted many of the customs and ceremonies of the Hindoos, with whom they agree in friendship very cordially. But, beyond friendship, there is a strong barrier set between the races. Inter-marriage is, on both sides, shunned with a religious care. The nationality of Parsee descent is thus maintained. In all essential matters the Parsees rigidly hold to their own traditions.

Some of their customs yield matter for pleasant talk. Five days after the birth of a child the astrologer is sent for, who questions the stars, and draws hieroglyphs, which have always the same interpretation. They all promise future prosperity to the infant, and announce as results of its birth, shortly to be looked for, increase of wealth to the father, of happiness to the mother, and of affection between both.

Our English taught Parsee, however, goes on to inform us that there are none but females who believe any longer in this folly, and that "the spread of education will soon purge away such superstitious trash from among them." Baptism takes place

when the child has reached the age of six years and three months. After a few sacred ablutions baby-clothes are taken from it, and it is invested with the emblematic dress of the Parsees; that is to say, a robe of linen called "the garment of the good and beneficial way," and a thin woollen cord of seventy-two threads, tied with four knots about the waist. The tying of this cord is a religious service, during the performance of which the little Parsee boy is called upon to chaunt a kind of hymn. At the first knot he says, "There is only one God, and no other is to be compared with Him;" at the second, "The religion given by Zurtoisht (Zoroaster) is true;" at the third, "Zurtoisht is the true prophet and he derived his mission from God;" and the last knot, "Perform good actions and abstain from evil ones." The other portions of the Parsee dress are very similar to that of the Hindoos.

The Parsees are rapidly becoming European in their habits. Their houses are well-built and well ventilated: pictures and brilliant chandeliers adorn their richly-furnished rooms. They do not, like the Hindoos, sit on the floor, and dine out of one large dish in which is a confused mixture of food; but sit on English chairs at English tables before English dishes. They are beginning also to sit down together—man and woman—not man here and woman there. At their festivals, they play classical music instead of using the absurd accompaniments of an Indian nautch.*

Between the Parsee men and women there is indeed, a freedom and equality rare among Asiatics. The wives are considered helpmeets of their husbands, and would sympathise in all their hopes and fears, if an absurd practice of early marriage—dwarfing the development of women—were not maintained to a ridiculous extent. Sometimes a baby-boy of three years old is betrothed to a baby-girl of two. Sometimes the marriage-contract is complete before the birth of either bride or bridegroom. It is considered right that young people should be boy and wife when they attain the age of twelve or fourteen, at the oldest. Bigamy is not permitted. At the wedding expensive presents are exchanged. If the parents can afford it, feasts are given daily for some time. On the marriage-day a party of five hundred or a thousand meet; and, at sunset, all go in a procession from the house of the bridegroom to that of the bride, where the priests, in performance of the Parsee marriage service, repeat the benedictions from the Zend Avasta; "Know, that both of you have liked each other, and therefore are thus united. Look not with impious eye on other people, but always make it your study to love, honour, and cherish each other as long as both of you remain in the world. May

* For a description of the Nautch see Household Words, vol. xvii., 270

quarrels never rise between you, and may your fondness for each other increase day by day. May you both learn to adhere to truth, and be always pure in your thoughts as well as actions, and always try to please the Almighty, who is the lover of truth and righteousness. Shun evil company; abstain from avarice, envy, and pride; for that is the road to destruction. Hold out a helping hand to the needy and poor. May success crown all your efforts. May you be blessed with children and grand-children." With more to the same effect. The last acts of the ceremony are to wash the bridegroom's toes with milk, and rub his face with the bride's vest. This done, the feast begins.

During the life of the bridegroom's father it is usual for the young couple to reside with him. The household of the illustrious and wealthy Parsee, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, includes nearly a hundred of his children and descendants. In the Parsee services of death and burial, we see simply the customs of old Persia.

Now we come to the fire-worship. It began in the sixth century before Christ. Its founder, Zartosht or Zoroaster, lived in the days of King Gushtasp, the Darius Hystaspes of the Greek historians. He composed twenty-one books, called the *Avasta*, which were written in the Zend language. Of these, there remain to us only six, together with the fragments of three others. The rest of the work was destroyed utterly, during the persecutions of the Emperor Alexander and the Caliph Omar.

Zartosht finding his countrymen worshippers of idols, taught that there is only one God, the Creator, Ruler and Preserver of the universe, uncreated, formless, and invisible. The whole duty of man the prophet summed up in three great requirements: purity of speech, purity of action, purity of thought. These lofty doctrines run through the whole Zend *Avasta*. Evil is everywhere condemned and degraded; righteousness everywhere exalted and enjoined. Virtue alone, it is said, is happiness in this world. Virtue is a garment of honour; but vice is a robe of shame. The sacrifices precious in the sight of Ormuzd (or God) are good actions, and next to good actions, good intentions. Truth is the basis of all excellence; untruth is utterly detestable.

The symbol of all goodness is light. Therefore said Ormuzd (the good principle) to Zartosht, "My light is hidden under all that shines. It is right to feed the sacred fire upon the altar, and to contemplate the sun, as the great type of the everlasting light. But, urges the Parsee to whose talk we are listening, neither the ancient Persians nor the modern Parsees deserve more seriously than

the English by their hearths, the character of true Fire-worshippers. "The Parsees themselves repel the charge with indignation. Ask a Parsee whether he is a worshipper of the sun or fire, and he will emphatically answer, No!"

Eight and a-half centuries after the time of Zartosht, when his teachings had become debased by false interpreters, a Reformation was established. It happened under the sovereignty of Ardeshir Babekan; and from this period there dates another sacred book, the Revelations of Ardai Veref, a work very similar in structure to our Book of Revelations. Ardai Veref describes his visit to the future home of the righteous. It was a place formed, as it seemed, of rubies and diamonds, with a splendour surpassing that of the sun at noonday, resembling an eternal flash of lightning. The air was filled with delightful melody; everything was beautiful and blessed.

The practice of the Parsees shows that their religion, which has, of course, its associated superstitions, is something more than a profession. They manifest honest desire to live uprightly in the world; and their known probity gives them the place of trust as brokers for the European merchant. They have acquired commercial influence in India and the East, and there is a Parsee merchant's house even in London. In all their relations with each other, written agreements are unknown: literally, it is the rule with them, their word is their bond. Thus, by their energy and truth, they everywhere prosper, making at the same time generous use of their well-earned wealth. The most illustrious instance of their liberality is to be found in the conduct of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, a gentleman of world-wide fame. Numerous schools and hospitals have been founded, and continue to be supported by him: he neglects no means of assisting the poor: all western India is the field of his charity: all creeds and castes share alike in his good will.

There is good proof of the industry of the Parsees, and of their care in providing for those of their own body who fall into misfortune. It was lately reported by a government institution for the relief of paupers, that "the public at large owe a debt of gratitude to the Parsees of Bombay, for not one beggar of that caste has ever applied for relief, nor is a Parsee beggar ever to be seen in our streets."

These worthy Fire-worshippers are trusty friends of England. They have from the beginning understood and valued us. Our countrymen in India know and value them; so let us thank Mr. Dosabhoj Framjee for helping all of us to know and value them in England also.

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UNCOMMON GOOD EATING.

Nothing is more variable than national diet, except it be national appetite. An Italian is content with a handful of bread and grapes, but an Esquimaux will devour twenty pounds of flesh in a day: a Hindû picks up a few spoonfuls of rice between sunrise and sunset; and a Russian Tartar will eat, in the twenty-four hours, forty pounds of meat. Nay, a Tartar mentioned by Captain Cochrane in his Travels, consumed in that time the hind quarters of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for drink; and three of the same tribe—the Yakuti—think nothing of polishing off a reindeer at a meal. In London and New York the average consumption of meat is half a pound to each person daily; in Paris it is one-sixth of a pound with a lower fraction still for the villages and country; yet the Irishman's bone and muscle are elaborated from potatoes, not from flesh; and the brawny Highlander builds up his huge members from porridge, kail, and whiskey. So that meat is not absolutely essential even to Northmen; when, by a little unconscious chemistry they supply efficient substitutes, tailing off by units the various properties concentrated in honest beef and mutton.

Food is very unequally distributed among us. There is the poor man, who can never give his children a hearty meal; and there is the rich man, gorged with unimaginable luxuries: on the one side Lazarus, with a hunger never sated; on the other Dives, who, between the ages of ten and twenty, consumes forty wagon-loads of superfluous meat and drink, at the cost of seven thousand pounds, according to the calculations of Sidney Smith.

But even more varied than amount is kind. There is no limit to the odd dainties affected by different people. The New Brunswickers find a special charm in the mouffe, or loose nose of the moose deer. Sharks' fins and fish-maws, unhatched ducks and chickens, sea slugs and birds' nests, are all prized by the omnivorous Chinese. The Esquimaux revels in the foreign luxury of a purser's candle; and the Abyssinian intoxicates himself with raw meat and warm blood;

which are as intoxicating in their way as ardent spirits. Paris has lately gone mad about horseflesh; and, in the exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one a Monsieur Brocchieri showed and sold delicious cakes, patties, and bon-bons of bullocks' blood; rivalling the famed marrons glacés, or baptismal dragées, of the confiseries of the Boulevards. This seems to us almost the triumph of the art.

Meat biscuits made in Texas for the use of the American navy, were also exhibited. They are like light-coloured sugar cakes in appearance. One pound of meat biscuit contains rather more nutriment than five pounds of ordinary meat. Portable soup is another matter of culinary condensation, wherein nutritive power is out of all proportion to bulk; and pemmican, so well known to Arctic voyagers, is again a condensation of solid meat finely ground; then mixed with sugar, fat and currants. The Siamese dry elephants' flesh, as Germany hangs her beef and pork: Cuba feeds her slaves on dried meat, imported in enormous quantities from Buenos Ayres and the United States; and, all through America the trade in this article is brisk and lucrative, extending even to Europe; which imports and consumes a goodly quantity to her share.

The extreme north presents, perhaps, the oddest specimens of luxuries in food. Blubber, the unruminated food of reindeer serving as an accompanying salad; whales' skin, cut into cubes, black as ebony, and tasting like cocoa-nut; whales' gum, with the bone adhering, not unlike cream cheese in flavour, and called Tuski sugar,—these were some of the chief dishes at a Tuski banquet; while, at a feast given by some respectable Greenlanders, were half-raw and putrid seals' flesh, putrid whales' tail, preserved crow-berries, mixed with reindeer's chyle, and preserved crow-berries mixed with train-oil. Walrus is good eating. It is like coarse beef; and walrus liver raw, is a dish on which to grow poetical. Frozen seal is excellent as a stand-by in travelling; and putrid seal, which has been buried under the grass all the summer, is a winter's special charm. The reindeer's maw is made into a dish called nerukak, or the eatable, and sent about, as presents of game or fruit might be

with us. The entrails of the rypeu, mixed with fresh train-oil and berries, make another favourite dish; and the Greenlander's winter preserves, are crake-berries, angelica, and eggs in every stage of incubatory progress, flung all together into a sack of seal skin, which is then filled up with train-oil. An Esquimaux will cut his sledge—when it is made of dried salmon sewn between two skins, the cross-pieces being reindeer bones. This is not so marvellous as it seems to be: it is not quite like feeding off a one-horse chaise or clarence with C. springs; but it must be a curious sight to see a party turn out, and make a meal of their carriage. Reindeer is the great delight of the Esquimaux—when he can get it: and frozen reindeer, eaten raw, is better, to his taste, than all the royal venison ever cooked for royal feasts.

Keeping for awhile among the cetacea, we find that the manatus, or sea-calf, gives a white delicate flesh, like young pork; a lean or fibrous part like very red beef; and a fat which is like hog's lard, with an exceptional portion lying between the entrails and the skin, like almond oil in taste, and an excellent substitute for butter. The tail is the tit-bit, and is covered with a fat of firmer consistence and more delicate flavour, than that on the body. But the manatus is too human to be pleasant. "It appears horrible," says Mr. Lund Simmons, in his *Curiosities of Food*, "to chew and swallow the flesh of an animal which holds its young (it has never more than one at a litter) to its breast—which is formed exactly like that of a woman—with paws resembling human hands." The tongue of the sea-lion (*phoca jubata*) is preferred by some to ox tongue; and the heart is said to be equal to roast calf's heart. The walrus has a tongue, a heart, and a liver, all serviceable, and palatable, though we think the meat coarse and strong; the female sea-bear is like lamb, and its cub the very counterpart of roast pig. Seal flesh we think strong and oily; but we have already taken the Greenlander's opinion on it. The black skin of the whale, too, we have tasted, and found its ebony cubes with the cocoa-nut flavour simply delicious, but its coarse red flesh like inferior meat. Porpoise, or sea-pig, is not to be despised by British sailors suffering from salt junk and scurvy; but it is not much sought after now, though in the days when porpoises in their pride, swans, and herons were at English tables, porpoises, or sea-pigs, had their place of honour there as well. All sea things have the recommendable quality of being highly iodised. This is one of the virtues of cod-liver oil; one of the reasons why sea-side air is so good for the serofulous and consumptive; and almost the sole benefit to be found in the Iceland moss, once so famous as a specific against consumption. This has also a fishy origin. The court painter of the chemists' shops is

isinglass and balsam spread on silk. Caviare is the dried roe or salted spawn of fish; the black, which is the best, comes from the sturgeon, the red is from the grey mullet and the carp. Botargo is a kind of caviare made from the spawn of the red mullet, and of great esteem in Sicily; the roe of the pollock makes commendable bread, and the roe of the methy (*Eotha maculosa*) can be baked into biscuits, which are used in the fur countries as tea-bread.

In Beloochistan the cattle are fed on a compound of dates and dried fish; the inhabitants living almost entirely on fish; and we here, in England, fling hundreds of pounds of sprats and other fish upon our fields to fertilise the land, poison the air, and deprive some hungry thousands of a dinner. The Atlantic tunny is like veal, but drier and firmer; and the sturgeon, so prized by Greece and Rome, is also of the veal type; that is, like flesh without blood. The sharp-nosed sturgeon is like beef, very coarse, rank, and unsavoury. The shark is dry and acid. Havana is the only place where shark is openly sold in the market, and the Chinese are the only people who ascribe any specially invigorating virtues to the fins and tail.

The Gold Coast negroes are all fond of sharks; as they are of hippopotami and alligators, and the Polynesians surfeit themselves to indigestion and disease by their love of sharks' flesh, quite raw.

Scotland, and some other northern countries, eat the picked shark and the dog-fish. The conger-eel, dried and grated, thickens soup in catholic countries, and is a Jersey dainty, tasting like veal. In Cornwall they make conger-cels, as they do everything else, into pies. The Chinooks dry a little fish—something like a garline—then burn it as a candle; and the scales of the delicious and delicate callipevi make exceedingly beautiful ornaments.

Other people beside the Gold Coast negroes feed on, and take pleasure in reptiles. We ourselves eat one of the tribe when we devour calipash and calipee. But though we revel in turtle, we keep an adverse countenance to tortoise; yet, half the soup eaten by travellers in Italy and Sicily is made of land tortoise, boiled down to its essence. In Trinidad, and other of the West India Islands, land tortoises are in much repute; the eggs of the close tortoise (*testudo clausa*) are held a supreme delicacy in North America; and Sir Walter Raleigh fed his fainting men on "tortuggas eggs" while sailing up the Orinoco.

In both North and South America the salt-water terrapin is a fat and luscious luxury, if taken just at the close of summer, and its eggs in their parchment-like skin—they have no true shell—are always valued. The bicentee, New-Holland's curious snake-necked version of a tortoise, has a liver which would send the pâté de foie gras of Strasburg out of the field altogether; while, of turtle the

world of gourmands is never tired, under any form of presentation that it may please the chef to serve him. The hideous, scaly, demoniacal-looking iguana is better in the trial than in outside promise; cooked skilfully, it is like chicken in flesh and like turtle in flavour; but, if one of its paws should happen to stick up in the dish, it is so frightfully suggestive of a pigmy alligator that many a stout European, afraid of nothing else under the sun, would be afraid of that. It is excellent eating, being omnigustatory; it is like chicken, like rabbit, when stewed or curried; like turtle, if dressed as turtle should be; like hare, when turned into soup, and a good dish of imitation minced veal might be made of it, with lemon-cream, and streaky bacon superadded. It is of the range of white meats; and its small, soft-shelled, delicate eggs are equal to itself in purity and daintiness of flavour. Indeed, the eggs of most reptiles are wonderfully appetising; but none more so than those which bring forth the harmless, hideous, and delicious iguana; unless it be the eggs of the condemned land tortoise.

Caymans and crocodiles, lizards and frogs, are all eaten and enjoyed by certain people. The typical crocodile is like veal; but some species have a strong flavour of musk, which is nauseating enough; and some are like juicy young pork, while others resemble lobster. Others again have a powerful fishy taste, very disagreeable. On the whole, therefore, crocodile is uncertain eating, and not to be ventured on with undue rashness. Alligator is supposed to be invigorating and restorative; and at Manilla is sold at high prices; the Chinese clutching at the dried skin, which they use in their awful messes of gelatinous soup. Alligator is likened to sucking pig, but the alligator's eggs have a musky flavour.

The Australians devour even the most venomous snakes; and, those who have tried, say the flavour is like collared eel, though the general likeness is to veal. In olden times viper broth was, to a benighted world, what turtle soup is to us; and viper jelly is still considered a restorative in Italy. The hunters of the Mississippi have, at this day, a dish called musical jack, of which they are mightily fond, though it is only a stew of rattlesnakes.

The French are notoriously fond of frogs, and frogs command a high price in the markets of New York; where they sell the large bull-frog, weighing sometimes half-a-pound, as well as the tender little green frog (*rana esculenta*.) whose hind legs taste so like delicate chicken, when served up with white sauce in the restaurants of Paris and the hotels of Vienna. Of course frogs do not escape in China, which devours everything with blood or fibre in it; and the horrid negroes of Surinam eat the still more horrid and most loathesome Surinam toad.

Snakes and frogs seem to go somehow,

with monkeys and parrots; they are all of the same eerie class together, though the naturalist would scoff at such a notion, and no physical geographer would countenance it. To us they suggest a sequitur. African epicures are never more charmed than when they can dine off a highly seasoned, tender young monkey, baked, gipsy fashion, in the earth. The Rio Janeiro monkeys are sold in the Leadenhall-markets of the place, together with parrots and the paca, a not very edible looking rodent. The great red monkey, and the black spider monkey, the howling monkey and the coucio or jacketed monkey, are all eaten by the various people among whom they are found. Monkey tastes like rabbit, and is reported nutritious and pleasant.

Bats and fox-monkeys—the flying lemur—are also eaten; but are neither of very respectable holding in the gastronomic aristocracy; they have a rank odour and are unpleasant, but are eaten, nevertheless, by the natives of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, Malabar, &c. One species of bat is good eating; it is called by the naturalists the eatable bat, and is said to be white, tender, and delicate; it is much favoured by the inhabitants of Timour; for all that it is a hideous beast, like a weasel, with a ten-inch body, covered with close and shining black hair, and four-feet wings, when stretched to their full extent.

If the rank fox-monkey may be eaten, why not the fox? So he is. In Italy reckoned a crowning delicacy; and, in the Arctic regions, where fresh meat is scarce, when judiciously interred in a pie, he is considered equal to any rabbit, under the same conditions, ever bred on the Sussex downs. But, strange to say, the Esquimaux dogs, which will eat anything else, will not touch fox. The skunk, the prairie wolf, and the sloth are eaten. Cats and dogs find purchasers and consumers in China, where they are hung up in the butchers' shops, together with badgers—tasting like wild boar—and other oddities of food.

In the South Seas, too, dog is a favourite dish, and a puppy stew is a royal feast in Zanzibar; but it is only justice to say, that where dog is eaten he is specially fattened for the table, and fed only on milk and such like cleanly diet. The Australian native dog or dingo, is eaten by the blacks, but by no one else; and a South African will give a large cow for a well-sized mastiff. The tiger is thought by the Malays to impart his own strength and courage to his consumer.

The American panther and the wild cat of Louisiana are said to be excellent eating; so is the puma, which is so like veal in flavour that you would not know the difference blindfold. The lion, too, is almost identical with veal in colour, taste, and texture. Bears' paws were long a German delicacy; and bears' flesh is held equal or

superior to pork by connoisseurs, having a mixed flavour, which partakes of the joint excellencies of both beef and pork. The fat is as white as snow, and "if a man were to drink a quart of it," says one amiable enthusiast, "it would never rise on his stomach!" The tongue and hams are cured, but the head is accounted worthless, and thrown away.

The badger tastes like wild boar; the kangaroo is not inferior to venison, and kangaroo-tail soup is better than half the messes which pass in London under the name of ox-tail soup. Hashed wallaby is a dish no one need disdain, and a small species of kangaroo, called pademelon, is as good as any hare ever cooked. An Australian native banquet is an odd mixture. Kangaroos and wallabies, opossums and flying squirrels, kangaroo-rats, wombats and bandicoots, all of them more or less of the venison type, represent the *pièces de resistance*; while rats, mice, snakes, snails, large white maggots, called cobbera, worms and grubs, are the little dishes and most favoured entrées. A nice fat marmot is a treat—why not? They are pure feeders. An Esquimaux strings mice together as a Londoner strings larks, and eats them with equal gusto.

The musk rat of Martinique is eaten, musky as it is, and indescribably loathsome to a European; and the sleek rats of the sugar-cane fields make one of the most delicious fricassees imaginable; so tender, plump, cleanly, and luscious are they. Sugar plantations generally maintain a professional rat-catcher, but some people think that rat produces consumption, so discourage the sport. The Chinese are in a rat paradise in California, where the rats are incredibly large, highly flavoured, and very abundant; they make a dish of rats' brains equal to the famous plat of nightingales' tongues spoken of in a certain Roman history; and rat-soup is thought by all right-minded Celestials to beat ox-tail or gravy-soup hollow.

Mr. Albert Smith gave his impressions of Chinese fare as consisting, for the most part, of "rats, bats, snails, bad eggs, and hideous fish dried in the most frightful attitudes," with the addition of a soup of "large caterpillars boiled in a thin gravy with onions." India is now about to supply China with salted rats, which it is hoped will open a new field of commercial enterprise and fortune quite unparalleled. The bandicoot, dear to Australian palates, is the pig-rat; and the vaulting rat, or jerboa, is of the same order. The Indians eat the beaver, which is said to be like pork; and porcupine is a prime favourite with the Dutch, the Hottentots, the Australians, the Hudson Bay trappers, and the Italians. Porcupine is a cross between fowl and sucking-pig, and accounted exceedingly nutritious.

Elephants' feet, pickled in strong toddy vinegar and cayenne pepper, are considered in Ceylon an Apician luxury. The trunk is

said to resemble buffalo's hump, and the fat is a godsend to the Bushmen, who will go almost any distance for a portion. Hippopotamus fat, too, is a treat: when salted it is thought superior to our best breakfast bacon; and the flesh is both palatable and nutritious; the fat is used instead of butter for making puddings, and, indeed, for all the ordinary uses of butter. The young tapir is like beef, and the peccary and musk hog are both superior to the common porker, if care is taken to cut out the fetid orifice in the back. Pig—the pig for which Charles Lamb would almost dare a crime, and the immortal Chinaman burnt down his house—the pig of our childhood, our maturity, and our old age—has detractors and calumniators; surely no man who has once tasted could ever forego again. America is the great pork-shop of the universe; not even excepting Ireland, where the pig element is also strongly developed. In America they speak of pickled pork by the acre, and in Ohio alone they use about three-quarters of a million of swine yearly. In Spain Pig is game, lean and highly flavoured, without fat or unctuousness, devoid of any capability for bacon, and without a rasher or a cheek available for breakfast. It is fondly thought that sausages come from this member of the pachydermatous family; but sausages are deceptive, and sometimes contain as much horse flesh and donkey flesh as their more legitimate basis. Mr. Richardson, of Manchester, gave evidence in Mr. Scholefield's committee, to the effect that horse flesh is mixed with potted meats, and enters largely into the composition of collared brawn, sausages, and polonies; and that, indeed, it is of material use in these preparations, as, being harder and more fibrous than pork, it binds together the whole, which else would be inclined to run to waste and water.

Birds are of large importance in the supplies of human food: and not only birds but birds' nests as well—at least with the Chinese, whose dainties are always peculiar. These nests are brought from Java and Sumatra, the gathering taking place thrice in the year, and being inaugurated by solemn ceremonies. The nests are like fibrous, ill-concocted isinglass, inclining to red, about the size of a goose's egg, and as thick as a silver spoon. They hang upon the rocks like (according to Mr. Albert Smith) watch-pockets. When dry they are brittle and wrinkled, and are sold for twice their weight in silver. The best are the whitest and cleanest; but even with these there is enormous labour in preparing them for the Chinese market, the end and aim of the trade being a soup with these nests floating about like lumps of soft, mucilaginous jelly. This nest, which is of the sea-swallow (*Hirundo esculenta*), is the only edible one known. Many are the delicious morsels afforded by birds. The beccafico in the fig season; the bronze-winged pigeon of Australia when the acacia seeds are

ripe ; the young, fat, hideous diallotin or goat-sucker, if taken when a tender nestling; and the same bird when older, if taken when the palms are in fruit ; the rice bunting of South Carolina, when the rice is ripening in the field ; and the ortolan, mere lump of idealised fat as it is—these are among the most celebrated of the smaller tit-bits, not forgetting the snipes and woodcocks of our own land.

Some people eat insects. The grub of the palm weevil, about the size of one's thumb, is much favoured in the East and West Indies ; and the grubs of most beetles, find their admirers and an oesophageal tomb in some or other quarter of the globe. Locusts are a substitute for grain with the Arabs, and are ground up into a kind of bread ; besides being salted, smoked, and plainly boiled or roasted. The Moors think a fine fat locust superior even to pigeon, and the Hottentots make a coffee coloured soup of their eggs. Grasshoppers and cicadas are also eaten ; and, indeed, the problem seems to be to find any living thing which does not pass through the furnace for the benefit of some one's bill of fare. The white ants—termites—are said to be good eating ; so are ants generally, giving a pleasant acid to the preparation whatever it may be. They are distilled with rye in Sweden for the purpose of flavouring inferior brandy. The grub, or larva, of the termites, is like the most delicious bit of cream ; but the lusciousness of a large white fat maggot, precious to the Australian native, is said to be without compare. Stupid native !—he devours the grubs of the most valuable and the rarest moths and butterflies ; and certain species are almost extinct in the plumed state, because the thirsty, parched, unentomological black seizes on that bit of living marrow, the grub, wherever he finds it. The thrifty Chinese first wind off the cocoon, then send the chrysalis of the silkworm to table. It is a pleasant adjunct in a feast where half-hatched eggs, sea-slugs, rats, frogs, and dogs are the principal dainties. Spiders are delicacies of the desert kind to the Bushman ; and Lalande and Anna Maria Schurman used to eat them like nuts, which it is said they resemble. Snails have their partisans, and Murillo's Seville boy ate a snail pie while he was being painted. Even we rear a certain large white race, which we sell in Covent Garden, to be made into soup and jelly for the consumptive, who believe them to be almost a specific for that complaint. The Chinese gloat over sea-slug or bêche de mer, and a dish of a certain sea-worm is one of the events of life to the dwellers in the islands of the Southern Pacific. The people of Chili eat barnacles as we eat whelks ; the Hottentots devour handfuls of roasted caterpillars which taste like sugared cream or almond paste, and stand to them in the place of sugar-plums and comfits. What a blessing it would be if we could persuade

our rising population to exchange daff and mineral-coloured lozenges, for nice young harmless caterpillars roasted in the ashes. Think how the farmers would gain by the exchange !

DISHONOURD.

On the evening of Sunday, the thirtieth of October, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-two, a hackney coach conveyed a party of four persons, with a small quantity of baggage, from Billingsgate Wharf to a distant part of London. The weather was wet and cold, and, as the coach slowly laboured through the foggy, deserted streets, the great city presented an unusually cheerless aspect. But had it been ten times more dismal, the travellers would have uttered no complaint ; for they had arrived, at last, in a place of safety, and the sense of security outweighed, for the moment, every other consideration. The perils of a stormy passage from Dunkerque on board a crazy, ill-found smack, had been their latest discomfort ; but the sea-risk was nothing in their estimation to the dangers which they had left behind. Nor can this be wondered at, when it is explained that they were refugees from Paris at a moment when, frightful as recent events had been, the prospect of the future, was even yet more terrible. Glad enough, then, they were to find themselves in a place which was not only a present asylum, but to one of their number, the haven towards which his hopes had long been directed.

This person was Monsieur Morin, the head of the party, a gentleman some fifty years of age. His companions were his daughter, Adelaide, a beautiful girl, just turned of nineteen ; her old bonne, Marguerite, more housekeeper than nurse, more family friend than either ; and a middle-aged, confidential man-servant, whose name was Louis.

Monsieur Morin was no stranger in London ; and, what was then a rare accomplishment, could speak a little English : enough to enable the hackney-coachman to understand whither he wished to be driven, and to prevent the Jehu from charging very much more than double the proper fare, when, the wearisome journey at an end, the vehicle stopped at the door of a moderately sized house in a respectable portion of the town.

It appeared that Monsieur Morin was expected ; servants being in readiness, fires burning, and other preparations made for the reception of himself and family. The trim appearance of the house, the size and disposition of the rooms, rising in five pairs from basement to attic, the scanty hall and narrow staircase, offered a striking contrast to the home which Adelaide had quitted in the Rue de Mirabeau ; where everything was large, lofty, and en suite. But, if her new abode seemed strange to her unaccustomed eyes, it was at least free from painful associa-

tions, and, after the scenes she had lately witnessed, any place out of Paris was welcome. The house, in fact, was only small by comparison.

Early on the morning after his arrival, Monsieur Morin went from home. Besides the removal of certain effects from the vessel in which he came from France, he had affairs of importance to transact. The nature of his own occupations in Paris had long connected him with a London firm, the founder of which was a fellow countryman, named Devaux; and, to his place of business in the City, Monsieur Morin at once proceeded. A painful surprise awaited him. Greatly to his sorrow, he learnt that the head of the house had died only ten days before, after a brief illness.

"Mr. Richard Devaux, the only son, sir," whispered the clerk who gave this information, "is now our principal. Our late Mr. Devaux was buried on Saturday, and to-day is Mr. Richard's first appearance here since his father's death. But he takes to it, sir; he takes to it. O, yes, sir, he will see you no doubt. Who shall I say, sir?"

Richard Devaux was a short, thick-set young man, apparently about five-and-twenty, with a colourless cheek, thin lips, and dark, restless eyes. At Monsieur Morin's entrance, he rose from a table, on which several folios were lying open, and came to meet him.

"Monsieur Morin, of the Rue de Mira-beau?" he said, in a low voice.

"The same, sir. The correspondent of your house, and the old friend of your father."

They shook hands, and there was silence between them for a few moments, each apparently occupied with the past. Monsieur Morin was the first to speak.

"I grieve, sir," he said, "to trespass on your attention so soon after your sad bereavement; had I known of your recent loss, I would have deferred my visit till you were better prepared to receive me."

"It does not matter," replied Richard Devaux. "A day sooner or later, when the worst is over, is of no consequence. You perceive," he added pointing to the books before him, "that I have already begun to distract my thoughts by application to business."

"You are right," returned Monsieur Morin. "I, too, find my only relief in active pursuits. But for them my mind would sink altogether, when I contemplate the position of my unhappy country."

"Are affairs, then, so much worse in France? Forgive me, sir, for asking the question, but the last few weeks have been for me a perfect blank."

"I can well understand it," said Monsieur Morin, again pressing the young man's hand. "Yes," he resumed, "everything hastens from bad to worse; and this will be the case till the very worst arrives."

"The worst?" repeated Richard Devaux, with an enquiring look.

"Unless our efforts can prevent it. The horrors of September have reached your ears?"

"All the world shudders at them. Can anything more terrible befall?"

"Every day the hand of murder strikes down a nobler victim: every day witnesses a bolder and bloodier tyranny. All soon will be anarchy. The king is already accused before the Convention. That was the natural consequence of the infamous decree by which royalty was abolished in France. See, then, what hope we have of the future, unless we find it here!"

"And is that, sir, your only expectation?"

"I fear it. Everywhere on the Continent the armies of the revolution triumph. And this brings me to the object of my present visit. The sums which have been deposited with your house must shortly be made useful to our cause. You are aware of the extent of my transactions in this respect with your late honoured father."

"Not entirely, sir, for my father kept those accounts under his sole supervision. It was only this morning, for the first time, that I have had access to the volume in which they are entered. It is one that has been kept apart for that especial purpose."

"I have some large additions to make," continued Monsieur Morin. "I waited to the last to collect all I could, as well of my own capital as of that which I was empowered to raise."

"And have you finally left Paris?"

"Alas, yes, till better times, should we ever behold them, arrive."

"Well, sir," said Richard Devaux, after a short pause, "whatever amounts you are prepared to lodge with us shall be held in trust,—or, as we bankers say, at call—till you require them. I am, moreover, quite at your service whenever you wish to go through the accounts. My poor father's principles are mine, political as well as commercial. You may rest assured that what he would have done I shall ever faithfully perform. This is, not only a duty I owe to his memory, but a tribute of my own personal respect for yourself."

Monsieur Morin was gratified to hear Richard Devaux speak in this wise, and they parted on the friendliest terms, after the refugee had entered into some further explanation of his present position, which ended by an invitation to the young banker to come and see him. An intimacy consequently arose; and, after the first visit paid by Richard Devaux to Monsieur Morin's house, there was no necessity for pressing its repetition.

II.

A new kind of existence had now opened before Richard Devaux, which, situated as he was, possessed a peculiar attraction. His father had been one of those men

who, beginning their career with nothing, never lose sight of the possibility of being, by some capricious stroke of Fortune, again reduced to nothing. Prudence, therefore, guided him from the outset of his life to its close. All his thoughts were directed to the establishment of his house on the surest foundation; and, to acquire the reputation of being safe while he silently increased his wealth, was the great object of his ambition. He laboured hard also to impress his son with his own views; and, to carry them into effect, compelled his closest attention to business. Never relaxing from personal toil—not even during the illness which ended fatally—he permitted no relaxation on the part of others; and thus it happened that Richard Devaux knew nothing of the pleasures of society. Home, in its best sense, he had none; his mother having died while he was yet a child without increasing the family, and he was left to the training of his father alone. A good training it was for creating a mere money-making machine; but as men, after all, are not machines, but have senses, affections, passions, and as these were for the most part overlooked by the elder Devaux in his desire to make his son a model of commercial respectability, it is not altogether surprising that the experiment should fail. Richard Devaux devoted himself to his father's pursuits, as long as he lived, with all the earnestness the old man could desire; being reconciled to what was in reality a sacrifice, by an ardent love of money. There was, however, this difference between father and son: the former would rather have witnessed the utter downfall of his house than have sustained it by any course not strictly honest; the latter was less scrupulous.

Instructed in Monsieur Morin's reasons for leaving France at that particular crisis, Richard Devaux foresaw many material advantages, and anticipated great personal gratification from being admitted to the counsels, and enjoying the society of his father's friend. He certainly was not disappointed in the last-named expectation. Monsieur Morin was a person of extensive information, who had mixed largely with the world, untainted by its vices, yet familiar with its failings, and master of many of its secrets. His powers of observation were rapid, his instincts true, and his judgments seldom wrong. The defect is his character—if defect it were—was a natural tendency, and which no experience could correct, to put implicit trust in all men's honour. The first article of his creed, both social and political, was truth: if difficulties arose from being too out-spoken, they must be conquered in fair fight.

Richard Devaux was, perhaps, no worshipper of abstract virtue; but he was fain to pay respect to the qualities which were conspicuous in Monsieur Morin, and the sentiments he uttered were as much to the purpose as if the sincerest conviction had

prompted them. The atmosphere, moreover, in which he now lived, allowed but, of one mode of thinking, or, at all events, but of one form of expression. The friends who gathered round Monsieur Morin immediately on his arrival in London, however opposed in many respects, had one common bond of union. They were banded together for one high purpose. The object of the meetings held at Monsieur Morin's house was to effect a combination of emigrant wealth and energy, for restoring France to her former condition.

No sudden impulse had caused this movement; although it was urged to more immediate action by the present danger of the king. Without belonging to the noble class, Monsieur Morin was thoroughly identified with all its interests, or, as he viewed the question, with the interests of his country; for he had been brought up in the faith of the ancient régime: not blind to his faults, but believing that, with those faults amended, there was no salvation for France beyond the pale of monarchy. Apprehensions for their personal safety, and the security of their property, operated with many of the emigrants; who, so early as the year seventeen hundred and ninety, withdrew from France into Germany and other countries. But all were not influenced by purely selfish reasons; and, at the head of the excepted few, was the Marquis de Grandmesnil, a nobleman of considerable wealth, who had served with distinction in the last war. Not even amongst his own class had Monsieur de Grandmesnil a more intimate friend than Monsieur Morin, and it was by his advice the Marquis acted when, with his only son, Henri, then in his twenty-third year, he at length decided on joining the army of the Prince de Condé. In doing so he left with Monsieur Morin the requisite authority for disposing of all his available property; and, such was the well-known probity of the man whom he thus trusted, such was the opinion entertained of his political capacity, that several other noblemen similarly situated also deposited large sums with Monsieur Morin to be devoted to the object they all had in view. Foreseeing, on his side, that England must eventually become the centre of his party's operations, Monsieur Morin repeatedly crossed over to London to organise his plans for the expected time; and, although such journeys were eminently hazardous, his care and skill, coupled with the assistance rendered by some of the men in power who secretly wished well to the royal cause, enabled him to pass to and fro without molestation and even without suspicion. These visits were paid in the lifetime of the elder Devaux, and it was, privately, through him, as we have seen, that all Monsieur Morin's financial arrangements were made.

It has been intimated that Richard Devaux entered readily into the projects of the emigrants; but, besides the feeling excited throughout England by the bloody acts of the

Septembrists, an additional stimulus to his zeal was given by Adelaide Morin, who had herself beheld the fearful spectacle which followed the murder of the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe.

Adelaide Morin was well calculated to make converts of those who listened to her impassioned words. Had there been no suffering to deplore, no wrong to redress, no right to sustain, royalty was so thoroughly a part of her nature that, even from such as held a contrary opinion, her advocacy must have commanded attention. But when her auditors felt, or were disposed to feel as she did, it was no wonder that she created partisans. Of all the circle that surrounded her, none echoed her sentiments more warmly than Richard Devaux.

It is possible that, for the moment, this young man's devotion to the cause of French royalty was sincere; but, if Adelaide Morin had been separated from that cause, there is no room for doubting which side of the question he would have taken. He had, indeed, fallen deeply in love with her.

III.

THE single purpose by which Monsieur Morin was inspired so completely filled his mind that he was alive only to that which reflected his own desires, and he unhesitatingly took for granted Richard Devaux's fervent declarations, and reposed unlimited confidence in them.

The refugee's house was accordingly open at all hours to his new friend; who, one morning, went there much earlier than usual.

"Has your master received his letters to-day, Louis?" he asked of the valet.

"No sir. And he is very anxious on that account."

"Where is he?"

"In the study, sir, with Mademoiselle."

"Show me there?"

Entering as Louis announced him, Devaux found Monsieur Morin and Adelaide writing.

On hearing his name they both looked quickly up.

"Have you news?" eagerly inquired Monsieur Morin.

"I have. At least, there are rumours. They are very bad!"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Adelaide. "What has happened?"

"It is reported that—the Convention—" he paused.

"Speak!—speak!" cried father and daughter, in one breath.

"Have condemned the king to death?"

Adelaide sank back in her chair. The pen fell from Monsieur Morin's hand.

"Condemned—to death!" he said. "From whom have you this news?"

"It is current generally. It was every man's conversation at the opening of

Change. I came here instantly to learn the truth."

"And they have left me uninformed," said Monsieur Morin, with bitterness. "When, do they say, was this fearful decree pronounced?"

"On the evening before last. A government courier is believed to have brought the intelligence. The funds have already fallen more than three per cent. Yet it may be only a stock-jobbing report."

"I fear not. But I have still the means of finding out. Stay here, Devaux, till I return. I will be absent no longer than I can help."

Monsieur Morin quitted the room. The street-door closed immediately afterwards, and Adelaide was left alone with Richard Devaux. It was the first time that this had ever occurred.

For several minutes Mademoiselle Morin remained without speech or motion. At length she sighed heavily, and raised her head.

"This is terrible!" she said.

"Sad enough, mademoiselle," answered Devaux, "if the news be really true."

"They will not dare to execute the sentence," she continued with flashing eyes.

"What have they not dared?" he returned.

"It is true," she said, "nothing restrains them. O, if there were hands now to strike in the king's defence! But such hands are far, far away!"

"Hands there are," said Devaux, "near enough yet to serve him. They can never be wanting when you desire their aid."

There was something in the speaker's tone which sounded strangely in Adelaide's ears. She turned on him a searching glance.

Devaux met it without shrinking.

"Is there any one," he continued, "who would not give his life for the cause that interests Adelaide Morin?"

Still her eyes were fixed on his, as if she doubted what she heard.

Devaux drew nearer.

"Why," he said, "should I refrain from uttering what my heart is bursting to reveal? Mademoiselle Morin—Adelaide—I love you! As man never yet loved woman, I love you!" Encouraged by her silence, he attempted to take her hand. She started back, astonished.

"Love me!" she cried. "You! at this hour?"

"From the first moment I saw you. If you will be mine, all I have is yours. Every resource I can command shall be at the service of your king."

"There is no traffic, sir, in love," said Adelaide, with dignity. "Were this even a time to speak of such things, your words would be wholly unavailing."

"If," pleaded Devaux, "I have chosen a wrong moment—"

"All moments are the same," interrupted

Adelaide, "your suit is hopeless. Let the subject be no more mentioned."

"Mademoiselle Morin?" cried Devaux, impatiently: "you love another! You are proud, Mademoiselle Morin, but—"

His speech was broken short by a violent knocking at the street-door. It was Monsieur Morin. He hastened into the room like one distracted, threw an open letter upon the table, and buried his face in his hands. Deep and long-drawn sobs choked his utterance.

"Our kind, good master—come, Adelaide, come to my breast, and weep your heart away—the king is no more!"

While Monsieur Morin and his daughter were locked in each other's arms, Richard Devaux read the letter. In a few lines it told of the execution of Louis the Sixteenth.

There was a settled resolve on Monsieur Morin's brow when he spoke again.

"We had hoped," he said, "to avert this blow. Our task must be to avenge it. Not an hour must be lost. Everything, Devaux, must be realised as soon as possible. You will kindly excuse us now. Adelaide and I have a sad day's work to do. There are dear friends abroad who should learn the news of to-day from none but ourselves."

Mademoiselle Morin said nothing. She did not even raise her eyes when Richard Devaux took his leave. Had she done so, she might have marvelled at the singular expression which his features wore.

IV.

DAYS of agitation passed for each of the three persons whom this narrative most concern. Events succeeded each other so rapidly, that, within a month from the reception of the news of the king's execution, war against England had been declared by the Convention, and a counter defiance hurled against the regicide Government. This furnished full occupation for Monsieur Morin; at whose house meetings were constantly held to organise the expedition of an emigrant force to operate on the coast of Brittany, under the command of the Marquis de Grandmesnil, and his son Henri. In all the business connected with this expedition, Mademoiselle Morin was indefatigable. She acted as her father's secretary, and something more. She had personal motives for desiring the presence of the destined chiefs of the expedition in London, and her letters to that effect were urgent. Richard Devaux also had enough to occupy his thoughts. Upon him devolved the supply of the sinews of this proposed warfare, derivable from the funds which Monsieur Morin had lodged with his house. This business, however, was not all he had to think about; the scene between Adelaide and himself being never absent from his memory.

Undeterred by a first rejection, he was bent on renewing his proposals. An idea, not yet definitely shaped, had crossed his

mind, which pointed toward success; but, before he encouraged it, there was a test to which Adelaide Morin must yet be submitted. He remembered that, when he abruptly charged her with loving another, her countenance changed; he also remembered what Monsieur Morin had said in reference to the dear friends who were absent; and these recollections strengthened his first suspicion. If Mademoiselle Morin wished her cause to prosper, she must be his, and his alone.

Upon this resolution he acted on the first occasion that offered of speaking to her again without a witness to their conversation. Vain, however, were all his words. With still more haughtiness than before, Mademoiselle Morin repelled his advances, and he left her presence with that in his heart which only wanted one assurance to change its feelings to deadly hate. Accident supplied him with it.

For greater security in a time so fraught with trouble to the French emigrants, wherever they happened to have taken refuge, it had been settled between Monsieur Morin and Richard Devaux, that all the correspondence having relation to the projected descent upon the French shores, should pass through the banker's firm.

On the day of his last interview with Adelaide, when, with every angry passion at war within him, he went back to the City to bury himself in affairs, he found that a large packet, with a foreign post-mark, had arrived. The envelope bore his address alone; within were at least a dozen letters, the greater part directed to Monsieur Morin. As he turned them over hastily, with the intention of despatching them to their several destinations, one letter caught his attention. It was addressed, not to Monsieur Morin, but to his daughter. On the seal was the letter H, with this motto, in Gothic characters, "Plus est en vous." Was the key to the enigma here? Without a moment's pause, he tore open the letter, and, though every word in it danced before his eyes, he read it through, long as it was, to the end.

"This then," he muttered, "contains the secret of my rejection. The 'dear friend' is here. Henri de Grandmesnil is her accepted lover. What tenderness! What constancy! What ardent affection! 'To clasp her again to his bosom!' A husband could scarcely say more. A French husband, if all I have heard be true, would never say so much. But whether true or false, Henri de Grandmesnil, since that is your high-sounding name, you shall never see her more, if I can prevent the meeting. But how? Does Morin know of this engagement? He trusts his daughter with everything: she may have done the same by him. It is ambition, Royalist as he is, which leads him, perhaps, to the hope of mingling his blood with that of these high-born nobles. Curses on them all! The son of the old Bordeaux merchant is

beneath their notice! . . . I may be wrong, though, Morin may not be aware that this preux chevaliere courts his daughter! I will see him before I decide."

v.

WHILE Richard Devaux was debating within himself what course he should take to bring the question to issue, a visitor was announced. He had hardly time to crumple up and thrust into his pocket the letter he had just read, when Monsieur Morin entered.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see you have despatches for me."

"Which," replied Devaux, "I was about to take to your house."

"I am glad I came. We might have missed each other, and time is precious to us both. Permit me to read them here."

"Certainly."

Monsieur Morin was soon deeply absorbed in his letters. Richard Devaux tried also to occupy himself with what was before him; but he could not bend his mind to business. The knowledge he had just acquired distracted his thoughts from every other consideration, and he remained closely watching the countenance of his visitor, as if to gather from its expression something to guide him in the proceedings he meditated. His feverish impatience made him long for the moment to begin; but, when the time arrived, he felt it had come too soon.

"It is much as I expected," said Monsieur Morin, folding up the last letter. "They cannot move without money. Monsieur de Grandmesnil writes to say, that a remittance of five thousand pounds must instantly be sent to Rotterdam, the amount to be placed to his credit with the house of Van Orley and Company, of that city."

Richard Devaux made no reply: he had risen while the other was speaking, and now paced the room with gloom upon his brow.

"But," said Monsieur Morin, "you do not hear me, my good friend. A sum of—"

"I hear you, sir," interrupted Devaux, "I hear you plainly; but, before we enter upon that subject, I have something else of more importance to speak of."

"Of more importance!" repeated Monsieur Morin, in surprise.

"At least, to me," said Devaux.

"Ah! that is different. Whatever is important to you, will be of interest to me."

Richard Devaux came closer to Monsieur Morin. His cheek, usually so pale, was flushed, his lips trembled, and his words were hardly articulate.

"Monsieur Morin," he said, "I wish to speak to you about your daughter."

The listener was astonished; but he waited for more before he replied.

"Yes," continued Devaux, "what I have to say, concerns Mademoiselle Morin—and myself. Sir, I love her! I ask her of you in marriage."

"Young man!" said Monsieur Morin, "do you know what you ask?"

"Perfectly," returned Devaux. "I repeat my request. Will you bestow on me the hand of your daughter?"

Monsieur Morin, in his turn, asked a question:

"Have you spoken to Adelaide herself?"

"I have—spoken—to her," he replied, in a faltering voice.

"And what was her answer?"

"You," said Devaux, evading the question, "were my father's oldest friend. How he prospered in life you know. All he had he left to me. I am a rich man, Monsieur Morin. I can place your daughter in a position beyond the reach of those accidents of fortune to which she—or yourself—may, in these troublous times, be exposed. Your authority would have weight against what is, perhaps, only the young lady's natural timidity."

"Mademoiselle Morin has, then, refused you."

Richard Devaux remained silent.

"Surely, my good friend," continued the refugee, "you do not wish me to force my daughter's inclinations. This is a passing fancy of yours, which meets with no return. Forget it. Look rather at the state of public affairs; which, at this crisis, call for every man's attention. Even were my daughter so disposed, the thing is impossible. That sacred blood is not yet dry upon the executioner's axe, the stones of Paris still cry aloud for revenge, our souls are all bent on one great enterprise; and can we turn from it, at this hour, to think of our own affairs? No. I say again, wake from your idle dream! Adelaide cannot be yours."

"Is this, sir," said Devaux, slowly, "your final decree?"

"As final, my friend—nay, do not look angrily. I mean everything in kindness—as final,—well, well,—it cannot be altered."

"And have you stated all your reasons?" asked Devaux, with an irrepressible sneer, which did not escape the quick Frenchman's observation. "Because," he continued, before the latter could say a word, "if any remain behind they had better be rendered at once, that I may be able to meet them with some that I have to offer of my own."

"You are now speaking a language," said Monsieur Morin, "which I do not comprehend."

"Let me make my meaning clearer, then. Are you sure, in coming to the conclusion, which you declare so unalterable, that you have decided favourably for those projects which affect you more, as you allege, than any domestic interest?"

"Again, I cannot understand you."

"Friends should not lightly be cast aside. At a time like this they may be doubly useful. My services have their value."

"You set a price upon them? You make

them the condition of a personal alliance? It is enough. Henceforward I claim no sympathy at your hands. We will at once regulate those affairs which cannot, at least, have been to your disadvantage. And, in the first place, let us return to the subject whence I started. A credit of five thousand pounds is required for Monsieur de Grandmesnil on the house of Van Orley and Company, of Rotterdam. Be so good as to give the necessary directions for that payment. We will then go into the question of a general settlement; after which I shall select another banker."

The livid hue on the face of Richard Devaux might have prepared Monsieur Morin for any credible announcement, but not for the words which the former now uttered.

"I fear," he said, "that Monsieur de Grandmesnil must be disappointed. I have no funds belonging to that gentleman in my possession."

"Are you in your right senses?" exclaimed Monsieur Morin, starting to his feet. "No money that belongs to the Marquis de Grandmesnil? You hold at the least one hundred thousand pounds. Not to speak of the large sums which I have deposited on my own account, and on that of others."

Richard Devaux laughed bitterly. "A hundred thousand pounds," he echoed. "That, indeed, is worth claiming. Other large sums, too! Well, Monsieur Morin, when you can show me the necessary vouchers for these amounts, we will talk about meeting your demands."

"Heavens!" cried Monsieur Morin, "do you deny the deposits? Do you mean—"

"I mean exactly what I say. I have never received a farthing from either Monsieur de Grandmesnil or yourself."

Paralysed by the audacity of this assertion, the refugee stood like one stricken to stone.

Richard Devaux rang the bell.

"I will satisfy you that I am speaking by the card. Benson," he continued, addressing the clerk who entered, "bring me the account of the Marquis de Grandmesnil!"

"Whose, sir?"

Devaux repeated the order.

"We have no account in that name, sir."

"I told you so," said Devaux, coolly, turning to Monsieur Morin. "That will do, Benson; you may go. Have you any desire, Monsieur Morin, that I should ask for your account also?"

"Traitor! Liar! Robber! All this world shall ring with the report of your villainy. But I shall have justice! I will—I will—at—Mercy! What is this at my heart? Henri—Adel—Mon Roi!" Morin staggered and fell.

Richard Devaux bent over him for a moment, and then ran to the door.

"Come here, come here, some of you. This unfortunate gentleman has fallen in a

fit. Run for the nearest surgeon. A most excitable man, Benson. I have assisted him, privately, to a great extent. A disinclination to make further advances has completely turned his head. He is under the strangest delusion."

A surgeon came. He felt Monsieur Morin's pulse, laid his hand upon his breast, and closely examined his face.

"Sir," he said to Devaux, "the gentleman is dead."

VI.

A FEW words may close this story. The projected expedition failed for want of money. The Marquis de Grandmesnil and his son both fell at the bombardment of Gertruydenberg. Adelaide Moran, taken under the protection of another refugee family, survived her father's death and that of Henri de Grandmesnil, to whom she had been secretly married; but she survived, happily for herself, without memory, save perchance those gleams whose visitations cannot be tracked.

Richard Devaux never again went near the house of Monsieur Morin, which, after his death, remained unoccupied; but to his own house, in the city, he went day by day, year after year. He was the most assiduous man of business in London, and stood high in the world's estimation. He lived to be one of the richest men in England.

MY MODEL DIRECTOR.

My friend Browne—Howard Plantagenet Browne Browne, Esquire, is a director of the Great North and South Junction Railway. When I state that his qualifications for that office consist in having carefully inspected the construction of the four miles of that line which pass through his estate (the navvies were rather troublesome to the game at the time) in having had three of his best hounds killed upon it since its completion, and in being in the yearly receipt of a handsome income, not in any way connected with scrip, I think I have advanced sufficient to justify me in asserting that he is a model director. I don't mean to go the length of stating that H. P. B. Browne, Esquire, entertains any particular affection for railways himself, or cares to know much about them. On the contrary, he was infinitely happier when it was the fashion for people in his station to occupy the box-seat of the True Briton or the Tally-Ho! and, usurping the place of the broad mottle-faced coachman, to tool four prads along the Great North and South turnpike, than he has ever been in his directorial capacity. But this, I submit, is beside the question, and does not make him one whit less the model director.

To dissipate any lingering particles of doubt, however, upon this subject, I will mention a few of the board-room axioms (invariably advanced by Mr. Browne as the

great fundamental principles of all railway management), which I have gathered, from time to time, from the lips of that august gentleman himself. Arranged in some show of order, they appear thus :

First. Compel everybody, if possible, to travel by first-class. "For this purpose," observes my model director, "I should be careful to make all second and third-class carriages as uncomfortable and as much like horse-boxes as possible. They should be draughty, dirty, angular, and constructed upon principles most antagonistic to the human leg. I should instruct porters and guards, upon all occasions to place more than the complement of passengers in carriages of this description, and to give the occupants to understand that they are socially and morally second and third-class people, and of no account whatever. As the only means left to me for counteracting the foolish consideration of a government, which has ordained that two cheap trains shall be run upon all railways daily, I should arrange the arrival and departure of these trains at times most inconvenient to third-class people; making their arrival at any given station at any given time, a very hypothetical matter indeed. The sausage-rolls in the second-class refreshment-rooms," continues Mr. Browne, "should be upon principle, more indigestible than those in the first, and the young ladies behind the counter, if, possible, more morose; but these are secondary considerations, and not of absolute necessity."

Second. Extract as much work out of as few men as possible. "Whatever staff I might be compelled to support at the termini of my railway, I should, at all small intermediate stations," says Mr. Browne, "employ one extraordinary man. His duties should consist in attending to the multitudinous requirements of the booking-office; in superintending the working of the signals, distant and near; in receiving and answering telegraph messages; in a general fluttering about all passengers and goods' trains upon their arrival; in keeping a paternal watch upon his six children; and in being ready to undertake any little occasional business which might accidentally turn up. He should be, as a matter of course, capable of existing without sleep, and should swallow what food is requisite to sustain life upon the ticket platform."

It is one of the most striking results of railway enterprise, Mr. Browne informs me, that a man of this description can be procured at any time for the comparatively moderate remuneration of eighteen shillings paid weekly.

Third. Never listen to the suggestions of the public on the subject of railway reform. "Engendered of these noisy times," says Howard Plantagenet Browne Browne, Esq., "there is a number of people who are perpetually perplexing themselves and everybody

else, by the invention of all manner of mechanism for the prevention of accidents on railways. If it should unfortunately happen that a boiler bursts, they inundate whole columns of the newspapers with elaborate descriptions of Jones's Patent Safety Locomotive Boiler Regulator, which renders it impossible that a boiler, under any circumstances, should explode, and Jones's Patent Safety Locomotive Boiler Regulator becomes a horrible incubus to the directorate breast. If a train should, unhappily, be upset by an erratic cow, the same process occurs as to Smith's Stick-fixing Cow Trap, as used with the greatest success upon all American railways. Is it a signal which is at fault, a switch that is wrong, or a tire that is the cause of accident? then are we forthwith assailed with Robinson's Self-acting Infallible Railway Signal, Brown's Compensating Swivel Points, or Thomson's Patent Electro Galvanic Engine Tires, all of which inventions, in their respective departments are infallibly calculated to prevent accidents, and ought (the noisy public informs us) to be instantly adopted by all railway companies in the kingdom. Now, I need not tell you," continues my friend Browne, "that in the nature of things there must be a certain percentage of accidents on railways; and that this percentage having been reduced on the Great North and South Junction to a minimum, we have too great a respect for Providence to listen to these uneasy patentees."

Fourth. Make as many branches as possible. "This," observes my model director, with an immense assumption of having mastered the subject, "is so self-evident a proposition that I shall not waste words upon it."

These constitute a few of the principles advanced by my model director as the true foundation of all railway prosperity. If any others are wanting to establish his right to the title I have conferred upon him, they are shortly :

Never give up a parliamentary contest (the North and South Junction Railway Company have expended more hundreds of thousands of pounds upon this expensive amusement, than I should like to name).

Never kill a bishop; and,

Pay a dividend. Whatever happens—or from whatever source it may be derived—pay a dividend.

I never argue these matters with my friend. I am very much disposed to think that it would be a work of supererogation to do so, and I moreover appreciate the privilege of enjoying my cigar in the carriages of the Great North and South Junction Railway too keenly to make the attempt. Under shelter, however, of an anonymous publication, I think I may venture to make a few comments upon the principles advanced by him. As thus :

Assuming it to be a physiological fact, quite beyond the province of Mr. Browne and

his brother directors, that the bones of second or third-class passengers are liable to ache, whilst their toes are susceptible of cold equally with those of the ladies and gentlemen who purchase first-class tickets, I would simply ask, Whether it would involve the shareholders of the Great North and South Junction Railway in inevitable ruin, were the second and third-class passengers upon that railway to be sparsely few? They are no inconsiderable body, and they contribute, I believe, no insignificant amount to the annual receipts of that railway.

I am informed statistically, for example, that the percentage of railway travellers, as regards the class they travel by, stood, in eighteen hundred and fifty-six, thus: first-class, thirteen; second, thirty-two; and third, fifty-five, which shows me, as it must equally exhibit to Mr. Browne, that a very large majority of people travel by second and third-class, above those who use the first. Why should this majority receive the worst treatment?

Possibly the matter reduced to the more congenial pounds, shillings, and pence standard, may have more weight with my model director, if so, I find that the revenue derived from each class, during that year, amounted to: first-class, two million three hundred thousand one hundred and sixty-one pounds; second, three million four hundred and thirty-eight thousand nine hundred and eighty-one pounds; and third, three million five hundred and twelve thousand two hundred and twenty-eight pounds. Does not this fact suggest to Mr. Browne that the Polloi (commercial travellers, artisans, labourers, &c. &c.) who contribute so much more to the annual revenue of railways—the Great North and South Junction amongst the rest—than the ladies and gentlemen who occupy the cushioned compartments of first-class carriages—deserve a little more considerate treatment at the hands of all model directors?

Again, without being so inconsiderate as to insist upon Mr. Browne giving ear to all the noisy patentees who annoy the directorate mind, I would ask, whether there are not a few precautions against accident so simple, inexpensive, and obviously useful, that their adoption upon all railways should seem a matter of course, which are, nevertheless, systematically eschewed by many model directors? The communication between guard and engine-driver, for example, I should imagine, would not involve any very considerable outlay, and yet a great many railway companies have never adopted that simple expedient. Not many years ago it was the fortune of the writer to travel for twenty miles behind a blazing carriage, his escape from which uncomfortable predicament was due entirely to the fact of its being a private carriage upon a truck, and not one of the ordinary company's carriages. Five shillings' worth of

rope and bell-metal would have prevented this catastrophe, and exempted the company from the heavy damages which they had subsequently to pay.

As to the question of extracting as much work out of as few men as possible, I would shortly suggest to Mr. Browne, that "the strength of a chain is its weakest link," and that if anything does happen at the Lonely Swamp Station on the Great North and South Junction, then will my mathematical assertion be abundantly proved. No matter how magnificent the appearance of the North and South Termini—how profuse the number of porters, pointsmen, signalmen and officials of all denominations, at all the important stations, there in the little insignificant halting-place at Lonely Swamp is the link which will prove the strength of the whole line. Let my model director look to it.

Let it be understood, that I do not wish my friend Browne to concede any very extraordinary precautions. I am willing, for example, to suppose when our Gracious Sovereign makes use of the Great North and South Junction Railway, that the unusual provisions against accident are adopted and suggested solely by the superabundant loyalty of the directors, and are not by any means necessary to the safe transit of that beloved lady, otherwise I might—but I won't. I won't injure my cause by any attempt to exact too much. Let me rather endeavour to conciliate my model director by stating that there is one question upon which we both agree, "It is a duty which he owes to society and to the shareholders never to kill a bishop," and I unequivocally coincide with him in the opinion, that he ought never to be guilty of so impolitic a proceeding.

OUT OF DOORS IN MALAGA.

He was so dirty, that even the *whites* of his eyes were brown.

Who is *he*? *He*? Why the street beggar who pointed me out the little, trim lawyer, Salamanchino, who had turned bull-fighter, and whom I saw reading the great rose-coloured posting-bill, stuck up just outside the cathedral Malaga. The beggar pointed him out to me (in return for a *cuatro*, a mere dump,) as a great public character; and, softly as a velvet-footed French spy, I followed the *prima espada* (first sword;) taking care to walk on the opposite side of the street, and stop only when he stopped. I was watching Salamanchino cheapen a green melon netted with a tangle that looked like white thread: when I suddenly remembered that, in this curious country, it is not unusual to find your handful of copper change to consist of coins of the Roman Hadrian, and Flemish Charles the Fifth, mixed up with sprinkles of the Bourbon kings, and a few make-weight Philip the Seconds. Half of them are gene-

rally mere shapeless lumps of copper, brown and shiny, looking much as if just dug from the mine, not much unlike those massy strongly stamped coins with Vespasian and his eagle stamped upon them, that you dig up round the grassy-mounded ramparts of the Roman camps in England. The thought struck me that, perhaps, in the natural warmth of my charity I had given to the one-eyed beggar, with the dirty bandages round his feet, an antiquarian treasure. I left Salamanchino going along innocently heedless, and ran back headlong, like a possessed man, to the old man; whom, with a yellow handkerchief strained over his head and tied in a knot behind, I could see, passing the cathedral door, and just entering a brandy shop. He gulped down an egg-cup full of brandy and anisette, when I seized him by the arm, and said:—

"My dear friend, give me back those coppers?"

To my astonishment, the beggar gave me a frightened stare, cried, "No, no, rather death;" and made a bolt, (forgetting to pay for his anisette,) under the flapping brown curtain of the adjacent church, where I did not care to follow him.

I explained the case to the landlord of the brandy-shop, above whose head I read a notice requesting alms "to liberate the souls in purgatory," the souls being represented by little naked men, frying in a vermilion and gambooge fire.

"Poor man!" said the landlord, winking at some muleteers, "he thought you were going to strike him. We Malagases do not know the way of you Senores Ingleses; but it is hard that no one pays for my anisette."

I threw down the pence, and, in return, was allowed a free antiquarian rummage of the landlord's till, which was not altogether fruitless.

Then I fell into the position of an exponent of English primers: and, sitting down on a precarious bench, had to explain to a lively young Spanish artilleryman that Ireland was not a suburb of London; and that Kent was not a kingdom, but only a province. The fame of these disclosures sucked in nearly everybody that passed by the door, including various muleteers in tight chesnut coloured breeches and silvery buttons; also a man carrying on his head a pig-skin of wine, which looked like a little water-bed, the legs tied up to serve as spouts. It even drew in magnetically the escribano, or public letter writer, whom I had often stopped to look at, as he sat in his open doorway at a rickety deal table, garnished with inkstand, pen, and paper, wrapped in his threadbare blue cloak, waiting for black-haired maidens who, unable to write to absent lovers, feel that sort of dumb longing, which the young song-bird feels ere the song comes. For such maidens, and for anxious mothers, sits all day our patient scribe at his desk, eyeing every

one who passes, and nibbling his pen, that he may remind them of, or suggest to them, a want. Then a muleteer, with his laced jacket thrown hussar-fashion over his left shoulder, runs out to bring in the money-changer, who sits on a small stool at the corner of the street before his tray, on which are ten or twelve heaps of copper change. He being rather an oracle, is put forward to pump and pose me: he wants to know—and the brown faces gather closer around me as he speaks—whether the Queen lives in the Tower of London, and if it is true that Prince Alberto put to death George the Third, in order to get the throne? I set him right on these points, and should probably have gone pretty well through English history, when I was interrupted by a tremendous kicking and spluttering of hoofs outside in the rough pebbly street.

It was a raisin-boy, having a savage struggle with his mule, and being flung with a tremendous bump almost at the threshold. We all ran out. There was the beast, stubborn and stupid as Balaam's ass, standing still with straddling feet, with malicious eyes, all white and turned backwards to watch the fallen rider; over whom he now lifted up his discordant voice in a shrill outburst of triumph. The boy, a mass of chesnut-coloured smalls, lay insensible on the stones, with some kind Dolorosa already chafing his temples, and some judicious Sancho putting water to his white lips. An active quarrel was getting up over the body, as over a dead Grecian hero in the Iliad, as to whether it was partly a fit or altogether a fall.

"Bleed him," said a passing barber.

"Extreme unction," said a cassocked priest, on his way to dinner.

"It is nothing," said the boy's master, coming up and shaking the boy roughly by the thin arm.

"Nothing at all," said a wagoner, who could not get his ox-wagon by for the sympathising crowd.

"He is shamming," said a cocked-hat gen'darme. "Bring the whip."

"Give him some wine," said the landlord, holding out his hand ready to be paid before he did the work of charity.

Suddenly, as in one of the early miracles of the Pagan church, the boy struggled, gathered himself up, stared at his master, half frightened, half deprecatingly, ran and kicked the mule on the stomach, leaped on his back, made a push at the crowd, and trotted coolly off, as if such ups and downs with Malaga donkey-boys were every-day things.

I had touched my hat to the muleteers who, with immense dagger-knives, were hewing their dinners out of melons large as green kilderkins. I had paid the landlord. I had offered the escribano a cigar, and departed, with the usual pious recommendation to God's blessing, when, on my way

to my old friend José Blanco's, the tobaccoist, in the street of the Seven Sorrows, I was driven into a doorway by a great caravan, such as Chaucer's pilgrims to Compostella must have seen, and which has never improved or altered one tittle since then. It was the Galera bound from Malaga to Granada, about which journey it would take some three days or so.

And here for highly-civilised English readers, impatient because the half-past three express is five minutes too slow, let me stop a moment at the roadside inn of an episode briefly to describe the various means of transit open to modern travellers in Spain. First there is the correo, or mail-cart, which carries the conductor, driver, and three or four passengers. The correo travels six miles an hour, stops hardly anywhere for meals—tumbles, jolts, flounders, and wallops on—charging you threepence a mile, and generally compelling you to leave your luggage behind. The correo is always full when you want a place, is punctual to within four hours of the specified time, and is a delightful, fever-breeding, flea-haunted, leg-cramping, bone-breaking conveyance, rather better than an English dung-cart, and about as clean. You never have room for five minutes together to stretch your legs, and, to render ease more impossible, the narrow space under the seats is built up with sacks of chopped straw, mule harness, pack-saddles, and lumbering green-rinded melons. The rain pierces the awning above your head, or the sun cuts through it remorselessly. Through the open door, that admits no air, the dust sifts in, as from a restless pepper-caster, and all the light that ought to reach you is blocked out by the two men who sit on the front seat with the driver. As for axles breaking and horses falling, that is nothing; because you can neither read, sleep, sit, nor stand in the purgatory on wheels called in Spanish the correo.

The diligencia is the diligence as it is everywhere—ponderous, slow, stuffy and behind time; but tolerably sure and safe. The conductor is a good fellow, and the meals are tolerable. Then, if you are clothed in bank notes you can ride post with a carrier's guide, or hire a coche, or lolleras. A sort of family-coach lugged by a drove of mules, who crawl only thirty tedious miles a day. In a city you can get your calesa or your painted showman's carriana, sending on your luggage by the strings of carriers' mules; but, ten to one, if you go faster, you will fare worse, and have to entrust your carcase to what has just driven me into port—the GALERA. And what is the Galera? It is a caravan drawn by six pairs of oxen. It now drumbles past me with its matted sides and market-cart awning, "melancholy slow," laden with its patient, shaken-down peasants, mothers, sucklings, priests, and country "bucks," smoking, eating, talking, prozing sick, and sleeping.

Now, the galera is all very well, grinding and tumbling Leviathan-like along the knobby streets of Barcelona or Malaga, or even along the eight royal roads the ill used country boasts, which, however, are all full of trap-holes, and where springs snap and bones crack.

Taking a regretful look of pity and astonishment at this mountain wagon toiling along irresistible and slow as a land ship, and smiling to express what I feel at the stolid and contented lazy faces I meet, I push on to José Blanco's.

"Ave, Maria Purissima!" says he to me. "Bah! How hot it is! Impecado concebida!"

"Son of my soul!" I say, "may your shadow never be less."

What cigars do I want to-day? He touches the brown scented bundles. I smoke a Lopez, thick as a flageolet, and finding its ash remain in a white column tipped with crimson, I order a box, and wander off to fresh latitudes,—flaneur-born that I am. On my way to the cathedral—which shuts for siesta just as every other building does in Spain, where even religion has its noon-day nap—I stop and am amused at some smiths at work in an angle of the open street opposite their shops, making an iron bed: filing, hammering, and slowly building up, with wise and thoughtful violence, the quiet sleeping place of future generations. There are many gossips round them, who wince when the workmen wince, and smile when they smile, applaud a settling and satisfactory blow, and condole at an unsatisfactory one. But, what I want is, not to look at these hammer-men, but to get some Arquebusade for a bruised finger, at Monsieur Jozeau's, the civil French chemist's, near the custom-house orange-tubs. Monsieur Jozeau is a good but talkative man, and I dread his recapitulation of all the neat, new novelties just arrived from Paris. I do not want purgative lemonade, nor syrup of flowers, Stramonium cigarettes, worm-seed, cucumber cream, Racahout, or even the Syrop de Framboise, or the Alexandrian Haschisch.

I leave, for the Célestines of Paris, the chloroform capsules for sea-sickness, and the vinegar of the Four Robbers;—that curious preservation against the plague, discovered by four corpse robbers in the time of some great French pestilence. Braving, however, all the torments of French garrulity, I stroll in, buy my Arquebusade, amuse my picture-making eye with observing the red pool of light that his gay window-bottle casts on the opposite wall of the street, and which I could fancy suddenly striking on the face or hand of some wandering Cain of a murderer, driving him to a passionate confession of guilt; which, of course (so my story would go), a passing gend'arme watching at an elbow of the street wall, hears and acts upon.

A visit to the post-office, to read the list of

unclaimed letters; every third one being directed to some German Jotz and the English ones being all re-directed in Spanish to Señor Don, Esquire. Spanish officials at hotels, custom-houses, and post-offices always suppose Esquire to be a name; and I hurry off to the cathedral for fear it should be shut for the siesta, wanting shade and a quiet place where I may settle what I shall have for dinner.

Far at sea, those two Corinthian florid towers look as if they were cut out of Windsor soap, and seen close to the blue wave that scoops the shore; "Begun in fifteen hundred and thirty-eight; finished in seventeen hundred and nineteen," says the red guide-book. The way of Spain,—one tower capped; the other, unfinished, as a precaution against the evil eye, just like the cathedral at Seville. The way of Spain again; red marble pulpit like an egg-cup—very good! fluted Corinthian pillars—good, again! altar major—so, so. A poor opera-house of a church, and tawdry enough after that great cave of a cathedral at Seville, that dark ark with its ninety-three portholes, paned with the eternal flowers of Paradise. That church, like this, was raised on the site of a Moorish mosque. Blessing on the wise builder who reared that pile to God, and, unchurchwarden-like, left no record even of his name! How small one seemed—small as a mite inside a Stilton—pacing over that world of stone, with its giant pillars, screened by sculptured marble, groves of carved wood-work, its countless images, pictures, and bas-reliefs; its silver shrines and terra-cotta idols. Yet I was surprised and moved more by that curious old Moorish Pantheon I stumbled into yesterday, in that little dark street, where piles of charcoal were heaped up at the doors, and the stalls were hung with smoked, gilded looking fish with their mouths open, as if they had died screaming, or trying to depart with a song; where vendors sat with arms sullenly crossed, as calmly indifferent to purchasers, as an Irish orange-seller at a London fruit-stall, knitting over her greasy book of Catholic prayers.

"Perhaps they are right," I said, "for what is the struggle of life, but scrambling up a greasy pole for a leg of mutton and trimmings: Call it a coronet? call it a place you perhaps never get, death always pulls you down, just as you have your greedy hand upon the prize."

It was a circular church, spanned by a low dome, as low as that of the Pantheon; so that its huge metal bowl was palpable to us in all its grandeur and immensity. I came into it suddenly from the little, narrow, knobby street, where bullocks lounged heavily along, where the herdsmen in sheepskin jackets followed, with their lances over their shoulders; and where, in the windows, blood-thirsty dagger-knives, large as sickle-blades, were gleaming for sale. The sluggish pound-

ing of some tin kettle of a bell over the blue porcelain-tiled roof of the dome, drove me in under the dirty green-yellow curtain, rousing in me a sudden sense of that religious instinct that cries for food within our blind hearts, and will not be said nay to. I followed in some rough men, who took off their hats gravely, as a little beggar-girl, lifted up the end of the fringed curtain with all the dexterity of long habit, a small picker-up of crumbs in the courts of the Temple.

I expected Corinthian pillars, row on row, gold garnished roof, flowers, altars stuck with candles, and side chapels, gay as a beauty's toilette. I expected the dreadful churrigueresque, as the Spanish blustering renaissance is called. I found a quiet, solitary church, with a dying pansy-purple, fading out about the small upper sun-excluding windows; the last tinges of daylight lingering like yellow leaves blown up against the wall, at the points furthest removed from the three pendant brazen lamps that swung with a visible halo round them. Above the central altar and two side chapels the light was not sufficient to pick out and hold up to garish ridicule the wax feet, chains, and knives, stuck as votive offerings round the shrines; hid, in generous obscurity, the painted wooden saints and the little ballet-dancing virgins, all dirty muslin, tinsel crowns, and spangled jewellery; so that the soft yellow lamplight melting into an outer edge of luminous darkness, wrapped all the myrrh-scented building in an atmosphere of all-pervading beauty, love, and charity. The priests had not yet come, for it wanted ten minutes or so to service; but a white-caped acolyte, young and innocent as one of Murillo's cherubims grown up, was tripping about with a religious fervour almost mirthful and sunshiny, lighting the altar-candles. How quick the flame ran in growing stars from wick to wick! Still the chiming cow-bell jogs and waggles over head, every cracked tinkle preceded by a rusty drawl and drag, as if some mechanical help of the old gouty bell-ringer were in pain and travail. No one enters but the little beggar child, kneeling in a trance of prayer. One grey-headed, patched old vine-dresser who has been down from the mountains with jars full of green grape-bunches for England, flings himself on his knees at the humble Publican's distance from the altar, whose splendour he does not think himself fit to approach. He bows his old grey bullet head. How cataleptic that attitude, except when the Beckett-like priest sails in in white and cloth of gold trapped with all the millinery of his church; he then crosses himself rapidly five times, forehead and chest, in memory of the five wounds of Christ. In the darkness of that second chapel there is an old Duran, kneeling carelessly as if going through some ceremony at an opera rehearsal. That old man, I warrant him, with his hemp sandals, hussar

jacket, red faja, black cap, staff and embroidered leather greaves, has a bright little white-washed hut up somewhere in the brown mountains, and has his walls hung with festoons of dull purple raisins, behind which the scorpion hatches her poison eggs. He has a red and yellow saint or two over his window, and door; and, on the shining walls outside, are scarlet strings of pungent capsicums ready for the winter olla, when pomegranate salad is gone, and the melon has grown from green to gold, and from gold to dust. I can fancy this old fellow (Pablo, I daresay, or Perez) about a week before the vintage, watching with his bell-mouthed trabuco in his reed hut, and slanging intruders, like the abusive vindemiator in our old friend Horace, picking the orange just yellowing in October in pyramids ready for its sea-trip, or shaking the cochineal insect from its cactus home, or hauling in wallowing silver masses of the janquete fish—the white-bait of Malaga—or selling the soapy sweet batata ready boiled in the streets, or cutting sweetmeat lengths of the fresh sugar-cane, or, in fact, pursuing any of the other avocations practised by the saltfish-loving, raisin-drying, bull-fighting, revolutionising people of Malaga. That sheltered, orange-grove city, of which the poet sings—

Jewel of the mountain ring;

City of perpetual Spring;

City that the sea still kisses;

Where the wind is dower'd with blisses

From the starry jasmine flowers,

And the thousand orange-bowers.

A greater compliment than they pay to Marbella adjoining, so called from Queen Isabella's exclaiming, when she saw first its green hills, pleasant streams, shady groves, and fruitful gardens, "Que mar tan bella!" (What a beautiful sea!) The abusive proverb is:

Marbella e bella, no entres en ella,

Qui n'entra con capa, sale sin ella.

(Marbella is fair, but be wise, have a care,
If you go with a cloak, you will come out quite bare.)

Indeed every Spanish city has one of these dull diatribes written about it, as Madrid, where they say, "The river is beautiful, if it were not always dry," and of Seville, the proverb-makers go on to say, slanderously no doubt, that this is the city where

The men are fire, and the women are tow,

But—comes the devil—away they go.

This Seville is the city where the moon sets more people on fire than the sun, as I should say, from the quantity of lovers whispering you see on the benches of the public walks; whether you go to the old Alameda by the ruined palace of the dukes of Medina Sidonia, or the bran new orange-

planted square of the Constitution, where the band, when they are at a loss, seem always to play.

Although I am tortured by a toothache which turns my hollow bone into a howling den of pain, I bend my errant steps to the ruinous square and unfinished monument in the Plaza del Riego, which commemorates the shooting to death of those unlucky émeutists whose fate Carlyle's Sterling, that almost poet, almost novelist, was so nearly sharing. A moment ago the sun seemed double-gilt, the sky a perfect faultless sapphire; now, with this demon in my hollow bones, I see a sudden fog of Fleet Street thickness rising over things, like the gauze veils in the solemn part of a pantomime introduction. As I walk down the narrow, stall crowded street, buffeted by mules pertinaciously disciplined as to their rank of Indian file, I think of all the disagreeable things that have ever happened to me. Shall I entrust myself to a local Sangrado, with his bright brass basin notched for the chin, bandaged stuff, and razor large as a scimitar? No; for I know he will smile, set to work, and examine my mouth with snuffy fingers, just as if he was taking a hook out of a fish's throat. He will take out the wrong tooth, rinse it down the sink-hole with a swash and gurgle before I can identify it, or will struggle with me as if he were fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus, and by upsetting the chair, falling on the top of me, and triumphantly claim two guineas for breaking my jaw. No, I determine to forget pain, like the philosopher who sang a comic song all the while the Grecian tyrant was pounding him to death in the mortar. I climb up the steep, dusty hill, coasting the long lines of low breastworks to that squat, blind Moorish castle, that Blake, winding up his angry moustachios, threatened with his English cannon, and, getting nothing but a bonny blue blink of the bay, squatter down again; and then, leaving the poverty-struck white houses and the prickly-pears of the suburbs, roam out to the lighthouse, that all night long winks with its one inflamed eye to distant and troubled ships, just as an ophthalmic money-lender in a "silver hell" winks to prodigals, quite at sea as to pecuniary matters and, chasing a fourpenny-bit in and out the latch-key in their pockets. I go—and, like a modern Maurius, sit on the ruins of myself, there among the great dull-red ruby blocks and opaque slaty sapphires, over which the sea lathers and worries in a musical, refreshing way, troubled, but still with a trouble that is lullabied by the beauty and softness of the climate and the day, and I think of how this very day ten years ago I was sitting in a little Cornish bay, where the headlands are of a rosy granite, and the bases under the sea seem giant blocks of emerald: where the sand was rifted white as snow all round the old broken anchor it

choked, and the white-bleached wrecked spars it half imbedded. Roused from this too, by my spurring pain, that now urges me forward like a second Wandering Jew, I move back past the awninged boats and the wrangling fishermen, to the raisin-packing crowds on the quays, where dusty-footed men are treading in the future Christmas puddings of England with dirty ruthlessness, and I leave these, too, and get to the Alameda, which is close to the sea-shore, only hid from it by a row of houses, in glimpses between which I see its blue plain quivering like the shaken sword of God. And now, as the lamplighters begin to skim about, with their fire tubes fastened to lance-poles, and the water-sellers get noisy and shake their money-tins in an aggravated way, and the boys with the chairs get ostentatiously attentive, the parade fills with dark veiled ladies that seem to tread on air, officers fascinatingly ferocious, portly priests urbanely calm and so forgiving that they bow if you even tread on their eldest corn. As the band begins, I hurry to my hotel to clothe myself in cheerful care-dispelling black evening-dress, to attend an evening party at the Consul's. I rope my neck with white, I enter the Consul's apartments armed for co.-quest.

I pass my next few hours, free from tooth or any other ache, in a pleasant dream of coffee drinking, guitar playing, flirting, album viewing, picture seeing. I go back to my hotel, exclaiming with Titus, "I have lost a day, but I have gained a memory."

CHIP.

A COLUMN TO BURNS.

AT the close of a recent article, entitled "Burns Viewed As A Hat-Peg," we put this question, in reference to the centenary commemorations:—"What has this grand outburst of enthusiasm done for the last surviving daughter of Robert Burns?" As we expected, the grand outburst, so far as it was reported, has done nothing. But—as we learn with great pleasure from a letter printed below—the working men of Glasgow (who were not thought worth reporting, probably because they were not connected with the great idea of the Hat-Peg) have not been forgetful of the claims of Burns's kindred on the grateful remembrance of Burns's posterity. We gladly give insertion to this letter. It does honour to the writer, to those who have acted with him, and to the great city in which they live. Let Glasgow flourish! It is well known to be a liberal and generous place; and the more it flourishes, the better for Burns's last descendant, and the better for the interests of civilised mankind.

"Your article, 'Burns Viewed as a Hat-Peg,' so arduously delineates the spoiling of our national jubilee, that the most irascible Scot

must forgive the occasional 'skelp' in the castigation meant specially for simulated enthusiasm. Your eulogium on Mr. Robert Chambers we fully appreciate; and for our late excessive outburst of *real* feeling, we plead national temperament,—*really* the most ardent and impulsive, though usually considered the most cautious and sordid in Europe; in spite of our past history in daring adventure, or the present of this very city, which—apart from its late reckless speculation—whether pestilence was in the land, our brave soldiers rotting in the Crimea, or our fellow-citizens pining in foreign dungeons, has for years stood first in the nation when money was needed. The victims of continental despotism can also assure you that they have not been coldly received in 'cool, calculating Scotland.'

"Why, then, you will repeat, has the only surviving daughter of Burns been so long neglected, and residing in our neighbourhood? Simply because a modest feeling, shared by her husband, kept them so retired in their humble condition, that only a very few knew that she existed; and the independent spirit of the honest old couple would have spurned any common charity, even when they were past work. Our greatest difficulty now is to divest our enterprise of the obtrusive assertion of charity; though, as you will see by the enclosed list, that we have realised considerably over one hundred pounds in small sums, and expect to treble it, when our Masonic Brethren and others are made fully aware that Mrs. Thompson of Pollockshaws exists at all. You may rest assured we will act up to the spirit of your article."

NOVELTY.

THERE is a certain novelty in the mere fact of writing an article for an English periodical while sitting as I am, at this present moment, in a French bed-room situated in one of the oldest streets in the French capital, writing with French ink and a French pen upon French paper, with my feet warmed (very faintly though) by a French fire of logs brought from some French wood, Heaven knows how far off.

There is something not altogether pleasant about new things. The mind has a tendency to object to what is new at first, and to carp at and disparage it. This very room to which allusion has already been made—on arriving in it, I felt inclined to dislike it, and saw all its defects at once, regarding them with an eye of apprehension. "I am not a tall man," I thought to myself, "but surely that bed is monstrous short." There is a gilded clock upon the chimney-piece, its ticking will keep me awake. The room is dark, too, and there is besides the window

which gives upon the court-yard of the hotel, another high up in the wall, a sort of œil de bœuf, which lights an otherwise dark passage, and through which the garçon, who skates about the staircases on brushes, can, if he likes, look down upon me at any moment, and is perhaps at this present observing me, as I sit surrounded by manuscript and enrobed in a dressing gown, so tattered and torn that I am obliged to keep it locked up when I am out of the room, lest its condition should be noticed, and I should no longer be respected in mine inn.

The costly and wadded robes de chambre which immediately on the appearance of this paper, the author feels convinced, will reach the office of its publication in bales, will—with the exception of that which comes from his soul's idol, and which he will recognise at a glance—be sold to defray the expenses of his journey to Paris.

I saw then all the defects of my apartment at first entering it. And yet, now that I have been in it a few days, I have got accustomed to them and almost like them. Let the clock tick,—it has a cheery sound that likes me well. Let the bed be short,—it is so cold at night that I would not stretch my legs out if I could. And let the garçon, if he likes, inspect me from the œil de bœuf,—it will be company to me in my solitude.

Again, the far-famed cookery of this town, on my coming to it after a lengthened absence, was new to me. Also how keenly I detested it. So much so, indeed, sickening of the sight of incomprehensible bills of fare, and of solemn and jacket-wearing French waiters, who expect you to take at least eight dishes every day for dinner, I made, in my utter hatred of these things, serious inquiry after some place of English resort where the steak of Britain should not be unknown, and had even thoughts of purchasing half of a ready cooked fowl which I saw in a shop-window, and eating the same secretly in my bed-room, with the aid of a pen-knife, sheltering myself the while from the œil de bœuf under the cover of my trunk, as boys eat furtive pastry inside their desks at school. A little time has elapsed—only two or three days in fact—and now I would not accept a cut out of the joint if it were offered me, and I skip off to my favourite restaurant—the Café Kag-mag—blithely.

Happy, happy influence of time and habit. Of all the ingredients of which our natures are made up, there is not one more indispensable to our happiness than this, whose power reconciles us, after a little use, to things we shrink from when they come before us newly.

Who has not had experience of this? Who has not hated a new house or a new situation? Who has not disliked new operas, new plays, new ballads, and new songs, till getting well accustomed to them he has grown to

love them, and to set them up in turn against the newer still? Who has not accepted new fashions with a grudge? Who does not dread the arrival of new clothes? "Well, I never can wear those things at any rate," has been said, on the arrival of such wares, often enough, I imagine, before now.

Who has not extended this dislike to persons as well as things? Who has not felt—when staying at some country-house—a dislike for that newly arrived guest who has come among us when we were all just beginning to know each other well, and were getting on together nicely? Why, in a couple of days that new guest has turned out the life and soul of the party, and we would not be without him for the world.

To speak of such obvious sources of misery as new servants, new wine, new hats, or new boots, would be to waste words upon annoyances so well known that it is needless to point them out, so universally acknowledged that it is useless to dwell upon them.

Nor is this tendency to shrink from what is now confined to these smaller matters. Are there not those who view with suspicion and doubting eyes the approach of novelty where it is most required, and who would arrest if they dared and could the changes which are needed most? Is not the new generation an object of suspicion to them? Do they not look upon it, as it springs up around them, with jealousy and disparagement in their regard? I have felt this temptation often enough myself, and feel it still occasionally.

"The very children," I have said to myself, at such times, "the very children are not what they used to be when I was a child. Watch them at a play, or at a pantomime, they don't enjoy it with the frantic rapture with which I used to regard such things—losing my appetite for whole days before a play. Why, these little creatures have seen through harlequin, and used him up ever so long ago. I am not at all sure either that they believe in grown-up people to the extent they used. I remember a time when I used to think that all adults were immaculate, and that naughtiness was confined to children of tender years, whereas I am of opinion that I have certain small acquaintances, who though at the present moment still subject to the restraints of pinafores and to early dinners, have yet a perfect insight into my character, and criticise it fully."

Such are some of the reflections which I have often been tempted to make in thinking of the new generation and its characteristics. Yet this is a state of things to which I hesitate to object in altogether unqualified terms. For I know that things must change, and that perhaps this very blasé condition of children, may cause them—since before they are men and women they have used up what

we are satisfied with—to press on to the invention of new wonders which will satisfy them in turn, and so may conduce to the furtherance of that development of new things, which seems to be one great object of the world's existence.

But there are those who criticise the new race only to condemn it. "Fie on it!" they say, "tis an impatient, restless age." And indeed there is some truth in this. There is scarcely any, if there is any, invention of modern times but will be found, on examination to minister to this feeling of impatience, and haste.

The railroad, the telegraph, the serial novel for those who are in too great haste or too impatient to face a large and ponderous volume, the photograph which saves them from the necessity of sitting for their portrait—all these things down to the lucifer match or the elastic boot, minister in their separate ways to this characteristic of the day, and even the funerals which had to creep through our streets may now be seen advancing along them at a rapid trot.

Against these and the like tendencies of the new age, it has been said that there are many who take exception. Nor are there wanting those who, cleaving to the past, its art, its letters, and all things belonging to it, draw comparisons with it, unfavourable to all that is fresh and of the present, those who—honestly some, and with right and good intent—would speak of a change which may have taken place in the conditions under which some art is practised, as destructive to that art's best interests and even ruinous to its existence. Trust me, that art is little worth, which it is in the power of circumstances to crush; and trust me, too, that those very conditions which you object to will bring about some noble change to which they were indispensable, some new and great development, which had not been without them.

But perhaps of all the forms, in which novelty can be developed, there is not one which it is so difficult to get a welcome for as novelty in art. This sounds like a paradoxical and startling assertion. Let it not be misunderstood.

Of all these qualities connected with art—using that word in its largest sense—perhaps newness is the most difficult and dangerous to deal with, and the most indispensably requiring a master's hand. A new style, new situations, new types, these things need the strength of a giant in art to mould them into such shape as the world will accept. For men of lesser strength, the old types, the old situations, are—with those modifications though, and those characteristics of individuality which will surely come out in the work of every man who is not a servile imitator only—the safest to produce.

To return for a moment to the great town in which these words are written. The plays which are being acted nightly here, and

received with enthusiasm by the most theatrical people in the world, are reproductions, in almost every instance, of what that world is well accustomed to.

The jovial trooper who does some great service to the disguised lady, who turning out of course to be Madame de Pompadour, involves the bold dragoon in every species of court intrigue—a play of this description will keep an audience in a state of rapture for four or five hours at a stretch; while another, illustrating the history of a wife whose former husband, supposed to be dead, turns out to be alive, and who, after harassing and persecuting everybody throughout the drama, is at length disposed of in a duel, will so move and affect the spectators, that the piece is interrupted by the groans and sobs of this most sympathetic of audiences.

It is indeed a good and glorious work, to start aside from all that has been done before, and, shaking off the restraints of antecedent Art, to give some daring novelty to the world. But who shall do this, or who can? It is the function of a Shakspeare or a Sterne, of a Hogarth or a Turner; and of some who, happily still living, and of this age, must not, because they are so, be mentioned in these pages. In the hands of lesser men, to attempt this highest and most distinctive office of Genius, is to pain the public they appeal to by an exhibition either of affectation or effort; or else, in nobler instances, of an ambitious mind which has set itself a task beyond its strength.

So much for new things in Art. So much, indeed, must, for the present, suffice for new things in general. Not that the subject is exhausted, or even nearly so. Exhausted! Why, the sun does not set upon that day which has not added some new thing to one's stock of knowledge, or given some new lesson to one's experience. A lesson, it is true, commonly inculcated with stripes more or less heavy, as the case may be, but not more weighty, or more numerous, by one fraction, of an iota, than was absolutely needed to enforce the truth. If this be so of days, what shall be said of years? With what new things is not the year, which is but now beginning, pregnant? With what changes, with what opportunities, with what losses, with what gains? Who knows from what old and harassing perplexities its inevitable course may extricate us? Who knows what sources of unexpected happiness it may open to us? And who knows, too, the reader asks, with what sorrow, with what labour, with what trial, it comes charged among us?

Well, be they what they may, let us meet them with a stout heart. The trouble that is faced with courage, and with a determined cheerfulness, is by that alone deprived of half its sting; and he who has much to endure, will endure it all the better if he is able to say, with the sturdy hero of a play which the writer of these lines witnessed not

half-a-dozen nights ago.—“Je souffre, mais je souffre—gaiement” (I suffer; but I suffer cheerfully).

MUCH TOO GOOD BOYS.

CANNOT boys read of a man's adventures—real or imaginary—in wild regions of the world, and follow with their fancies his career of peril, observe his ingenuity when left to depend wholly on his own resources, triumph in his triumphs, and long to become also, one day, active handy, ready-witted, fearless men? Do boys like a Robinson Crusoe better when they get him sublimated into Louis, the giddy boy and Louis's mamma and Mathilde, like a dear much too good girl as she is, and Master Hector? I had been reading books written as Christmas books for (much too good) boys, with a view to the selection of a dozen or two for my grandchildren, and I read till I was ready to beat my head against the corner of the mantelpiece. Albert Pugby, or a Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Africa. The Steppes; or Peterkin in Asia. John Jones, or a Boy's Adventures in the Forests of America. The Australian Crusoe, or Little Billy in the Bush. Tom Frost, or a Baby's Residence upon the Top of Dhawalagiri, &c. &c., &c., &c. Bold boys and girls, goody boys and girls, solicitous mammas and priggish explanatory papas, whose heads also I yearned to knock against the corner of the mantelpiece, sat like one mass of nightmare on my stomach, and disturbed my nap after the New Year's dinner. I had done my duty, and provided in addition to a few boys' books of the day that were found to be free from all this twaddle, my old friends the Arabian Nights and the Tales of the Genii, and the real Crusoe, and the Seven Champions of Christendom. But of those Champions it is great wonder to me that the story has not been recast after the fashion of the time, which should present them as Master George, and Master Patrick, and five other little Masters, with a Master Arthur to play round games at his table, who should have a mamma to refer to upon all occasions and a papa to tell him that “It has been supposed by some that Saint Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, might have visited Britain, and I am sure it will be interesting to you, my dear Arthur, if I state the grounds upon which a supposition of this nature may be regarded as extremely probable.” Arthur duly responding, “O, yes, do, papa!” Enough. My dinner was spoilt in my stomach, and I read indignantly a nightmare tale for boys, under the handkerchief which covers my face after I have dined. A streak of pantomime seems to have coloured it, for I had been taking our young people to sundry Christmas entertainments at which they had been especially regaled with brilliant transformation scenes and huge bewilderment of crippled

puns and many parodies of Hoop de doodem doo. Out of a square book with a scarlet cover upon which were golden pictures of strange monsters, I seemed to be reading something like what follows:

Franklin Bruce was a bad boy. Everybody liked him, but his Aunt Grumbletub said he was a bad boy, and as he lived with her, and as she was his only known relation, she was likely to be well informed about him. Out of her house he was so good-tempered and brave that everybody loved him. Aunt Grumbletub had a turned-up nose—a very much turned-up nose—so much so, indeed, that it presented a front view of the nostrils. It was an aggravating nose, too, for the old lady's spectacles refused to rest on any part of it except the extreme point. Mrs. Grumbletub invariably placed them on the right part of her nose, and they as invariably slid down the curved slope until they were brought up by the little hillock at the end. There they condescended to repose in peace.

“Have you learnt your Latin verb, Franklin, and done your sum?” asked this lady of the rosy boy whose fair hair and bronzed complexion bespoke his familiarity with outdoor sports.

“The rule of three does puzzle me,” replied the boy with a smile, and in a tone that betrayed the presence of some foreign body in his mouth.

“Take that nasty thing out of your mouth, whatever it is!” cried Mrs. Grumbletub, her dark eyes flashing fire.

“Nay aunt,” replied the boy, “I did but suck my alley tor.”

“Obey me, torment!” cried the aunt.

“You are my Mentor,” replied the boy, “and I obey.”

“Alley tor Jericho!” exclaimed the infuriated woman, casting the devoted marble through the open window. “O that I could but send you after it!”

“I go,” said the boy, and spitting on his slate, he wiped from it with his sleeve the unfinished rule-of-three sum, and without stopping to put on his cap, went out at his aunt's door with the design of travelling to Jericho.

As he walked rapidly down the village, Franklin observed a man with shaggy hair, two wooden legs, one eye, one arm, and an anchor tattooed on his cheek, who was waltzing with a monkey on the green before the village inn. Curiosity induced him to pause and observe this singular pair, and with the thoughtless generosity of youth he expressed his pleasure at the entertainment thus afforded him by putting into the man's hat, when the monkey brought it round among the bystanders, a new sixpence which was all the money he had in the world.

“Good morrow, noble sir,” said the sailor, for such apparently he was, when he had overtaken the boy in a green lane at a distance of some miles from the village of Ash, in which his aunt resided. “We seem to be

travelling, your honour, in the same direction, and we shall have the moon presently to light us. You sail late out of port, my hearty. Whither bound?"

"Across the seas," answered the boy, "My aunt sends me to Jericho, and I intend to journey thither. You seem to be a sailor. Do you know anything about the place?"

"Know it, my hearty? Do I know a marlinspike! Many's the yarn I've heard in the bay of Jericho. Why, man, I bought this monkey from the natives there, and a fine bout of fisticuffs I had with a shark that was chasing it, when by ill luck, one day, it fell over the maintop gunwale cross-tree booms into the sea."

"Indeed, sir," said Franklin. "Would you mind telling me that story?"

"Better than tell it, I will. See here, my man; this white road's the water, there's poor Jocko in the water, you're the shark after him, this bank's the deck of the Saucy Sally, and them trees is Jericho Castle close alongside of which we're moored. Now I'm up the bank, you see; on deck, you know. Sharks to starboard! Look out to larboard! Down with the lee scuppers! One, two, three! Down I come on you, Master Shark, and down you are—"

"O, but you hurt me, sir!"

"It's over in a minute. Down goes the shark, you see; and I not only turn him over, but I take him by the neck, and before I leave him, your honour—just permit me—I strip off his very skin."

When the sailor had began to pull off Franklin's jacket, the boy saw his intention.

"Good," he cried. And did you skin the very toes of the shark?"

"Ha! that did I," said the man; and, kneeling down before the boy, he proceeded to unlace his new Balmoral boots, but was delayed, as Franklin knew that he would be, by the hard knot into which one of the laces had been tied. In the meantime young Bruce, without discovering fear or suspicion, made a grotesque resistance, and rolled on the ground as if he were the shark still fighting for his prey. The boots were off. "Now for the waistcoat," said the sailor.

"No," answered Franklin Bruce; "with your leave, now I shall put on my clothes again;" and snatching up his boots and his jacket, he retired some steps from the still kneeling plunderer, who jumped up to pursue, and at once fell flat upon his face; for Franklin had during the mock struggle contrived with his pocket-knife to cut two inches from one of the man's wooden legs, and seven inches from the other, as they lay on the ground behind him, when he knelt to work at the bootlaces.

"You have sixpence of mine," said the boy, "I give it you in payment for your hat;" so, putting the thief's nautical hat on his own head and tying it by a string to his button-hole, Franklin resumed his journey.

The moon was just peeping over the trees as the boy marched onward, having left the villain and his monkey far behind, when suddenly he heard a rushing noise, and a wild cry; and in the next instant an open postchaise, dashing in round a corner, crossed the road, and was plunged by an infuriated horse towards the brink of an adjacent horrible abyss. The chaise contained a gentleman and lady, with their governess, their maid, and their six children. Franklin Bruce saw only the face of a lovely girl, who had blossomed through ten summers, as she stood up, crying wildly, Wo, wo! to the horses. Never before had he seen such wo as was depicted in her face; never before had a vision of such beauty crossed his path. At a glance he saw that the horses were those of the Bugle, in the neighbouring post-town, and that one of them was the vicious Bruiser, whom the ostler had so often suffered him to ride. The love of that horse for the merry boy had been the wonder of the inn-yard; and now, even in his hurry, at the sound of a cheery Woa-ho from Franklin, the horse turned as to a dear friend whom it would be rude to pass in the public road without a recognition. The first pause was enough; Franklin at once walked round the animal, soothing and patting him. The peril was averted; the animal's head was turned by its driver from the abyss, over the brink of which it almost hung. And when the chaise had been turned quietly back to the highroad, the gentleman said, "Receive, my boy, the blessing of a grateful fatner, and accept some token, however inadequate, of my approval of your conduct. Oblige me by resuming your seat, my dear child, Louisa Jane." The blue-eyed fairy who had first caught Franklin's attention, and who now leaned forward to speak with him, sat down in decorous silence at the wish of her papa; but when Franklin had received the fourpenny piece, with which he was rewarded, after a vain search for sixpence among the elders in the chaise—for the father of the house unfortunately had by him no coin smaller than a shilling—Louisa Jane darted a kind and meaning glance at her preserver, as she dropped her little thimble over the chaise door. The chaise rolled away, and with a new sentiment at his heart Franklin resumed his journey. He slept that night under a haystack, and in the morning breakfasted upon a portion of the fourpence. Soon afterwards he went on board the Arrow, which was a fine large ship, and set sail for the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

He had been picked up by the first mate, who, being in want of a ship-boy, told him that Jericho was an island in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, and that he should be quite sure to go there if he sailed with him. An English family was on board, but he saw none of the members of it for some days, as they remained behind the partition that had

been made in the main cabin for their private accommodation. He was told that the passengers were a Mr. Robinson and his family, from Paternoster Row, who were going out to establish for themselves an Owyhee Family Robinson. Being much ridiculed about the misfit of the sailor's hat which he had taken from the ruffian in the lane, and as it constantly was blown by the wind as far away from his head as the string would suffer it to go, so that he never actually wore it, Master Bruce resolved to gather it in with a piece of twine. Pulling aside the lining for that purpose, he found a pad of soft paper, such as often is placed under their linings by persons who have purchased hats that are too large for them. This he threw aside; but having ended his task, and tried on the amended hat, he found that the pad, with a little re-arrangement of its shape, would still improve the fit; and, therefore, taking it up again, he began to unfold it. Then he found, to his surprise, that it consisted wholly of bank-notes, every note being for the same sum of one thousand pounds, and there were just a hundred of them. This was a discovery which gave him some uneasiness; for, being at sea, it was not in his power to give information to the police of the considerable amount of stolen property which he had thus recovered, neither did he feel that it was safe to confide in the rude seamen who surrounded him. Determining, therefore, to tell his story to the British Consul in the first port touched at by his vessel, Franklin replaced the notes in their original position, taking good care to see to the knots of the string that tied his valuable hat to his jacket. He had observed that the notes were all endorsed I. Pilkins, Oct. 1. 18—; that, he was sure, was clue enough to the discovery of their right owner.

This troublesome business being so far settled, it was with a rapture which I leave my reader to imagine, that the young sailor, turning from his work, saw at the bulk-heads a sylph-like form, the form of the fair-haired Louisa Jane, who was holding her doll's eyes over the water, in order that she might see the porpoises. The two children recognised each other, and were friends directly. While they were still in full chat, Louisa's shoulder was tapped by her father, Mr. Robinson, who had come up with the rest of the family, and whose approach the two young people had been too busy with each other to observe.

"I approve of this, my dear Louisa," said Mr. Robinson; "never, my dear child, be ashamed of a kind word spoken even to the vulgarest of little boys; we are all equal; this dirty person is your equal, my child. Your good mamma has learnt that there is no piano carried in our vessel; you must for a time, therefore, suspend your practising; but Miss Inkpen will be happy to speak French with you till dinner time. Go to her, my dear."

"Dear papa," said Louisa, "this is the little boy who stopped that horse for us."

"Indeed so! I recognise him now. Acquaint me with your name and business, boy?"

"Franklin Bruce; going to Jericho."

"Jericho, poor youth! Can it be that you are ignorant of the geography of the Plain of the Jordan. My son Walter, who is eight years old, and you are—"

"Twelve, sir."

"Twelve, sir—can possibly inform you. Walter, do you remember, and can you describe to this boy, the position of Jericho in the plain of the Jordan?"

"I remember it well, papa," replied Walter. "For the last thirty miles of the river's course, including the tract in the vicinity of the ancient Jericho, the plain has a more than usually barren and desolate aspect. Near Jericho (now represented by some ruins not far from the small village of Rihā) the formation of the ground becomes less regular; the western mountains in one or two places, jut out considerably into the Ghor; the cliffs less exactly mark the bounds of the lower plain; and the descent from the higher ground towards the bathing-place of the pilgrims (nearly abreast of Jericho) is marked by a number of rounded sandhills. A large patch of green stunted trees and shrubs marks the site of what is supposed to be the ancient Jericho; and here and there are to be seen the remains of some considerable buildings, with fragments of an aqueduct at the foot of the hills, to the north-west of the modern village."

"Very good," said Mr. Robinson; "as the reward of merit, you may go down and ask Miss Inkpen for a sum in fractions."

Mr. Robinson was an elderly man, with white hair gathered into a top-knot over his forehead, and a white projecting beard; he wore large spectacles, stooped much, and walked with a stick. The cut of his clothes was peculiar: they were of bright colours, and he had a little cloak with a hood to it, which especially attracted Franklin's notice. As Walter went down with Louisa to Miss Inkpen, the baby, who was in the maid's arms, noticing a bright moon in the sky, began to crow and cry, *La lune! la lune!*—for it had been taught a few words of the French language.

"What notice the child takes!" said Mrs. Robinson.

"It does, indeed," said papa, removing it from the nurse's arms, and placing it upon his lap. "You admire, baby," he said, "the brightness of the moon; but it is time that you should be made aware, my poppet, that the moon is intrinsically a dark body, without inherent light of its own. It depends upon sunshine for the light it gives; and the varying appearances, or phases, of the moon depend upon different proportions of the illuminated disc of the opaque ball being

presented to sight from the earth at different times."

Never can I tell in detail to a confiding public all that I read in the nightmare book. A frightful storm arose, and Mr. Robinson discoursed on the phenomena of storms in the midst of a shipwreck. Franklin's hat was blown from its moorings at his button-hole, in a tremendous hurricane, and lost at sea. All hands were lost except the entire family of Mr. Robinson, with Franklin Bruce, and an old sailor; who were thrown on a wild, tropical island, inhabited by a strange race of savages, called the Ka Lowns.

This people painted its face white, tattooed over with large, angular spots of red, and streaked itself with red about the mouth. It wore loose, parti-coloured linen garments, and was constantly at war with the tribe of the Ar Leekins in the mountains higher up, chiefly upon the subject of intermarriage with the Coo Lumbins, a race of half-naked women, also dwelling in that same island of Roottotootte. There were brilliant bowers, birds of gay plumage, sea and land monsters of hideous form inhabiting the island, upon the shores of which our adventurers planted themselves with only an old box to live in. They had scarcely fixed their camp when one of the natives rushed towards them, mouthing, and uttering the cry, Erawear-again howchadoo, with which they always make their entrance into battle. Mr. Robinson taught much to the children, and the handiness of the young Franklin, who had been engaged as a page by Mrs. Robinson, won for him the good will of the household, or rather boxhold, and the admiration of Louisa.

But a cloud was upon that youth's soul, which all the wonderful productions of the island, duly explained to him so carefully, and all the wild adventures in the bushes could not melt away. A chance mention by dear Mr. Robinson of the name of I. Pilkins, in connection with an allusion to his own former prosperity, and to the reverse which, by enforcing on him a prudent economy, had disqualified him from presenting, on a certain memorable occasion, more than fourpence of his deliverer, led to the disclosure that I. Pilkins had been agent for the sale of great estates in Boothia Felix, owned by Mr. Robinson, and that the money yielded by them, many hundreds of thousands of pounds in bank-notes, forwarded October the first, eighteen hundred and —, had been robbed from the messenger, whose mangled body was found in a well. And Franklin, having found and lost his treasure, dared not mention it to the discovered owner. He felt that he was a deceiver,—that he carried about a secret that he ought to have

disclosed at once. But he dared not risk the anger of the father of Louisa.

One day as he walked sadly in the woods skirting the sea-shore, a bird's nest, singular in form, attracted his attention. He climbed the stem and saw to his delight, the sailor's hat which had been blown to land by the same hurricane that drove them also upon the island, which had been caught in the trees, and in which a pair of parrots had since made their nests. The hen parrot was sitting on the eggs. The boy at once leapt to the earth again and flew, not to Mr. Robinson but to his young playmate, Louisa, whom he made the sharer of his happiness. He told her the whole story, which she told again to her papa. Mr. Robinson was pleased by the intelligence, especially pleased that the birds had not been molested in their nest. He walked to the spot next day with his young friends, and pointed out to them the impropriety of meddling with the hat, until the parrot's eggs were hatched and the young parrots fledged. In the course of a few months these processes of nature were complete. The hat was then taken down, and found to contain notes for one hundred thousand pounds.

"Delightful are this parrot's notes," said Mr. Robinson, moved for the first and last time in his life to make an approach to a small pleasantry. Then patting Franklin on the head, he said, "Good boy, it is my duty surely to reward you a hundred fold. You gave for this hat sixpence, and although usurious interest is commonly to be regarded as unholy, I believe that I am justified in returning to you your money with interest, at the rate of one hundred per cent. Accept this shilling."

Louisa was now heir to immense wealth, and Franklin was but a poor page: but the two children got lost in the wood one day, and were seized by the Ar Leekins, a race of people tattooed in bright colours and at war with the Ka Lowns. These wild creatures carried the little boy and girl into a cave of diamonds, which was the palace, and the property of their chief, who seeing that Franklin had a corn on each of his little toes, knew him to be his son. This was indeed Franklin's long lost papa who had been cast on the same island many years before, was given up for dead in England, but in Roottotootte had accepted the tattoo of the Ar Leekins, and had by his agility become their chief. He would not leave his new home where he was married to a lovely wife from among the Coo Lumbins, but he gave to his son one hundred thousand sacks of diamonds, which there is reason to suppose made him, in due time, eligible husband for Louisa Jane, the eldest Daughter of Blank Robinson, Esquire.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE HIGHEST TESTIMONIALS.

As I shall never see fifty again, I have outlined a great many things; and, among them, nothing more decidedly than my belief in the Highest Testimonials. Time was when they had their value in my eyes; when my husband's new curate, with his credentials attested by "three beneficed clergymen," or my new cook, coming with an excellent character from her last place, were received, on the strength of those documents, with the most unsuspecting confidence, which it took repeated failures to shake or overthrow. Repeated failures, however, did at last overthrow it; and "not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men"—not all the beneficed clergymen, nor all the conscientious witnesses in the world—could restore to me my lost faith, or set it up again.

A Scotch curate once came to Lightlands, my husband's parish. We had had a great many curates in succession before he arrived, and only one of whom we could approve, and he was not recommended by any one. The Scotch gentleman's card was inscribed with the words *The Reverend Knox Soundwell, B.A.*, and we relied entirely on his testimonials.

When Mr. Knox Soundwell first came to Lightlands, I do really think that the great Reformer whose name he bore, could not have exhibited a more irrepressible zeal than he. Lightlands (although there is, as I have before explained, plenty of life in it)* is a dull parish in some respects; and it would take a great deal to make any one in it, from Mr. Fielder, our head parishioner, down to John Drant, the clerk, do more than stare at any innovation or invention whatever, short, perhaps of the elevation of the Host, or the introduction of green vestments. Therefore, such a slight matter as the appearance of Mr. Soundwell in his surplice, instead of a gown, when he ascended the pulpit—in which, by the way, he seemed to think himself very much superior to his rector, whose gown had grown rusty with service—made little or no impression on the congregation; neither did his turning to the east, while repeating the

creed; nor the cut of the waistcoat which he displayed at morning calls, or evening tea-drinkings. But, when he showed a disposition to confess Mrs. Fielder, and the youngest of John Drant's daughters—a dressmaker, whose principal known sin was the wearing of red flowers (artificial) in her Sunday bonnet—the parish manifested some signs of not being altogether stupid or blind. Mr. Fielder ceased to ask the curate to the cosy suppers at Hill Farm, and John Drant confided to me, that he thought "Master," meaning my husband, "hadn't got a young gentleman as would suit him." My husband mentioned the young gentleman's testimonials; but John shook his head, and retired.

But Mr. Knox Soundwell was not thorough, in any respect; and, seeing that the parish did not appreciate his new fangles, or depreciate his rector's old ones, he gradually abandoned his straight-cut waistcoats, the pulpit surplice, and the confessional; once more resumed the suppers at Hill Farm, and appeared in a fair way of regaining the confidence of honest John Drant.

Somehow, notwithstanding this, I liked him less than ever. I said to myself, "if Mr. Soundwell had believed in his waistcoat, his white surplice, and his confessional, he would not so soon have given them up." I began to be afraid that he shifted with the wind too easily; and that we had by no means seen the worst of him. This suspicion turned out to be perfectly correct; for, before many more months were over, my husband discovered such grave faults in him, that he was dismissed.

I have stated that Mr. Soundwell was not thorough in any respect: but I spoke hastily. He left Lightlands thoroughly in debt; not only to good-natured Mr. Wheatear (who could not get back the twenty pounds he lent him, without the smart application of a lawyer's letter,) but to poor old Mrs. Fuller, his laundress and landlady: of whose praises he had always been very profuse, and who, simple old soul, could not understand such conduct from so fine-spoken a gentleman; who had a liberal stipend, over £100 a-year, and some private means besides. Perhaps, his bill (also for a long time left unpaid) for wine, ale, and spirits, might have suggested a

* See Number 462.

part of the reason for the bluntness of his moral sense.

But, for all this, when, on his last Sunday, he had the arrogant impertinence to preach a Farewell Sermon, after only a few months' residence in the parish where he had made so much noise, and done so little good, those absurd Miss Wheatears (to all and each of whom he had, at different times, paid marked attention, if not proposed, as was his wont to almost every young lady that he met) displayed their pocket-handkerchiefs so ostentatiously, and sobbed so loudly, that, for the moment, I wished myself a beadle or a churchwarden, that I might turn them out.

In this farewell sermon Mr. Soundwell made the most affecting allusions to the little ones of Lightlands, the children of the Sunday School. So much so, that even I might have been moved to something nearer tears than I was, if I had not well known that the school, although he had talked a great deal about it, he had culpably neglected. The sermon wound up with a harrowing description of the sinful, unawakened state in which he had found Lightlands, and the comparatively blessed state in which he left it. Also of the wretchedness of his feelings in being no longer permitted, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, to labour further among the inhabitants for their improvement and conversion. But wherever he might go, and whatever might befall him, Lightlands would ever be present to his tearful remembrance. He eventually took care that Lightlands should return the compliment, for some of his debts he has never paid to this day.

But to turn from Curates to Cooks:

Mary Ann Mummery, Susan Sloe, Kezia Trusty—all these young women came to me with the highest testimonials to character: and to all I eventually gave a month's wages, rather than have them stay out their month of warning. Yet I pledge my word of honour that I am not a hard mistress. Neither Mary Ann Mummery, Susan Sloe, nor Kezia Trusty, however, were represented as attaining unto the height of culinary acquirements, and valuable moral qualities, set forth in the super-excellent character which I received with Matilda Kitchener. I obtained this apparent treasure from an application at the Registry Office of a certain Mrs. Placeman; who, after dazzling my mind with an account of all the virtues to be had for fourteen pounds a-year, exclusive of tea, sugar, and washing (Matilda's lowest terms), and seeing me waver said, (quoting from the character), "For fancy bread and biscuits, and making pastry, Matilda Kitchener is unequalled."

Now, we neither of us cared excessively for fancy bread, biscuits, nor pastry, so I was still undecided; principally, I own, on account of the washing, which was an unusual item

of allowance to any but nursery maids in our house. The fact of my being a clergyman's wife suddenly occurred to Mrs. Placeman: so she said, clinchingly, "And besides, ma'am, Matilda's mistress says that she is rather pious."

I must say that I should have preferred her piety to have been unqualified, but I reflected that almost everything in this world is of a mixed nature; and, tired out with inquiries, and a six weeks' presidency in my kitchen of an old woman who persistently turned a deaf ear to all my directions, and consequently spoiled my husband's dinner every day, I came to terms; and Matilda Kitchener was to supersede the deaf incorrigible in the culinary department of Lightlands Rectory on that day fortnight. Turning to leave the office, with a lingering doubt in my mind, engendered by the last point of recommendation of the admirable Matilda, with regard to her being rather pious, I asked Mrs. Placeman if she knew why such a paragon had been suffered to leave her appreciative mistress? Receiving a reply in the negative, I took down that lady's address, determined to investigate the matter, and, at the same time, to enquire whether it was a bonâ fide character which purported to have been given by that lady of Matilda Kitchener. The result of all this was perfectly satisfactory; for Mrs. Chappell, the lady in question, acknowledged the authenticity of the character in every respect. Hence it may be easily supposed that I looked forward to my new cook's arrival, and my consequent release from the overdone and underdone varieties in cookery of the wilful substitute, with the most pleasureable feelings. Alas, how unstable are all human expectations, even when we seem to have fair ground for trust that they may be realised!

I don't mean to say, that Matilda Kitchener would not have answered the wildest anticipations of the most fastidious connoisseur in regard of fancy bread, biscuits, and pastry. But her proficiency in the manufacture of those delicacies was the one matter in which she justified her excellent character. Indeed she would hardly do anything else but make fancy bread, biscuits and pastry, from Monday morning till Saturday night. In vain I told her that we did not care for them, and could not get through such quantities as daily issued from the oven. She gloomily replied that they were eaten; which was an undeniable fact. I believe they constituted her own main articles of consumption, and that they accounted for her puffy figure and highly glazed countenance. Yet honesty and a proper regard for economy had been named among her most prominent characteristics. Her temper, too, in that brilliant list had been sweetly conspicuous. But the breezes which frequently blew from the kitchen quarter, straight down our little hall when the dining-room door was open, were any-

thing but sweet and low. High above the growling bass of our generally phlegmatic gardener-groom (our man What-Not as I called him) whistled the shrieking treble of Matilda Kitchener's tones, as the hot altercations between her and What-Not rose and fell, from day to day, only to rise again. I found out afterwards that they took place mostly on the subject of tea.

We dined at five. But, although Matilda Kitchener, with the rest of the strictly domestic circle, dined at two, she could not, she said, send up her parlour dinner as she could wish unless she had a strong cup of tea first. The gratification of this necessity, by which the kitchen teapot was impoverished to that degree that it yielded little better fluid than water at the legitimate tea-hour of half-past six, when the other servants were in the habit of sitting down comfortably to that meal, exasperated the aforesaid What-Not to such an extent (not so much on his own account, as he said, but because he could not abide seein' the housemaid put upon, as was too quiet to take her own part), that "if she (Matilda) had not been a woman, and he a man, he must have struck her."

Of her piety, or rather, her tendency to piety, I had very soon a sufficient proof in the lecture she delivered, by no means sotto voce, and doubtless intended for my ears, as I left the kitchen on the second Sunday after she came. The marrow of it was a dilatement on the horror she had experienced in hearing me "a-scolding on the Sabbath, which she had been used to see kep' very different;" a somewhat exaggerated mode of characterising a mild reproch which I had seen occasion to administer, about the lateness of the kitchen breakfast-hour, in reference to getting ready for church.

As I am determined not to tire anybody with this woman, and her sayings and doings, as she tired me, I shall conclude what I have to say respecting her, by stating that she very soon found herself again on the list of the Servants' Register Office; that she never asked me for a character, and so deprived me of the satisfaction I should otherwise have had in the opportunity of doing her justice.

The consideration of how it comes about that testimonials are not of more value, involves one of the most uncomfortable speculations. For instance: Has the world fallen into the reprehensible habit of winking? Has it contracted, by that means, a moral squint, which prevents it from seeing any one in his or her true colours? Do beneficed clergymen attest credentials without knowing what they are about? Are conscientious mistresses deluded by an idea that it is uncharitable to speak the truth, when the truth is really fittest to be spoken? And that it is charitable to suppress the truth, and shoulder its inconveniences away upon innocent people? Of

course they none of them seriously mean to favour dishonesty, or disappoint their neighbours. Yet the fact is very stubborn, that the highest testimonials are constantly turning out but little better than so much waste paper.

GOING TO AFRICA.

ALTHOUGH I know about as much of Africa as the intrepid French Navigator to Pegwell Bay would know of England, if he took his impressions from that shrimpy shore alone, I must assert that that one foot-touch of the shore of Barbary from which the conquerors of Spain once launched their galleys, has given a sense of reality to my thoughts and reading, whether I take up Livingstone, Livy, or the great sporting traveller Gordon Cramming, that, nothing else could have implanted in me. If I have not seen Tunis, have I not seen the range of the Lower Atlas, the Rif pirate country, and forty miles or so of the torrid shore bearing away from the Ape's-Hill opposite Gibraltar to Tetuan and Tangiers? If I have not been on a camel in Fez, I have met men with faces still scorched by that city's sun. Have I not been on vantage ground where, like Moses, if I could not enter, I could see the Promised Land of the Future, and the golden region of the Past. Though condemned to cackle and strut about the narrow poultry-yard of my Spanish experiences, have I not once been able to flutter up to the outside paling, and get a glimpse of the adjoining fields? But I shall never get to Ceuta, the Spanish outpost on the African shore, if I do not get back to Gibraltar and the table d'hôte dinner, where I and Fluker, the artist, organised the expedition.

The brazen gong had just called together the incongruous guests at the Club House hotel, when a pluffy Indian curry-skinned Major going home on furlough—who had been manoeuvring, by help of one of the fluttering tip-toe waiters, a perfect howitzer of a telescope, which was erected as if to answer the fire of the batteries just outside the hostelry—announced something doing with the telegraph. The telescope commanded, as I had been respectfully instructed by a one-eyed waiter with his arm in a bandage, a view of the flag-staff that stood like a washing pole up by the evening gun on a ledge at the top of the rock, whose signals, instantly reported to the governor, who lives in the cozy convent down in the town, inform him of every vessel that passes the Gut.

About this staff and its doings every Gibraltar man is perpetually talking, when he is not cursing the five days' parade, the heat, the Spaniards, his barracks,—colonel!—or his cursed luck at unlimited loo. All eyes at spare moments turn to this brazen serpent—this standing column of news—this Daily Telegraph. At garrison parties, sickly-

looking, sickly-speaking young lions come in with news of the flag-staff; at the theatre it is whispered round; at parade it is talked of in dumb language. It is to Gibraltar what "the weather" is to London, and "the turnips" are to the country.

So now as Major Macgillicuddy of the mounted Bombardiers, comes panting in to say, the P. and O. steamer Tagus is passing Europa Point, the soup is forgotten, and there is a rush to the howitzer. Yes, even Fluker, though caring nothing about the Tagus, and knowing that the Tagus cares nothing for us, runs out with the card of signals that hangs in the hall of the hotel in his hands.

Make haste; more doing at the staff—two red balls hauled down again—now one black, then one white—then one down and the other up: two red, that means, "Beef-boat from Tangiers just arrived"—one black—"followed by steamer;" white—"English steamer;"—and last, flourish of black and white together, which being interpreted means that "it is the Tagus from Southampton, with mails." Hurrah! says all Gibraltar, all looking as we are—then we shall have letters—cheques for young ensigns unlucky at the green cloth—and with scores at the Gilt Grapes—billets for colonels' daughters, sighing for the Row and the rowers—news of children to mothers, and of mothers to children,—news of deaths that will make men smile and look happy,—news of deaths that will, with a strong hand, suddenly squeeze the heart dry as a wrung-out sponge;—so runs the world away. The scuttle of feet down to the Water Port Gate to see who have come by the steamer, is audible to fancy's ear, as we turn satiated of news to our soup, that offended at our neglect, has turned cold.

The table is remarkable for having more silver than meat on it, a peculiarity not unusual at showy hotel dinners. There is much napkin and little comfort; many servants, and few dishes; a characteristic of the climate is the uncarpeted floor, the open but thickly blinded windows, which seem to lure in the sun and turn the place into a furnace, now that the irritable hot wind is blowing. The stale fruit and fossil pastry is covered with blue gauze covers, ugly and deforming on a dinner table as blue spectacles on a white man's face. We have no band to play for us, but the gnats at intervals give us the "Dead March in Saul," gratis, and we pay them with the Genii's blessings, which are curses. Their music is as of the March wind confessing its crimes through a melancholy man's keyhole.

I can hardly get on with my roast fowl, and water-cresses, for watching Major Macgillicuddy doing battle with the mosquitoes. They have been attending on and tapping him for thirty years, and yet he and they are not yet on real terms of intimacy. Now and then he repeats what I suppose are prayers to him-

self, as he brushes them from his damask cheeks; now he flings down his knife and fork, and strikes out at them right and left, as if he were mobbed by Spanish bravos. They are irritating, and I sympathise with him; but still it is ludicrous to see a big ogre of a man doing angry battle with such tiny and all but invisible adversaries, though they are as troublesome and invisible as the mischief-makers and scandal-mongers of the world, and about as invulnerable to blows.

If you listen abstractedly to the conversation, there is only one observation in which everybody seems to agree, and that is one that runs round the table like fire through dry grass. "There is no place like England," another way of saying, "there are no people like the English;" which means No people like ourselves; without us I feel the world would be a dunghill. Now the Major, a hero with mosquitoes, a bully with inferiors, a toady with superiors. I should say is busy hob-nobbing, in choice Saint Julien, with two young officers in full scarlet, admirably adapted to a sun almost African, with crimson webby sash and bullion epaulettes, who being on duty in the square adjoining, have thought it their duty to come and have a "blow out" at the table d'hôte. They are affable and condescending, as English officers always are with strangers, talk loud, ogle the ladies, sneer at everyone else, and show themselves perfect men of the world, by ostentatiously and unmistakeably despising the world of which they are men. They take off their drab felt wide-awakes, bandaged with muslin turbans, and fling them on a tray of wine-glasses on a side table. They whip off their unused swords and belts, and clash them up to a nail, with the practised skill of diners-out. They then, first of all, with defiant duelling glances, turn up their eyes, pull down their bat's-wing, espalier, gummed whiskers, furl up their moustachios out of way of the soup, and begin with an ease that a severe man would rather call impudence than ease. Their conversation is by gasps, as if their intellect was secreted in homœopathic drops, and was to be used carefully, like an expensive cordial not easily replaced.

As for Fluker, he is busy discussing with an old wine-merchant the merits of Colares, a cheap chesnut-coloured wine that is to be had for nothing abroad, and sold for a good deal in England; a sort of wine eventually to be sold as a "high quality sherry," and many lies told over by sham connoisseurs of spurious vintages. There is much babble as to whether the wine has lost its body or not. Some one says it never had any; others say it still has a good deal. My conviction is, that no one present but the old wine-merchant knows Colares from quinine, but I do not say so. What a very curious thing it is that human nature, when it hears anybody talking about wine, must hold its glass immediately up to the light, as if forming some intensely wise

opinion about the matter, but determined to laugh in its sleeve at all mistakes, and say nothing to criminate itself. The fat old lady, good-natured of course,—fat people always are, they cannot help it,—who has a face that several juries, one after the other, seem to have sat on, sips and looks wise. The little pale simpering woman near her looks through the decanter, which draws us all like a magnet. Fluker studies its colour, and thinks burnt sienna would do it. Fortywinks, the great traveller, knits his brows ferociously wise, determined at last to think or die in the attempt. A few hours of such mental exertion, carefully kept up, must produce an idea. But what will be the consequence? It is dreadful to think of.

Whipper and Snapper's (the young officers) conversation is "shoppy," and not varied. They pity those poor devils at the Windmill Barracks. They hear the three hundredth is going under tents. They hear Silverstar has been scratched for the Scurry sweeps. They are told that Flanker lost a whole year's pay last night at hazard; and that Solomon, whose wealth is a proverb (haw, haw), will not down any more rhino. Jones of the fifty-seventh has killed another horse, and Driver is going to be cashiered. Verdi's opera last night was "stunning;" and weeds are not what they were.

I dare say I should have learned even more than this, had not a scuffle of soldiers' feet and a grounding of muskets been at this moment heard outside. It was the commanding officer visiting the guard house. Whipper slips on his belt, and is out. Snapper tosses off his wine, and flings down a half-finished bunch of raisins. Everyone present draws a breath, as if a tight hand has been removed from their gullets,—such a restraint are even two unsocial and refractile men in a party.

I seize the occasion to propose a trip to Africa. Everyone applauds it, but no one but Fluker, the colourist, will go. He wants to see the Africa of Scipio and Hannibal, the Africa of Saint Augustin and the Corsairs, of the Berbers, and of Carthage. We toss our napkins on the back of our chairs, leave the half-severed melon to the parliament of flies, always willing to sit, and summon the waiter.

The waiter with the immobile yellow wax mask of a face comes, napkin pinched under his left arm,—“Africa, sir? yes-sir;”—he will be gone, and anon he will be with us again. He will go to the Four Corners, the cross-roads where the sea captains pace and bargain. He will then look for Ben-Hafiz, the Arab captain of the Ceuta zebec, “The Young Man's Escape,” who was generally to be found smoking his cheroot and quite in the clouds at the tavern called the “Good Woman” (a woman without her head), in Bomb Proof Alley. He will bring us the Padrone, or report progress. The party now break up with a general slide and shuffle

back of chairs, and turn to the épergne; the bustle being seized by the Major as an opportunity to fill his glass, and attempt to throttle the decanter.

A few of us betake ourselves to the square, where some of us squat on the low wall, and others have chairs and think of Bass, as we turn our eyes inward to certain silver tankards that, though not of Cellini workmanship, very well answer our ends. Others of us aim the howitzers at certain shelves and ledges of the great wall of rock that faces our square, now rummaging a gunner's house, now reconnoitring a grinning battery, now hoping to see the famous apes that never are seen. We beat all over its grey, mottled surface, bare, storm-beat, grand; that vast rampart wall of rock on which the fire has rained and the lightnings burst—God's fire and the devil's fire—and left it still steadfast and all unchanged.

What is that moving like a hopper on a double Gloucester, along that central terrace where the last gun is? Can that be anything human clinging there like a fly to a ceiling, a wild goat to a Welsh crag, or a sea-boy to the rigging? Yes; I can make out through my circle of glass, two mules, one led, and one with a person upon it—I think a lady—coming down, I suppose, from Saint Michael's Cave, or the Flag Staff. Small as a toy figure she is, I declare. The old wine merchant is praising Pémartin's sherry, telling us the way to cook the West Indian Grouper fish, and laughing at a friend's plan of putting Colares into old Madeira casks, and selling it by mistake for the same sum,—when the waiter re-appears.

With him comes Ben-Hafiz, the Arab Padrone of the zebec. The news is bad. We are walled round with diseases and quarantines. The Black Death was at Tetuan, and the Beef-boat, on which the garrison depends for provision, was that morning stopped. Cholera was at Hamburg, which check-mated England, and all ports that way. The Yellow Fever was at Vigo; and a new sort of plague, with boils under the armpits, was at Tunis. To Ceuta we could not go but only from Algeciras, across the Bay, in the Spanish country. Every way, fourteen day's quarantine stared me in the face,—fourteen days' solitary confinement without one solitary comfort,—fourteen days' angling out of a port-hole, yawning,—fourteen days' living badly at your own expense—durance most intolerable, and not to be borne.

Now, all the tricks of quarantine, that relic of past barbarism, with its attendant fear, intolerance, and disregard of personal liberty, I had already had too much cause to know. Had I not seen the dreadful emblem of death, the yellow flag, flying in the bright little green bay of Vigo? Had I not, because arriving there half an hour after gun-fire, been kept from landing, and merely

because we had looked on the dreaded flag, more terrible to its unresisting enemies than the flag of Attila or Napoleon; had I not been threatened, banded about and insulted at Oporto, kept in tremulous dread of not passing my "little go" at Lisbon, and nearly plucked at my smalls at Cadiz? Had I not seen the good ship "Negress's" letters slapped about in vinegar, and passed through a stinking smoke, which is called "purification"? Had I not marked the insolent caprice, purposely intended to vex and aggravate the hated English at Gib, with which, all of a sudden, without a minute's thought, in some pet or blue-devilishness of the governor, or alcaid, or post-master, a Spanish town was put in quarantine? Spaniards do not care for time, so how can they appreciate the vexation of delay to industrious Englishmen. They know the quarantine disposes healthy men to disease. They know that a slight attack, that on shore might yield to a dose of medicine, and prove, perhaps, not Yellow Fever at all, in a ship, in a state of anxiety and depression, must necessarily prove fatal. They know as well as I do, that a cooped-up hulk-cranky, and reeking with bilge-water, will be a charnel-house if the epidemic once appears,—so that to keep one sick man from endangering a town, they condemn thirty or forty, may be a hundred innocent men, to death. They know all this; but who can reason with a Spaniard about a custom that is merely good because it is old; merely retained because some cowardly fools once instituted it. As well drop on your knees and entreat a springing rattle-snake not to sting,—as well take off your hat to a starving lion,—as well offer your watch and ten pounds reward to a turning shark to let you go.

An official Spaniard takes a brutal, hard, unreasoning pleasure in enforcing an old barbarism, all the more if it chafes and torments the accursed heretic that holds the key of the Mediterranean firm in his ruddy, beefy right hand.

There is much talk about dollars; quarantine just out against Tangiers and Tetuan,—Beef-boat stopped, &c. The Arab, grave in his haik and rhubarb papooshes, puts in each new difficulty like a sword thrust. Our arguments are run through and through. He is going over with the Spanish mails from Algeiras to Ceuta, at ten to-morrow. Our fare will be only the government fare of nine pence. We must get letters from the Spanish governor at Ceuta, and they will be the only passport necessary. We agree, and shake hands on the bargain, I and Fluker, the Pre-Raphaelite artist. The rest of the day is to be devoted to seeing the batteries. Our old friend Spanker goes with us, in truth as our Cicerone, and we mount sloping alleys from Waterport Street.

"I do hope you like Gib," says Spanker, with a tone of paternal concern, which is a amusing evidence of the way self-love appro-

priates all it approaches. "It need be strong, I tell you, for what with plotting refugees, run-away smugglers, escaped thieves, sham cigar-makers, and hostile and threatening garrison, it is a sad eye-sore to the Spaniards. It is a core of heresy in a Catholic country—a gathering point of rebellion, free port, a place where we offend their pride by stopping and opposing every custom they have but that of quarantine. I think they'd eat us without salt, if they dared, only yesterday, on the neutral ground, one of their wretched officers splashed me all over, on purpose, as he rode by; and then, when I cut him in the face with a back-handed blow of my whip—Scissors! what do you think he did?"

"Don't know."

"Drew his toasting-fork."

"And you?"

"Knocked him down, of course, and left him there, till the Spanish guard came up; with whom I put him in arrest, for insulting an English gentleman and officer."

"The Spaniards must like you very much, Spanker, if that sort of thing goes on often."

"O, they dote on us; but here we are at Willis's Battery. How hot it is. Shouldn't you like a sherry-cobler? I went into the King's Head as I came to you, but there was no one there but a pill (doctor), a porker (commissariat) a nabitant, two salamanders and a scorpion, so I would not have anything. I'll wait till mess, when you are gone, old fellow. Look out now at the batteries below. There is the Snake in the Grass, and the Devil's Tongue, and the Victoria, and the Orange Bastion,—ugly customers, all; aren't they, sergeant?"

The artillery-sergeant in the white jacket, dangling a tremendous bunch of keys from his finger, replied, "Yes," with an air of self-conviction, "we've got a matter of a thousand guns on this 'ere rock, when we chooses to mount 'em."

"Why sergeant, I thought there were more than that?" says Spanker.

"Well, sir," (military salute), "at a shift, we might pack on another five hundred. As it is, we could blow any fleet, Roossian or Proossian (they always go together), slap out of the water. There are more works sinking outside the old batteries. Let 'em come in a year or two, that's all? I say, let 'em come! They'll never take the rock, unless they drop soldiers on us out of the clouds."

We went up gravelled and sanded paths—twist and turn—blasted out between low walls of rock, those scorched grooves that looked like weevil-runs from the howitzer at the Club Hotel door in Commercial Square; from this high rock platform on the high poop-lantern of the rock facing the Spanish lines, I see the neutral ground dotted with the white anthills of English tents.

On we went, the patriotic Sergeant Tompion ceremoniously unlocking for us palli-

saded gates, and huge masses of padlocks that clamped up the Lazarus-tomb and cave-like mouths of the subterranean passages, the works of Boyd and Jones, Heathfield, Elliot and Don, or some of those brave men who have, here, for our England's sake, borne the burden and heat of the day on this burning and impregnable rock. On, past small open plots of ground outside the cellars, mines, or small Thames Tunnels, were on curious revolving frames, and with strange dial-face scales, and levels for elevation and depression, are the—I don't know how many pounders watching, in that blind and owlish way, the strip of sand below, and the green sea-purple, with drifts and bars of shadow, with their cyclop black eyes, after the manner of sentinel cannon in general.

This, the sergeant, assuming a Ciceronian or oratorical air, informs me (Spanker looking on as if he knew all about it, which he doesn't and billiard belling on a wall with his stick), was called Willis's Battery, from a deserter that, during the great seige, went over to the enemy, and of course, from his professional knowledge, being an artilleryman, he was sorry to say, knowing all angles and curves of fire, and all paths of shot and shell from and to the wide, loop-holes gun-ports, and terraces, raked and swept this quiet spot on which I then stood. He sent in a shot marked with his name, to let us know his revenge. The men could hardly be kept loading and sponging at the guns; and what was worse, added Tompion, digging his heel into the gravel, and clapping the biggest gun affectionately "the murdering villian was never captured." N.B. It is a curious fact, that non-commissioned officers, like lady's maids, like long words; a plain private gunner would have said "caught," but Sergeant Tompion preferred the more dignified word "captured." Fluker, lost in rapture at the glitter of the great sea below, studded with flocks of ships, stops here to make a note on his thumb-nail, as Hogarth used to, of the green veins in the inshore sea, which he foolishly compares in colour to veins of malachite. Spanker, not understanding the pictorial line of conversation, stops him by asking me what I would bet he would not come in first at the next Gib Races,—a broad bet I refused to take, though Crinoline is, I dare say, a very excellent horse, and three-quarters blood.

I cannot help, novice in the art of war that I am, trying to realise the old Drinkwater days, when fire must have rained, and blazed, and burst upon this spot of English ground (where the heath flower now blooms purple) on which I stand, looking towards Spain. What filing of bayonets there must have been, what quick signal beats of the drum, rolling along in scurrying echoes; what mournful processions of torn and bleeding men, carried down to their graves outside the gate; what a hurry of shirt-sleeved, bare-armed, powder-black men, with dirty lips

and bloody hands, through these long galleries, and across these battery terraces? It is almost ludicrous to look at these traversing carriages, and all the latest pedant foppery from Woolwich, in a time of peace. It must make one of those small invisible devils who frequent Gib brandy shops, to fan brawls, and urge to deserts, murders; and suicides, to take a cool walk up here and see the elaborate preparation by earth-worms of these fire tubes, to crush and smite other small creatures of the same species, who bear it, and think themselves heroes because they get twelve pence a-day and some garlic soup for that same Christian endurance.

Here Tompion stops me, just as I am plunging into another sloping tunnel, to show me across the Neutral Ground and Campo, the jagged brown rock that is called Queen Isabella's Chair merely because it is scooped out like a saddle. Then we look out towards Europa Point, where the lighthouse is like a white candle with a red wick, and nearer to Jumper's and Ragged Staff Battery. Gibraltar, the paradise of smugglers, monkeys, and partridges, lies before us, and now a cooler, fresher air, as if direct from blessed England, makes every brown cheek redder and cheerier; our steps grow firmer, faster and longer. We feel the home air, and are ourselves again.

Spanker is just beginning a long and not very clearly worked-out story (it requires a ground-plan to follow him) about how once, when he was on furlough from the West Indies, his vessel was waterlogged, and the regiment was taken on board a Rio Janeiro schooner, which had to put back to Madeira for quarantine, because a drummer-boy on aboard had died of fatigue at the pumps and consumption.

Tompion wants me to look well about, as this is generally considered a remarkably pretty spot, and has been taken in a "pot-tengraff." Spanker stops, and wants irrelevantly to know, if I'll go to the theatre tonight.

Tompion puts on an air of increased solemnity, which signifies that we have now got to something beyond the preface, something worth seeing. He flings open a gate, and we enter a new tunnel, something like the lower deck of a man-of-war, with embrasures cut like portholes at regular intervals.

They are each so many little alcoved rooms, with a gun-port cut out through the rock to command the lines, which appear small and burnt up below you. Tompion thinks it here necessary to become supremely professional. Spanker whispers "Devilish clever fellows all the artillery." Tompion squints along the gun as if it were a fowling-piece, and he was at the Red House going to kill a thousand pie-fulls of pigeons for a thousand half-crowns. He rubs off an imaginary rust spot on the breech with a handful of tow (which

looks like his own hair pulled out by the roots) shoves it right, and shoves it left, so that "the piece," traverses and enfilades either side of the Spanish Debateable Land, and ricketts it up and down with a sort of screw winch (I am not strong in science); and now from various holes and side-lockers of the alcove where the gun's food, furniture, and toilette traps are kept, draws out—just as a fisherman would fish from the well of a punt—different articles of shot and shell. Some in cases like large chocolate pots, some in bunches like grapes (fruit of Sodom, indeed) some like poker-knobs: but none so elaborate as the old Armada shot at the Tower, with the chains and saws that sprang out as they flew or struck. We asked him about the smoke in the embrasures, if it would suffocate the men or render aim impossible. Tompion, looking as if he was writing to the Times, says: "No, gentlemen, certainly not; except in special kinds of wind, when it would blow back on the gunners."

I could fancy Tompion presiding at a siege with old Heathfield and Elliot looking on in gold and scarlet. How soon he would know all the tricks of his gun, how he would chide and encourage his eight attendants, how dapperly he would apply his linstock, how they would cheer when a shot of theirs struck the head of a column, or when they struck down a pair of colours, or sent a powder-waggon up to heaven!

But we loiter—on we go, Tompion duce, I feeling incolumis with such a dux; upon which Spanker laughs uneasily, and a little forgetting his Horace says "Homer was a—fine fellow, and, I dare say, liked his tumbler." "Gentlemen, is that General O'Meara you discourse about?" says Tompion, wishing to come in; "as brave a soldier as ever gave the word of command. I had a brother served with him in New Orleans."

The clash of gates and some difficulty with a strict padlock, gives me opportunity to smile audibly. Spanker joins me in whispers, "Rum old card, isn't he?"

The roof of this tunnel still shows the marks of the pick and crow-bar's tooth, and even the chiselled groove black in the lip where the blasting-powder was rammed; now a turn takes us past files of more cannon leering through portholes into the crowning wonder of the rock, "Saint George's Hall."

It was smaller than I expected, and more of the chapel than the cathedral; but is still vast, grand, and wonderful, though my imaginations, which cost no great architectural labour in building, were vaster. It is a huge rock chamber, vaulted out of rock like a bandit's cave in a "bellow drama," or a sea king's home as never was in a sea-side poem. It has six port-holes on each side. When the guns are run out, it resembles nothing more than the gun-deck of Noah's ark. The broadside it gives in thunder is

rendered possible by the fact that the hall is scooped out in a sort of snout of the rock. "The Spaniards," says Spanker, showing his white teeth like a Skye terrier—which is his usual sign when he means to be funny—"say we chiselled the rock out of them: but all I know for certain is, that we chiselled this hall out of the rock." Tompion, as in duty bound, ceases to torment us before our time with a shot with a wooden bottom, and laughs "consumedly," as they say in the old "stap me vitals" comedies. This grim hall, where one would only expect to find Alonzo the Brave and the fair Imogene, is a favourite place for Gib garrison pic-nics; and while they talk about blood and powder here, make love, and besiege "that fort, men call a heart." On those rock steps, leading to the higher passage, the snowiest ball muslins sit and discuss cold fowl and the "effervescingest" champagne wine. Up that dark gallery, lovers sigh and wander, and get lost, enthusiastically found again; and, indeed, play all the newest variations on the old, old theme of Love.

Hark! as they say in tragical night scenes, just before the ghost enters, to the "wind at prayers." Is it not rare organ music, that grand piping the wind breathes through the flute-holes and arched embouchures that stare at each other for ever across the hall. What an anthem to England's dead and brave; what an unshaped pæan to her fame; what an unwritten and unwriteable chant in the wind language, unpronounceable, but awful, whether in rigging or vulgar chimney-pot! Ten thousand ducats could I but interpret it: one syllable of it, and I were a poet greater than O'Meara himself, or even the author of that fine epic, O'Ryan.

But Mr. Tompion waves his keys: and as is the cock-crow to the errant spirit, I must leave the wail of that sublime Niagara of melodies. I must never discover where that remarkable staircase winds up to, for I forgot to ask Spanker if it is a well or a ventilating shaft; and if I had, that most gifted of subs would be sure not to have known. As we screwed up, so we unscrewed ourselves back down the rock, Spanker to his underground bomb-proof quarters in the Emperor's Bastion, to dress for mess; and I to the Club House Hotel, to attire myself for the theatre.

The details of that "screamer" of an opera it will not be necessary for me to go into, it being the not unknown Trovatore, and the singers neither Mario nor Grisi: but this I will say, that the storm that broke over us during the second act was black as indigo, and that the great, swift sword-cuts of the lightning, stabs and probings of scorching fire, outshone the golden lamplight, and scared us with its turning the very stage fire to mere glow-worm pallor.

The grand way Spanker showed me home,

and intimidated challenging sentinels by roaring "OFFICER," which seemed a night talisman, I need not, as I am just packing up for Africa, stop any further to describe.

AT WORK IN THE DARK.

THERE is an obscure little brush, mat, and basket shop, in the Euston Road not very far east of Saint Pancras Church, which has outside its window an oil picture, representing blind men and women at work upon brushes, mats, and baskets. The shop is the repository of an institution. There is a young man who though sightless, walks without a guide about the streets of London, making punctual calls for orders, east and west, in city or in suburbs. He is town traveller for that shop in the Euston Road. There is a blind man who carries abroad heavy bundles of mats or bulky basket parcels. He is porter to the shop, and he walks great distances, faithfully trusting in the humane friendliness of strangers on the pavement, whom he asks for information about crossings, turnings, or the numbering of streets. There are scattered about London many little families dependent upon blind supporters, who have been saved from helpless pauperism or a life of beggary, and who are sustained by the aid given in that shop to their industry. Blind men and women, shiftless and poor, are taught the most profitable trades they can follow in the little work-rooms behind and above the shop. An active and most intelligent superintendent—himself blind—directs the enterprise, and gives his mind to the development of new outlets for the industry of workers without light. All the books printed in this country for the blind, on every system, with some from France and America, are formed into a library; which is to every poor blind man within reach of it, a free lending library, and is accessible to those who can afford to make return of help for help, at the cost of but a very small annual fee.

The whole enterprise has sprung out of the active benevolence of a blind lady, the daughter of a bishop. Not being herself in any but the bodily sense,

Shut up from outward light,
To incorporate with gloomy night,

this lady has chosen to devote much of her energy to the shedding of a light out of her own heart upon the path of some among the thirty thousand of her sightless countrymen and countrywomen.

There are nearly thirty thousand blind people among us; fourteen thousand of them belonging to the more helpless sex. Only four thousand of them are below the age of twenty; and, of the whole number, not, five in a hundred are in easy possession of the means of life. Tens live without labour, thousands are dependent for their daily bread on national or charitable sup-

port, if not upon the work of their own hands.

Outside the workhouse there are, in the United Kingdom, twenty-one institutions for the blind. That founded in Liverpool, sixty or seventy years ago, is the oldest of these. That of Saint George's, in London, is the largest, and the only one to which admission is entirely free. Altogether, they contain room for about twelve hundred persons; and, since the average time during which each person is maintained in one of them seems to be at least four years, the whole number of fresh admissions into such asylums must be about three hundred in every year. At this rate, it is impossible to suppose that more than one in seven of the blind people among us has been benefited by existing institutions, founded to supply some of their wants.

It is the design of most of these establishments to admit none but applicants under the age of twenty-one. These, when admitted, receive special education, and are taught certain trades and occupations, for which sight is not absolutely necessary. Basket-making, cocoa-mat making, fancy mat-weaving, sack-weaving, mattress-weaving, twine, line, and cord-spinning, hassock-making, knitting and crochet, by which they may earn some of their bread after they have gone out again into the world. The effort is an admirable one, and it is made, we believe, everywhere in a right spirit. But some of the occupations taught, especially the knitting and crochet often taught to girls, are remunerative to nobody, while others do not often prove sufficiently remunerative to the blind, because of an inevitable disadvantage under which blind workmen suffer.

Work done without help from the eyes of the mechanic, and of which the accuracy has to be tested at every step by the less rapid help of touch, must of necessity be done with a deliberation that cuts down almost to one-half the earnings possible from piece-work. The tool that is laid down has to be felt for when it is picked up again: there is no eyesight to tell the hand how it may dart upon it with immediate precision. Movements from place to place cannot be swift. Slow and sure is a law imposed upon the blind. The work of a beginner at mat-making has to be sold for less than the cost price of the material. Now the blind worker who has learnt his trade cannot receive for his work double pay, because the want of sight has caused him to spend double time over its execution.

There is another difficulty. The trades taught to the blind are very few in number, and these few are well stocked, as all callings of men are, with active and competing labourers. All the work of the hand in all the trades they learn, if they could have it all, would hardly feed the army of the blind among us. But they cannot have it all, or

even so much as a thousandth part of it. Having left a Blind Institution, the mat-maker or net-maker looks to the few friends he has, and they are active in endeavouring to procure him custom. Therefore he commonly begins by earning for himself a loaf or two of bread. But, in a little while, custom begins to lessen the activity of sympathy. The worker is left to his own efforts and resources, and he is in no position to be on the watch for the support of his own interests. He cannot jostle his sharp-eyed competitors in the great labour market, and he is soon pushed aside out of the crowd. He falls into want. He pledges or sells his tools. He comes to the workhouse, or makes, perhaps, some effort to live by playing an accordion in the streets. The next step downward is to simple beggary.

Against these difficulties Miss Gilbert, the benevolent foundress of the Institution in the Euston Road, especially desires to show how we may prudently contend. The entire control of her Institution is made over to a committee of influential and able men; and that there may be nothing to contract its sphere of usefulness, it is, by its formal title, said simply to be an Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind. No money is spent upon display. The blind lady who began this good work made her experiment for more than a year quietly and alone. She began her work in May of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four, and it was not until July in the year following that an appeal was made to the public for subscriptions with a view to the extension of its plan. Subscribers and friends of the enterprise met eighteen months afterwards to develop the small private association into the beginning of what is, we trust, hereafter to become a great public foundation, and decide upon its rules. The society has subsequently been supported by subscriptions and donations, certain contributions towards an endowment fund having been added to Miss Gilbert's own gift of two thousand pounds for the same purpose.

While there is no limit in extent or direction to the desire of this body, which is at present but a small one, to be helpful to the blind, there is a sound discretion exercised in the development of its resources. Its main effort is to be serviceable as a supplement to the established blind schools. It looks for the blind labourer in the day of distress, and teaches him a trade if he has learnt none, or if the trade learnt already chances to be one by which life cannot be supported; it makes also a just and kindly distribution of the work it can provide. How much or how little that may be, depends upon the number of the customers for mats, baskets, and brushes at the little shop to which we have already referred.

The shop is the point of contact between customers and the poor blind workman or

workwoman. It is not intended to be, and it cannot be entirely self-supporting. All articles sold in it are sold to private customers at the usual retail prices, and by wholesale with a liberal reduction to the trade; but the resulting profits are paid to the blind manufacturers without any deduction for the shopkeeper's profit, or even for the covering of shop expenses. Some of the necessary compensation is allowed in this way for the disadvantage blind workmen are under because of the necessary slowness of their labour. There is need, therefore, of endowment or subscription to maintain the little house which has been made, among other of its good uses, to serve as an exchange through which the blind man who works at his lodging may come into contact with the customer who buys in shops. At present, the receipts at this establishment are, we believe, thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds a-year. Of this sum about half is distributed as payment for labour only to blind mat-makers, and so forth, working at their homes. Of each sovereign paid for mats under this system a sum of about nine and fourpence goes to the blind workman for his labour, while to the basket-maker the proportion paid is about thirteen and fourpence in the sovereign.

An important part of the work of the Association consists in the teaching of trades to adults who, until so taught, have not the means of supporting themselves or their families. One constant labour of the blind superintendent, Mr. W. Hanks Levy, is also the discovery and introduction of new forms of industry by the adoption of which blind people can live, since it is absolutely necessary that there should be increase in the number and, if possible, improvement also in the character of their available resources. Mr. Levy has already added seven new and fairly profitable occupations to the number of trades open to the blind. He has made journeys into the provinces, and even one journey to Paris, for the discovery of improved methods of work in the old callings. Among the results of his exploration he has brought from France a plan of basket-making upon blocks, which ensures to the blind basket-maker great perfection in his work with an important saving of time.

The little Euston Road Exchange is a narrow shop, tapestried with cocoa-nut mats, and festooned with brooms, baskets, and basket-chairs. Brushes of all kinds are in cases and drawers; ornamental bead-work and leather-work is upon the counter; ornaments and blacking-brushes play at Beauty and the Beast together in the window. Behind the counter Mrs. Levy acts as shopwoman.

We ask for information, and are led by Mrs. Levy to her husband through a little room, with a long table in it, behind which there stands a row of blind men quietly

feeling a way to the support of their families, by skill and industry, as brush-makers or Bass broom-makers. Bass broom-making is one of the occupations lately pressed into the service of the blind. Up narrow stairs,—for the infant society is not wasting its means on costly premises,—we are led to a small room, at the door of which the blind superintendant meets us. He has all his wits about him, and with but a few touches, like those of a man walking in the dark, mounts difficult steps with promptness and decision; rounds the ends of tables; avoids chairs, and, on entering the work-room, in which blind women are taught, observes to us, “You see that there is one of these good women getting her tea ready.”

Certainly there was a blind woman at the fire, fearlessly pouring boiling water from the kettle into a small teapot. Whether the sound of pouring water or the smell of tea supplied the place of eyes we do not know. There was in this room much to suggest to us that, though a sunbeam quivered on the floor, the whole space was, except to the visitor, pitch dark. There was a company of busy women sitting or standing, one busily combining stamped leather with ornamental basket-work; one making bead toys; one modelling a bouquet-holder on a block; all variously engaged, but with eyes not directed to their work. Visited as they were by a stranger, though they were women, there was not among them one faint glance of women’s curiosity. Feminine eyes are commonly so busy, feminine hands are usually so decisive in their movements, that, in this work-room of blind women, the stranger must especially find darkness visible. It is, however, darkness without gloom. The women are all cheerfully at work. One or two of them have been very swift in running through their lessons. Others are battling steadily with difficulty. So it is with the men whom in another room, we observe safely working with edged tools, and, by the help of wooden guides, adjusting accurately the extent and smoothness of the cuts they have to make in the course of their brush-making.

Upon the shelves of the circulating library for the blind we find books printed in relief on six or seven systems.

The collection contains a body of instruction or amusement in one hundred and twenty volumes, which are being circulated among more than fifty readers. But to the workers in the house itself a wider range of literature has been opened by the kindness of two ladies, who find every week a little time for reading to the blind.

Upon a bookshelf in this library we observe a draught-board for the blind, with draughtmen and chess-men made for their especial use. On the board the black squares are raised; black chess-men are distinguished by small top-knots on their heads. There are

also two or three sets of contrivances for the assistance of blind writers. For those who could write before they lost their sight the simplest and best aid is a writing-pad cut on the surface into ridges. The pen runs along the depression corresponding to each line of manuscript, and makes the tails of letters upon the raised spaces above and below. Such a pad costs only two shillings, and answers better than more complex contrivances which cost, perhaps, two pounds. For blind writers who have all to learn there is a most ingenious little desk, which spreads before the writer a soft pad over which he can accurately and firmly fix a sheet of paper of a certain size. A narrow wooden ruler is then moved as a guide to the hand down a succession of equidistant holes into which it fits for indication of the lines, and six-and-twenty little wooden types, stamping each letter, as a capital, in pin-holes upon the paper, are in six-and-twenty little cells close to the writer’s hand. There are also the ten numeral figures. The writer then, if he has such a word as *Wife* to write, presses his *W* upon the paper close above the ruler, leaves it there till he has picked up his *I* and pressed it down close to the *W*; restores the *W* to its cell, leaving the *I* till he has pressed down the *F* beside it; then returns *I* to its cell, and leaves the *F* to guide him in the printing of his *E*. Of anything written or printed in this way, two or more copies can, of course, be produced at once; but the great advantage of the plan lies in the fact that it is blind writing in raised letters legible by the blind. The pin-holes emboss the surface of the paper, and the letter writer can himself, without any loss of privacy, run not an eye but a finger over what he has written, and make any addition or correction before sending it away. To collect and employ all such contrivances, even to establish, if possible, a museum for help in the education of the blind, is a part of the scheme which the conductors of the institution in the Euston Road hope to develop.

All substances of which the chief characteristics can be learned through the sense of touch, would be fit contributions to a Museum for the Blind. Stuffed beasts and birds, preserved insects, and vegetable productions, shells, specimens of various grains, minerals and manufactured articles,—nothing would be inappropriate that can be delicately handled without injury. Persons who are making collections in any department of physical science open to the intelligence of the blind, and who have specimens which they do not want, would do good by sending them as contributions to this projected museum. Mr. Levy will know what to do with them.

Musical talent is very common among the blind. The best means of developing this, and turning it to account, for the artistic ratification of others, as well as for the

maintenance of its possessor, is one of the points which the Association does not lose sight of. But as yet it cannot do much in special musical education; but it does a little. More time and more money will probably render it the means of becoming a blessing to blind musicians.

Returning, however, to the main purpose of the undertaking, the provision of some better means of livelihood to the poor blind mechanic, we have yet to show how far the business of the shop has hitherto been beneficial to the class that looks to it for help. At present, it is able to afford employment to fifty-six blind men and women. Twenty of these are supplied with regular work in their own homes, at sums varying from twelve shillings to eighteenpence a-week; twenty-one are taught and employed at the Society's repository, and fifteen are occasionally employed in their own homes or are engaged in selling goods for the Association. Some of these people have been withdrawn from beggary and destitution in the streets, and there are upon the books of the Association names of seventy-six persons—some of them now beggars—who desire nothing better than help to the means of earning their own bread by honest labour. To delay the giving of such help in so many cases is an unhappy necessity. Upon the amount of custom at the shop depends the amount of work to be distributed, and the distribution of it is made with the nicest regard to the relative condition of the persons helped. With many persons, regular work to the amount of only eighteenpence a week suffices to keep energy and hope alive, and to secure a bare subsistence to those who are able to get some occasional employment in the common labour-market. Sometimes there is a blind father with several blind sons, or a large family in deep distress, and for a season it is necessary that a larger amount of fixed income should be earned. Work to the amount of ten or twelve shillings a-week is then given by the Association, although, in an ordinary case, work to the amount of six shillings a-week must needs be accepted as a liberal allowance.

We pour out the last scraps from our small budget of information on this subject when we add, that at Plymouth, Canterbury, Hereford, Reading, Bexhill (near Hastings,) and Willingdon (near Eastbourne,) blind agents are employed in selling goods; that some of the new forms of industry first taught to the blind in the Euston Road have been wisely and readily adopted in some of the established Blind Schools: and that one of the little special hoards originated by some donors to this Association is for the establishment of a second shop at the West End to which more custom may flow, and by which more employment may be created for a class of people suffering from sore and obvious need of a sufficiency of work.

The last addition to the cares of the Association was the establishment of a lodging-house for blind workpeople, which at present only contains six or seven inmates, each of whom is lodged and fed for seven shillings a-week. It is noticeable that while the necessary slowness of their work curtails the earnings of the blind, it is not easy for them to live as cheaply as they might if they could see their own way as housekeepers. There is such a thing on earth as a blind woman who can make and boil a famous apple pudding; but as a rule, blind housekeepers are very limited in their resources, and must find it difficult to make the best of small means in providing for themselves their daily food, in mending of clothes, and in the working out of many small details of necessary thrift.

A WARNING.

PLACE your hands in mine, dear,
With their rose-leaf touch :
If you heed my warning,
It will spare you much.

Ah ! with just such smiling,
Unbelieving eyes,
Years ago I heard it :
You shall be more wise.

You have one great treasure,
Joy for all your life ;
Do not let it perish
In one reckless strife.

Do not venture all, child,
In one frail, weak heart ;
So, through any shipwreck,
You may save a part.

Where your soul is tempted
Most to trust your fate,
There, with double caution
Linger, fear, and wait.

Measure all you give—still
Counting what you take ;
Love for love : so placing
Each an equal stake.

Treasure love ; though ready
Still to live without.
In your fondest trust, keep
Just one thread of doubt

Build on no to-morrow ;
Love has but to-day ;
If the links seem slackening,
Cut the bond away.

Trust no prayer nor promise ;
Words are grains of sand :
Keep your heart unbroken,
Safely in your hand.

That your love may finish
Calm as it began,
Learn this lesson better,
Dear, than I have done.

Years hence, perhaps, this warning
 You shall give again,
 In just the self-same words, dear,
 And—just as much in vain.

THE LAGGING EASTER.

THERE may be nothing either new or profound in the present paper; and yet, nine people out of ten are unable to give an answer to, much less a clear account of, the question: Why does Lent happen this year later than it has happened since eighteen hundred and eleven?

To solve the problem, we are launched into the midst of the Almanac; the meanings of whose terms are not always easily understood. Perhaps, instead of the Almanac we ought to have said the Calendar; because the calendar gives the dates, conventional or natural, of the days of the year, with indications of the weeks and months. Calendar is derived from the Latin word *Calendæ*, the first day of every month; the Roman month being divided into three unequal periods, called *calends*, *ides*, and *nones*. The Greek almanac had no *Calends* belonging to it; hence, to defer anything to the Greek *Calends* was a proverbial phrase for putting it off till "to-morrow come-never." A calendar is thus a record of special times, comprising also, more or less fully, the means employed for their calculation, and for the measurement of time in general. And this brings us to wish for and to search after some approximate notion or definition of time. What is time?

Time is only motion translated into another language. There are tables for converting time into arc or space. Time is measured by motion, and motion by time; a mutual comparison of the two gives us the respective value of each. A clock is one or more hands in regulated motion round a dial-plate; an hour-glass is sand in uniform motion through a narrow hole into a transparent receptacle; a sun-dial derives its utility from a shadow moving from side to side. The motions of all the heavenly bodies are the foundation of all measurement of time. If all the heavenly bodies stood perfectly still and fixed, without any revolution whatsoever, either in orbits or on axes, it is difficult to imagine how any cognisance could be taken of measured time, even supposing inhabited worlds to exist as at present.

Time with us is measured by years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, seconds, and fractions of seconds. At first hearing, it seems like an impertinence to tell this; but the fact is not so simple as it sounds. There are different sorts of years, of months, and of days, which require considerable nicety of observation to distinguish, and considerable clearness of head to reconcile and dovetail together exactly; because all measures of time must, in the long run, be exactly commensurate at their grand starting-points

and their termini; otherwise, chronology falls into error, which gets worse and worse the longer it continues. There are even metaphysical men who hold that time (as is often supposed of matter) is infinitely divisible, and that a quarter of a second is really capable of as minute subdivision as we usually acknowledge a century to be. As an illustration: We may pass through a long and troubled life in the course of a single half-hour's feverish dream; on the other hand, a long night's rest, if sound and undisturbed, appears to consist of no more than an instant between sleeping and waking. Time, as far as any individual is concerned, is the trace which a succession of events leaves upon his memory.

To show that it is not all plain-sailing across the bosom of Time, let us put the question, "What is a day?" Some one will tell you at once, "It is day when it is light, and it is night when it is dark. A day is the interval between sunrise and sunset." There is no great difficulty in accepting the definition so long as we live in a latitude where the day and the night together make up twenty-four hours; the shortness of the one compensating for the length of the other, without any upsetting of the grand landmarks of noon and midnight. But travel northwards, in summer till you reach the midnight sun, and thence proceed in the same direction, and you will have a day of one month, two months, three months long, until, if you could reach the pole, you would have but one night and one day in the year; each of six months' duration. Those days will not do for every-day wear.

To avoid this inconvenience, it is agreed that the day of common life shall be the interval of time between two successive passages of the sun over the same meridian. But a meridian? Listen. The earth is a melon of the ribbed variety; only the ribs, called meridians, are infinitely narrower and more numerous than on any variety of melon known. Where the blossom once grew, is the north pole; where the stalk was attached is the south pole; and of course the ribs run from pole to pole. Stick a spit through your melon, in at one pole and out at the other, and you have in the shape of solid iron, the imaginary line which is called the earth's axis. Put the melon to roast at a considerable distance before a kitchen fire, set the jack a-going steadily, and (if the spit were a little inclined to the fire obliquely, instead of being placed straight and horizontally before it) you would have a correct image of the way in which every portion of the earth's surface is successively exposed to sunshine. The moment when any rib is exactly opposite to the fire, is the moment when the sun crosses that meridian. But the earth travels round the sun, and that makes a difference in the time of the presentation of the rib to the fire—that is, different to what

it would be if the earth stood quite still, always remaining in one place as the melon does. Moreover, the earth's orbit is not exactly circular, but elliptical or oval; and that causes a difference in the intervals of time between the successive presentations of the same meridian to the sun. And so astronomers have contrived a fictitious day, regulated by the apparent movement of a fictitious sun, by which all days are regulated to be twenty-four hours long alike. There is therefore real or natural time, and mean or artificial time. The first is ascertained by observations of the sun; the second is known either by adding to, or subtracting from, real time certain numbers that are given in tables adapted to every day in the year, or by merely looking at a good chronometer. The better the clock and the better the sun-dial, the more certain will be their disagreement at particular well-known times of the year. Indeed, they agree only four times in the year. The amount needed to reconcile them, is what is called the equation of time, and is often printed in almanacs for the million as *Clock before Sun*, or *Sun before Clock*, as the case may be. Note well, therefore, that, in consequence of the earth's revolution round the sun, a day is not the return of the same rib or meridian to exactly the same relative point. It would be so if the earth stood still, like the melon before the fire; but, in consequence of her advance in her orbit, the completion of an entire revolution on her axis does not precisely coincide with the presentation of the same meridian to the sun.

The lapse of time occupied by a complete revolution of the earth on her axis (which coincides with the passage of the same fixed star across the same meridian, because the fixed stars are at such enormous distances from us that the earth's diameter and even the diameter of the earth's orbit are as nothing, and insensible, in comparison) is called a sidereal day, from *siderealis*, belonging to stars. The sidereal day is a most valuable unity of time, for it never varies from century to century, and is the same from whatever spot on earth it is observed. The sidereal day, which is the time of apparent revolution of the celestial sphere, is a trifle shorter than the mean solar day, consisting of only twenty-three hours, odd minutes, and seconds, of mean solar time. In fact the earth clearly cheats herself out of a day by the performance of her journey round the sun: if she stood still with reference to the sun, as she virtually stands still with reference to the fixed stars, she would have one sunrise more than she has under actual circumstances. From the comparative shortness of the sidereal day, it follows that the same star may cross the same meridian in the same solar day—which will happen to the Pole-star on the seventh of April next.

Our day called the civil day, begins at midnight, or at the sun's passage across the

lower or opposite meridian to our own. The astronomical day, adopted by modern men of science, begins at noon; twelve hours after the civil day. The ecclesiastical day, regulating religious observances, agrees in its commencement with the civil day. When Hannah More brought about the closing of the opera at twelve o'clock on Saturday nights, her scruples were guided by the civil not the astronomical day. A strict and rigid astronomer would have unhesitatingly allowed the ballet-dancers to continue their evolutions until broad daylight. The above considerations suggest the thought that it is not quite so easy as is generally supposed to say *Good morning* precisely at the right moment.

All these points are precise, and can be clearly laid down and comprehended by the exertion of a little attention; unfortunately, such is not the case with our *Moveable Feasts*, which are what they are, dependent on a sliding scale, in consequence of the deficiency of historic facts. There would have been no *Moveable Feasts* in our calendar, if the day on which Easter ought to fall had been accurately known. The Church never knew the exact date of the death of Jesus Christ; only, there existed a tradition according to which, the Resurrection took place shortly after the vernal equinox and after a full moon. In the year three hundred and twenty-five, when the Council of Nicaea assembled to regulate the constitution of Christian worship, it had to fix the epochs of the celebration of the feasts—amongst which Easter, that is to say the anniversary of the Resurrection of Christ—was the principal, and the one on which depended the return of several other first-class feasts, such as the Ascension, Whitsuntide, Trinity Sunday, and the rest; for the true dates of the Ascension and of Pentecost were no better ascertained than that of Easter.

Christian tradition held that the first took place forty days, and the second fifty days, after Easter. It was therefore of great importance that the fathers of the Council should carefully regulate the date of this latter feast, because it must be followed forty days afterwards by Pentecost. They were thus obliged to fix the date of Easter, for which they had no date; and, at that epoch, they were in possession of no means of accurately calculating the movements of the heavenly bodies. Moreover, the astronomical facts which tradition was able to supply, were too vague to serve as a basis for the solution of the problem. In the impossibility of overcoming the difficulty, they evaded it; and determined that, "Every year, the Feast of Easter should be celebrated on the Sunday which follows the day of the first full moon, happening after the twentieth of March." Nevertheless, Clavius acknowledges that, in fifteen hundred and eighty-two, the Church might have exercised the right of depriving

Easter of its variable character, and of fixing it invariably, on the first Sunday in April, for instance. As it is, in consequence of the rule in force, it results that this first full moon can never happen before the twenty-first of March, nor the Feast of Easter before the twenty-second. Our century has as yet offered only a single example of Easter's happening the first day after the March full moon, which was in eighteen hundred and eighteen, when Easter fell on the twenty-second of March.

The other limit—the latest date at which this same feast can possibly be celebrated, is the twenty-fifth of April. In fact, if the full moon happens on the twentieth of March, it will not be the Paschal moon; the proper Paschal moon will shine on the eighteenth of April; and, if that day turns out to be a Sunday, Easter cannot be celebrated till the Sunday following, the twenty-fifth of April. As instances of the two extremes, the Feast of Easter occurred on the twenty-second of March, in fifteen hundred and ninety-eight, in sixteen hundred and ninety-three, in seventeen hundred and sixty-one, in eighteen hundred and eighteen, and will occur in two thousand two hundred and eighty-five. It has fallen on the twenty-fifth of April, in sixteen hundred and sixty-six, in seventeen hundred and thirty-four, and will so fall again in eighteen hundred and eighty-six, in nineteen hundred and forty-three, in two thousand and thirty-eight, and in two thousand one hundred and ninety, which is quite long enough for us to look forward to. From the twenty-second of March to the twenty-fifth of April, both inclusive, there are five-and-thirty days. Easter therefore can occupy five-and-thirty different places in the calendar.

This present lagging Easter, happening on the twenty-fifth of April, is quite an exceptional case; nor is the extreme limit often nearly approached. In eighteen hundred and fifty-one, Easter fell on the twentieth of April; in eighteen hundred and ten, in eighteen hundred and thirty-one, and in eighteen hundred and thirty-two, on the twenty-second; in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, it did not come till the twenty-third. In eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, the current year, Easter will not happen till the twenty-fourth of April. The reason is this: We have seen that, according to the rule of the Council of Niceæ, Easter ought to be celebrated on the Sunday which follows the day of the first full moon happening after the twentieth of March. Now, in eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, the moon is full two days before the twentieth of March, namely, on the eighteenth; it is therefore on the Sunday after the following full moon that the Feast of Easter ought to be celebrated. This new full moon will happen on the seventeenth of April. But as that very day is precisely a Sunday, the celebration of Easter must be

put off till the following Sunday, April the twenty-fourth.

The persons who originally adopted the rule by which Easter Day is fixed, held notions respecting the movements of the sun and moon which have not been confirmed by subsequent observations: nevertheless, the Paschal moon is still determined according to these preconceived ideas, by making use of periods which you will hear about shortly, regulated by the Golden Number, the Epact, and other contrivances. This Paschal moon, this conventional satellite, may arrive at the full a day or two before or after the real moon or the mean astronomical moon, which has given rise to frequent complaints on the part of the public, who are not generally aware that Easter is regulated by a fictitious, imaginary moon, and not by the real moon which shines in the heavens. On this account the vulgar are apt to charge with ignorance, or at least with inattention, the astronomers who stupidly make them celebrate Easter a month too late, as the testimony of their own eyesight informs them to be the case. Nevertheless, astronomers are not in the least responsible for such errors, or rather for such irregularities. Thus, in seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, although Easter ought to have been kept on Sunday the first of April, according to the actual state of the moon, it was not celebrated till the Sunday afterwards. A similar instance occurred in eighteen hundred and eighteen. If the visible moon had been consulted, she would have ordered the celebration of Easter on the twenty-ninth of March; the festival was observed on the twenty-second instead, in obedience to the fictitious moon. The theoretical time when the real moon is a new moon, depends on astronomical tables which are continually brought nearer and nearer to perfection; the epoch of the celebration of Easter would not by this method be determined beforehand with certainty; the correction of an error of half a minute of time might cause the festival to be deferred for a week. This inconvenience completely justifies the choice of what is called an ecclesiastical moon for the regulation of religious rites. To these peremptory reasons may be added another, which can scarcely be allowed to have equal value. According to Clavius, the idea is not to be entertained of regulating Easter by the real moon; because, as he wisely remarks, the festival would, in that case, be held at the same time with the Easter of the Jews, which would be highly improper, nay indecent.

And now for the practical application of the rules of ecclesiastical astronomy. In the year four hundred and three before the Christian era, the Greek astronomer, Meton, discovered that at the end of nineteen lunar years, comprising two hundred and thirty-five lunations, the same phases of the moon, recur at the same epochs, because the sun and the

moon are again, in reference to the earth, at the same points of the heavens as they were nineteen years before. This period of nineteen years was called the cycle of Meton. The Greeks, who received this information with enthusiasm, wrote it in letters of gold on tables which were placed in their temples, whence the denomination of Golden Numbers. The Golden Number, or Prime of our Prayer-book, also called the Cycle of the Moon, which retains its place in the Calendar, indicates the number of the order of each and every year in the lunar cycle of nineteen years. Now, the present lunar cycle having commenced on the first of January, eighteen hundred and forty-three, to conclude on the first of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, it follows that we are in the seventeenth year of this cycle; that is to say, the Golden Number for eighteen hundred and fifty-nine is seventeen.

The Epact of any year (derived from *epaktos*, adventitious, something appended) is the number which gives the age of the moon on the first of January of that particular year; it indicates how many days must be added to the lunar year, in order to make it finish at the same time as the solar year. A lunation being twenty-nine days and a-half, twelve lunations make only three hundred and fifty-four days. If we suppose the solar, civil, or legal year to be exactly three hundred and sixty-five days, it will follow that the lunar year is eleven days shorter than the solar year. It hence results that if the moon is new at the commencement of any given year, the Epact will be eleven the year following, and twenty-two the third year. For the Fourth year, the Epact should be thirty-three; but as thirty-three days are equal to the duration of a lunation plus three days (in round numbers), thirty days are suppressed for this lunation, and there remains three for the figure of the Epact for the fourth year. Consequently, the Epact increases by eleven days every year, until it has exceeded twenty-nine, the number of days in the lunar month. On the first of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, the number of the Epact was four; by adding eleven to this number, we had fifteen for the Epact of eighteen hundred and fifty-eight; by adding eleven to this latter figure, we have twenty-six, which is the number of the Epact for the present year. It informs us that we must add twenty-six days to the lunar year of eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, in order to make it conclude at the same time as the solar year, or, in other words, that on the first of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, the moon had reached the twenty-sixth day of her age.

The Dominical Letter (which indicates the Sunday) was invented for the use of the perpetual calendars when they were originally annexed to Roman Catholic prayer-books. The ordinary year equals fifty-two weeks plus

one day. The name of the day on which it begins is also the name of the day on which it concludes: thus, the year eighteen hundred and fifty-eight began on a Friday and ended with a Friday; and, consequently, the tenth of June of one year, for instance, bears the same name as the ninth of June of the following year. Such facts as these induced the possibility of constructing a perpetual calendar. To effect this (see the tables in the Church Prayer-book) it is necessary to substitute for the names of the days of the week the seven letters A, B, C, D, E, F, and G, written in their proper order periodically in succession opposite to the respective dates of the days of the year. If it happen, as in eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, for example, that the year commences by a Saturday, that day is designated by A throughout the whole year; the Sunday by B; the Monday by C; and so on. The letter which marks the Sunday throughout the year, is that which is called the Dominical Letter from *Dominica Dies*, the Lord's Day. For the current year it is B, as we have just seen. This letter changes every year, and goes back one step, because there is, in ordinary years, one day more than fifty-two weeks. In bissextile years February has twenty-nine days instead of twenty-eight, as in ordinary years; it follows that, in those years, there ought to be two Dominical Letters, one for January and February, and another (the next which precedes in alphabetical order) for the ten following months. Thus in the bissextile year eighteen hundred and fifty-six (the last we had) the two Dominical Letters were F and E; the letter F marked the Sundays of January and February, and E those of the other months, from the first of March to the thirty-first of December. As the Dominical Letter goes back one step every ordinary year, D marked the Sundays of eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, C those of eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, and B marks those of eighteen hundred and fifty-nine. Next year, eighteen hundred and sixty, is leap-year again; therefore A will be the Dominical Letter till the twenty-ninth of February, and G that for the rest of the year.

After a complete period of seven bissextile years, or twenty-eight years in all, the days of the week again recur in the same order corresponding with the days of the month; and consequently the Dominical Letters are periodically reproduced. This period of 28 years is what is called the Solar Cycle or Cycle of the Sun, although it is in no wise calculated from any real or apparent motion of the sun. The number of the order of any year in the Solar Cycle being given, its Dominical Letter is learned by referring to the year of the same order in the table of the twenty-eight years, of any preceding cycle. The Solar Cycle is made to set out from the year nine before the Christian era. In order to find the date of the cycle for any year, it

suftices to add nine to its anno domini, and divide the sum by twenty-eight. Thus, for eighteen hundred and fifty-nine; to it add nine, which makes eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, which, divided by twenty-eight, gives a quotient of sixty-six with a remainder of twenty; whence it follows that eighteen hundred and fifty-nine is the twentieth year of the sixty seventh Solar Cycle.

The Roman Indiction is still admitted into the calendar. It is a cycle of fifteen years, which has nothing to do with astronomy, but which has reference to a mode of tax-gathering in the time of the Roman Emperors, not anterior to Constantine. To find it, add three to the anno domini, and divide the sum by fifteen; the remainder is the number of the order of the year in this cycle. When there is no remainder, fifteen is taken as the number of order required. Thus, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, plus three, divided by fifteen, gives a quotient of one hundred and twenty-four, with two for remainder. Whence it follows that eighteen hundred and fifty-nine is the second year of the hundred and twenty-fifth cycle of the Roman Indiction.

Not only has ecclesiastical chronology its acknowledged conventional errors and inaccuracies, but there are several paradoxical circumstances connected with Time, as measured by the real motions of the earth and the apparent motions of the sun. Yet there is scarcely any other way of measuring it, for popular and daily use, except by taking those motions as a metrical basis, at least approximately. The measurement of the diurnal interval so important an item in all forms of recorded annals, is not carried out in practice by a fixed and absolute rule, although it may be astronomically and within the walls of observatories. If you make a journey round the world in the direction of it from east to west (that is, from England to America and thence to China), when you get back to your starting-point, you will have had one day less than if you had stayed at home; the date of your arrival will be, according to your own reckoning, the last day, perhaps, of this month, instead of the first day of next month as calculated by gentlemen who sit at home at ease. The reason is plainly analogous to that which causes the difference between the solar and the sidereal day; as you have followed the apparent course of the sun, your tour has cheated you out of the occurrence of one sunrise. On the other hand, if you circumnavigate from west to east, calling upon Asia first and afterwards on America, you will have enjoyed one day more than your stay-at-home brethren; for you will have had the spectacle of one more sunrise, in return for your politeness in going to meet the sun. Supposing you to run round the globe in a year exactly, in neither case would your days coincide with the days of the redentary Britisher who, except in

leap-year, would count three hundred and sixty-five days and nights; in the one case yours would consist of three hundred and sixty-four, and in the other of three hundred and sixty-six.

Hours and the time of day are also changed by our change of place, if we change our longitude; that is, if we traverse the world's length (which is the meaning of the word longitude) as we see it in maps on Mercator's projection, travelling along it from east to west or from west to east. But if we travel up and down it in a straight line, along the same meridian or melon-rib from north to south or from south to north, we do not change the time of day; but we do change the season of the year if we cross the equatorial line. Thus, on the very same meridian, it may be noon in the very height of summer in the northern hemisphere, while it is noon in the depth of winter in the southern. But the moment we excursionise across the map from side to side instead of from top to bottom, we come to a different time of day. Thus, if we frisk by railway from Norfolk to Wales, at every mile, at every furlong that we proceed westwards, there is really and truly a different "What o'clock?" although for convenience sake and uniformity of business, we may agree to regulate our watches by railway time, Saint Paul's time, or any other cathedral time. In travelling rapidly long distances in longitude (as from England to America or from Paris to the Crimea), the difference of the time of day, as shown by the sun and the chronometer respectively, soon becomes very striking. Morning and afternoon are speedily confounded: evening and night make serious inroads upon each other's territories. All this of course is merely relative. At the same moment of astronomical time, it may be to-day in England and to-morrow in Asia or yesterday in America.

The Julian Period, another mystical item found on the opening page of most almanacs, is an ingenious chronological invention of Joseph Scaliger's. It is so styled on account of being exclusively composed of Julian years (that is, years as defined by Julius Cæsar), and not in compliment to the inventor's father, whose christian name was Julius. The duration of the Julian Period is seven thousand nine hundred and eighty years. This number was purposely selected, because it is the product of fifteen multiplied by nineteen multiplied by twenty-eight, which numbers are the respective durations of the Cycles of the Indiction, of the Golden Numbers, and of the Sun. After having fixed on the length of his period (the object of which is to correct and compare chronological errors and discrepancies) the next point was to determine the date from which it should commence. In this he made a most judicious and laudable selection. He went back from cycle to cycle till he found a year which was

the simultaneous commencement of the three respective cycles. This desirable epoch turned out to be the year four thousand seven hundred and thirteen before Christ. To know with what year of the Julian Period any given year corresponds, add its A.D. to, or subtract its B.C. from, four thousand seven hundred and thirteen. The current year is therefore the year six thousand five hundred and seventy-two of the Julian Period. Scaliger's Cycle, as it ought to be called, is capable of rendering great service, by permitting the immediate verification of any date which is indicated merely by its place in each of the three periods which compose the Julian Cycle. And besides, as it meets with no interruption or break at the Christian era, it serves to determine exactly the relative positions of events which happened either before or after the birth of Christ. Scaliger's Cycle was adopted by Kepler.

THIRD STATEMENT OF REVEREND ALFRED HOBLUSH.

It is not improbable, on the whole, that the all-wise dispensation which introduced the gentler portion of our species to earth, had perhaps, for its aim, the purification—by fire, as it were, and bitter trials—of the nobler half; so that, if man's life is to be a continual warfare upon earth, the other sex is to be his enemy in the field always combatant.

The gentleman who once remarked to Mr. Miller that woman was an abbreviation of wo to man, must have been a person of profound wisdom; though, perhaps, possessed of but feeble powers of humour, and unconsciously uttering a great truth. That these are the unpleasing instruments alluded to by the poet, which gods are in the habit of turning into whips for our correction; in short, that the sex was a mistake from the beginning,—a bitter solecism, a sad accident. These were the reflections turned over and over again in the mind of a wretched prisoner, into whose soul the iron had entered. Clad in flame-coloured san-benito, and grovelling in a dimly lighted dungeon, he lay consumed by his own reflections.

The prisoner into whose soul the cold metal had entered, was the person known as the Reverend Alfred Hoblush. The san-benito was a rug of bright tints wrapped closely about his lower limbs, and the dimly lighted dungeon, a first-class compartment of a railway-carriage, lined with the blue cloth of the usual pattern, Dover bound.

I (it is the Reverend Alfred Hoblush who now speaks) had received a shock in a late transaction, which it will be long before I shall get over.* It may be for years, and it may be for ever, as it was in the instance of the unlucky admirers of one Kathleen. I had placed confidence in two parties who had

basely taken advantage of that honest trust. I had laid bare my young heart unsuspectingly to designing females. I was now journeying into a foreign land to end my days; perhaps, eventually, to join the strictest order of brethren that could be found. I should, most likely, have intense satisfaction in digging up a small portion of my own place of internment each day, with a neat garden-spade. The stranger will read the simple description that Brother Alfred lies below, and never think of Hoblush whilome Curate of Saint Stylites. Those intriguers! they alone should hear of this early demise in the midst of some scene of riotous festivity. It should dash the cup from their lips and poison the flowing bowl. (By the flowing bowl allusion is made to the weak dilution of the tea those spinsters indulged in.)

There were two other prisoners in that blue-cushioned dungeon. The elder was seemingly a person advanced in years; at that stage of life, when age begins to be honourable, and human flesh an inconvenient burden. When, too, indifference to personal appearance is exemplified in open manifestation of flannels about the head in presence of a mixed company. During the whole of that journey he made no sign; nor so much as withdrew his face from his flannels for a single instant, being given up in a brutish manner to slumber. He came out of Fogiedom, doubtless. His companion—who, from a certain easy and familiar bearing I suspected owed to him the blessing of existence—was a youth of unprepossessing appearance, gaunt and bony, with his throat, as it appeared to me, unnecessarily exposed. He was very restless and uneasy all the journey. He sighed frequently; and once I surprised him while looking intently at a sort of amulet or locket which he took from a secret part of his dress. I smiled a bitter smile. This poor youth was labouring under some such delusion as I had been awakened from. He was on the edge of the fatal plate laid in the sun and spread with sticky mixture, for the attraction of foolish insects. I almost laughed aloud as he took out a document and stared at it with idiotic longing.

From time to time he turned to me with interest; doubtless yearning to unbosom himself to one of his kind. A rich notion. Before long we spoke; Was I going to Folkstone? I was. Going to cross? I was. Going on? Yes.

They—that is, he and the governor, here—were for Sulphur-les-Bains. I started; it was my destination also. There was functional derangement somewhere, and Doctor Socrates Pillson, F.R.S., had bidden me drink the waters, and read his book, too—the well-known Canter through the Chalybeates.

The Byronic youth and I became friends very soon. He was presently laying his heart bare to me, and I had told him my sad history. We mingled our tears to rich

diapason music from the stertorous parent. He was attached—deeply, desperately, suicidically, to Emilia Matilda Mildboy. He had known and loved her long: two months and six days.

But when did true love ever run smoothly over the stones? Alfred Hoblush could, alas! speak to the ill-paving of that highway; and the youth, now drawing close, proceeded to pour out his whole soul. Confidentially, then, I was to see the obese person who was so given up to sleep in the corner, was the governor or parent of the youth; and that relation was the chief macadamitic obstacle which so impeded the present progress of the lovers. Emilia Matilda Mildboy was, unhappily, penniless: a second terrible paving-stone, while Augustus was heir to an opulent and retired merchant, possessed of fabulous moneys; not in the funds, but lent on substantial mortgages to noble persons. Who have not heard of Twist, Whelpers, and Company?

Twist, the elder, was on the right, sound asleep, and his dreams were as likely to be on that one subject of mating his Augustus with some noble family with whom his moneys lay out on mortgage. There was even talk of using a round little instrument (known as a shilling) for cutting "off" the youth, should he prove disinclined to follow out these views. Twist, senior, was to be kept dark in the matter of Emilia Matilda.

That was her hair; beautiful, soft, wavy. That was her writing; delicate, airy, that might have been traced by the antennæ of a female fly. Gently, and with the manner of a parent, I warned the youth. I recounted my own sufferings, and bade him be wary.

On the deck of the packet I spoke with Mr. Twist, senior. He was affable, but taciturn; always looking at things in a pecuniary view. He, perhaps, held to that pleasant conceit of Lord Bacon, that silence is golden, and was therefore to be esteemed a better article than speech, which the same authority in his curious dialect merely calls silvern. We were soon on a familiar and agreeable footing. In his care, too, some of the exquisite machinery of the human frame had got astray—some valve or cog-wheel. I saw him look at me with a growing interest as I detailed symptoms nearly corresponding to his own. It came out presently that he, too, had been with Socrates Pillson, F.R.S., had been recommended his book, a Canter round the Chalybeates. I had been told to drink copiously at Sulphur-les-Bains. With glistering eyes the aged invalid heard the strange coincidence; and, from that moment, I could see began to look on me with affection.

I could have listened long to his diverting sallies, chiefly relating to Therapeutics, only a strange expression of agony in my countenance warned him to desist. I had to retire below, precipitately, and was seen no more.

At Sulphur-les-Bains we both went to the hostelry which is under the sign of the Great King. I knew not to what royalty, living or dead, there was made covert allusion. It was sufficient that he kept an excellent table and entertained persons of the highest quality. With the bright aspect of the place, the spirits of the bamboozled clerk began to revive sensibly, to be damped only as quickly when on going forth into the public thoroughfares and gardens he found them flooded with the fairest of his own countrywomen. Where'er he went, whatever realms he saw, he was met by sisters—sisters always in pairs—sisters in a sort of uniform, of hat and feather and light cloak, tripping it along; they were to be found on the steep but well shaded, acclivity that overhangs the city; or else bestowed in a secluded corner of the house, called Cure Hall, each fitted with a neat French Novelette—these sisters!

He was tempted to fly again; but, instead, fortified himself with the strong defences of a misogynist: would become a hater of the sex, hats and all: would scowl on them defiantly when meeting them, and would always speak in a manner modelled on that of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D. In what order the gruff surly treatment of that great good man, kept the race of Thrales and other ladies, the world well knows.

As a preliminary, I went straight to Doctor Katzer, the well-known physician of the place, who had written an analysis of the waters, which proved their efficacy for every complaint the human family is liable to. When therefore I stated my peculiar symptoms to Doctor Katzer, he found matters so much disorganized, as to affirm that the Reverend Alfred Hoblush was in a really critical way, and that the delay of a single day more would have been fatal. In the springs lay the only hope. "You will drink," said skilful Katzer, "one tumbler in the morning then walk for ten minutes,—then another tumbler; then walk for ten minutes more. A third, a fourth, and a fifth tumbler will greatly conduce to the toning of your shattered constitution. Periodically, in the course of the day when passing carelessly you will turn aside and drink. You will get to love it. Five francs, if you please. I will call on you every day during your stay in our little town. Good morning!"

Early next morning, when the sun was shining, and there was a little breath of frost abroad (for it was late in the season) I went forth to imbibe the first virgin draught. I had invested moneys in a beautiful crimson goblet, with all the places of interest engraved round the sides; and, with a sort of nervous feeling at my heart, drew near to where the healthful waters gushed forth. Crowds were gathered about the two young persons who were busy dispensing the unpalatable drink. There was musical clinking of melodious glass goblets, and chattering of tongues. I

heard a voice beside me that sounded familiar. It was the voice of Twist, the younger, my companion of last night. He was getting a Bohemian goblet filled for some one, and brought it presently to a tall young person in the favorite hat of the period. They whispered together in a mysterious manner. She was evidently not devoid of personal charms. He espied me in an instant, and came over to wring me cordially by the hand.

"Did you see?" said the infatuated youth, "is she not a queen, an empress? She is gone, now, to walk with her parents. That is Major Mildboy, with the grizzly moustache. A most distinguished person, I can assure you; resident here for many years; most useful for you to know. Mrs. Mildboy is with him. But, mum," added the youth mysteriously, "they know nothing of what is going on: not a syllable. A high-souled veteran and of the nicest honour!"

It was impossible not to feel interested in the simple enthusiasm of this honest young lover. Had I not loved, myself: and was I to chill, with cold sneers, this generous candour? I dismissed the cold sneer, and gave the youth a pleasing smile instead.

"Is she not fit mate for the highest in the land?" said he.

"She might have walked for Dian's own portrait," I replied, drawn insensibly into the boy's enthusiasm.

She was certainly tall; indeed, about the tallest person of her age and sex I recollect meeting in the short span of my existence. It seemed to me that I never saw so surprising a length of limb. They were approaching as he spoke; and I noticed the worn, grizzled aspect of the veteran who had fought in many fields. There was an inexpressible attraction in this worn look of a gallant defender of a country.

"You must be introduced to them," whispered young Twist, in agitated tones. The ceremony was performed forthwith.

We walked up and down together many times, tall Emilia Matilda and Adolphus Twist dropping insensibly behind. I was entertained with the pleasant converse of Captain Mildboy, who spoke in that grave tone which a man who has seen much of the world and its troubles gradually comes to assume. He was so good as to etch out for me, in his grand stately manner (there might have been a cordon-bleu hung to his button, his tones so fitted that decoration,) most of the characters then sojourning in the town. That tall, venerable gentleman, who stooped so much, was, indeed, General Bulstock, K.C.B., who had married last year—well, this was the story, at any rate—the daughter of an innkeeper: that young person by his side. Poor old Bulstock! His friends had always said he would make a fool of himself. Katzer said he would not last six months. Look at his feeble eye! That was

young Lord Shalot, talking so earnestly to the innkeeper's daughter. That short, fat, flashy woman, who stepped out so boldly, was Mrs. Melmor Smith. Heaven only knew where was Melmor Smith; he is alive, yet no one has ever seen him. She came every year to drink the waters. That man with the shambling walk was Dowling Jones, so well known upon town; but who was afflicted with all manner of infirmities. Between ourselves, he had lived too fast, and was trying to get back strength; but it wouldn't do at his time of life. "Was I in the law?" Captain Mildboy asked. I blushed. My ecclesiastical marriage garment was not about my slender throat. I had wished, if possible, to suppress such evidence of the holy calling.

"In the Church!" said Captain Mildboy, with a start. "In orders!—are you serious? What a strange coincidence!" He turned back and waited for the whispering lovers to come up.

"Our friend Mr. Hobblush," he said, "tells me he is in orders: in full orders! How curious!"

The youthful pair started; their eyes wandered to each other's faces; and I observed Miss Mildboy's large eyes fixed on me with extraordinary interest.

"The English chaplain of this town," said Captain Mildboy, in serious tones, ("a most objectionable person by the way, who was scarcely on speaking terms with any of his congregation), is about resigning his cure here. The fact is, the committee have so pressed it on him, that he has no alternative."

I saw Emilia Matilda Mildboy's large eyes fixed upon me with a strange interest, and there floated from out of her ruby mouth a gentle murmur, that appeared to take the shape of—"Clergyman . . . of . . . Established . . . Church?" I was of that Communion, I replied. Would my stay in this pleasing watering-place be long? I replied, gloomily and abstractedly, that it would depend upon circumstances. Because, if I was so disposed, he was on the Committee, and the vacant Chaplaincy—

It was tempting. I would consider of it. "Do promise, now, at once and for ever," seemed to say the strange eyes of Emilia Matilda. Ox-eyed, indeed, was she, according to the strange epithet in Homer. Bo-opis! the Ox-eyed Emilia! Was it, indeed, that my tale of sorrow was written so outspcakingly on my sad lineaments, and that this mysterious being had read off the characters truly? Had I instinctively found a breast which beat responsively to mine? Dreams, dreams, day-dreams all, foolish Hobblush! Let the dead past bury its own dead!

The musical gentlemen played away through the frost, which must have come with peculiar gratefulness, to the fiddling interest, whose fingers had to draw, with painful pressure,

music from the sharp strings. Poor souls! they played through it bravely, as they did every morning frostier than its predecessor; for this was towards the close of the drinking season. We met their familiar faces again at noontide; at dewy eve also they re-appeared, and usually finished their day's labour at the Theatre. They must have looked—those children of the Muse—upon their instruments as upon a spade, or a pitchfork, or other agricultural instrument which brings his master in tennence for his day's drudgery. This was the view taken by the Reverend Mr. Hoblush, as he sat by the waters on a green bench, and thought pensively of his fortunes.

The Reverend Mr. Jones, Incumbent of the English Church of Sulphur-le-Bains, was showing himself impracticable—did not bend so pliantly to the Committee as could be wished. A section was for retaining his services. The thing did not move smoothly. O world, world: hollow, heartless world! I thought then of that little bit of nature now before my eyes; that cementing of two young hearts that was going forward in a sort of sweet mystery; that strange, enthralling, fond, foolish process which has been going on since the world began: and yet on which I durst not bring myself to look with scorn. Had not my own poor heart passed through the flaming furnace?

There was a person sitting near me, reading a little French narrative, whose features a wide-spreading casque o'ershadowed. Not unfamiliar to me the figure. It was Bo-opis: Emilia Matilda, the Ox-eyed. And scarcely reading too; for over the edge of the little tome, those eyes had been wandering stealthily, and met those of Alfred Hoblush. Both persons were confused at this discovery; not unnaturally. The onus clearly lay on me. I drew near.

"The air breathes soft and balmy," I said, "no wonder Miss Mildboy is abroad on such an eve!"

She answered, "I love the solitude of this crowd. Oftentimes I take my book and retire thus apart from the busy world, temporarily. You, Mr. Hoblush, love solitude, I am sure. You love communing with yourself."

"What leads you to that conclusion?" I asked, gently. "Is hermit written on this pale countenance?"

"No," she said, those preternatural eyes shooting on me strange lustrous darts; "but there seems to me to breathe from you an indescribable yearning for solitude, a thirst to be alone. During the short period that you have been here, I have noted that you love to wander apart; that you hearken listlessly to the inspiring strains of the orchestra: that your eyes turn with indifference from face to face: that you proffer your tumbler to be filled in a careless fashion and quaff it without repugnance. Unobserved I have regarded you. Forgive me" (here I

observed something like a blush stealing over the cheek of the gentle Bo-opis) "I have spoken too much—I am very giddy, and sometimes say more than I mean."

I started. What could this signify? What was this strange interest towards one so little known to her compassion? Ah, yes. I was his friend too: so she felt sympathy.

"Forgive me," she continued: "think me not too forward if I ask you one question."

"A hundred," I said with enthusiasm.

"Am I not right," she continued, "in supposing that you have passed through some bitter trial—some terrible, absorbing, mind-conflict, which has consumed and calcined all the soft and tender in man, and made you stern and cold to our sex for ever? Am I right?"

I started again. "How should you know this?" I asked. Has any one told you?"

"No," she said. "I can read the human heart well. There are deep cold lines written in your face, which tell me your whole story."

Cold lines! how readily she had gone to the truth: how like woman's instinct! Contemplating my own features in the mirror not two mornings before, it had occurred to me, how calm, how cold, how death-like they were. So must have looked Werter before his catastrophe. "I will tell you," I said, "the whole history one day. You will sympathise with me. Into your friendly heart I will pour all my sorrow."

"Hush!" said Bo-opis, "we are observed." She rose.

The unhappy musicians were by this time dropping into their accustomed seats. The perambulating wagon which took about their instruments, was standing at the gate, giving up its load. The drinkers were beginning to walk to and fro. Observed, therefore, we were; but why look about so mysteriously. Stav: whose figure was that seen afar off in the grove, approaching— young Norval's was it— young Twist's I mean? Could it be that she dreaded his coming? Crash of drum, cymbals, and orchestra from their painted gallery! the plethoric conductor flourished his fiddlestick, as if he were fresh at the work, and it had for him all the charm of newness. That hurly-burly swallowed up both reflections.

With Twist, the elder, I grow to be on familiar terms, and often sat beside him at the festive board, which was indeed the table-d'hôte. He was for ever dwelling on his splendid schemes for his son's advancement: how he was to be joined in wedlock to one of a noble family. "Sir, when we go back to England, I shall look out for some pauper countess for him." Those grievous complaints too, of which I learnt many minute particulars, were being sensibly ameliorated.

But how was it with myself? That clerical

impediment, the Reverend Jones, would not be removed—was recalcitrant—inert—pugnacious—and finally sick and in bed. Captain Mildboy, who had taken the strongest fancy to me, worked desperately at the Committee; but without result. So I was left stranded, as it were, at the edge of the waters—heartily sickened of the world, and its wretched men and women. The only being whom I regarded with any interest, as having that thing popularly known as a heart, was Emilia Matilda Mildboy. Sweetest Bo-opis! I could see that she looked on me with a mysterious homage. I would lay open this poor bosom to her at the earliest opportunity; meantime wander about gloomily.

I sought on various occasions to lay bare (figuratively of course) my bosom to gentle Bo-opis. I felt that from that operation I should derive ineffable comfort. Strange to say, it seemed to me that she strove to avoid my presence. I surprised her on several occasions, fleeing away through the trees like a frightened fawn. The large eyes became downcast of a sudden when I drew near, as the plaintive song has it:

We met, 'twas in a crowd,
I thought she would shun me.

Not merely in a crowd, but in private and in sequestered places. Of a sudden it all flashed upon me at once! Dare she trust herself to this growing intimacy: she, who had plighted her troth to another? Did she feel there was danger near, and that she was, as it were, standing on the end of a precipice! Was it to be ever thus my destiny to walk through life: thus innocently ensnaring young and trusting hearts, and poisoning the sweet draught at their lips? I call the gentle powers of truth to be my witness that I would not play so Mephistophelistic a part wittingly. Appalling thought this, that I was all the days of my life to be thus acting the villain with a smiling cheek. It was too horrible!

There was but one course open to me—namely, to fly; that is, to freeze up the advances of the seductive Bo-opis—to be rough, cold, disagreeable, and even brutish if necessary. I would be true to my confiding friend. It would be a struggle; but I would triumph. In the silent hours of the night I came to this resolution.

A note was put into my hand next morning, which, to distinguish it from others I have received in this matter, I shall call—

LETTER A.

DEAR MR. HOMELUSH.—I wish to speak with you very much—to consult with you—to be advised. There are things I dare not write—which may be only spoken. I have awaited you for days back, for certain reasons. I am watched, and my steps are dogged. I will explain all when we meet. Think of me as you will—as forward,

unfeminine; but I know not what I write, or do. To you I look for counsel.

Yours,
BOWPIS.

N.B.—Towards four o'clock to-day, I shall be under a shady tree on the hill; reading. B.

It is impossible to describe the conflicting emotions with which this letter filled me. Bowpis!—she had caught up the word (though a little irregularly spelt) from my lips. I would not go. Fly, fly! something whispered to me, 'ere it be too late. The threads are being drawn about you, wretched Hobblush. Here are elements for hate, love, murder, revenge, and suicide! I trembled at the thought. What if Twist, infuriated by jealousy, his brain excited by the waters, which I understand have a morbidly inflaming influence, were to offer personal violence to me? Would my cloth—my neckcloth that is—protect me? Perhaps not. Would it not be better to withdraw to a place of security in a quiet and unostentatious manner, and thus put off the dangerous influences of this young person?

An hour is gone by and I am still lost in thought. Another letter is put into my hand marked "Private and confidential." This is marked (the second of the series)

LETTER B.

DEAR SIR,—From a certain change in the manners and habits of my son, I began to suspect that all is not right with him. This place is so full of designing persons, that the worst may be apprehended. I am in such poor health, that I cannot go abroad and look after him as much as he requires. In you, I think I have found a friend. Watch over him and let me know the slightest symptom of danger. He must marry the pauper countess, or be content with one shilling.

JOSEPH TWIST.

P.S.—I have just heard, a few days since, that the Vicar of Puddlebury (on my estate) is failing. It is a sad thing, and in my gift. J. T.

The struggle that arose in this poor bosom on the receipt of this second document, may be more easily imagined than described. All the passions of our nature were at once contending for mastery. Duty to my young friend, who had confided in me; to the gentle girl whose absorbing passion had prompted her to so bold a step, and who was ready to cast all behind her for her love; and finally to that affectionate old man, whose heart was centred in his son's advancement, there was a certain obscurity in that postscript of his which I should like to have cleared up. What was Puddlebury or its vicar to me? Was there not a vagueness and unmeaning generality in the form of phrase? I like to have men speak out, and say plainly what they have to say. Then the youth—no communication from him at all. Why should I lend myself to forward his selfish plans? Love, or duty, which was it to be? I was distracted, and finally determined to

wait the progress of events, see sweet Bo-opis, and, with gentle remonstrance, temper the fiery warmth of her passion. I wrote thus to Mr. Twist, senior :

LETTER C.

DEAR SIR,—I am a tolerably observant person, and I dare say could be of much use to you. Forgive me if I add that the purport of the latter portion of your letter (I allude to the remark respecting the health of a clergyman in your parish), is to me incomprehensible.

I am, dear sir,

ALFR. HOBLUSH.

Poor feeble creatures that we are! Such slaves to the flesh, that the following hastily scrawled epistle (there was a film over my eyes as I wrote) was presently on its road :

LETTER D.

DEAREST MISS EMILIA MATILDA,—Your letter reached me in due course ; I believe through the local post. It has left surprise, sympathy, grief, and, I will add, insatiable curiosity, all struggling in this wretched bosom. What can you hint at? I can think of but one solution, which I durst not, however, let near me. I burst to learn all.

Yours,

ALFRED THEODORE HOBLUSH.

P.S.—I have found the breeze on the hill overhanging this city highly salubrious towards the hour you mention. It shall fan my fevered brow this day.

I dressed myself with exceeding care. My raiment was spotless; the straight collarless vest was put on, and a delicately tinted pair of lavender gloves taken out. Ambrosial odours went before me, and a golden cloud as far as the door of the Great King, when I was stopped (cloud, ambrosial scents, and all) by Twist, the younger, in great trepidation and excitement.

"I must speak with you," he said hurriedly.

"I am in haste—an appointment," I answered, guiltily.

"I will walk with you, then," he answered, "I want your advice." Putting his arm in mine, he began to strike in the direction of the great hill. All the way he kept pouring out his troubles, and I had lost all power to resist.

"Events," he said, "are thickening. I begin to suspect that my father knows all. He has grown surly and moody of late, and speaks of leaving. Something must be done, and that quickly."

We were out of the town and hurrying to the fatal tryst.

"I can go no further," I said, stopping desperately. "I shall miss the appointment—"

"Perish all appointments!" he said, contemptuously. "What is such trash to me? Come, don't trifle with a frantic man."

He clutched my arm with such force, and looked so excited, that I durst not resist, and was dragged on uncomplaining.

"I have made up my mind," he said, at

length; "the only thing for us is a private marriage. The Governor will threaten to cut me off, and will storm; but will make it up afterwards. I rely on you."

"For what?" I asked with astonishment.

"For the exercise of your sacred functions; for the linking together of two tender hearts—the most glorious office man can do for his fellow-man," he said enthusiastically.

My lip curled insensibly. Poor trusting fool! He knew not of the letter that lay in an inside pocket of mine; and how he, whom he walked beside, was indeed a preferred and hated rival. Heaven knows it was none of my seeking. It had been thrust upon me. We were half way up the hill. I stopped.

"Come no further with me," I said; "I will not have it. It is taking you out of your road."

"Will you do what we require?" he said excitedly.

Again my lip curled, and yet I pitied him. He would know it soon enough, let him not learn it from me.

"We will see about that," I said, waving him off playfully: "we will talk it over another time."

"You shall not go until you promise," he said, seizing me by the collar; yes, by the graceful stand-up collar. I started back alarmed. I was not used to scenes of violence. My knees trembled under me.

"Release me," I said thickly; "respect the cloth."

"Not until you have promised," he said, hoarsely.

What terrible struggle might have followed I know not; but, at that instant, a cry was heard and a female form rushed from some hiding place and stood between us. It was Bo-opis, the Large-eyed!

"Oh, madam!" said the youth, sarcastically; "You hear! Pray, sir, was this the appointment you spoke of?"

I looked at Bo-opis; and trying to steal my arm around her (unsuccessfully), the way I recollect seeing it done at the theatre on similar occasions, said to re-assure her, "Fear nothing, I shall not betray you!"

She turned from me like a frightened deer. Bashful Bo-opis!

"Let him do his worst," I cried in exultation, and still striving (unsuccessfully) to lend her a feeble support; "the world is wide; I have been a woman hater, but shall be so no more."

"Goodness, Mr. Hoblush," she answered, naturally fluttered, "what do you mean?"

"I'll not betray you, I'll die sooner!" I said, quite carried away, and forgetting Mr. Twist's obscure postscript.

"Goodness, Augustus," she said, creeping close to him; "have you not told him all? Does he consent?"

"Was this the appointment?" he said doubtfully.

"Yes," she answered fearlessly.

"Let us fly," I whispered in a hoarse voice; "I will give it all up for you!" and for the third time I attempted the ineffectual manœuver of lending her support.

"Gracious, Augustus," she said; "he is dreadfully excited. Will he perform the marriage?"

"Admirably acted!" I said in a low voice; "you wish to gain time."

"Will you do it?" he said, in gentler tones: "it will be the greatest service. We shall never forget it. There is a small living on our estate!"

"Do, dearest Mr. Hoblush," she said, with a bewitching smile.

I started: "Do you mean this?" I said, huskily; "you, Bo-opis, you are jesting, surely."

"No, dearest Mr. Hoblush. Did you not get my note?"

"What note?" said the youth impatiently.

"On your own head be it," I said with deep reproach. "I would have died sooner than have given it up."

"Dearest Augustus," she said, in alarm, "there must be some mistake. I did indeed write to this gentleman, begging of him to meet me here, to try what my poor influence could do in this matter. He refuses. I did not expect it of him. Voilà tout!"

With I fear a most unsacerdotal address, I turned on my heel and walked away, with as much dignity as I could assume. The whole thing was a wretched farce. The unfortunate girl, dreading some scene of violence, had got up this wretched deception. But I could forgive her for all that. As it was, only one course was open to me. My peculiar position as a clergyman, required that I should at once put myself in communication with Mr. Twist, senior. His grey hairs should not be brought with sorrow to the grave. Let him only meet me in a candid open manner. Strange! As I wandered listlessly into the hotel, a note in his hand was presented to me.

LETTER E.

DEAR SIR,—The living is worth five hundred a year. I have taken a fancy to you. Your constitution is like mine and our symptoms pretty much the same. The year is good seventy. Call on me this evening, and keep your eyes open.

Yours, J. T.

Here was a plain, straightforward statement. I like a man that can speak out. The wretched pair, ha! ha! They knew not that the sword was hanging over their heads. I was at last awakened to a sense of my duties. I had been too easy; culpably winking at this gross want of filial respect. I was repentant at last; awakened, in a spiritual sense: should be backsliding no more.

Evening drew on gradually, and I was about taking my hat and gloves to go forth, when there was brought in to me a despatch, which, for the sake of clearness, I shall docket

LETTER F.

DEAREST MR. HOBLUSH,—After the scene of this morning, you will be surprised at receiving these few lines. They are written in haste: in distraction. My father threatens to take your life (in early life he was a notorious duelist); he is breathing threats of the most terrible description. I tremble, and know not what to say or think. He is at this instant oiling and cleaning up his famous Persuaders, as he calls them. I fear Augustus Twist is so transformed, I scarcely know him. He is become a fiend, a fury. He, too, thirsts for your blood. I know not what to counsel, unless it be to comply with the easy request we both made to you this morning,—namely, to marry us privately. Can you refuse? See me at your feet, the wretched, innocent cause of all this confusion,—the unhappy

EMILIA MATILDA.

I sat stupified with my eyes fixed on these characters. Was it to come to this? my life in danger! I trembled. Even now, at this instant, the ruffian might be at the door. In these foreign countries there is no security for life and limb, as at home: we hear of the strangest tragedies. A cold perspiration broke out over me. I rose with tottering limbs, wiped the film from my glazed eyes, and thought what I should do: submit? Never! They should have that satisfaction; the guilty pair! Ha, a better thought. Waiter! Sir. Bill, quickly as you can. Pack! pack! pack! Crush, crumple—best coat—what matter? Fly, secretly and mysteriously. But, before I go, one more letter; the last in the series and docketed: an infernal machine, that shall explode when I am gone and in safety.

LETTER G.

DEAR SIR,—Reasons of a private and urgent nature demand my immediate withdrawal from this lively scene. Your kind promise of the incumbency I am indeed grateful for: for its fulfilment I shall wait impatiently. To show you that I have a not unthankful heart, I enclose you a letter, received only this instant, which will show you what peril was impending over your dear boy. This is now all happily averted. I have refused to lend myself to the base intrigue. I could not endure to see a kind and generous parent so imposed upon. Forgive this warmth, good old man, but you have interested me strangely. May the evening of your days be long unclouded,

Yours,

ALFRED HOBLUSH.

The darkness was now closed in, and I was alone. All things were ready and the bill discharged: I went forth quietly, secretly; I was again alone in the wide wide world.

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THE GREAT (FORGOTTEN) INVASION.

PREAMBLE.

It happened some sixty years ago; it was a French invasion; and it actually took place in England. Thousands of people are alive at the present moment, who must remember it perfectly well. And yet it has been forgotten. At this very time, when the French invasion that *may* come, is being discussed everywhere, the French invasion that *did* come, is not honoured with so much as a passing word of notice. The new generation knows nothing about it. The old generation has carelessly forgotten it. This is discreditable, and it must be set right; this is a dangerous security, and it must be disturbed; this is a gap in the Modern History of England, and it must be filled up.

Fathers, read and be reminded; mothers, read and be alarmed; British youths and maidens, read and be informed. Here follows the true history of the great forgotten Invasion of England, at the end of the last century; divided into scenes and periods, and carefully derived from proved and written facts recorded in Kelly's History of the Wars:

I. OF THE FRENCH INVASION AS SEEN FROM ILFRACOMBE.

On the twenty-second day of February, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, the inhabitants of North Devonshire looked towards the Bristol Channel, and saw the French invasion coming on, in four ships.

The Directory of the French Republic (One and Indivisible) had been threatening these islands some time before; but much talk and little action having characterised the proceedings of that governing body in most other matters, no great apprehension was felt of their really carrying out their expressed intention in relation to this country. The war between the two nations was, at this time, confined to naval operations, in which the English invariably got the better of the French. North Devonshire (as well as the rest of England) was aware of this, and trusted implicitly in our well-known supremacy of the seas. North Devonshire got up on the morning of the twenty-second of

February, without a thought of the invasion; North Devonshire looked out towards the Bristol Channel, and there—in spite of our supremacy of the seas—there the invasion was, as large as life.

Of the four ships which the Directory had sent to conquer England, two were frigates and two were smaller vessels. It sailed along, this dreadful fleet, in view of a whole panic-stricken, defenceless coast; and the place at which it seemed inclined to try the invading experiment first was ill-fated Ilfracombe. The commander of the expedition brought his ships up before the harbour, scuttled a few coasting vessels, prepared to destroy the rest, thought better of it, and suddenly turned his four warlike sterns on North Devonshire, in the most unaccountable manner. History is silent as to the cause of this abrupt and singular change of purpose. Did the chief of the invaders act from sheer indecision? Did he distrust the hotel accommodations at Ilfracombe? Had he heard of the clotted cream of Devonshire, and did he apprehend the billious disorganisation of the whole army, if they once got within reach of that rich delicacy? These are important questions, but no satisfactory answer can be found to them. The motives which animated the commander of the invading Frenchmen, are buried in oblivion: the fact alone remains, that he spared Ilfracombe. The last that was seen of him from North Devonshire, he was sailing over ruthlessly to the devoted coast of Wales.

II. OF THE FRENCH INVASION AS SEEN BY WELSHMEN IN GENERAL.

In one respect it may be said that Wales was favoured by comparison with North Devonshire. The great and formidable fact of the French invasion had burst suddenly on Ilfracombe; but it only dawned in a gradual manner on the coast of Pembroke-shire. In the course of his cruise across the Bristol Channel, it had apparently occurred to the commander of the expedition, that a little diplomatic deception, at the outset, might prove to be of ultimate advantage to him. He decided, therefore, on concealing his true character from the eyes of the Welshmen; and when his four ships were first made out, from the heights above Saint

Bride's Bay, they were all sailing under British colours.

There are men in Wales, as in the rest of the world, whom it is impossible to satisfy; and there were spectators on the heights of Saint Bride's who were not satisfied with the British colours, on this occasion, because they felt doubtful about the ships that bore them. To the eyes of these sceptics all four vessels had an unpleasantly French look, and manœuvred in an unpleasantly French manner. Wise Welshmen along the coast collected together by twos and threes, and sat down on the heights, and looked out to sea, and shook their heads, and suspected. But the majority, as usual, saw nothing extraordinary where nothing extraordinary appeared to be intended; and the country was not yet alarmed; and the four ships sailed on till they doubled Saint David's Head: and sailed on again, a few miles at the northward; and then stopped, and came to single anchor in Cardigan Bay.

Here, again, another difficult question occurs, which recalcitrant History once more declines to solve. The Frenchmen had hardly been observed to cast their single anchors in Cardigan Bay, before they were also observed to pull them up again, and go on. Why? The commander of the expedition had doubted already at Ilfracombe—was he doubting again in Cardigan Bay? Or did he merely want time to mature his plans; and was it a peculiarity of his nature that he always required to come to anchor before he could think at his ease? To this mystery as to the mystery at Ilfracombe, there is no solution; and here, as there, nothing is certainly known but that the Frenchman paused—threatened—and then called on.

III. OF ONE WELSHMAN IN PARTICULAR, AND OF WHAT HE SAW.

He was the only man in Great Britain who saw the invading army land on our native shores—and his name has perished.

It is known that he was a Welshman, and that he belonged to the lower order of the population. He may be still alive—this man, who is connected with a crisis in English History may be still alive—and nobody has found him out; nobody has taken his photograph; nobody has written a genial biographical notice of him; nobody has made him into an Entertainment; nobody has held a Commemoration of him; nobody has presented him with a testimonial, relieved him by a subscription, or addressed him with a speech. In these enlightened times this brief record can only single him out and individually distinguish him—as the Hero of the Invasion. Such is fame.

The Hero of the Invasion, then, was standing, or sitting—for even on this important point tradition is silent—on the cliffs of the Welsh coast, near Labonda Church, when he saw the four ships enter the bay below him,

and come to anchor—this time without showing any symptoms of getting under weigh. The English colours under which the Expedition had thus far attempted to deceive the population of the coast, were now hauled down, and the threatening flag of France was boldly hoisted in their stead. This done, the boats were lowered away, were filled with a fierce soldiery, and were pointed straight for the beach.

It is on record that the hero of the Invasion distinctly saw this; and it is *not* on record that he ran away. Honour to the unknown brave! Honour to the solitary Welshman who faced the French army.

The boats came on straight to the beach—the fierce soldiery leapt out on English soil, and swarmed up the cliff, thirsting for the subjugation of the British Isles. Still, it is not on record that the Hero of the Invasion ran away. He looked—the valiant man—perhaps he peeped; perhaps he lay prone on his stomach, and watched round the corner of a rock. But, however he managed it, he saw the Frenchmen crawling up below him—tossing their muskets on before them—climbing with the cool calculation of an army of chimney-sweeps—nimble as the monkey, supple as the tiger, stealthy as the cat—hungry for plunder, bloodshed, and Welsh mutton—void of all respect for the British Constitution—an army of Invaders on the Land of the Habeas Corpus!

He saw that—and vanished. Whether he waited with clenched fist till the head of the foremost Frenchman rose parallel with the cliff-side—or whether he achieved a long start, by letting the army get half way up the cliff, and then retreating inland to give the alarm, is, like every other circumstance in connection with the Hero of the Invasion, a matter of the profoundest doubt. It is only known that he got away at all, because it is *not* known that he was taken prisoner. He parts with us here, the shadow of a shade the most impalpable of historical apparitions. Honour, nevertheless, to the crafty brave! Honour to the solitary Welshman who faced the French army without being shot, and retired from the French army without being caught!

IV. OF WHAT THE INVADERS DID WHEN THEY GOT ON SHORE.

THE Art of Invasion has its routine, its laws, manners, and customs, like other Arts. And the French army acted, strictly in accordance with established precedents. The first thing the first men did, when they got to the top of the cliff, was to strike a light and set fire to the furze-bushes. While national feeling deplores this destruction of property, unprejudiced History looks on at her ease. Given Invasion as a cause, fire follows, according to all proper rules, as an effect. If an army of Englishmen had been invading France under similar circumstances,

they, on their side, would necessarily have begun by setting fire to something; and unprejudiced History would, in that case also, have looked on at her ease.

While the furze-bushes were blazing, the remainder of the invaders—assured by the sight of the flames, or their companions' success so far—was disembarking, and swarming up the rocks. When it was finally mustered on the top of the cliff, the army amounted to fourteen hundred men. This was the whole force which the Directory of the French Republic had thought it desirable to despatch for the subjugation of Great Britain. History, until she is certain of results, will pronounce no opinion on the wisdom of this proceeding. She knows that nothing in politics, is abstractedly rash, cruel, treacherous, or disgraceful—she knows that Success is the sole touchstone of merit—she knows that the man who fails is contemptible, and the man who succeeds is illustrious, without any reference to the means used in either case; to the character of the men; or to the nature of the motives under which they may have proceeded to action. If the Invasion succeeds, History will applaud it as an act of heroism: if it fails, History will condemn it as an act of folly.

It has been said that the Invasion began creditably, according to the rules established in all cases of conquering. It continued to follow those rules with the most praiseworthy regularity. Having started with setting something on fire, it went on, in due course, to accomplish the other first objects of all invasions, thieving and killing—performing much of the former, and little of the latter. Two rash Welshmen, who would defend their native leeks, suffered accordingly: the rest lost nothing but their national victuals, and their national flannel. On this first day of the Invasion, when the army had done marauding, the results on both sides may be thus summed up. Gains to the French:—good dinners, and protection next the skin. Loss to the English:—mutton, stout Welsh flannel, and two rash countrymen.

V. OF THE BRITISH DEFENCE, AND OF THE WAY IN WHICH THE WOMEN CONTRIBUTED TO IT.

THE appearance of the Frenchmen on the coast, and the loss to the English, mentioned above, produced the results naturally to be expected. The country was alarmed, and started up to defend itself.

This great and populous nation was just as miserably incapable of protecting itself on its own ground, and was just as lamentably dependent on the help of a small minority of fighting-men by profession, at that day, as it is at the present time. Then, as now, the strength, bravery, and numbers of Englishmen availed them little in a case of warlike emergency occurring at their own doors, because not one able-bodied man out of five

hundred, in the entire population, understood anything of the use of arms. One of these days, this dangerous omission in the education of Englishmen may come to be remedied. May the lesson of reform be learnt in this matter, before it is read to us for the last time, traced in the indelible characters of bloodshed and disgrace!

On the appearance of the Frenchmen, on their numbers being known, and on its being discovered that, though they were without field-pieces, they had with them seventy cart-loads of powder and ball, and a quantity of grenades, the principal men in the country bestirred themselves in setting up the defence. Before nightfall, the whole available number of men who knew anything of the art of fighting was collected. When the ranks were drawn out, the English defence was even more ridiculous in point of numbers than the French attack. It amounted—at a time when we were at war with France, and were supposed to be prepared for any dangers that might threaten—it amounted, including militia, fencibles, and yeomanry cavalry, to just six hundred and sixty men, or, in other words, to less than half the number of the invading Frenchmen.

Fortunately for the credit of the nation, the command of this exceedingly compact force was taken by the principal grandee in the neighbourhood, who turned out to be a man of considerable cunning, as well as a man of high rank, and who was known by the style and title of the Earl of Cawdor.

The one cheering circumstance in connection with the heavy responsibility which now rested on the shoulders of the Earl consisted in this: that he had apparently no cause to dread internal treason as well as foreign invasion. The remarkably inconvenient spot which the French had selected for their landing, showed, not only that they themselves knew nothing of the coast, but that none of the inhabitants, who might have led them to an easier place of disembarkation, were privy to their purpose. So far, so good. But still, the great difficulty remained of facing the French with an equality of numbers, and with the appearance, at least, of an equality of discipline. The first of these requisites it was easy to fulfil. There were hosts of colliers and other labourers in the neighbourhood,—big, bold, lusty fellows enough; but so far as the art of marching and using weapons was concerned, as helpless as a pack of children. The question was, how to make good use of these men for show-purposes, without allowing them fatally to embarrass the proceedings of their trained and disciplined companions. In this emergency, Lord Cawdor hit on a grand idea. He boldly mixed the women up in the business—and it is unnecessary to add, that the business prospered exceedingly from that lucky moment.

In those days, the wives of the Welsh

labourers wore, what the wives of all classes of the community are wearing now—red petticoats. It was Lord Cawdor's happy idea to call on these patriot-matrons to sink the question of skirts, to forego the luxurious consideration of warmth, and to turn the colliers into military men (so far as external appearances, viewed at a distance, were concerned,) by taking off the wives' red petticoats and putting them over the husbands' shoulders. Where patriot-matrons are concerned, no national appeal is made in vain, and no personal sacrifice is refused. All the women seized their strings, and stepped out of their petticoats on the spot. What man in that make-shift military but must think of "home and beauty" now that he had the tenderest memento of both to grace his shoulders and jog his memory? In an inconceivably short space of time every woman was shivering, and every collier was turned into a soldier.

VI. OF HOW IT ALL ENDED.

Thus recruited, Lord Cawdor marched off to the scene of action; and the patriot women deprived of their husbands and their petticoats, retired, it is to be hoped and presumed, to the friendly shelter of bed. It was then close on nightfall, if not actually night; and the disorderly marching of the transformed colliers could not be perceived. But, when the British army took up its position, then was the time when the excellent stratagem of Lord Cawdor told at its true worth. By the uncertain light of fires and torches, the French scouts, let them venture as near as they might, could see nothing in detail. A man in a scarlet petticoat looked as soldier-like as a man in a scarlet coat, under those dusky circumstances. All that the enemy could now see were lines on lines of men in red, the famous uniform of the English army.

The council of the French braves must have been a perturbed assembly on that memorable night. Behind them was the empty bay—for the four ships, after landing the invaders, had set sail again for France, sublimely indifferent to the fate of the fourteen hundred. Before them there waited in battle array an apparently formidable force of British soldiers. Under them was the hostile English ground on which they were trespassers caught in the fact. Girt about by these serious perils, the discreet commander of the invasion fell back on those safe-guards of caution and deliberation of which he had already given proofs on approaching the English shore. He had doubted at Ilfracombe; he had doubted again in Cardigan Bay; and now, on the eve of the first battle, he doubted for the third time—doubted, and gave in. If history declines to receive the French commander as a hero, Philosophy opens her peaceful doors to him, and welcomes him in the character of a wise man.

At ten o'clock at night, a flag of truce appeared in the English camp, and a letter was delivered to Lord Cawdor from the prudent chief of the invaders. The letter set forth, with amazing gravity and dignity, that the circumstances under which the French troops had landed, having rendered it "unnecessary" to attempt any military operations, the commanding officer did not object to come forward generously and propose terms of capitulation. Such a message as this was little calculated to impose on any man—far less on the artful nobleman who had invented the stratagem of the red petticoats. Taking a slightly different view of the circumstances, and declining altogether to believe that the French Directory had sent fourteen hundred men over to England to divert the inhabitants by the spectacle of a capitulation, Lord Cawdor returned for answer that he did not feel himself at liberty to treat with the French commander, except on the condition of his men surrendering as prisoners of war. On receiving this reply, the Frenchman gave an additional proof of that philosophical turn of mind, which has been already claimed for him as one of his merits, by politely adopting the course which Lord Cawdor suggested. By noon the next day, the French troops had peaceably laid down their weapons, and were all marched off, prisoners of war—the patriot-matrons had resumed their petticoats—and the short terror of the invasion had happily passed away.

The first question that occurred to everybody, as soon as the alarm had been dissipated was, what this extraordinary burlesque of an invasion could possibly mean. It was asserted, in some quarters, that the fourteen hundred Frenchmen had been recruited from those insurgents of La Vendée who had enlisted in the service of the Republic, who could not be trusted at home, and who were therefore despatched on the first desperate service that might offer itself abroad. Others represented the invading army as a mere gang of galley-slaves and criminals in general, who had been landed on our shores with the double purpose of annoying England and ridding France of a pack of rascals. The commander of the expedition, however, disposed of this latter theory by declaring that six hundred of his men were picked veterans from the French army, and by referring, for corroboration of this statement, to his large supplies of powder, ball, and hand-grenades, which would certainly not have been wasted, at a time when military stores were especially precious, on a gang of galley-slaves.

The truth seems to be, that the French (who were even more densely ignorant of England and English institutions at that time than they are at this) had been so entirely deceived by false reports of the temper and sentiments of our people, as to

believe that the mere appearance of the troops of the Republic on these Monarchical shores would be the signal for a revolutionary rising of all the disaffected classes from one end of Great Britain to the other. Viewed merely as materials for kindling the insurrectionary spark, the fourteen hundred Frenchmen might certainly be considered sufficient for the purpose—providing the Directory of the Republic could only have made sure beforehand that the English tinder might be depended on to catch light!

One last event must be recorded before this History can be considered complete. The disasters of the invading army, on shore, were matched, at sea, by the disasters of the vessels that had carried them. Of the four ships which had alarmed the English coast, the two largest (the frigates) were both captured, as they were standing in for Brest Harbour, by Sir Harry Neale. This smart and final correction of the fractious little French invasion was administered on the ninth of March, seventeen hundred and ninety-seven.

MORAL.

THIS is the history of the Great (Forgotten) Invasion. It is short, it is not impressive, it is unquestionably deficient in serious interest. But there is a Moral to be drawn from it, nevertheless. If we are invaded again, and on a rather larger scale, let us not be so ill-prepared, this next time, as to be obliged to take refuge in our wives' red petticoats.

THE CHETWYNDES.

I.

PEOPLE cannot get used to skinning all at once. When the Chetwyndes were ruined, their moral epidermis, thickened by long habits of luxury, might be said to be flayed off them, while they were left to shiver with bare nerves under the unaccustomed blasts of poverty. But they bore the miserable process with a certain degree of high-bred stoicism. No one ever heard Mr. Chetwynde rail against anybody for having led him into his dismal speculations, and no one ever saw the women of the family shed a tear because they were deposed from their high estate, as county people, and driven to an obscure refuge, amongst the crowds of London, where the vicissitudes of their fortune would be unknown and unpitied.

Mr. Chetwynde was a man of excellent intentions. His father's extravagance had eaten the heart out of the Harringby property, and the flesh off its bones long since, and the son had inherited nothing but the meagre skeleton. When he took possession of it he was encumbered with a wife and an immense family, and improvident tastes, which they shared. He had married a beau-

tiful young woman whom Sir Jasper Carghill had brought up as his own daughter, though popular rumour said she was the illegitimate child of his elder brother. She was a fine, high-spirited woman, proud of her children, impatient of narrow circumstances, and resentful of her own position. People in general did not much like her; they charged her with ingratitude to Sir Jasper, whom she would never pretend to love, though she owed him everything she had and was; also they charged her with having encouraged her husband in those wild speculations that had proved their ruin; but along with their blame they also vouchsafed her their pity.

Just before Nurse Bradshaw left Harringby to go up to town on her sorrowful errand of preparing a place for the reception of her ruined master and his family, Mrs. Chetwynde took her aside, and said:—"Nurse, if there should be a pleasant room in the house you fix on, let the girls have it, poor darlings. They will feel the change the most of all of us!"

Mr. Chetwynde had been in London the week before, and had seen several houses; but they all wore to him such an air of pretentious gentility that he shirked the necessity of coming to a decision; and, on the plea of not knowing which of them was in the healthiest neighbourhood, he left the casting-vote to Nurse Bradshaw, who was a Londoner born and bred, and might be better informed. She took a ten-roomed villa, and arranged the larger of the second-floor back bedrooms as a boudoir for the young ladies, decorating it with their water-colour sketches, books, favourite chairs, and little knick-knackeries, to make it appear as much as possible like their lost home.

The reason why she chose the second-floor back bedroom was three-fold. In the first place it was out of echo of the roar and rattle on the road; in the second, it looked over an expanse of small gardens where, it being now summer, the trees were bushy and green, and the flowers gay; and, in the last, it possessed a fine, old yellow-reined, marble chimney-piece which might have come out of some great house fallen into decay; a chimney-piece with carved clusters of grapes and leaves, and two yawning heads, with serpent-wreathed hair, supporting the narrow ledge. It was a grotesque piece of workmanship, and must have cost a large sum of money once upon a time. Immediately on entering the room, it caught the eye as out of place with the common sash window and unorniced ceiling; but when Nurse Bradshaw had set upon it Miss Olivia's engraved Prague vases with some ivy-tendrils and early reddened leaves of the Virginian creeper hanging from the centre one; when she had spread the little Persian carpet on the hearth, drawn up the chairs, strewn books and folios on the table, kindled a fire, and lighted the lamp,

it was found to harmonise with them very pleasantly.

The whole family arrived together—Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynde, Olivia, Clara, Fred, Charley, and the four little ones. Nurse Bradshaw met them at the door, and was cheered to see her mistress walk in, head erect, countenance clear, and step firm as ever. Mrs. Chetwynde looked flurried, and the elder children eager and curious; but, after a minute or so, a flatness fell upon them. It was not worth while to act a laborious part. They were all friends together. The change was tremendous, and there was no need to conceal from each other that they were sensible of it. They looked in at the open dining-room door, and then went slowly up-stairs, tired and depressed; but uncomplaining. Nobody said the steps were steep or the rooms like closets, after stately old Harringby, although they all thought so. Indeed, the only remark anybody made was on the strong bloom of the red geraniums which Nurse Bradshaw had set in one of the drawing-room windows.

"Tea is in the young ladies' sitting-room."

Nurse said, as she followed her mistress; "it is above all the racket, and next where they are to sleep. It does not look so unlike home as might be expected, and I hope they'll take to it kindly."

"I'm sure they will, Nurse; they have good heart for our reverses, bless them!" replied Mrs. Chetwynde, cheerfully.

The two smallest children had already taken an objection to the Irish housemaid, who was trying to inveigle them from mama's skirts. They set up a piping howl, until Nurse Bradshaw stopped their mouths with kisses and bore them off, first to tea and sweet cake, and then stowed them safely for the night in their respective cribs. When she again sought her mistress; whom she found with her husband and elder children in the young ladies' room, the urn was hissing on the tea-table, but no one was attending to it.

"Nurse, what do you think mama says?" cried Miss Olivia, as the old servant entered: "she says she fancies she has seen this room before?"

"It must have been in a dream, or in some previous state of existence, my dear;" said Mr. Chetwynde, rallying.

"Most likely the old Harringby furniture deceives your mama's eye, Miss Olivia," Nurse suggested.

"The furniture has nothing to do with it," interposed Mrs. Chetwynde, meditatively, as if some distant shadow of memory were striving to take shape and substance in her mind. She stood thinking and straining after the idea that still eluded her grasp, until Mr. Chetwynde bade her not to let her imagination run away with her, but to come and make tea.

"You have told me fifty times that I have no imagination, George, so that is all non-

sense," she replied, still feeling after the intangible wavering dimness that was confusing her. "Besides, memory plays tricks with us quite as strange as ever imagination does. Psychologists say that, once an impression received into the mind, it is never effaced; it is hidden by intervening events, or forgotten amongst their multitude; but still exists. And do not some speculatists define the great account to be each man's and each woman's memory, revealing all its secret records at the moment the soul passes the threshold of the other world, that it may stand self-condemned by the two indestructible powers of memory and conscience?"

"An awful revelation that would be for some of us; but it is a rather heterodox notion, Charlotte. Besides," said her husband, smiling, "the children are hungry."

Mrs. Chetwynde took the hint, and seated herself at the table.

Nurse, who was filling the tea-pot from the urn, remarked, as she did so, "I've known you, Mrs. Chetwynde, ever since you were four years old, and from that time till you were married you never were in London. I shouldn't think you could remember what happened before."

Mrs. Chetwynde made no answer; but the expression of her countenance attested that neither probability or improbability had much weight with her, when she was internally persuaded of the true foundation of her own ideas; and, when they were all leaving the room, after tea, she turned round, and, glancing over it, as if to reassure herself against the doubts of others, said: "Yes. There is no mistake in my mind about it. I have certainly seen this room before."

The following morning rose brilliantly, and Mrs. Chetwynde's first movement on entering her daughters' room with motherly inquiries as to how they had rested in their new home, was towards the window. She looked over the little gardens to the distance where, between lines of irregularly-constructed buildings, glimpses were to be caught of the low Surrey hills. After gazing some moments her eye drew slowly, almost unconsciously, back, over the shrubs and trees, more or less flourishing, that decorated the neighbours' premises, until it was arrested by the sight of a fine brown beech. She put her hand to her head thoughtfully, saying:

"Which of you, children, used to call these brown beeches coffee-trees?"

Olivia laughed, and replied:

"None of us, mama. Why there were plenty at Harringby, and we knew them well enough, of course."

"But somebody called them coffee-trees, I'm sure."

"Perhaps you did yourself, mama, when you were a little girl," suggested one of the smaller children, who was putting a crust of bread into one of the wide-open mouths on the chimney-piece.

Mrs. Chetwynde started, and exclaimed suddenly:

"I have it!"

"Mama! mama!" remonstrated Olivia—for there was an expression of painful eagerness in her mother's look that shocked her; "what do you mean, mama? You seem half wild."

Mr. Chetwynde's step was heard descending.

"George! come here, I have found out!" cried his wife, vehemently.

"Found out what, my dear?" said he, entering.

"Found out what puzzled me so much in this room last night."

"What is it?"

"It was in this house, in this very room, that I last saw my mother. It was in this house and in this room that we lived until Sir Jasper Carghill took me away."

"My dear, good Charlotte, be reasonable!" said Mr. Chetwynde, in an expostulatory tone. "How can you pretend to recollect anything that happened so long ago? It is absurd!"

"I don't recollect it—I see it!" she answered firmly. "It came upon me in a flash, when I saw Minny sticking a crust into one of those frightful mouths. I used to do that myself, and a woman slapped my hands when I did it. I remember another old person, without either hair or cap, peeping in at the door, and crying, 'Hash and chopsticks for two, doctor!' and then making hideous grimaces at me."

"Really, my love, this becomes serious," said Mr. Chetwynde, looking provokingly incredulous. "It sounds altogether unreal."

"But it is not unreal."

"How funny, mama, that my feeding these ugly faces should make you say such queer things!" cried Minny.

"Very strange, indeed," added Livy, though more gravely. "She was disposed to see something in her mother's extraordinary conduct more than the others could or would."

"Believe me or believe me not, I do declare that I have been in this room before, and in this room I remember my poor mother. We were very unhappy. Both of us."

"Let us say, love, that it is a remarkable coincidence, and have done with the matter. I declare it makes my flesh creep to see you look and talk so," said Mr. Chetwynde, who was always in haste to dispose of the personal part of anything unpleasant.

"It is ridiculous to speak about coincidences, George; this has nothing to do with a coincidence!" exclaimed his wife, impatiently. "I was dwelling on the matter last night for I scarcely slept at all; and, this morning, two common-place childish things flashed a light over the past such as I never thought to see—yes, and I will see more. I will know where and when and how my mother died. I will compel Sir Jasper to tell me."

"Now, Charlotte, don't run a tilt in the dark at your best friend!" interposed Mr. Chetwynde.

"Best friend!" she retorted, with infinite scorn. "Worst enemy. I shall never think but that the repulsion I have always felt for that man, causeless and ungrateful as I have heard it called, had its root in some wrong felt and understood at the time; but forgotten long ago in all except its effect. Perhaps that very wrong may be connected with the scene that is dawning dimly and slowly upon me now."

"My dear, do please remember that all this time breakfast waits, and the coffee is growing cold. Let me offer you my arm." Mrs. Chetwynde looked annoyed at her husband's persistent disbelief, and chose to walk down stairs alone.

II.

WHEN Sir Jasper Carghill was in town, he occupied a great house in a dull, aristocratic square which had belonged to the family for generations. He was a bachelor, very wealthy, and very ostentatious; but, at heart, he was penurious in the extreme. This respectable vice had increased upon him with his years, and he was said to have saved so much money, that it could be reckoned with difficulty. He came to London soon after the Chetwynses, and professed to be quite grieved and shocked to find where they had retreated to. He would get George a Government situation; he would help him in any way he liked best, for his wife's sake. Only before people knew him to be in town, he must come out of that stuccoed villa. Sir Jasper seemed to have taken a special dislike both to the house and its locality; but Mrs. Chetwynde said it was as good as they could afford. The neighbourhood was sufficiently open and healthy for the children and she, for her part, was not disposed to move.

"And besides, Sir Jasper," she added, in her decided, high-spirited way, "I have got certain ideas into my head about this house, which I intend to have cleared up. I am persuaded that I have been in it before, and that I lived here with my mother—What do you say to that?"

"I say, my dear, that you had better consult your physician," was the reply.

"I do not see how that is to help me," replied Mrs. Chetwynde, coolly. "Come upstairs, and I will show you the room that revived all my dormant recollections."

"Excuse me, Charlotte; I am not so young as I have been, and I would rather not go up-stairs: not being subject to frivolous hallucinations of any sort likely to reward the exertion."

"This is no hallucination," persisted Mrs. Chetwynde.

"My love, don't hark back upon this subject—you see how disagreeable it is to Sir Jasper," interposed her husband.

Everybody saw this. He looked black and thwarted as a thunder-storm. "How can you pretend to recollect anything about your mother?" he said, avoiding her eye. "She died as mad as a March hare, more than five-and-thirty years ago. You were a mere baby of four years old when you went to live at Carghill. It is impossible you can recollect anything."

"Come up to the girls' room, and I will prove to you that I am right."

"A persistent woman always has her will," said Sir Jasper, sourly.

They went up stairs together, Sir Jasper in no very pleasant temper. Olivia was writing at the centre table when they entered; and, instead of heeding what Mrs. Chetwynde was saying, he leant over the girl, teasing her about her letter—Was it to her lover, or to one of her many dearest friends? He looked not quite master of himself, and behaved in a way unusual to him.

"Now Sir Jasper, do not attempt to say you don't believe me now!" said Mrs. Chetwynde, standing on the hearth, and looking at him steadily. "I saw the startled look in your eye as we came in at the door. Something in this place strikes your memory too."

"I never saw the room in my life before," growled the baronet, pettishly.

She marched up to him, and made him face her, as she enunciated the following question with a suppressed vehemence that was painful to see and to hear:

"Sir Jasper, have you no recollection of a sick woman lying here on a hard bed with a shrieking child clinging round her neck? Have you no recollection of a pitiless intruder tearing them apart? If you have not, your memory is failing you. You were the pitiless intruder. I saw you with the ridge of curls rising on your head, as it used to do, when you leant over Livy, just now. You have dressed your hair in that old way again."

Sir Jasper laughed, but not naturally.

"Charlotte, my tragedy queen, it is a new wig. My doctor bade me wear a wig. So I did it. I'll tell the maker, that he may use your blunder as a puffing advertisement."

Mrs. Chetwynde let her hand drop heavily upon his arm. "Sir Jasper," she said, "I will have it out of you. Ridicule will not put me off the track. Nothing will put me off it. Where did your elder brother's wife die;—mind I say his wife?"

Sir Jasper shrugged his shoulders compassionately. "Now Charlotte, what is the good of this scene?" he asked, persuasively. "Your pride will make you mad. Your fancies are almost as outrageous and extravagant as your poor mother's delusions were."

"Would you make me out crazed, because I would unmask—"

"Unmask what? Didn't I save your mother and you from starvation?"

"You had your interest in it!" retorted Mrs. Chetwynde. "Every seeming good act you ever did, had its base motive. Who made my mother write those self-accusatory letters you once showed me? Never were they done of her own free will! They were far more like the composition of a romancer, than the outpouring of a heart-broken and dishonoured woman." Mrs. Chetwynde's voice was loud and passionate: her husband and the rest came up to see what was the matter. As she went on railing at Sir Jasper, her husband soothingly said: "Hush, my dear Charlotte, hush! Remember the children."

"I do remember them. I call them all to witness, that I here declare Sir Jasper Carghill to have been my worst enemy and theirs, and my mother's most of all. He has tampered with the truth. I believe that, for his own vile ends, he has cast a false blot upon his brother's name. See how he shrinks from my eye. Look at him, observe him! See how he quivers and shrinks from me!"

Sir Jasper declined to submit to such a general scrutiny, and slunk out of the room, saying: "I'm sorry for you, George; but it is very clear that the excitement has been too much for her, with the strong hereditary predisposition to insanity. She is her wretched mother over again."

He left the house, and Mr. Chetwynde, fearful of he dared not acknowledge what, bent all his efforts to the soothing and quieting of his wife's mind.

She would not be soothed; she would not be quieted. She would not give up one of her assertions, or admit for a moment that she might be mistaken. Ordinarily she was a woman of plain sound sense, possessing an even cheerful temper. She was not prone to whims or fancies of any kind; but, when she conceived an idea or a suspicion, she held it fast with singular tenacity. Sir Jasper's cruel suggestion wore an air of great plausibility. Reverses of fortune have thrown fine minds off their balance often, and it did, indeed seem like the trick of a disordered imagination, that Mrs. Chetwynde should speak of herself as remembering events that had happened in her babyhood, forty years before. Her husband reasoned with her in vain, but he would not believe her. The only persons in the household who were in the least struck by the possible truthfulness of her reminiscences were Nurse Bradshaw and her daughter Olivia. Nurse allowed that very strange things did sometimes happen, and perhaps this might be one of them. Mrs. Chetwynde seemed satisfied by her hesitating partisanship; and, becoming less excited, retired to consult with her faithful servant as to what steps would be most likely to lead to a solution of the mystery.

III.

THE next day, Mrs. Chetwynde and Nurse Bradshaw found themselves, by eleven o'clock in the morning, in the waiting-room of an eminent physician. They had discovered that this gentleman had begun practice there at the required date, and had patients mentally afflicted under his care in that place; but that he had not remained in it long. After waiting for nearly half-an-hour, Dr. Urling appeared. Mrs. Chetwynde put her questions with straightforwardness and simplicity: the physician replied concisely.

He remembered Sir Jasper Carghill's placing under his care a young woman named Alice Bell, afflicted with certain delusions. She was allowed to have her child with her. Sir Jasper had represented her as his elder brother's mistress; and her delusions were that she had been married to Sir Rupert Carghill in Scotland: and that the present baronet was the author of an conspiracy to deprive her child of its legal rights. She was fretful; but never violent, and it had never been necessary to place her under personal restraint. She was very handsome, naturally intelligent and amiable, and passionately fond of her child. Dr. Urling had more than once wished to discharge her as perfectly capable of managing herself and her affairs; but she had such a terror of Sir Jasper, that she begged him to keep her safe with her child from his machinations.

"Then she died in your house?" said Mrs. Chetwynde.

"No," replied Dr. Urling, rather hesitatingly. "She began at last not to feel herself secure with me. Her delusions returned as strongly as ever; and, one night during a short absence of mine in the country, she left the house, and neither I nor Sir Jasper ever succeeded in obtaining the slightest trace of her afterwards."

Mrs. Chetwynde shuddered. "Dr. Urling, that poor woman was my mother. Had I been taken from her before she fled? Was it in search of me she cast herself loose upon the world?"

"I fear it was. Sir Jasper had been that day, and removed you in my absence."

"Doctor Urling, my mother was no more mad than I am. Her so-called delusion was the truth. Sir Jasper had his own interests to serve in proving her dishonoured and insane. Tell me all you remember of her escape?"

"When I returned home, my housekeeper informed me that, early in the day, Sir Jasper Carghill had been to see Alice Bell; that she had heard high altercation going on in the room between them, mingled with the child's cries; that when she attempted to enter, she found the door fastened. When Sir Jasper left, the nurse went into the room, and found Alice raving and crying

over her child, saying, she had destroyed her own and its good name for ever, by some concession she had made; that she could not bear its presence, for it reproached her; and she sent it out of the room. While she was in this condition, Sir Jasper returned; and, in spite of the mother's frenzy and my servant's resistance, he forced the little girl from the house. The same evening Alice herself escaped, and all subsequent efforts to trace her, living or dead, proved vain."

"Sir Jasper told me always that she was dead," said Mrs. Chetwynde. "Doctor Urling, do you believe her to have been mad?"

"If a delusion on any one point possesses the mind, we say the patient is a monomaniac. Alice Bell was said to have such a delusion when sent to me, and she persisted in it strenuously."

"But if it were no delusion?"

Doctor Urling shook his head. Mrs. Chetwynde repeated her question.

"Alice Bell was friendless, and I was poor. She wished to remain with me, and Sir Jasper paid for her handsomely. Altogether she was not more than six months under my roof; but that was long enough to show me surveillance was unnecessary. She knew, and I knew, also, that if I discharged her she might be sent to some other place, where no help could reach her; but I was never Sir Jasper's tool—never."

Doctor Urling had not an honest eye; he had contradicted himself more than once; but Mrs. Chetwynde was clear-witted enough herself to sift the grain from the chaff; and, having obtained all the clue that she could to the making out of the truth, she went straight to Sir Jasper Carghill, told him what she had learnt, and from whom she had learnt it.

He was confused at first; but, recovering himself quickly, he told her she was a fool, defied her to injure him, and ordered her to leave the house, and never to cross his threshold again.

When Mrs. Chetwynde's family was convinced, from Doctor Urling's admissions, that her remembrance of the events she had seen transacted in that room were no hallucinations, they were only too eager to follow whatever she suggested, to clear up the mystery. An advertisement was inserted in all the leading English and foreign journals, offering a reward to any one who would come forward, and give information concerning one Alice Bell, who had escaped from a private lunatic asylum, about forty years ago, after having been cruelly deprived of her child.

IV.

For many months the advertisement remained unanswered. Then, one morning, the readers of the Times met the following reply. "Alice Carghill is living. Who seeks her?"

The next day's paper contained, "Alice Carghill's daughter seeks her. There is no danger." After the lapse of a few more days, "To those whose sympathy has attended the search of a daughter after her lost mother, the information is given that they are re-united."

On the Christmas-ere next after the Chetwyndes came to London, Sir Jasper Carghill lay reluctantly gasping out his life in the presence of his physician and his hired nurse. Doctor Urling had just intimated to him that if he had any worldly disposition to make he had no time to lose. Naturally enough, after having held to the world so closely for more than seventy years he was very unwilling to leave it now. He was in full possession of his senses, dying, as it were, with his eyes open to the lapsing of time, and the approach of eternity: his reflections appeared to be those of remorse and self-accusation.

Suddenly there was a ring at the hail-bell; it echoed through the house, and into the silence of the sick man's chamber dismally. He demanded to know who rang so loudly, and at that untimely season. The nurse went out to see, and returning said: "It is Mrs. Chetwynde, and a woman who will not give her name."

"It is Rupert's wife, Urling,—it is that Alice Bell;—what can they want here?" Does Charlotte know I am so ill?" said Sir Jasper, hoarsely. "Will they come in?"

It seemed so. They were already standing on the mat outside the door—a feeble, weary woman, grey-haired, and wild-eyed, clinging fearfully to her proud, impulsive child. Those within heard her shrill whisper "Is it safe here? is it safe, Charlotte? Sir Jasper is a cruel enemy."

Lady Carghill's enemy was dead.

Doctor Urling announced the fact with professional gravity and deference.

"Come away, Charlotte, come away," whispered Lady Carghill, as her daughter would have entered the room.

"It is good to look on a dead enemy," replied Mrs. Chetwynde; and passing the physician by, she went in.

"Sir Jasper did you right at last," said Doctor Urling; "he spoke of Alice Bell as his brother Rupert's wife."

"We could have righted ourselves without his confession. God forgive him!"

"God forgive him!" repeated a feeble voice near the door. "God forgive him, and all of us."

"Come away, mother. I think your prayer must be a mill-stone round his neck now, heavier than any curse!"

"It is all over, Charlotte. The poverty, and the fear, and the suffering, and I am safe now: I have you again. Let us go home."

The savings of Sir Jasper Carghill's penurious life, brought back Harringly. The

Chetwyndes returned thither, taking Lady Carghill with them. During those years when Lady Carghill was lost, she had lived as nurse in a great northern town, loving and comforting many; watchful over her child from a distance, but never daring to claim her. The name of Jasper Carghill made her tremble, even when he was dead.

MEN IN MASKS.

I AM not about to observe that all the world is a stage, because that remark, I believe, has appeared before. I am not about to compare my fellow-creatures to players, because that comparison was common-place in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Masks, as distinguished from faces, is my little grain of common-place, which I am going to beat out in a somewhat spreading and ill-natured manner.

How many houses do I know that are open glass-houses, in which the inhabitants, like monkeys in a cage, are always playing antics for the amusement of their friends and the public? Hundreds; thousands; tens of thousands. How many of these people are not living under a mask which is never thrown off—night or day—as long as anyone is found to gaze upon them? Not one;—I am grieved to say it.

Honesty is not rare; virtue is plentiful; courage can be had for the asking; but people will not be natural; they scorn repose, they are always striking an attitude, they are always "going in" for something.

There is my fearfully active friend, with his very transparent mask, who is always going in for energy. His presence is like a whirlwind. He cannot sit still. He was in Paris yesterday. He will be on the top of Snowden to-morrow. He came up from Cambridge this morning to keep an appointment, and he has just ten minutes to spare, which he has considerably devoted to me. And what am I doing? Smoking my pipe in my slippers and dressing-gown, as usual? Ah, well; all men are not made alike. Of course I have heard of his starting two daily newspapers, organising a line of American packet-ships, and getting into Parliament for an Irish borough, since the week before last? I was not aware that he was the sole contractor for the Great Trunk Railroad of California? Oh, yes. Passed five weeks in a railway express carriage, issuing orders to clerks and workpeople, who leaped in and out at certain stations. Some people can do these things; others sink under them. Capital story about a "boots," at Manchester. Asked to be called, with hot water, at four a.m., but the waiter forgot to put it on the slate. Walked into the coffee-room of the hotel at twelve fifteen, p.m.; and when the Boots came in with his cap in his hand, apologising for the waiter's neglect, told him I had been to London and back since then,

and had forgotten all about it. Astonishment of Boots quite amazing. Of course I shall go and see him when his new mansion is built. Plans just decided upon; foundation scooped out; all to be finished, under heavy penalties, in twenty-one days. Good bye. O, my poor head!

Not very dissimilar from this violent mummer, is my friend who wears the robust mask—who goes in for rude health and ruddy vigour. He is always draining a pot of porter, with a loud smack of the lips, stamping his feet, striking his chest, and giving imaginary blows from the shoulder. He rises at six every morning (summer or winter); he leaps into a cold-water bath (summer or winter), sometimes half-full of ice; he takes a three-mile spin up hill, and a three-mile trot down; he scorns tea, coffee, eggs, and toast, and breakfasts on half-raw beefsteaks, stale bread, and porter. He plays a good deal at cricket, and he almost lives in the open air; he has never had a day's illness in his life, and he does not know what a doctor's bill means; he weighs fourteen stone, but every ounce of flesh upon him is as firm as india-rubber (feel and try), and he only wonders any sensible person can hesitate for a moment to follow his example. Nothing disagrees with him. He can stop up all night; he can drink bad wine; he can digest pork-pies, welsh-rarebit, and lobster-salad, washed down with punch that is made to suit a salamander. Wonderful! Though his mask is as broad and palpable as a giant's in a pantomime, he never loses an opportunity of thrusting it under my nose.

Another wearer of a broad, coarse mask, is my ready-money friend, who goes in for universal power, based upon cash capital. His funds may not be extensive—I know he is not very rich—but he makes the most of the goods with which the gods have provided him. He likes large heavy coins, that make a substantial show; and crowns, half-crowns, and thick copper pennies must have been created for his special gratification.

His purse is like a huge sand-bag, not easily forgotten, and it is no wonder he was never known to leave it behind him. He considers no man wealthy, no matter what his landed or other property may be, unless he can command a stout bagful of the circulating medium. He does not like bank-notes, he despises bank-cheques, and he takes his stand firmly as an individual on a pure metallic currency.

It is his boast that he never yet owed a penny for a single hour; and it is also his further boast that he never will. He smiles at debtors' prisons, insolvent courts, and lawyers' offices; as, he says, that such places were never meant for him. He throws his heavy purse on the counter when he is driving a hard bargain, and he trusts to its silent power to bring him off in triumph. He knows, or affects to know, of nothing that

cannot be settled with ready money; and he considers the legal system of fines a convincing proof of the correctness of his opinions. If he ran over a child in the street or shot a peasant-boy instead of a partridge, he would pull out his sand-bag purse before the magistrate, and ask, "How much?" with the most provoking confidence. His wealth is of the electro-plated kind, and its ostentation is in proportion to its shallowness.

Another wearer of a mask, who contrasts forcibly with the last, is my extremely delicate friend, who goes in for refinement and an elegant state of repose. His nerves are very fine; his taste is exquisite; he cannot bear popular pictures, popular music, or popular literature; he hears the bellowings of stage-tragedians, and the trumpet-song in the opera of Puritani, without moving from his comfortable chamber-couch. He once ate a pea; he once saw a masterpiece of Turner's painting, and he had a brain-fever which lasted several days; he never had a coat that fitted him properly, or a well-made pair of boots: he would not be a member of Parliament for twenty thousand a-year; he thinks the ballet is not what it used to be; he says that people do not dress now-a-days, but jump about in sacks; he has been to Brighton, but never to Ramsgate,—thank Heaven, he has not yet fallen so low as that. He would not be introduced to my energetic or my robust masker for all the wealth of Australia.

He can see nothing to amuse him in town, and he abhors the rude, half-savage sports of the field. He calls his valet, and finding that no turbot is to be had in the market, he requests to be left undisturbed in bed, until the same hour on the following day.

This wearer of a thin, transparent mask may be called a rather prejudiced man, if anything so vigorous as prejudice can exist in so affectedly feeble a body. He has a contrast in the person of another masker, whose pride it is to go in for universal liberty of opinion.

My friend who wears the unprejudiced mask, is never tired of calling himself a citizen of the world. He belongs to no country; he has no national feeling. He would sleep in a double-bedded room with a negro, a red Indian, or a Malay pirate. He knows no distinction of caste, colour or position; and he cannot understand why the eternal principles of right and freedom should be thought good in one latitude and longitude, and bad in another. So far I could agree with him, if he was not so dreadfully conscious of his attitude. George the Fourth may have been no better than the late King of Oude, but it is rather antithetical (if not treasonable) to say so. My friend in the unprejudiced mask is as lenient to individuals as he is to nationalities. His opinio_n

upon the alleged tyranny of Richard the Third is suspended while he waits for further evidence.

He considers the case not proved against many notorious criminals of history, and he is compelled in every company to check all abuse of their memories. He married a lineal descendant of the late Mrs. Brownrigg, to show his superiority to names and connections—for the same reason he chooses his servants from the gaols and the street, and passes by the possessors of long character pedigrees.

He carries into private life the calmness of the judicial bench, and he is excessively annoyed at any public comments upon a case that is under judgment. Here, also, I could agree with him, if his mask was not quite so transparent. He will salute a cats'-meat man in the middle of Regent Street; if the cats'-meat man had the advantage of knowing him in his youth. He believes in no monstrosities of foreign dress or cookery, until he has patiently tried the garments, and tasted all the dishes. He has appeared in the Chinese slipper, to the manifest torture of his feet; and he has tasted of birds'-nests and stewed kittens to the evident torture of his stomach.

To such a pitch does he carry his masquerade, full in the public gaze, that he affects to feel more pride in being seen talking to the common hangman, than receiving a mark of familiar recognition from the greatest hero of the day.

These are only some few representative men in masks—picked at random from the social masquerade—who have the talent to be artificial, but not the courage to be natural. As I look upon them I become, however unwillingly, one of the posturing crowd myself; and though shrouded in that small cynical mask (which is so easy to put on), I am willing to throw off my disguise if they will abandon theirs, and to welcome them gladly as men and as brothers.

ENVY.

He was the first always : Fortune
Shone brightly in his face.
I fought for years ; with no effort
He conquer'd the place ;
We ran ; my feet were all bleeding,
But he won the race.

Spote of his many successes,
Men loved him the same ;
My one pale ray of good fortune
Met scolding and blame ;
When he err'd, they gave him pity,
But me—only shame.

My home was still in the shadow,
His lay in the sun ;
I long'd in vain : what he ask'd for
It straightway was done.
Once I stak'd all my heart's treasure,
We play'd—and he won.

Yes ; and just now I have seen him,
Cold, smiling, and blest,
Laid in his coffin. God help me !
While he is at rest,
I am curs'd still to live :—even
Death loved him the best.

IN AFRICA.

I HAD squeezed Gibraltar dry, like one of those oranges with rough white kid linings that now lie in the London murky fire-place at my feet. There was not a drop more juice in it. I had from the hotel window, through the green bars of the jealousies, watched the Moors at prayers, with their brown faces to the east. I had made a note of the purple, pigeon's-neck ruffle of the sea, when the Levanter passed and skimmed it with its wings. On the subaltern's maxim of Never walk if you can ride, I had taken a flea-bitten grey from old Rhododendron's stables, where the hulk of the broken-down Mansom wallowed at the door, and had gone all round the Rock, from Waterport Gate, where the plaided fish lie for sale, all round the Marble precipice, toothed with cannon, and grinning with embrasures, to Catalan Bay, that quiet, storm-washed fishing-station, with its melancholy one officer on duty. I had been out to the Highlander's tents, been feted with bitter beer, and had seen the brave young officer who was thrown over the bridge near Roque, while scudding home from the cork-woods in a state of rum-punch, as the camp phrased it. The guides, Rafael and Mesias, had shown me everything for a few hard dollars. I had been introduced to the monkeys, and thought them deserving of promotion, as they sat chained to pillars, and dressed in little scarlet jackets outside Spanker's and Driver's doors. I had even—after a look in at the Romish church, which I at first mistook for the theatre, and another look at the half-Moorish Protestant church—clambered to the higher regions of the garrison library, where I had been shown, through a glass door, the awful Governor himself—terror of subs—reclining on a sofa, and reading the Times (only six days old) with infinite relish: a certain proof that he is of our common species. I had heard the Jews howling at their synagogue like so many invoking priests of Baal. I had been with Spanker on a tour of inspection through the barracks, and had seen the men rolling up and ticketing their bedding, cleaning their belts, and polishing their muskets. In fact, I had done the Rock, subs, monkeys, scorpions, martinets, Jews, Spaniards, and all.

What a curious instance of human malice and perversity it is, that, if you are going a railway journey, a kind friend always stops to read you the last collision and loss of life at Wolverhampton: if by sea, the Burning of the Kent East Indiaman is lent

you as a travelling companion. Now that I was going to Africa, Major Macgillicuddy would hold me by the button (that button he had already loosened), and tell me, in a low, bass whisper, that only ten days ago a brig had been brought into the government harbour, picked up by some vessel on the Barbary coast, with the name carefully scraped out, and the decks bloody. I had better take care. Was my life insured? Could he lend me a Colt's revolver, with all the latest improvements. It was a pity such a deuced pleasant fellow (here I blushed, of course) should throw away his life to see a mere Spanish garrison-town. Did I know that it was the common talk of Gib that the Spaniards were about to proclaim war on the Moors, for their attack on Mellilla? He had been indeed, distinctly informed that chests of dollars were arriving every day, under convoy, at Algeciras for war purposes. The Emperor of Morocco, one very reliable account said, had struck the Spanish ambassador at Fez, and threatened him with the bastinado; but he had escaped at night, dressed as a date-merchant, to Timbuctoo. The Beef-boat captain, So-and-so, told a friend of Colonel Martingale, who told Simms of the Hundred-and-Second, who was a bosom friend of his (Major Macgillicuddy's), only that morning, that not a Spaniard showed himself on the walls at Ceuta, but he was instantly potted by the Moorish matchlockmen. Now I knew perfectly well the Major cared no more for me than he did for the last pack of cards he flung under the table and that if my head dangled at the saddle of a Rif camel to-morrow night, it would not spoil his appetite for one day. I knew, moreover, that the Major's hearsay was mere floating gossip maliciously exaggerated to annoy me (some men cannot resist the pleasure of tasting the power of giving pain); and, moreover, as all indolent people do, he took delight in stopping another man's activity. So I replied nothing, but gravely nodded, and went of to pack up my out-at-elbows trunk, and hurry the Arab captain.

Pushing and elbowing through a crowd of red and green boats, with lateen sails bent back like a hare's ears when she runs before the hounds, I and Fluker, my artist companion, push off from Calpe, the Pillar of Hercules, which the jealous Phœnicians kept as a tollgate, beyond which no strangers might pass—though they had no cannon then, to shoot at them with, as we have now. We do not care now whether the rock is like a couchant sphynx, or a bucket, as the Greeks compared it to: indifferent to us whether its name is Hebrew, and means a caved mountain, or Phœnician, and means the night watch-tower. We are going to the lion country, and leave the burnt rock for antiquarians to grub about as long as they like. When Gib's gun-fire sounds to-night at Ave Maria time, we shall be far away, far away from its videttes.

Africa, a new quarter of the world, is all before us; so let that white fever-cloud hang about the flag-staff and Saint Michael's cave, where the treacherous Spaniards once hid, as long as it like. Let Colonel Martinet put the whole garrison on bread and water, and the Town-Major sweep the streets with grape. We are free!

To tell the truth (why should I be ashamed of it?) I felt, as I put my foot into the bilge-water puddle at the bottom of the Algeciras ferry-boat, that slight fever of anxiety which travellers often feel on taking a sudden and uncertain step: a tremour such as the bravest man may feel; and which is a tingle of the nerves, not a child of the heart. It is what men carrying scaling-ladders feel, and what the officer who volunteers to head a forlorn hope feels. It is natural, and not unbecoming the thoughtful brave man. It is all very well to tell me that that young Guardsman I just met smiling and showing his teeth in Regent Street, with a bunch of violets at his button-hole, would not have felt so. For my part, I think the man who sees a danger and yet faces it, is braver than the wild Irishman with the bloodshot eyes, who rams his hot head into the blazing mouth of an eighteen-pounder, and pays the natural consequence. You must remember the difference, too—when you laugh at my hesitation at a mere five hours' sail—all the world over, between the outdoor man and the indoor man. My nerves have all come to the surface, with much introspection, and the fretting of perpetual thinking. For certain things, I would let them cut my heart out; but you must not wonder if I do not smoke and sing all the time of the operation, as a sailor does whose leg is being cut off; or if I shudder just a trifle at the first glitter of the surgeon's knife. When I hint the possibility of danger to Fluker, he makes a face, and takes a look inside a tankard of bitter ale, and says, "He daresay he shall pull through;" and certainly, if his mental pull will be anything like that miraculous pull which he took at the pale ale, I quite agree with him. Fluker was thinking of the jewel-colour of sea-water; of the effect of white sails against blue skies; of red-turbaned heads telling against white mosque walls; of the red scarf, that carries the colour through the picture; and I knew it was impossible to make him realise the fact that we might be swooped up in our flight across the Gut by a Rif galley. So I let him alone; knowing that nothing but a torrent of sabres pouring on our deck would ever convince him that such infamous, illegal, unconstitutional, un-English conduct was possible, even in those latitudes. Besides, Fluker was one of those unpractical, unworldly men, who if he had wanted to stick up on the door of his London chambers, "Gone in the country: back in a week," would have stuck it up with his diamond shirt-pin, and not thought more about that

precious ornament except to wonder where he had lost it. Besides, if he had been taken prisoner, he would have painted a portrait of his master, and bought himself off in a week, like Fra Lippo Lippi, the clever, erratic, improvising, inconsequential fellow; or been made prime vizier to the Emperor of Morocco, and married his daughter. So let him hug his black tin colour-box, and go off to the boat, singing something about:—

“Her hand is soft as a Guelder rose,
And every bit as white,
Her eye is dark as a summer eve,
Or a violet by starlight.”

The ferry-boat is full of barefooted fisherwomen, who, grinding and chattering, load every one on board with English cotton handkerchiefs, which we are to smuggle for them. As for Fluker, he was ranting that the sea we were ploughing through was so much liquid sunshine, whereas it seemed to my vulgar eyes, just an ocean of pale sherry. One old Sycorax of a crone, with nutcracker mouth and hairy chin, so stuffed him with smuggled goods, that he was full up to the brim, sleeves, trousers, pockets, waistcoat—everything! I resisted a rival witch, who began to load me in the same way, and put her far from me, in spite of all her grinning and wheedling, and all the deprecating hand-wavings of the sturdy barefooted rowers; for we were not yet in the Robinson Crusoe zebec with the tawny red sails and the painted Carthaginian prow of the two beano-pod shape. Swiftly, with the great whale-back of a rock perpetually in our eyes, we skimmed along, and flew, and tacked, and wheeled in the Dantzie gold water of that luminous Pactolus. The men with their bare bull chests, toiling at the great oars, ran headlong about with the rope that the moving sail dragged and lugged at viciously.

Now the white fort and low shore of Algieras is in view, with the cocked-hatted officials in expectant vigilance on the rough stone jetty, on which, under a roof of mat, the lazy sentinal nods and drowzes—the rising and falling of the empty boats slowly mesmerising him to sleep. Now the last bundle of cottons has been stowed away in hat and bosom, and even those dried fish hide a small consignment of Manchester goods: now we bump the shore in hasty recognition, and leap up on the broad slippery stones, in which process one fat old gentlemen flops in between the boat and land, and is all but drowned. Fluker, intent on some emerald wash of water over stone, is busy with his red-covered pocket-book, which he is always consulting, like priest his breviary—honest enthusiast for red hair and microscopic mustard and cress that he is! The old women are out sneaking with affected humility—treacherous as Jachs, Judiths, and Dalilahs,—past the grand officials,

who pretended, with equally affected severity, to open every packet that they know contains nothing. The ferry boatswain has been round for pence, and we are landed, ready for the zebec that with quaint latteen rig, I see bobbing and dipping out away yonder, where the cows are being “swum” off alongside of boats full of soldiers and herdsmen, all bound for the Seven Hills and Ceuta on the African shore.

As I walk up to the hotel through the unthrifty sand, strewn with star-fish and intestine relics of departed mullet not yet deodorised by the great scavenger sun, the Arab captain, who talks reasonable English, tells me that Algieras is almost supported by the smuggling of cigars and cottons from Gib; as indeed are half the small towns on the neighbouring Spanish coast. The last Alcaide, he assures me, retired on quite a fortune realised in this patriotic and honourable way. The women I saw go over daily in the ferry-boat and daily smuggle. Every now and then, to keep up appearances, like the London police with London gambling-houses, the officers make a swoop, and clear out the whole trip of run cottons. I asked him if murders by robbers were common in Algieras. The Arab, shrugging up his hood, said he had heard of but one in twenty years he had known the place, and that was an English gentleman murdered near Ronda by two escaped galley-slaves from Cadiz. The gentleman was riding in the mountains; his sister stayed behind at a turn of the road to sketch, when she heard a shot; and, riding forward, found her brother dead; the thieves had it is supposed, followed him and been lying in wait. They were both garrotted, though the Spaniards petitioned hard for them.

Algieras we found asleep as fast as ever. That scene of two great English victories seems never to have recovered those stunning blows on the head dealt by the English fist. Half-naked boys in dirty drawers still dabbling about the rocking fishing-boats. Vagabond loafers still slept with their backs to new landed bales and sacks. There were still the string of porters unloading millet from a Barbary barque. Still cows wading and swimming out to board distant Beef-boats. Still naval-looking soldiers, drinking anisced on sea-side wall-benches. Still a distant salute from Gib, with jerking rings of sudden fire and thumps in the sky as if heavy carpets were being beat.

All the streets and squares and bull-ring and Prado of that dead carrion town I knew by heart, or rather by nose. I had even reconnoitred the intensely Spanish suburb, beginning with dusty lanes, hemmed in with deep irrigating ditches, walled by plantations of tall reeds that keep whispering some new court-secret of Midas; then one-streeted villages of whitewashed huts with dirty, naked, ophthal-

mie children dragging about fish-tails as playthings at the doors; then a few rambling prickly pear and angry aloes that stretched their wild irritated arms as finger-points, to lead you to the rolling earth-heaps and parched mule tracks of the open country. No green, spongy turf there: no gracious sheltering trees: no. Nothing but mere brickyard refuse and Saffron Hill burnt-up lumber, and strips of white and brown road padded to dust here and there by scuffling mule-hoofs.

I do not know what diplomacy is not necessary before we get our Ceuta passports.

There is much talking with Spanish semi-official sponges, who hang about our doors, and drop in by accident just at dinner-time. They have no objection to cigars. They sip at our claret, brag of their national services, and of the governor's wisdom; and eventually, when we are sick to death of officialism and officials, bring us a sort of billet-order from the tardy governor representing us as English officers on a visit of inspection to the Ceuta garrison. It gives us, if we like, a right to free quarters and food, and is altogether so solemn, condescending, and lying a document, that Ben-Hafiz, our Arab captain, treats it as a sort of Sultan's firman, and strikes his forehead and breast with it, awfully, in true oriental manner.

"Thanks be to Allah, we are, at last, in the zebec, The Young Man's Escape, just such a bark boarded Robinson Crusoe's vessel off Salee, and we are bound for Barbarie. An occasion seized by Flaker to improvise a sort of nautical comic song, which he sings to the delight of the grinning crew by snatches, in intervals of sea-sickness and note-taking:

"The white moon's flying fast, fast, fast,
Over the white-capp'd sea,
The scud is running arrow-swift,
And we're bound for Barbarie.

"Blue turbans watch us from the shore,
Across the gold-green sea,
For we bring a crown of topaz stones
For the Queen of Barbarie."

It was a throb and struggle of oars, that spread out now like swallows' wings, now like the legs of centipede—a pull, a sway, a lug at a rope, and we were on board the Zebec, where we soon, Flaker and I, took up our quarters, near the immensely long handle of the tiller, which, in true lazy Spanish fashion, was managed by a rope, held by a fat, bare-footed sailor, who steered sitting down; which did not startle me, because I remembered that the helmsman of the Seville steamer, though a rogue, "tough as nails," had a sort of music-stool, to enable him to get through his laborious work.

The passengers are poor soldiers, smooth, brown-faced lads, going over with their mothers and sisters to join the garrison at Ceuta, and to furnish food for the Moorish vultures. They wore little boat-shaped blue

caps with tassels, and dirty yellow jackets, linen trousers, and hemp sandals (at least those from Sancho Panza's La Mancha), on their naked feet. Their knapsacks, made of calf-skin, with the chesnut hair outside, lay on the deck, with their tin pannikins for cooking strapped to them. Their muskets were, I observed, very rude and cumbrous. As for the rest of the passengers, they were mechanics, laden with mule-harness, sacks of loaves, and fruit, and shook down into their places before the vessel had gone many miles, subsiding at last into perfect sea-sick Jonahs, who would have thanked you if you had pitched them over to any passing whale wanting a luncheon. The young soldiers began by placing themselves in gay and picturesque attitudes on the piles of fruit-bags, laughing and making faces at the poor women who sought refuge, covered up, in sleep, from the rising nausea and giddiness, as the vessel leaped and tripped over the waves that divided Europe from Africa. I, not despising yet not much disturbed by the pitch and toss of the boat, and the rise and fall of the horizon (to which we seemed to climb, only to drop from it directly) sat and talked.

I and Flaker, indeed, to get out of the way of the sailors—who were singing a ballad about a certain Don Antonio in chorus to the fat steersman with the merry greasy face and Bashaw stomach just off duty at the tiller—threw ourselves on the deck. Presently, the captain, grand in his striped burnoose, joined us, and lying down too (the song hushing, out of respect to the captain), he began to discourse on the wonders of Tetuan, of its boar-hunts, locust-trees, torpedo fish, and customs. "No ale and spirits sold here," said he. "The Prophet allows the Faithful no such indulgences; no, not even ginger-beer or shandy-gaff, or what you English call gin and bittares."

"He knows all our national peculiarities, this captain," says Flaker, under breath, as he fathoms his coffee-coloured meerschaum with his little finger.

"But then the Tetuan people allowed no cheating in the caravanserais. He himself (Ben Hafiz) had been charged too much, and had to complain to the Moorish governor, who instantly sent two blacks to drag the innkeeper to prison. There were no Tarifa landlords there. Had I heard of the Tarifa landlord, and what he said to the Duke of Medina Cœli last June?"

"No."

"The duke lost his way, out quail shooting, and had to spend the night at the inn at Tarifa. The next day, when the bill came in the duke complained bitterly: and, by Allah! I think the infidel was right, because the Spanish rogue had charged him a dollar a-piece for two eggs. 'Rascal,' he said, 'why, you can get eggs here every day two for a penny.' 'Yes,' said the fellow, grinning,

as is the way of those cattle, 'but we do not get a duke here every day.'"

We laughed, and Fluker bursts out with—

"The sea is washing emerald clear,
The land is gaudy as I see,
And I hear the cygnet beat, that shows
We are coasting Barbarie."

The Arab went on: "I was myself born at Fez, and do not know much of these Tetuan people, whose manners do not resemble our own, though they believe in the same God and the same Prophet. You English would be surprised to see what I have at Tangiers. I was once there during the Ramadan, and saw the soldiers seize a man caught stealing a case of dates from Mequinez, the sweetest and most golden-dusted there are in all Africa. They did not want an trial. They dragged him, after a short bastinado, up to the wall of the marketplace, where there was a large iron ring. There they pulled off his turban, pulled up his sleeve, and cut his hand off. If you go, therefore, English gentlemen, to that Moorish city, take care of men with one hand; for they are rogues. Above all, avoid men with both hands cut off, for they are the Devil himself."

"And how, Ben-Hafiz, does this humane system work?" said Fluker, who had been shrugging his shoulders, to express disapproval.

"Extremely well, English gentleman. People are so honest in that city, that if you were to-night to drop a purse of gold in the most frequented street, you would find it next day just where you left it."

"Come, come, old fellow," says Fluker, moved to speak, "draw it mild; you mean the purse, not the gold."

"The faithful man speaks faithfully," says the Arab, scowling, but still grave and quiet. "I speak of what I have seen." Here flowed out some indistinct Arabic words, I am afraid not complimentary to Fluker's ancestors, particularly his maternal relation. "Am I a dog, that I must swear by the Koran about everything I say? I tell the" (the more angry the Arab got, the more oriental and scriptural his language, I observed, became), "you English have your law courts, your wigs made of cab-horses' tails, your black bedgowns, and skins of woolly animals: we go before the Cadi, who hears both sides, and then drives every one out of the room, takes down evidence on a spare scrap of paper, gives his judgment, and tears up the record. That is our Arab way; and shall I be called a liar and my father's grave be defiled, because your customs and ours differ?" The captain here jerked out angry orders to reef, just to cool his temper.

Fluker, rather frightened, said: "Why, old fellow, you're not going to cut up rusty about that? I meant no harm. Here, let's fill your pipe with some of this bird's-eye: it's capital good bird's-eye, I can tell you. So—

"White roses bloomed in every cloud,
White as the froth on the sea,
As we shook out every evening and
To speed to Barbarie."

The captain relented, and went on telling us how nearly, he had heard, Prince Walde-mar of Prussia, while sketching, had been cut off by the Rif matchlockmen, and related how he himself, a year ago, had all but fallen into their hands. He was with an Englishman of science, whom he was taking round the coast. They had been for an hour or two at the edge of a cave not far from Tetuan, trying to cut from a rock under water a curious sort of webby nest, which the Arab described as netted like coral, yet fine as silk. They had partly succeeded, and had got back into the cave, when they felt hands on their shoulders, and saw two blacks who had been watching them. Before, however, the blacks could proceed to use their swords, the escort had rushed in, disarmed them, and tied them back to back with cords.

I do not know indeed, what the irascible Ben-Hafiz would not have told us of the Rif men on camels, who come to Tangiers to buy at the market, had not at this moment Ceuta hove—I believe that is the right expression—in sight. For a long time Gib had been lowering and lessening; now to a Primrose Hill, now to a mole-hill, now to a mole on Ocean's cheek. We were at Ceuta; the town my countrymen, during the war, prudently garrisoned, much to the indignation of the ungrateful Spaniard.

In the scuffle, jostle, and confusion of women's bundles, soldiers' knapsacks, leather mail-bags, and bread-sacks, I and Fluker are all but forgotten. The captain is shouting at the shore, the sailors are shouting at each other, hauling at ropes, all but the steersman, who sits much troubled and disarranged; for no Spanish crew will take a vessel in within a quarter of a mile of the shore: We are carted out into boats into which, with acrobatic balancing and shin-breaking over oars and benches, we get, and are soon on the pier.

I see nothing in Ceuta—the town of Seven Hills: the little decayed Rome, from whence the Berbers shipped to conquer Spain, slay don Roderic, and furnish matter for a yawning epic—but rows and angles of decaying ramparts, and a slope of houses that seem slipping off into the sea. What I do see, and rejoice in, is far away to the right; the mountainous green hills—the image of those of Devonshire grown old—running down to meet the waves and hear the latest tidings of the conquered country, away yonder—of whose houses certain turbaned men here, in Africa, still keep the title-deeds and keys. There they stretch away like a rolling green desert: treeless but verdant, with only here and there the whitewashed walls of a Moorish hut to break the solitary grandeur of that greenness.

"There is one thing," I said to Fluker, as a rejoicing touter bore us off to the only inn of the place. "We are in Africa, that alone is a delight and a rapture."

"Keep saying Africa to me," says Fluker, "I can't realise it. It's more like going to Herne Bay; though I had one or two misgivings of my stomach."

"One or two! how some men—but, there, never mind."

I said nothing: I was so proud of having set my wandering foot in Africa.

"Lead on!" said Fluker, grandly to the touter, who had made himself a groaning Atlas under our portmanteaus, forgetting he did not know English; but then Fluker, though he has sometimes a good deal of presence of mind, is generally so absent with his art and his verses. There, again, only hear him, in Africa, singing:

The wind is blowing fore and aft,
The sheet is torn through the sea;
But he is not stung our ship that leaps—
Lead on, lead on for Barlogue.

One or two suicidally idle soldiers fishing from the quay-wall for mackerel, were all the garrison we saw as we followed the intrepid touter along a pebble-paved jetty, past some stalls and dens for officials, who all but went on their knees when they saw our grand passport. It was not till we left the fortified gateways and the citadel, to the right, and turned from the feverish, unquiet sea, up a steep, narrow lane, that we began to realise where we were. We were passing up between high, quiet white-washed garden-walls with scented bunches of purple flowers hanging over in tropical wealth. Here and there a pomegranate-tree hung up its fruit out of our reach; here and there some African tree, whose name I did not know, tossed its blossoms on us; and just as we were climbing still higher, Atlas stopped, shook down his luggage mountain in the doorway of a small dirty court, and said we were there.

This was the Fonda.

"Well, I'm sure!" said the Fluker hopelessly.

Atlas took three times the amount of pay he ought to have had, with a grumble wiped his forehead, shouted for the landlady, and stumped off. To our horror the landlady spoke nothing but Moorish; and, though a good-natured woman enough, had no idea of putting herself to much trouble on our account, and seemed to have no idea of our being a source of profit. She knew a few Spanish words, but we did everything by dumb show. Our treaties were like the episode play in Hamlet, "The thing where-with we catch the conscience of the king." We asked for a room: she showed us up a dark, stumbling pair of brick stairs to a little dim bed-room, with a scorpion-nest of a roof, and grated window commanding a view of the street.

As we stuck our heads out we heard a doleful drag and clink of chains, and a file of galley-slaves in yellow, led and followed by soldiers with loaded guns, trailed down the street; for Ceuta is the Botany Bay of Spain, and here the wretches die by thousands from climate, hard work, cruelty, and neglect.

I've asked our hostess for beef? No. Mutton? No. Veal? No. Fish? No. Bacon? Yes. Eggs? Yes. Fruit? Yes. Tea? Yes. Coffee? Yes. Very well, then; good coffee; good and quick.

We sit down on our two iron beds, and look at each other.

"If you call this Africa, I wish I was out of it. I am so doosed hungry!" groans Fluker.

O the crude nakedness of that dirty, tiled room, with the scorpion ceiling and the truckle-beds!

Presently in came the dinner, two tumblers of brown ditch-water coffee without milk or sugar; black bread without butter, and some slices of brown, old, sow-bacon, swimming in black grease. For dessert, two figs split open, and with a seedsman's drawer full of gold-seeds showing. You might talk, argue, reason; nothing more could be got out of our landlady. No meat is to be had in Spain after market hours; no one keeps any in the house. What is bought is bought for measured mouths. Butter is always scarce, and cheese, in retired places, is altogether unknown.

We eat in moody melancholy; and again, just as we are going to stroll out to see the fortifications, we are startled by a clink and drag of chains. We look out, it is the long string of galley-slaves marching back with sullen decorum up the covered way of the street. Our walk over the town was not very fruitful. We got on the sea-wall and heard the Gibraltar evening-gun roar out at us like a released lion. We poked into small squares paved with black and white pebbles in patterns. We watched half the garrison driving a bull into the slaughter-yard by pricking him with bayonets, which, instead of making him quieter, gave the chace the appearance of a small bull-fight. We saw the bare yellow-legged Moorish interpreters hob-nobbing with the governor; under the guidance of backsheesh-seeking Spanish artillerymen, we traversed curtain and ravelin, and all the angles and terraces of the fortress walls; bought long tassels of purple and yellow flowers, strung with Moorish taste, by a street-boy; purchased Moorish cigar-cases worked with dyed aloe thread; and stared at the immense tufted reeds that kept crying out to us in the gardens: "We are African!" We were dazzled by a review of two or three thousand men in the barrack-square; saw the raw recruits from La Mancha put through the difficult Hayband Manœuvres, and retired to our beds ready for the chivalrous touter, who was to rouse us for the early zebece. We had had quite enough of Africa. One thing

only puzzled us: that whether in the flower-arched lanes, the cactus planted gardens, or dusty barracks-square, we were everywhere being saluted by soldiers and bowed to by portly officers. We could see clumps of them watching us from the batteries; and, as we passed the curious arched cafés, groups of them turning to follow us, with their eyes, out of sight.

It was not till we were the next day arm-in-arm on the *Gib Alameda*, and the band beginning to strike up, that the reason for this singular courtesy and attention struck the sagacious Fluker.

"Why, by Jove," says he, "Blank. I know what it was made those fellows do the civil to us, so; it was our being put down as general officers in our passports. I'll be laughed if they musn't have thought we were on an official visit of inspection."

Said I, "Fluker, by Jove, you're right." And he was right, too. "For once—in *Barbarie*."

PHYSICAL FORCE.

WHAT we call inanimate matter is not inanimate in fact; it shows its latent vitality by transmutation to which there is no known end. In our manufactories, offensive offal is converted into beautiful pigments, and noxious residues are changed into scents and flavours for sweetmeats. In Nature's laboratory, gases become water, ice, snow, and steam; liquids change to heavy solids, or to masses of invisible but active vapour; solids solidify still more firmly, or crystallise, and rust and decompose, assuming new forms unrecognisable to the vulgar eye. The stars send forth light and heat, which the planets absorb, enjoy, and partially distribute in their turn. This grand united cosmos is in unceasing motion, integrally and universally. Powerful agents, whose existence was only of late divined and discovered, exert untiring influence, and they are probably backed by other influences unsuspected as yet. In the universe, then, there may be temporary repose, but there is no death-like rest, no cessation of action. A calm or a lull may come on now and then; a total stagnation, or an utter syncope, never. Liking the universe to a living creature, its heart never ceases to beat, nor the life-blood to flow in its minutest veins. The stillness of the earth as we behold it at rest which gives its charm to evening, and soothes the mind after the toils of the day, forms but a dim shadow of that awful quiet which would exist were matter not capable of mutual action. In that case there would be neither heat to cheer, light to gladden, sound to enliven, nor motion to excite.

But it is easy to conceive a universe whose matter should be impassive and still, remaining ever just as it was from all eternity, with

no change, no mutual affinities, no gravitation of one body towards another, and towards all the rest, no motion forward or in retreat, no revolution on axes or in orbits, no radiation of electricity or of whatever constitutes light and heat. The difference between a dead universe like this, and the adorable universe in which we are placed, is caused by the presence of what learned men have called **PHYSICAL FORCES**; by which are understood the various affections of matter which constitute the main objects of experimental physics, that is, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and motion.

It is superfluous to tell the reader that the study of the physical forces constitutes the main distinction which separates ancient from modern knowledge, or, that to such studies the present century owes the miraculous material progress it has made. And now, as a culminating triumph of science we are informed that the physical forces are really and ultimately one; or, if not one, at least sprung from one source, and that they certainly are correlative, or have a reciprocal dependence; that though neither of them, taken abstractedly, can be said to be the essential cause of the others, yet that either of them may produce, or be convertible into any of the others. "What!" exclaims the startled novice: "can heat be, or become motion? Can motion be light or heat? Can chemical affinity be motion or electricity?" The philosopher calmly answers, "Yes; heat may mediate or immediately produce electricity; electricity may produce heat; and so of the rest, each merging itself as the force it produces becomes developed." This is the position sought to be established, and really established to the minds of most men, by an essay, called *The Correlation of Physical Forces*, by W. R. Grove, Queen's Counsel, and Fellow of the Royal Society. The book has obtained a European reputation, its third edition having been translated into French by the Abbé Moigno. Moreover, a very remarkable lecture, delivered at the London Institution, has since been published in the pamphlet form. The *Monogenesis of Physical Forces*, by Alfred Smee, also Fellow of the Royal Society, and Surgeon to the Bank of England. The lecture would have attained equal notoriety, fame, and honour, with the essay, but for its brevity and its occasional character. It may attain it yet. The present article, written to promulgate the views of those gentlemen throughout a wider public than they might otherwise reach, is of course much indebted to them for its substance.

That there exists in nature a principle of unity, comprising in its law all cause and effect, is the great truth which appears likely to be demonstrated (if it is not already demonstrated) by the research of modern philosophy. In physics and in physiology, in mechanics and

in medicine, facts, no less than theory, declare, that no effect occurs without material cause; that no initial change takes place without equivalent result; in all cases, there is but one source of power or change. In short, there exists but one sole spring—there is a monogenesis, or a one-birth—of all physical or natural forces. This unity in the source of material power runs consistently parallel with the sublime doctrine of the Unity of the Godhead, as distinguished from the gods many, which are the characteristic of all pagan creeds. The wisdom from on high which teaches us to reverence One Jehovah, the Lord of all, appears to be leading us to the conclusion that His arm, unlike those of the monstrous idols of the East, is single, although all-powerful and ever-present.

We may therefore allow Mr. Smee to assume that, by the fiat of an immaterial power, matter, as long as it has existed, has possessed an inherent property, which it will retain till it ceases to exist—called attraction; for in every case in which we observe matter, we notice that it possesses a power whereby two portions are drawn together or mutually attracted. From this we deduce a law, "That whatever attracts is matter, and whatever cannot attract is not matter." Besides this grand fundamental quality of attraction, matter has many other wonderful properties. We live in a material world, but we can neither make nor destroy matter. However many times matter may be combined with or acted upon by other matter, it remains the same in amount; and even when so changed that it possesses no vestige of its former state, yet it is neither increased nor diminished.

How far matter is divisible, we know not; because we can readily separate it into particles far below the point of magnitude to which our senses can follow it; no microscope has been able to see the ultimate elements of salts, so long as they remain in solution. One of the most subtle divisions of solid matter is to be found in the black pulverulent state of metals, such as is employed for Smee's form of battery. It has been supposed that all matter is black when extensively divided, because its particles are too small to reflect light; but the form of these black particles is unknown to us, because the highest powers of the microscope are insufficient to render them visible to the eye.

Notwithstanding the infinite divisibility of matter, as far as human power, human comprehension, and human practice are concerned, it is found convenient, as the most probable theory, to assume that matter is divisible into definite particles which can no longer be divided, and which are hence called atoms, from a Greek word meaning indivisible. We know not, moreover, how many kinds of matter there are, or whether

there is more than one kind. It by no means follows that, because chemists have been unable hitherto to decompose the so-called sixty elements, they should be separate bodies having a different and peculiar nature of their own. As every element has a different combining number, it is possible that each undecomposed body which has as yet resisted the efforts of the laboratory, may only be a number of atoms attracted together so firmly as to resist our present power of separation. The ultimate particles of matter are aggregated or attracted into masses, whose great variety is demonstrated by daily and familiar observation. Ice alone shows what different appearances may be assumed at different times by the very same elements; hail, snow, hoar-frost, rime, branching-crystals, and solid transparent rock. In the electro-metallurgic deposits of scientific men and manufacturers, wherein objects are built up atom by atom, very different kinds of aggregation are obtained. The copper electrolyte from which the Bank of England note is printed, is so excellent, that a portion tried by Mr. Smee was found capable of being drawn into three and a-half miles of wire; whilst, under certain circumstances, copper so deposited breaks, with a conchoidal fracture, a proof of its brittleness, with the greatest ease.

Attraction exists not only between two solids, which have the power of attracting each other into one uniform mass by adhesion (as when two pieces of lead or glass, on being brought into contact, mutually adhere, sometimes greatly to the manufacturer's discomfort), but also liquids and solids in contact have a power of mutual attraction—as in capillary attraction—as have likewise gases and liquids. Further, even between gases and solids it has been proved that attraction is existent. A most important result of these attractions, for which we should not be prepared beforehand if it had not been demonstrated by analysis, is that particles of two or more different kinds of matter may be attracted together so as to produce a totally new substance, having none of the properties of the former particles. Thus, chlorine and sodium form common salt; hydrogen and oxygen, water. Attracted matter, either in masses or in the most attenuated particles, attracts other masses at any distance. By this power of gravity, everything in the universe is kept in its appointed place; to this power, the sun, the moon, the stars in the firmament, every substance on earth and in open space, owes the position which it occupies.

And now we step forward to other considerations, which lead us to the one consistent doctrine enunciated by Mr. Smee. In every case where attraction is exerted, it can be destroyed by a new attraction; and thus, whilst attracted matter exhibits cohesion, composition, position, so a new attraction can

cause disintegration, decomposition, and motion. Hence we deduce the law that, A new attraction can destroy a former attraction. Verily, matter conducts itself, in this respect, very like creatures that boast of possessing a mind and passions. The law may be enunciated in a different formula, to the effect that, attraction acting on attracted matter is the source of all force, and that, therefore, every physical force has a monogenetic origin, and, when generated, a truly equivalent power. For a study of the effect of a new attraction acting upon attracted matter, the voltaic battery stands forth pre-eminently as an instrument well calculated to exemplify the phenomenon.

The cause of all voltaic phenomena is referable to a new attraction; when this is opposed by obstacles, tension is manifested. Tension, to use a figurative expression, has a desire for action ungratified; and thus, as soon as the tension is increased, or the obstacles are diminished, action results, and disintegration, decomposition, or motion occurs. In the case when the electrical machine is employed, the destruction of the old attractions is frequently accompanied by light, heat, and sound. From the above lofty topics to descend to common life—is it a wicked joke to draw the parallel, that when, instead of electrical machines, men and women are concerned, the destruction of old attractions is likewise often accompanied by the flashing of angry glances, the heat of passion, the noise of disputation, and the motion of flight? To return: these scientific views lead the mind to suppose that electricity is not a material essence, an imponderable fluid, a spirit attached to matter, to which the effects witnessed are due; but that the phenomena of electricity are entirely owing to the action of a new attraction upon matter which has been aggregated or composed by the force of former attractions. By frictional electricity we are able to trace how repulsion is a phenomenon of attraction, and not an inherent power of matter. Two balls suspended close together, when similarly electrified, appear to repel each other; but in reality they are attracted to surrounding objects.

The resistance of matter under attraction to a new attraction, leads to the production of various phenomena. Under certain circumstances, that which we call heat is evinced. For heat, it is necessary that a resistance to the new attraction should be afforded by the pre-existing attraction. In the voltaic circuit, if any part is contracted, heat is manifested, and in this way water may be boiled, or platinum (one of the most infusible of substances) may be made to melt like wax. Mechanical force causes heat, when applied to solid bodies; and whenever attraction acts with sufficient energy upon attracted matter heat results. Where we require intense heat, we must employ an intense new attraction on an intense aggrega-

tion, and hence, every practical man uses light or strong coke according to the intensity of the heat he requires. Whilst heat exists, the new attraction is merely attempting to destroy other attractions; and the force may be transferred to any other body. It may be transferred by conduction, that is, through bodies in contact; or by radiation, that is, to bodies at a distance. In every case where heat ceases, either the new attraction ceases to exert itself, or the former attraction is destroyed, and disintegration, decomposition, or motion is the result.

It is a consequence of the monogenesis of physical forces, that each should possess within itself the power of a new attraction, which, according to the amount of the initial change, can produce either an equivalent or a relational amount of any other force. Therefore, as has been already stated, electricity may produce light, heat, or motion. It has been shown by experiment that polarised light is sensibly affected by magnetism. Motion may produce heat, light, electricity; light may produce electricity; motion, heat; heat may produce motion, electricity, light; and so we may ring the changes of the convertibility of physical forces without end. This doctrine has the merit of discarding the notion of ethers, essences, imponderables, or of a plurality of forces being attached to matter, and places such vague assumptions amongst the mental creations of philosophers rather than the realities of nature.

That the convertibility is possible, may be shown by instances easy to verify. Not only may motion be transformed into heat, as every-day experience teaches; Beaumont and Mayer, taking advantage of the circumstance, known from the remotest ages, that heat is always developed by friction, make a quantity of water boil in less than an hour and a half, by the continued revolution of a slightly conical iron rod covered with hemp throughout its whole length, inside a copper case, against the sides of which it exerts a very considerable friction. The rotary motion is simply produced by a handle, which sets the hemp-clad rod in motion by means of a toothed wheel. A couple of men are able to cause the rod to revolve rapidly. The machine is intended to make soup for soldiers. With a sufficient quantity of biscuit and preserved meat, these two men are able to make enough good hot soup for twenty of their comrades in an hour and a half, without the help of a spark of fire. This exploit, although amusing, on account of its novelty, is not really so great a feat as the rubbing, not striking, a light, by savages, by a legerdemain performed with two or three dry sticks.

Nothing will better serve to give a summary view of the mutual and reciprocal concatenation of the forces of nature, than to insist on the facts that motion produces heat when any two bodies whatsoever are rubbed

one against the other; that motion is converted into heat, when it is suddenly stopped; and that heat is converted into motion when—under the piston of a steam-engine—the vapour of water expanding in a vacuum, is cooled by the expansion, in such a way that the lost caloric is seen to be transformed into motion.

It is only of late that this principle has been propounded in its complete generality. About the year eighteen hundred, Montgolfier, the celebrated aeronaut, caught a glimpse of it, by recognising the possibility of the reciprocal conversion of motion and caloric. But this induction of genius was so completely beyond the limits and in advance of received ideas, that it did not meet with the slightest response at the time. Even in eighteen hundred and fifty-five, science was so little familiarised to the proposition, that the most celebrated natural philosophers could scarcely comprehend the drift of Monsieur Léon Foucault's brilliant experiment, by which he proved that a mass of copper in rotatory motion, suddenly arrested at a distance and without contact by means of a magnet, becomes heated, and that to a degree proportional to the retardation of its motion.

What has been said of the reciprocal conversion of heat and motion into each other, is applicable to the rest of the physical forces. As motion generates heat, so can it also generate magnetism, light, and chemical affinity. It is generally known that if, instead of rubbing against each other two homogeneous bodies, such as two pieces of wood or two bits of iron, the friction is made to take place between two heterogeneous bodies, such as a stick of sealing-wax and a scrap of woollen cloth, electricity is produced. Monsieur Babinet has modified this experiment into an original and striking form, which is worth describing, in order that any one who likes may enjoy the pleasure of repeating it.

On the smooth stopper of a decanter, balance, in a horizontal position, a rather heavy walking-stick of wood or cane, in such a way that it shall easily turn on its resting-point. Then take a piece of sealing-wax, rub it briskly on the sleeve of your coat, and immediately put it very close to one of the ends of the stick, without actually touching it. You will find not without surprise, that the stick, yielding to the influence of the electricity detached by the friction, will turn on its resting-point, and will follow the sealing-wax as it is gradually withdrawn, so as even to make a complete revolution, if the operator thinks fit to carry the experiment so far. In this case, motion has generated electricity; and electricity, in turn, has given birth to motion. Surely, this is worth all the table-turnings and hat spinnings that have ever been performed in the Old World and in the New.

It is not always possible, in the present state of science, to prove that any two forces whatever, taken at hazard, will produce each other; it is sometimes necessary to have recourse to an intermediate force. Thus, for instance, we cannot yet immediately transform heat into electricity; whilst, by taking motion as the intermediate force, that is to say, by causing a steam-engine to turn a gigantic plate of glass between a pair of cushions, we can obtain torrents of electricity. Mr. Grove is persuaded that the direct and immediate generation of all the physical forces by any one of them whatsoever, is possible. Science appears to be rapidly advancing towards the establishment of this capital fact, which would open a completely new era of discovery. For instance, one of the crying wants of the day, is cheap electricity; we know how to do many things by electricity which it is most desirable that we should be able to do. We can make an electric motive power, to serve the purposes of a small steam-engine; we can make hydrogen gas, for lighting, by decomposing that very cheap article, water. But the electric horse-power is so much more expensive to feed than the steam horse-power, and the water-gas (now being manufactured at the Invalides, Paris) costs so much more to make than coal-gas,—all in consequence of the dearness of electricity,—that they are only employed by those who can afford to pay for curiosities and experimental wonders. But perhaps the day is not far distant when, by the transformation into electricity of the heat generated in the furnaces of our manufacturing, we may create a source of electricity, a veritable voltaic pile fulfilling all the conditions of power which it is requisite to give to this marvellous instrument.

Mr. Grove contrived an experiment, too complicated to be fully described here, in which the apparatus comprises, in a darkened box filled with water, a daguerreotype plate, a galvanometer, and one of Bréquet's metallic thermometers. By drawing the lid or screen of the box, light is allowed to fall on the daguerreotype plate. Immediately, the two needles are seen to move; one indicating the presence of an electric current, the other, a disengagement of heat. One single cause, light, has therefore produced, on the plate, a chemical action; in the silver wires, an electric current; in the bobbin of the galvanometer, a magnetic current; in the thermometer, heat; in the needles, motion. Consequently, in this beautiful experiment, one force only, light, has generated all the others, mediately or immediately; namely chemical action, electricity, magnetism, heat, motion.

But the most important characteristic of this common genesis of the natural forces, is that it takes place in fixed and definite proportions, according to a law similar to that of chemical equivalents.

example, the heat which causes a kilogramme of water to rise a degree centigrade in temperature, will, if converted into motion, produce a mechanical force capable of raising about four hundred and thirty kilogrammes the height of a metre in a second of time; so that four hundred and thirty is the mechanical equivalent of heat. If we could only rigorously determine the equivalents of the other forces of nature, what an immense stride would science have made, and what a vast field would thus be opened to the research of the rising generation! Even now, by showing us how slight an elevation of temperature is necessary to produce a considerable mechanical effort, the mechanical equivalent of heat has taught us that we burn twenty times too much coal in the furnaces of our present steam-engines, and that we must invent others on a new plan. By applying these ideas, Monsieur Seguin has been led to construct his Pulmonary Steam-engine, and Monsieur Siemens his Regenerated Steam-engine.

To the correlation of the forces already known, there seems to be no end or limit; that other forces may yet be discovered, differing as much from those known as they differ from each other, is highly probable; and that when discovered, and their modes of action fully traced out, they will be found reciprocally related on one general and harmonious plan, may be believed to be as far certain as certainty can be predicted of any future event. Thus, sound is motion; and although at the close of the last century a theory was advanced that sound was transmitted by the vibrations of an ether, we now so readily resolve sound into motion, that to those who are familiar with acoustics, the phenomena of sound immediately presents to the mind the idea of motion, that is, motion of ordinary matter. Again: no doubt now exists that light moves, or is accompanied by motion. Here the phenomena of motion are not made evident by ordinary sensuous perception: as all observation teaches us that bodies, in moving from one point in space to another, occupy time, we conclude that, wherever a continuing phenomenon is rendered evident in two different points of space at different times, there is motion, though we cannot see the progression. A similar deduction convinces us of the motion of electricity. Of absolute rest nature gives no evidence: all matter, as far as we can ascertain, is ever in movement, not merely in masses, as with the planetary spheres, but also molecularly, or throughout its most intimate structure. Thus, every alteration of temperature produces a molecular change throughout the whole substance, heated or cooled; slow chemical or electrical actions, actions of light or invisible radiant forces, are always at play, so that as a fact we cannot predicate of any portion of matter that it is absolutely at rest.

Mr. Smee thinks, even, that odours constitute a further range of actions and reactions; in which view he feels the more confirmed the more he watches those animals, as the bloodhound, which have the nerves of the nose highly developed. Upon this matter, however, we are much in the same position as the man born blind, who can only receive his ideas of light through the medium of the eyes of others; for man has literally only a rudimentary nose, if it be compared with that of other animals.

The fundamental and radical unity of all the natural forces promises even to supply a bridge which shall enable us to make a road across that profound gulf which yawns between physics and metaphysics. The history of the human race proves every hour, that of the three grand manifestations of the Creative Power—space, matter, and time—the one which we comprehend the least in its essence, and whose future effects are the most difficult to divine and even to guess at, is the last, namely, time. But time itself, as a phenomenon, is now drawn by Mr. Smee into the vortex of physical science. For let us suppose that a change of matter could take place without time; the coals in our grates would be consumed instantly; if our house caught fire, the whole would momentarily vanish; if we set any body in motion, however gently, it would arrive at its destination quicker than thought, and be dashed to pieces. Chemistry supplies us with substances, the particles of which are held together so slightly, that upon the slightest application of force, they are separated; iodide of nitrogen, for instance, separates upon the slightest agitation into its component parts. The safety of the proper use of gunpowder depends upon its progressive action, which is slow as compared with iodide of nitrogen, or with some varieties of gun cotton.

Man derives the idea of time from the resistance to change; if the total changes constituting an event are performed with energy, but little time is occupied; if the resistance to change is great, considerable time is evinced. The sum total of all time is the representation of all events which have happened from the commencement of matter to the present moment; and the number of revolutions of the earth round the sun, or of the earth upon its axis, are generally the events which are counted as our measure of time. But, from the very nature of time, one event preceded all subsequent events, namely, the first rushing together or attraction of particles of matter, which gave to every object its composition, form, and position, and which we usually understand by the word Creation.

From these views we find that time can have none, no, not even the feeblest quality of eternity; and that however exaggeratedly it may be increased, time never becomes

eternity. Time is a mere repetition of events, each having a beginning and an end. Eternity is not made up of events; and has, therefore, no beginning and no end.

MATCH-MAKING MAJESTY.

THE negotiations for a certain Franco-Piedmontese marriage, held to be a forerunner of mischief, were opened last summer at Plombières, in a small château that has a beautiful garden. The frontage of this residence borders a narrow street; the windows of the drawing-rooms are at the back, and look over the shady garden to some hills which rise abruptly out from the road leading to the Val d'Ajol. There is nothing to disturb the repose of the scene. The trees, rich in foliage, are musical with singing birds; the rippling of the mountain streams blends with the rustle of the summer air, and a sweet odour of natural flowers floats from the hill sides. There is little traffic in the street seen through the wide entrance gateway. Everything would tell of peace, but for the ring of arms within the great court-yard where soldiers, fully accoutred, are continually on the alert. Two sentries are on the upper road above the garden, keeping keen watch upon certain windows shaded with red and white awnings. They open upon a balcony. Lower down a fierce sapper, "bearded like the pard," stands to warn all men off a railed pavement whence they may behold the majesty of France taking the air in the valley. His Majesty is not on horseback, nor in uniform.

Is it treasonable to tell how the Emperor looks at Plombières, divested of external pomp? He is grizzled, cadaverous, and lame in the left hip, and labours to conceal that last defect. His walk is awkward. He turns out his toes, and leans heavily on the strong stick he carries in his well-gloved hand. He is carefully dressed; but, though his coat fits him very accurately, he has nothing of the air of a perfect dressed man. His figure is not improved by the cuirass which his coat will not conceal. Every step he takes is studied, while his eye scans every passer-by with a look which has something uncanny in its expression.

In that small salon looking over the breezy garden, one hot summer's day last year, the Princess Clotilde of Sardinia was marked for marriage. She is married now.

The world hears that her husband is the image of the First Napoleon. He is certainly wonderfully like the portraits of his uncle, but (I am a woman and am critical upon outsiders of men) cast in a coarser mould. He is a large, loose, and yellow edition of that "little corporal." He is short sighted, and screws his glass in his eye in a way that does not improve the expression of his heavy, passionless face. He speaks in an abrupt tone. They say he imitates the great Napoleon.

He is clever; and, though wary enough to avoid the schemes that occasionally beset him, he has, I believe, less of the intriguer about him than most Bonapartes; except his father, who keeps to his path, and is much respected.

What the French Emperor's views were, last July, when he and the Sardinian envoy closed the bargain in the summer parlour at Plombières, it is not my purpose to discuss; but, as this little town in the Vosges has been, and probably will be, the scene of many a memorable compact and wily debate, and as it lies in a department of France little known to English travellers at this moment as an Imperial retreat, let me describe the place.

The Vosges, called the Switzerland of France, lies among wooded mountains and calm, shadowed lakes famous for trout. In a gorge of these mountain passes the Roman Legions one day halted; and, finding it a pleasant place, bivouacked on the spot, and cast about them, as they always did, for water-springs. They found not only these, but the warm fountains over which they built their bathing-chambers: the remains of which are the foundation of the famous baths of Plombières. King Stanislaus improved upon them, and the Emperor Louis Napoleon is likely to perfect them.

As the railway has not yet penetrated the Vosges beyond Epinal, a little south of Nancy (an old town lying off the Strasbourg line) we approach Plombières by a carriage route passing through picturesque valleys watered by the blue Moselle, that useful stream which yields the finest fish of its kind in the world, and turns the wheels of many a mill and factory. It makes a pleasant murmur in the deep retired nooks of this Gallic Switzerland, and washes the base of many a step crowned with the ruins of old castles. The mill and factory are not so pretty as these ruins; but the people look the happier for them; working in their cottage gardens, plying their nets in the streams or singing as they sit picking cotton under the trees. We dip suddenly into the gorge where the Roman soldiers rested on their arms two thousand years ago. Folks from the Rhine (German foresters) were here before them, having crossed Alsace, and traversed the mountain barrier, which even now is difficult of access.

Plombières has preserved its ancient look. It was on a glowing day that I first saw it, and the place was then put into gala-dress in honour of the recent entrée of Napoleon, who is its patron saint just now. Streams of red, white, blue, and amber calico fluttered from windows of grey granite houses; and the waving of the brilliant tricolor had a striking effect in the shade of the hills which rise abruptly on each side of the town. These hills are almost covered with fir-trees, from among which there jut out massive crags

of a dark granite embedded in ferns and grasses.

A noble promenade canopied with stately trees, lies on the left as one enters the town from Nemoursmont. In this promenade mass was performed last July, at altars built under the trees, and Louis Napoleon performed his devotions with the people. We saw workmen in the avenue, improving and embellishing, and we could hear the ring of chisel, pick-axe—every implement of masonry in the town. It contains now only two tolerable streets branching Y-fashion from the entrance. New baths are in course of construction. Those built over the Roman foundations are in the centre of the town. A cluster of tricolored streamers waved over the heads of the workmen busy there. We passed on to some terraces that had been newly laid out, and from these looked down upon a little valley in which groups of men wearing blue blouses were at work, making an ornamental garden à la Anglaise. This garden is one of the Emperor's hobbies. He has bought the ground, and enjoys the business of laying out the lawns and shrubberies. He has had some paths cut in the windings of the hills which shade the spot. They lead to a pavilion under the fragrant grove of firs, from which he can superintend his garden and enjoy the landscape.

It is said that the smell of these fir-trees is an antidote to cholera. One may believe it when there comes upon the morning breeze the most delicious odour of the woods. We were revelling in the soft air redolent of health, when we were told that the Emperor was within but a few yards of us.

In the bend of the hill, and under one of the groves, stood three gentlemen—the foremost of them, short and square, was looking into the green hollow, watching the busy gardeners in silence. Two men, dressed like gentlemen, rested against the railing of a pretty temple close to us, and evidently kept strict watch over the other group. There was no mistaking the people: they were Mouchard's secret police, who do their work in the most awkward way imaginable, and betray their calling at every word and step.

The Emperor's bearing and appearance—I must needs be personal again—have materially changed of late years. The expression of the eye is colder than ever, and the lid drops more heavily over it. The hair is thinning on the brow, and growing grey. The imperial is not so carefully trimmed. The hollow under the cheek-bone has deepened; the cheek itself being more ashy. One cannot fancy a smile now on that elongated visage. All this we had ample opportunity of noting, without any breach of outward courtesy. The Emperor passed us on his way into the little valley,

and stood there for a considerable time, directing the gardeners, and sometimes marking the pathways himself with a long staff.

It was a curious scene, and so quiet! The men pursued their work diligently, the engineer directing them from his great master's orders. Here a soldier halted for an instant in passing, saluted his chief, and stepped on; there stood a group of priests, backed by a pile of moss-clad granite, a few ladies, in showy toilettes, came down from the pine-groves; and there were plenty of children on the grass, with bright-eyed bonnes in their provincial caps; while over all there was diffused an atmosphere of which the colour changed every instant, as the light clouds cast their shadows on the sides of the dark-wooded slopes.

A burst of military music suddenly attracted every one towards the old avenue at the head of the town. We hastened thither. The band of the Sixty-third Regiment of the line struck up an overture, and I had not long been seated on the hard straw chair, for which treble price was charged in honour of the Emperor, when, on looking up the bank, I perceived Louis Napoleon leaning against the railing. By and bye, he came down the hill among us, with his two attendants, and took also a straw chair. There, half an hour afterwards, we left him, looking the picture of a paternal sovereign, whose only thoughts were peace. Screened, however, by a garden hedge at the top of the hill, there were the two Mouchards; under the trees, by the railing, the ferocious-looking sapper; and then, there were the two sentinels of the chateau, moving solemnly to and fro, and meeting and turning on their beat, so that the eyes of one might always be turned towards that summer pavilion with the red and white striped awnings, in which Napoleon and Count Cavour settled upon a certain wedding.

Shortly after this conference took place, Louis Napoleon made a little excursion. Eastward of Plombières, there is a lovely nook. It is a village called Gerardiner. The cottages, embosomed in gardens, are scattered over the green extent in most picturesque fashion. Here there is a placid lake, and, towering above the lake, is the Great Ballon. The Schlucht route, that cuts through this mountain to Colmar, in Alsace, bordering the Rhine, was almost impassable. Louis Napoleon put workmen on that mountain road immediately; and thus, if it so please him, he can transport with little noise or effort an army from Chalons to the Rhine bank. There seemed to be something significant in thus smoothing off the road to the Rhine directly after negotiation with Sardinia.

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A BREACH OF BRITISH PRIVILEGE.

SIR,—I occasionally see your journal at the houses of my friends, and I am told that it occupies a highly influential and prominent position among the periodicals of the present time. For my own part, I carefully abstained from subscribing to you, when you started. I didn't like the look of you, then; and I don't like the look of you, now. You are not English to the back-bone. You have more than once set up the foreigners—the jabbering, unwashed, unshaved foreigners, who live on kickshaws and sour wine—as examples to us. I doubt whether you really believe that one Englishman is equal to two Frenchmen and six of any other nation. I doubt whether you know your Rule Britannia as you ought, and whether you sincerely feel that we are the "dread and envy" of every foreign community on the face of the earth. No, sir, you won't do for me—it may be disagreeable to you to know it—but you won't.

Why do I write to you, then? For three reasons. First, and foremost, to see whether you can be fair enough to both sides to print something which is not written by one of your own set. Secondly, to perform an entirely new literary feat, in the character of correspondent to a journal, by writing a letter to an Editor which doesn't begin by flattering him. Thirdly, and lastly, to show you the results to which your precious modern principles have led, and will continue to lead, by quoting the last new example of the invasion of the execrable foreign element, as now exhibited every night, not far from you, at the West End of the Strand. There are my reasons; and here is my letter. Listen to the first, if you can. Print the last, if you dare.

I have been, for some time, prepared for a great deal in the way of desertion of national principle. When beards (which you recommended) began to grow on British faces—when shoeblacks (whom you encouraged) began to ply in British streets—when the word "*entrée*" appeared among the chops and steaks of British taverns; and when foreign opera companies could sing at playhouse prices on the British stage, and not be hooted off it—I was proof, as I fondly

imagined, against any additional feeling of surprise at any additional foreign innovation. But, I was mistaken; and I don't mind acknowledging it. Much as I was prepared for, I was *not* prepared, sir, for MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER'S NEW ADELPHI THEATRE.

I shall probably be very severe in the course of this letter; but I will endeavour to be reasonable and just at the same time. In writing of Mr. Webster's Innovation (for in the good old English sense of the word it is not a Theatre at all,) I will bear lightly on the architect, Mr. T. H. Wyatt. I will assume that when he received his commission, it was saddled with certain conditions, which he was bound to fulfil, and did fulfil, as an honest man. I will even endeavour to write of Mr. Webster himself more in sorrow than in anger, when I come to the personal part of the subject, so far as he is concerned. First of all, however, I must take care to be general, before I become particular (there are people out of your literary set, sir, who understand the art of writing, though they seldom care to practise it)—I must establish my principle and state my case, using a new paragraph for the purpose, and making it a short one. You see I know all about it, although, I thank Heaven, I am not a literary man.

My principle is. That the English public does not want to be made comfortable when it goes to the Theatre; That this peculiarity marks the great distinction between a British audience and a French audience; And that a manager who gives to the modest Englishman, who has not asked for it, the comfortable seat which the arrogant Frenchman has insisted on having long since, is a manager who gratuitously breaks down a grand social distinction between France and Great Britain.

My case is, That Mr. Benjamin Webster has committed this grave patriotic offence at The New Adelphi Theatre.

Now let us be moderate—let us be philosophic—let us have this out logically by all manner of means. The English public does not want to be made comfortable when it goes to the Theatre. Is there any man in his senses who doubts this? Let him, in that case, remember the Old—yes, the fine, old, genuine, British Adelphi Theatre, now

pulled down—and let him put his hand on his heart (as they did in the good old sterling comedies), and say whether he remembers a single comfortable place in the whole of that eminently national edifice, ranging all over it from the floor to the ceiling? Let him say whether he remembers that Theatre as a scene of public protests and riots in consequence of the exquisite uneasiness of every seat in it, or as a scene of happy, crowded, cramped, perspiring placidity, in which a British pit perched itself upon its native knife-boards, with its sides squeezed, its knees jammed, and its back unsupported, a spectacle of national discomfort and national contentment, such as no other civilized city could show in any part of Europe? No! no! If an English audience wanted to be made comfortable, the old Adelphi Theatre could never have kept its doors open through a single season; and certain other national—theatres still in existence, would be shut up. Are they shut up? Are they not, on the contrary, crowded every night? Is a murmur ever heard from the contentedly-cramped audience? I promised you logic, just now; and here you have it, I think, with a vengeance!

Having established my principle, and proved it by facts which no man can deny, I may now come down to details, and have it out personally with Mr. Webster.

My first complaint is, that I am bewildered by this innovating management, in two ways, even before I take my seat inside the New Adelphi at all. In the first place, I am not fined a shilling at the Box Office, for the offence of wanting to engage a seat at the Theatre. Why not, when other theatres continue to fine me with perfect impunity? If I really resented such treatment, I should bring those other theatres to their senses by not going near them till they had removed their shilling tax. But I do nothing of the sort; I pay it uncomplainingly when I am asked for it. And here is Mr. Webster losing money in the vain attempt to teach me, as a true-born Englishman, not to let myself be taken in. And there are the other managers, who know the public better, laughing at him in their sleeves, and profiting daily by the good old system. Speaking as a man of business, I don't mind acknowledging that this bewilders me to begin with.

Then again, when I go into the theatre, and pass the money-takers, and enter the lobbies, what do I see? Women—on my word of honour—quiet, civil, quick, neatly-dressed, attentive women, who give me my playbill gratuitously, and show me to my place, and expect nothing for it. Here is a pretty innovation! Women made useful in England, in an occupation which they are especially well fitted to follow! Women removed from those famous hearths and homes of ours,

which I always score with an approving line in pencil, when my favourite authors present them to me in my favourite capital letters! What next, I should like to know? An in-offensive Englishman, well acquainted with the national customs, enters a theatre, after paying to go in, keeping an extra shilling between his finger and thumb, to pay again as usual—expects to meet a scowling male extortioner in fowsy black who takes his bribe, as a matter of course, before he opens the door—and confronts instead a pleasant little woman, who never so much as looks in the direction of the visitor's waistcoat-pocket, and waits on him as civilly as if she were his own servant. Upon my life, you might have knocked me into my seat with a feather when I first took it at the New Adelphi Theatre.

Wait, though—I retract the word seat, as applied to Mr. Webster's Orchestra Stalls. My idea—my national English idea of a stall-seat at a London theatre, implies something which is too narrow and too high—something which slopes the wrong way, and lets me slide down till my knees fit nicely into the edge of the bench before me—something entirely unconnected with carpets below and footstools in front—something, in short, which, in respect of its intense discomfort and wretchedness, is the exact reverse of my seat at home. Do I meet with this at the New Adelphi? I can hardly write it for laughing; but I actually sit, in this deplorably un-English building, in a real arm-chair, a luxurious private arm-chair—I can see the stage without craning my head till I get a stiff neck—my neighbours have room to pass, without squeezing me against my seat; and, to crown all, instead of paying more for these foreign luxuries than I pay for my national discomforts at my favourite national theatre, not a hundred miles off, I am actually charged a shilling less! Most ridiculous, is it not?

I stand up, and look about me. Why, here is an English Theatre, from every part of which everybody can see the stage. I remark a dress-circle with as much room in it as there is in the stalls; with seats which can be raised for the convenience of passing and repassing; with special arrangements for hats, cloaks, and opera-glasses; with an open balcony in front, to show the bright colours of the ladies' dresses—and, as I live, with a row of private boxes rising behind it. Private boxes in England, with a front view of the stage—private boxes from which four people can see without two of them standing up—private boxes, price one pound—private boxes, price ten shillings, even if there are only two of us who want to go into them! I think of my one-eleven-six, or my two pound two, and my angular peep behind the scenes, and my bird's-eye view of the actors' heads, at my favourite national establishment; and look down at my play-bill to collect my thoughts

and to try and remember that I am still in a place of public amusement. What do I see on the bill? Odds frogs and capers! (as my favourite Acres would say) here is a Frenchified notion of attending to the comforts of the common people! Here are stalls again, with elbows and cushions, in the Gallery—yes! Stalls, in the gallery of a British Theatre! Fancy the gods, the common people who can only pay a shilling a-piece, sitting in their stalls! Once show the lower orders as much attention as you show their betters, and they will be behaving like their betters, and there will be no hootings nor howlings, nor stampings, nor cat-calls, and the character of the gallery will be lost for ever. What next, Mr. Webster—I wonder what next?

I ask this question, but there is no need to do so. My eyes are hardly withdrawn from a transmogrified gallery, before they fall on a transmogrified pit. Where are the benches, the good old dingy greasy rows of knife-boards? Gone—and in their places more stalls with elbows and cushions. Any increase in the price? Not a halfpenny. Two shillings, in the old times, for sitting on a pit-plank, with your neighbour's elbow in your stomach. Two shillings, in the new times, for sitting in a pit-stall, with your neighbour's elbow where it ought to be. My clerk—my overpaid clerk, who has only nine children and gets a hundred and twenty pounds a-year—can take his wife and daughters to this anti-national theatre, without making their backs ache: can put them in their places without any preliminary rushing and pushing; can seat them next to the fattest man in England, and can make sure that they won't be squeezed. Squeezed, did I say? What has become of a certain time-honoured female figure, peculiar to an English pit? Where is our unparalleled insular female nuisance, the fruit-woman whom I saw the other night, at my favourite old-fashioned theatre, charging longitudinally through the happy occupants of the pit-planks, using her basket as a battering-ram, and opening her ginger pop over the shoulders of the public? Gone, sir! No such person known at the New Adelphi. No such person inquired after, by the audience, no, not even in the driest part of the evening. There the English public sat, sir, in their Frenchified pit, with their refreshment-room to go to if they pleased, as calmly, as comfortably, and as uncomplainingly as if they had been used to it all their lives.

I felt my temper going. Mine is a very fair temper under ordinary circumstances: but it is not quite proof against the provocation of the New Adelphi. I say, I lost my temper, and I half rose to leave my unendurably easy seat—when a new line in the play-bill caught my eye. "No Second Price!" I sat down again, incapable, even after all that I had seen, of realising this

climax of innovation. If there is an English institution left in this country (which I sometimes doubt), it is, Half Price. Don't we all know what a blessing it is for the audience who have been fools enough to pay whole price, to be invaded at nine o'clock by another audience, who have been wise enough to pay half price? Don't we all know how it improves the closing scenes of an interesting play, and how it encourages the actors who happen to be on the stage at the time, to hear the silence in the theatre suddenly interrupted by a rushing and scraping of feet and a rapid opening and shutting of box-doors? No Second Price! I protest I could not believe it—I thought it was a hoax—and I waited, to make sure, till nine o'clock came. Dead silence; the play and actors entirely uninterrupted; not a footfall in the pit, not a bang at the box-doors. That was quite enough for me—I felt my own individuality slipping from under me, as it where—and I left the theatre, on patriotic grounds, never—no, never—to enter it again.

You may call this prejudice, and you may ask what it all means besides grumbling. It means, sir, that Mr. Webster's foreign freak is likely to alter other places of public amusement besides his own. Before long this gentleman's mischievous experiment in building will be teaching the once contented English public to exact comfortable seats, sensible arrangements, and architectural fitness and beauty from managers generally, as well as stage entertainments; and the necessary consequence will be, the transmogrification of most of our other theatres, as well as of the new theatre in the Strand. We have risen to be a great people under our existing theatrical system; we were going on remarkably well on our characteristic bare benches—and, on pure conservative grounds, I protest against Mr. Webster's conspiracy to slip cushions under us, to support our backs, give room for our legs, to please our eyes, to coddle our hardy lower orders, and to save all our pockets. Let this rashest of existing managers beware. He has entered on a career of which no man can see the end. He has spoilt the public with good accommodation already—the next outrageous luxuries they will learn to clamour for will be good plays.

I remain, sir (in an epistolary sense, but in no other), yours,

J. BULL.

P.S.—I forgot to mention, as a last instance of the absurd manner in which the public is petted at the New Adelphi, that the management looks carefully after anything they may leave behind them in their seats—publishes a register of the articles so found, in the play-bill—and keeps them to be applied for at the stage-door. Here is a premium on carelessness, and a mischievous discouragement.

ment of trade. A lady who leaves her fan behind her, gets it back again now. In the good old times she would have had to buy another.

BUSH AND BEACH.

In the summer of eighteen hundred —, and any other number the reader pleases. I was residing at Oke Amolo, on the west coast of Africa. Oke Amolo resembles all the other British settlements on that coast. There are healthy situations and there are unhealthy situations; the British choose the latter. There are lovely spots on the coast, lying high and dry, over which the pure breezes from the plains and the invigorating sea-air sweep alternately; and there are low-lying, pestilential places, shut in by hills, poisoned by the miasma of the swamp and the bush, difficult of improvement, impossible to be rendered favourable to health. An irresistible suicidal tendency leads us to these parts. It is, therefore, unnecessary to give any further account of Oke Amolo than to say that it is a British garrison on the west coast. As Oke Amolo resembles Trawaw and Olorin and all our other possessions, so does life at Oke Amolo resemble life in any and all of them; and it is a life calculated to wear away the powers of endurance of the most patient of men. For fifteen months I had borne it. Every morning, for fifteen months, the boom of the gun and the shrill bugles had informed me that it was five o'clock, and time to rise; and I had obeyed and had risen—when I was not down with the fever. For fifteen months I had taken a morning walk on the battery, to enjoy the cool morning air; and really this walk would have been delicious if it had not been for the abominable smell from the beach, and if the view had been a little more extensive and had included objects of greater interest than a few mud houses, the pigs, the dogs, and the niggers.

For fifteen months I had returned from my morning walk to take a bath: of which the ingredients were six or seven fresh limes cut in two, a bunch of native sponge (a coarse woody fibre), and as much water as I could get. Of course there is a scarcity of water at Oke Amolo, and the water for washing and drinking is obtained from tanks filled during the rainy weather. It would be difficult to point out the advantage of this system. The disadvantages are, that we have a limited supply and require unlimited lime to keep it pure. For fifteen months, after the bath, I had taken breakfast; and, after breakfast, had proceeded to the business of the day. The farce the word business becomes, when applied to anything said or done or thought of at Oke Amolo, I will not weary the reader by attempting to describe.

The day and the business, are got through,

and then, at four p.m., comes the constitutional. Now, there are three walks at Oke Amolo. The road to the Salt Pond, the Bi-olorum-pellu road, and the road to Shakara. The road to Shakara lies inland, and is very hot; but, in itself, is prettily chosen. It leads past a house standing in a small plain, and with a magnificent avenue of umbrella-trees in front of it. Many a pleasant pic-nic has been held under these trees, many a loyal toast given, and many a merry dance enjoyed. We are not likely to forget our partners in the dance nor our friends at the festival; for we pass the little burying-ground on our way home, and their names are engraved on the tombstones. The Bi-olorum-pellu road lies between two hills, there is not a breath of air to be had, but there are plenty of flies, combined with a strong smell from the bush.

The road to the Salt Pond is decidedly the best and the pleasantest. It runs parallel to, and about three hundred yards distant from the sea, for about a mile and a half, and cocoa-nut palms on each side form a splendid avenue. The Salt Pond itself is a small lagoon, about a mile in length and half that in breadth, surrounded by stunted mangroves growing to the water's edge. At the Salt Pond there are generally ten or twelve men, up to their waist in water, fishing with a net. They catch a fish about the size of a whitebait which, stewed in palm-oil, is very delicious.

For fifteen months, then, after having—whenever fever permitted it—taken a constitutional, I returned, just as the bugles were sounding the retraite, and dressed for dinner. There, in the tropics, after having indulged throughout the day in the airiest and most fantastic of costumes, we dress for dinner. But why we should be compelled to swelter in a shell-jacket at that particular meal, nothing but the united wisdom of the Horse Guards and the Commander-in-Chief can explain. Do it, however, we must; taking it off, an hour afterwards, literally wet through, and using much strong language in reference to those in authority over us.

All this I had borne, with no other change or variety than that from health to sickness, and from sickness back again to health, and the constant recurrence of these changes had begun to be monotonous. But, at the end of fifteen months, I received an urgent summons from the commandant of Ogbomoshaw, and I determined to leave Oke Amolo at sunset of the same day. Ogbomoshaw is also on the coast. It stands on the great river Ogbomoshaw, and is distant about fifty miles from Oke Amolo. The road, or rather track, lies partly through the bush, partly by the beach; and the only mode of conveyance is by a hammock, slung on a pole, and carried by four or six bearers.

After the usual trouble in procuring hammock-bearers, and many discussions as to the amount of remuneration they were to receive—during which they contrived to find out that the journey was one of importance, and could not be delayed—they came to the conclusion that they would not take me at all unless I paid them three times the sum usually demanded. Naturally I was unwilling to accede to this; but the African in such a case is resolute, and I had to submit.

At six p.m. we started. Twelve hammock-bearers, one carrier, my servant with gun and rifle, and myself. The first part of our journey lay along the beach, and, as the sun had set, possessed little interest; nothing to be seen and nothing to be heard except the roar of the surf. In about an hour, however, the moon rose. Only those who have lived in the tropics can picture to themselves the bright splendour of the moonlight and the increased size and brilliancy of the stars. The surf now looked like a shower of silver, and the men, whose white teeth gleam, and well-oiled bodies shine, hurried on at a sling-trot so as to make the most of the moonlight. At ten o'clock we reached a small kroom, or village, called Fetta; and, as the moon had gone down, my bearers refused to go any further, saying that the path was bad, Patacoos would eat us all, and many other evils would befall us.

I tried to influence them by a present of two bottles of rum over and above the usual allowance—for, in addition to their pay, hammock-men have rum morning and evening—but in vain. They drank the rum, but were deaf to my entreaties. Foreseeing how the matter would end, my man Quobna had meanwhile found out the headman of the kroom, and arranged that I should pass the night in his abode; and I was forthwith ushered into the presence of this potentate, who was dressed for the occasion in a pair of English boots and a white silk waistcoat, which had seen some service. He was proud of his appearance, but very gracious; and gave me a little sour palm-wine, and the use of a bed. The bed was about the size of a sofa, and consisted of a rough wooden frame, with bamboos split and nailed crossways, about a foot apart, and covered with a thin flag mat. Sleep appeared out of the question. The room swarmed with mosquitoes; so I struck a light, smoked a cigar, and read a Yankee novel till three in the morning. I then roused all hands, and insisted on starting; which we did by torchlight, and with an average amount of grumbling on the part of the bearers.

Soon after leaving Fetta, the road begins to get difficult, and my bearers requested me to get out and walk. I found the path was a steep descent, narrowing until it was scarcely a foot wide, and with rocks on each side from thirty to forty feet high. Trees

straggled up the sides, and so completely arch in the top, that not a ray of sunlight penetrates even in the daytime. The sun had not yet risen, so we had lighted a small lantern, which was carried by the first man, throwing gleams of light on the rocks and the trees and branches above us, and on the gaunt single file of naked negroes who followed in our dark, mysterious path.

About half an hour took us into the open country. We passed a kroom belonging to the French, the ruins of a fort abandoned by them, and then walked for about a mile through prickly pears and thick scrub, and were stabbed and scratched and torn in all directions. Then, all of a sudden, up started the sun, and we made our way up the dry bed of a torrent scooped out of the solid rock. I saw a large blue monkey at some little distance on my right, in such a tempting position for a shot, that I raised my gun. But Quobna caught my hand.

"Not good, massa, not good for you shoot dis monkey. A bad plenty monkey live here. Suppose you shoot! Plenty come, kill you one time (one time is always used for immediately). Kill you, kill all: ebery moder's son of us!"

Accordingly I desisted, and then Quobna proceeded to tell me—and all the hearers emphasised his story with gesticulations and exclamations—how these monkeys had come in great numbers to the neighbouring town of Barrieco to avenge an insult offered to one of their sensitive tribe, and how they had set fire to the town and burnt it, and driven away all the inhabitants. Some time afterwards I was told the same thing of another African village: and the native informant assured me that it had been twice fired by the monkeys, who threw burning brands into it.

About an hour's walk brought us to Barrieco, which had been rescued, I suppose, from the monkeys. It looks pretty and picturesque from the distance. There is a ruinous Dutch fort on the cliff, with the Dutch flag floating on it, magnificently guarded by one valiant soldier. But it is best not to inspect the fort too closely; for the batteries have fallen in, the guns have dropped off the rotten carriages, some have fallen through the embouchures to the ground beneath, and there is scarcely a plank which will bear your weight. Satisfied with a cursory examination, I left the fort and went to a cocoa-nut tree: in the shade of which I sat on a chair, brought with some dignity by the headman, and partook of a breakfast consisting of turkey's eggs, biscuit provided by Quobna, and cocoa-nut milk laced with brandy.

The meal was simple—light and nutritious we might style it—but the circumstances under which it was eaten were peculiar. For as I ate there, on the one chair in the place under the cocoa-nut tree, I was surrounded

by an admiring group, consisting of all the children, and most of the women in the town. At every mouthful I took they uttered a prolonged shout of Mah-wow! My position was uneasy. The spectators evidently expected more from the entertainment than I was inclined to afford them, and showed marked disapprobation at the abrupt manner in which I brought it to a conclusion.

Meanwhile the bearers had consumed kaukey (unleavened maize bread) and rum, and were content. So we started again; and, about an hour's walking, brought us to the beach. I got into the hammock and slept until we came to the mouth of a river, where I had to fire my gun as a signal for a canoe from the other side to come off and fetch us. As we were waiting, I saw a large falcon sailing overhead: so I let him have the other barrel, but he took no notice of it, disdained, in fact, to fly away. He merely took a wide swoop, by which he got some fifty yards higher up, then balanced himself on the wing immediately over my head, and looked down in a very unconcerned manner. But I had laid down my double-barrelled gun, and put a cap on my Kentucky rifle, and taken a careful aim. A whisper from Kentucky proved sufficient: down he came, fanning the air first with one wing and then with the other till he fell at last with a heavy thump on the sand. He was a splendid fellow. The hammock-bearers all set up a shout, "Wahi-hi-hi! Akroma eboo!"—(The hawk is dead). Then, turning to me, "Oyez, papa oyez!"—(Good, ver. good).

In the evening we reached the Ogbomoshaw river. It was the dry season, and the mouth was completely stopped by a sand-bank between two and three hundred yards in width, thrown up between the river and the sea. Indeed I passed along the beach without even knowing that we were near a large river.

When the mouth is thus stopped, Ogbomoshaw overflows the low lands on its banks, and is frequented by vast quantities of wild fowl of every description. A shooting excursion with a friend enabled me, a few months later, to explore its beauties, which I shall hereafter describe.

I found my friend, the Commandant of Ogbomoshaw, in the greatest distress. He had come out from England some months previously, a young man of great courage and considerable abilities, but knowing nothing of the country, the nature of its resources, and the difficulties with which he would have to contend. This was sufficiently proved by his bringing with him a young wife, a young baby, and an English servant. If they had spent a few weeks at Oke Amolo, or any other station at which there are a few resident English, we could have prepared him for what was before him, and should have advised his sending back the wife, baby, and servant by the next mail. For English

women cannot live on the West Coast; they die—at least, all the young women do—like our English horses, a few months after their arrival. Sometimes a young officer comes out, and is followed or is accompanied by his young wife. We welcome her as a representative of her most gracious Majesty, we fire a royal salute in her honour, we subscribe together to hang pictures on the bare walls of her apartments, and to decorate them with every attainable ornament. We give in her honour balls, pic-nics, and dinners, and her slightest wish is a command not to be lightly disregarded. Yet the remorseless fever seizes her. She pines away; and, in a few months, we follow her sadly to the little graveyard.

My poor friend at Ogbomoshaw was absolutely alone. I, fifty miles distant from him, was his nearest English neighbour. The men under his command were natives, and his wife's dislike to the naked, dirty, native servants had offended them; so that they allowed the family to starve and die before their eyes. The English servant died first, then the poor little baby. When I looked at my friend, I could scarcely believe that he had strength to dig the little grave. He and his wife were alive, for they spoke to me, but fever and dysentery and starvation had made them more terrible to a living man than any apparition.

"Good God, Malcombe!" I exclaimed, "have you nothing?—no quinine, no wine, no food?"

"We never have had any food except snails and kaukey, which Emma can't eat," he said, "and now we have no medicine."

"But there is a kroom half a mile off. The headman can and ought to furnish you with fowls and fish and game and cocoa-nuts—in fact, everything you want."

"He can't," he says he has none, and is starving himself."

I saw at once how it was, and turned to Quobna who was by my side.

"Go to the headman. You know what is wanted. Tell him if it is not here in two hours, I'll burn down the kroom, and take him to Oke Amolo to be tried for his life."

Quobna went; and, in two hours was preparing one of his daintiest dishes for the sick lady.

I found, however, that it was impossible they could rally without quinine and port wine, and sent off a runner through the bush, who was to bring six bottles of wine and the quinine packed in a small hamper on his head. For every day by which this man shortened the time usually allowed for the journey, he was to receive the double of the whole pay. To my surprise he returned from Oke Amolo in thirty hours from the time of setting out. I think it impossible that he could have done the whole distance himself; he must have sent my note on by

runners from kroom-to kroom. But he persisted in the assertion that he himself had gone to, and returned from, Oke Amolo, and even described the person from whom he had received the supplies he had been sent for.

Malcombe and his wife both recovered so far that they could be moved from Ogbomoshaw to some healthier locality. As their health was completely broken up, they decided on returning to England; and, for that purpose, had to get to Oke Amolo.

As they were neither of them fit for the journey by land, I proposed, and they agreed, to go off by the next English vessel by which they could have a passage.

When the time came, and they were ready, we had to carry them both down to the beach. The poor lady had been lying all the morning on the verandah, watching the spot where her baby was buried. She was, as she had been from the first, sad but quite still; too weak to give any outward sign of suffering.

The surf lashes the whole of the West Coast of Africa, with terrific violence, so that no vessel can stand close in shore, and passengers and goods have to be conveyed to and from the ship in canoes, always with considerable danger.

We lifted Mrs. Malcombe into the canoe—half-unconscious; but, the violent dashing of the surf, the cries of the kroomen, the tossing of the boat, roused her. She started up in an agony of fear, and, with a loud scream, said that they were leaving the baby, the dear baby, in its grave alone. Clinging to her husband, she entreated him not to go, in such piteous accents, that he turned to me (I had gone to see them safe on board, and to make some little arrangements with the captain, whom I knew, for her comfort) and asked me to desire the kroomen to return to the shore.

It was in vain that I remonstrated: he sat trying to comfort her, and would not even listen. So, very sadly, I gave the order for our return.

But, in a day or two it was more than ever evident that they must die, if they did not at once leave Ogbomoshaw. So I resolved to try once again; appealing to the husband and wife separately, and urging that each should get into better quarters, or go home altogether, for the sake of the other. I was successful, but now there was no possibility of going by sea, and their only chance of life lay in their leaving Africa by the next mail. They had therefore to travel by hammock, and alone; for my duties would not allow me to leave Ogbomoshaw.

Poor Mrs. Malcombe! she died on the evening of the second day, and was buried on the beach. Malcombe lived to reach Oke Amolo, and even to embark on board the vessel for England—but not to set sail. The kroomen in their canoes, hovering round the

ship, watched with curiosity the heavy-shot coffin as it splashed into the deepest of all graves,—the sea.

MINERAL SPRINGS.

The ink-bottle is a chalybeate spring (from which I am as well disposed to drink as from any other fountain of that sort), and it is her ink-bath that keeps Britain fresh and wholesome. Therefore I expect Britain to listen to what I have now to state generally about the wines from the cellarage of Mother Earth.

Springing through the veins of the mountains;

which even the dull old Druids received

As a banquet from the friendly rock.

Many of these wines come up tolerably well iced, others froth over at various degrees of heat, from gentle warmth up to the temperature of boiling water; some springs are bright and sparkling, others, like fruity port, are deeply tinged with alkaline and other earthy matter. It is to their absorption of ingredients during their long and intricate course, that springs owe their gaseous and saline contents. Here I cease to be allegorical, and speak as a philosopher. For the waters which circulate through the earth's crust, whether they gush forth cold or thermal, have acquired not only nitrogen from the atmosphere, but a variety of mineral ingredients from the rocky channels.

The gaseous constituents of mineral waters are nitrogen, oxygen, carbonic acid, and sulphuretted hydrogen. A pelting storm of chemical philosophy now bursts over the reader. Let him look to his head. The alkaline, earthy, and metallic constituents are, most commonly, the muriates and sulphates. of potash, soda, baryta, alumina, and lime. The active mineral principles of waters are, the sulphates of soda and magnesia, the hydrochlorates of soda and lime, the muriates of soda and lime, the chlorides of sodium and magnesium, the carbonates of soda, magnesia, and iron, and the sulphurets of sodium and calcium. Other salts occur in some few springs, but the constituents above enumerated are the most common and important. Of the sulphated saline springs, one class comprises sulphates of soda (as Glauber's salts); another contains sulphates of magnesia (as Epsom salts); a third, sulphates of lime (as at Bath, and in some other thermal springs); and a fourth, sulphates of iron (as at Cheltenham and Leamington). The ferruginous springs, generally, owe their character to carbonate of iron held in solution by excess of carbonic acid. The greatest quantities of saline constituents are, generally, found in the springs which rise in low situations; those springs are usually the most pure which rise from primitive rocks.

Out of the depths it is right that there

should come profundity. The chemist does not wonder at this evidence of the medicated character of the contents of the earth's cellar. The druggist, knows to his loss, that the interior of the earth is an apothecary's shop, but having granted, that, wonders at the accuracy with which all the mixtures in it are made up. To speak with all professional decorum, it may be said, marvel it is, that each stream or spring should absorb its definite proportion of solid and gaseous contents unchangingly through time, so as to present always like the ocean or the atmosphere, that identical character which constitutes its settled value: a prescription carefully prepared.

The physical and medicinal properties thus acquired, have, as before said, from early times assured to the health-giving waters popular reverence. Generations after generations of men have been supplied with their physic from that subterranean establishment. Many a votive altar erected at the spot where a stream first issues to the day, remains in England, as well as in the south of Europe, to testify the grateful appreciation of the Romans; and the beautiful ceremony of well-flowering, which still takes place annually, in some few English parishes, is the expression of a rustic love and gratitude which has proved as perennial as the spring itself. The emblematic flowers and songs bestowed on certain wells in this pleasing custom of our English ancestors, represent the earlier rites of worship that were observed at wells and fountains. According to pagan ideas, nymphs exclusively presided over wells; and it is perhaps for this reason, that in Christian times, so few springs and fountains came to be dedicated to male saints. An old Roman writer tells us that "all waters had their particular nymphs presiding over them." Everybody has heard of Egeria and her fountain, not left unsung by Ovid; and the remains of this celebrated spring, once sacred to the nymph and the muses, are, or lately were, existing, in a romantic spot in the Valley of Egeria. It is through this valley that the Rio di Appio*runs—the Aqua Mercurii with which the Roman shopkeepers blessed their goods, and which seems to have been sacred to Cybele.

Mythical as the gentle deities of the fountain may seem, there is, at all events, one instance on record in which the presiding nymph condescended to appear in person. About eight miles from Rome, on the Via Collatina, near to Salone, is the Aqua Virginis, a spring which, according to Fontinus, took its name from the apparition there of a virgin, who pointed out the well to a body of soldiers. Those thirsty souls, in return for her favour, built an *Ædicula*, or small temple to the nymph of the well, and honoured her as a divinity. Nor was it only in Italy that the Romans recognised a nymph as the presiding genius of a well.

At Bagnères, which has been a favourite summer retreat from the age of the Cæsars of old to the hour of the Cæsars of to-day, there are votive tablets of the Roman era, which were dedicated to the nymphs presiding over streams, and they manifest a gratitude for health restored, which modern refinement, it has been justly said, would do well to imitate, only in a different manner. That is to say, not by giving heaps of stone to airy doctors, but to earthy doctors heaps of pudding. So, too, at Bourbonne-les-bains, a votive tablet was raised by a Roman consul to the goddess Vorvonna (honoured by the Gauls as presiding over mineral springs) for the cure of his daughter Cocilla; and, indeed, so numerous are the mineral springs in the Bourbonnais, that this goddess is supposed to have even given name to the province, and thus to the royal family of France. We cannot trace the etymology to reverence of some great Doctor Bolus, in commemoration of whose skill there may have been raised in Père la Chaise as many tablets as were voted to the best Vorvonna of them all.

Again,—to come to our own country, two instances may be given from Yorkshire,—namely, the inscription that was found on the banks of the river Greta, near Bowes the Roman Lavatæ, being a votive offering by two Roman ladies, in honour of the nymph Elaune, perhaps, as Professor Phillips has suggested, the river Lune: and the votive altar dedicated at Ilkley, the Roman Olicana, to Verbeia, the nymph or goddess of the fair impetuous Wharfe.

To the intuitive scent of the prætors and legionaries of Rome for thermal waters, we probably owe the knowledge and preservation of many springs which have given importance in modern times to a whole district, and still draw strangers from afar. The Romans duly honoured the springs of Bath and Buxton; of the Savoyard Aix; of Baden, whose waters, known to the Romans as *Thermæ Helveticæ*, are still resorted to, as they were in the days of Aurelian; and of watering-places now famous in the south of France. At Luxeuil an inscription remains, from which we learn that soon after the conquest of that eastern part of Gaul, one of the first acts of the conqueror was to repair the fountains of Lixovium. So, too, in Trajan's villa, near Civita Vecchia, where a sulphur-spring rises, hot enough to boil an egg, is the old bath in which the emperor of the world reclined. A long-forgotten warm sulphur-spring, surrounded by remains of Roman baths and Roman pottery, has lately been discovered at a place called Thermes, between Paris and Neuilly. The handsome modern temple of the spring at Plombières, is on the site of ancient Roman baths. Again, Aix, in the department of Bouches du Rhone, was the seat of an immense Roman thermal establishment; the principal spring is even now called after the *Proconsul*

Sextius, whose name is preserved by an inscription in the great baths he reconstructed.

Enough of the Romans. Christians transferred the dedication of the healing springs to saints. There was a healing spring at Patras, for example, to which a prophetic power was ascribed by Pausanias, whose description of the spot has enabled Mr. Clark, a recent traveller in the Peloponnesus, to identify it with a well, covered with Byzantine masonry, and dedicated to Saint Andrew. The fame of the underground shop rests a good deal upon the fact that it is a free dispensary, and sends its medicine out gratis. Not even the gorgeous blue, green, or red window bottle of the super-terrestrial chemist, even with all the voucher of the cabalistic figures on its face, has ever been accredited with a prophetic power. Nor do I know any saint who has consented to be answerable for the contents of doctor's bottles.

In the history of ancient churches, especially in Cornwall, Wales, and Ireland, mention frequently occurs of wells which are reputed holy, and are associated with the history of old Cornish, British, or Irish saints (whose names, if they do not belong to an obsolete language, now sound outlandish in the places where they used to dwell), or of wells memorable as old places of baptism. In many parts of Ireland, pilgrimage to wells reputed holy, are still common, and the customs observed are believed by the peasantry—as they were believed in the early days of Christianity—to be preservative against spells of the fairies and sorceries of the Druids. A visitor is at this day, at many wells, expected to throw in a crooked pin—an act noticed by some Persian travellers as an Oriental custom, apparently intended as a propitiatory offering to the tutelary spirit of the fountain. Equally remote, but less seemingly—and also Pœreian (there is a theory of the close kindred between Erin and Iran)—is the custom of hanging rags round the enclosure of a well in repute for healing properties, as at the famous holy well of Saint Winifred, in Flintshire, at Madron Well, near Penzance.

But whatever may have been the merits of the saint, the well seems, in most cases, to owe its fame to medicinal virtues, or, sometimes, to a mysterious property attributed to its waters. In the case of the celebrated Well of Saint Keyne, or Saint Kevin, near Liskeard, such faith is still reposed in its power to confer domestic authority that a good cellarage full of Keyne water under the Divorce Courts might be worth trying as a means of settling matrimonial causes and abating litigation. The well lies down a green lane, a good run from the church dedicated to the old British saint; and the bride or bridegroom who first drinks the water, gains the mastery, as we have all

read in Southey's ballad where the newly-married man relates how he was outwitted:

I hasten'd, as soon as the wedding was o'er,
And stole from my bride in the porch;
But the daughter of Eve had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church!

The reputed virtues of the saint's well near Polperro have survived the edifice which enclosed it. People suffering from inflamed eyes and some other ailments still resort to it, but not without observing certain ceremonies. Saint Augustine's well, another spring also reputed good for sore eyes, rises in the western suburb of Leicester, near the old Roman road; and in Carmarthenshire, six miles from Llandilo Fawr, an out-of-the-way well is resorted to for the same complaint. So also is the spring known as Holy Well, or Cefyn Bryn; and the well by the chapel or hermitage of Saint Gwen, on the coast of Pembrokeshire, in a small bay between Tenby and Milford Haven, below which there is another spring, reached by a descent of fifty-two steps, which is visited from distant parts of Wales for the cure of scrofula, and even paralysis. I am particular in giving the address. The Saint is said to have been buried under the primitive altar in the building which incloses this collyrium.

Some of the most favourite and celebrated mineral springs in England and on the continent are however of comparatively recent discovery, and rise occasionally in places which were solitudes, and which are connected with no saintly legend. The instinct of birds, it is said, first led to the discovery of the Spa of Cheltenham. It was noticed in the year seventeen hundred and sixteen that flocks of pigeons daily resorted to the head of a small stream, in a meadow near the town, for the purpose of feeding on some white saline particles deposited there by evaporation of the water. The same kind of birds had been seen to resort to the mineral spring at Inverleithen (the Saint Ronan's Well of Scott) before it acquired any celebrity. The discovery of the healing waters of Schlangenbad, in the Duchy of Nassau, is attributed to the conduct of a cow,—the animal, which it will be remembered, led the monks to Durham, as we read in the legend of Saint Cuthbert. In Nassau, the story runs that there was a heifer which wasted away, and was given over, but which, after having been absent for some weeks, re-appeared, amongst the herd in re-established health; whereupon the herdsman took notice, and observed that this animal, every evening made its way into the forest until it reached a spring, not previously known, and drank from it. A young lady, sometime afterwards, exhibiting symptoms of the heifer's malady, was prevailed upon to try the heifer's remedy, and become one of the stoutest and comeliest of the daughters of the duchy.

In like manner Bagnoles, in the department

of the Orne, owes the discovery of the virtue of its waters to a horse. An old animal suffering from disease of the skin and covered with sores, was turned into a valley, surrounded by rocks, and abandoned to its fate. Two months afterwards, on its master passing the end of the valley, a fat and healthy horse came trotting towards him familiarly, and turned out to be his once sick old servant. He thereupon watched its proceedings, and presently saw it roll in mud surrounded by green marshy vegetation. On draining the marsh, springs of hot water limpid and abundant, were revealed. Brutes are perverse, as usual. When did a flight of pigeons, or a cow, or an old horse introduce even a single patient to me, Julep, who am both a surgeon and apothecary. If a sheep were to come into my surgery day after day to fatten on my pills, what might I not hope from the observation of the neighbours, if that sheep were but visibly to fatten! Could not I train a sheep to come, and physic him clandestinely with turnips? By a young surgeon in search of practice this question is worth considering.

So, the thermal sulphurous springs of Barèges, are said to have been discovered through a sheep having been seen to traverse the snows every morning to the springs. The anecdote of the discovery of Karlsbad has been often told:—A stag, flying before the Emperor Charles the Fourth and his huntsmen, plunged through a thin crust into thermal waters, which were made baths for the Emperor, and restored him to health.

As to the characteristic of the mineral waters of this country, there is, as Doctor Glover has pointed out, a decided difference in the character of the northern and southern mineral springs of England. In the north, sulphur-waters prevail; in the south, the sulphated saline-waters are more common. But chalybeate and saline springs are to be found, more's the pity, in all parts of England. The opposition shop delivers its goods, carriage free, all over England, and yet has not so much as a boy to pay for carrying a basket. Patients, however, may find the devil to pay if they drink those waters without due advice.

The most northerly of the English spas is Gilsland, which is situated on the river Irthing, near the opening of high, barren moorlands upon the cultivated vale of Eden. Adjacent to the line of the Roman wall, it is near the scenes famed in Border story, and to a country of historical, as well as picturesque, attractions; and, at Naworth, near this spot, Lord William Howard, the Belted Will of Marmion, had his stronghold; and ruling there, he crushed the moss-troopers in their last retreat. Who can hold out against such an opposition? I've no Belted Will's, and no moss-trooping stories to fetch people with. I hang out a red light, and I do think the public takes it for a danger signal.

Burdoswald, too, a fine specimen of a Roman camp, is near Gilsland; and the place has received in recent times more gentle associations; for here, as the reader will remember, Scott first met the lady who became his bride; and near Gilsland, scenes in *The Bridal of Triermain*, and a portion of *Guy Mannering* are accordingly laid. Sulphur in the form of sulphuret of sodium exists in this spa—an ingredient to the existence of which in mineral waters of the Pyrenees great importance has been attached.

Scarborough, fondly called *The Northern Brighton* and the *Queen of English spas*, has predominant advantages in its situation, sheltered as it is by high cliffs overlooking a fine bay, and surrounded by noble marine-scenery. It is, moreover, adjacent to a beautiful country full of interest to the naturalist and the historian. The medicinal properties of the Scarborough waters, which are valuable saline chalybeates, seem to have been discovered in sixteen hundred and twenty-one.

At Filey, too, the rising and attractive neighbour of Scarborough, there is a water highly charged with alterative salts.

Of inland spas, Harrogate is not surpassed in the whole island for the power and variety of its mineral waters, which have the additional advantage of rising in a healthy and interesting country. Advantage, forsooth! Everything brings capital to that shop. Fine joke it would be to twit *me* with the advantage or the chance I have of rising in a healthy country. The strength of Low Harrogate is in the sulphur wells, the discovery of which dates from the year fifteen hundred and sixty-one (at which time this now fashionable place was a remote hamlet in the forest of Knaresborough); and it also affords an almost pure muriated water which has sulphuretted hydrogen for its most active ingredient.

As Professor Philips has remarked, the many wells of Low Harrogate may have their local origin determined mainly by the anticlinal axis of strata which may be traced in the higher ground west of Harrogate, between the millstone-grit ranges of Ripton and Birkserag, which dip in opposite directions. The existence of chalybeate waters is, of course, common enough; but the sulphuretted water of Harrogate, loaded with common salt, indicates a deep-seated spring rising under peculiar circumstances. The Old Well is, in fact, a salt spring with traces of iodine and bromine, as in sea-water. The difference between it and adjacent springs in the proportion of sulphates especially, seems to be attributed to the different channels through which they reach the surface. The only deficiency of the Harrogate waters is, that they are not thermal, nor are they aerated by much carbonic acid.

The powerful saline springs of Cheltenham, which likewise are aperient and alterative,

became famous after the cure of George the Third by the water of the Royal Old Wells. Cheltenham waters have been pronounced by medical authority to be pre-eminent in the treatment of diseases induced by hot climates. For which reason I wish they could send Cheltenham to Jericho, where it would be handy to those who want it, and out of the way of one person who doesn't want it. But I forget my duty. I am here to puff.—If Cheltenham has lost any of its reputation as a spa, the loss is, it seems, to be attributed—as in the case of Bath—to its extension as a city, and to the aggregation of splendid dwellings, which invite gay visitors rather than the invalid. Seated in the rich valleys of Evesham and Gloucester, natural scenery and historical monuments combine to surround with attractive objects these health-giving wells.

Other saline springs are at Woodhall, Tenbury, Ashby, Stratford, and Kilburn, which latter place, though now so nearly in the stony embrace of London, was quite a rural resort even late in the last century. The medicinal virtues of the water were probably known to the monastic recluses, but they do not seem to have been publicly announced until the year seventeen hundred and forty-two. Kilburn wells, however, became famous early in the reign of George the Third, when it was fashionable to resort to them; and an enthusiastic singer (which must surely have been their own water when boiled fortuitously in a tea-kettle) thus addressed the spa:—

O, were thy virtues but as fairly known
As universal as their good feretells,
How should we hail thee, Pymont of our own,
And bid adieu to all the foreign wells!

But, alas! their glory has departed, and of the three wells which were formerly celebrated, only one is now known, and that last well of Kilburn left gushing alone is in a stable to the north of the railway. Kilburn spa seems to have been only one in the cluster of suburban wells which were formerly resorted to by Londoners. Epsom spa had acquired earlier celebrity, namely, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Prince George of Denmark drank the water: and we are told that, under the stimulating influence of the South Sea Scheme, this spa became frequented like a fair, and was crowded by alchemists, Dutchmen, Germans and Jews.

In those days Hampstead was celebrated for its chalybeate spring, which seems to have been known in the reign of Charles the Second, when indeed spas were much in vogue. It was then that Scarborough, Harrogate, Tunbridge, and Epsom, started into fame; it was then that the reputation of Bath extended, and that the new Islington spa was discovered. In sixteen hundred and eighty-three, Sadler had just

opened a music-house on the site of the chalybeate spring, and the gardens continued to be much frequented through the eighteenth century. The fame of the Hampstead water has departed, but the Wells' Tavern and the pump-room—now a chapel—remain to tell of its whereabouts. The holy spring of Saint John, at Clerkenwell, and that on the site of Holywell Street, seem to have owed their fame to an early reputation for sanctity and brightness, rather than to any mineral virtues. I always was considered bright, but nothing came of it, of course. What's brightness in me to brightness in a puddle? But I write to praise.

The chalybeate wells of Tunbridge are still famous; those of Brighton, Sandrock, and Hastings are of more modern though not less deserved celebrity. Brighton, however, owes its splendour and extension more to its convenience as a marine bathing-place, than to the qualities of its chalybeate water. Situation and associations seem to be the chief causes of the pre-eminence of Tunbridge amongst English chalybeates; the place, moreover, presents more of the attractive, villa-like English houses than other spas. Some iron springs are even more tonic than sea-water when used as baths, and such is the water of sandrock—the most powerful iron spring in English territory. The climate of that part of the Isle of Wight has been thought superior for equability even to the climate of Madeira. Madeira! what is all this lukewarm, brashy stuff—yea, what is jalap itself to a glass of true Madeira!

Lo Pœan! off we go again! The thermal springs of England are at Bath, Clifton, and Buxton. The Romans early availed themselves of the thermal waters of Bath. Extensive remains of their baths were found twenty feet below the level of the street; and these buildings showed the importance of the establishment that was maintained here by men among whom the hot springs of Bath—*aquæ Sulis*—appear to have been held sacred to the god Sul or Sol, who was probably worshipped in the adjacent temple. The friars and monks, whose church rose on the site of the Roman fane, were bound to keep the baths in repair, to be in readiness for the king's use. The brethren seem to have been caught napping in this respect in the year twelve hundred and thirty-five, for a sum of thirteen pounds eleven shillings was then levied upon them to repair the king's houses and the king's bath. The Bath waters, however, were unknown to a Doctor William Turner who, in fifteen hundred and sixty-two published "A Booke of the Nature and Properties as well of the Bathes in England as of other Bathes in Germanye and Italie." Queen Elizabeth vested the baths in the corporation. When Anne of Denmark, Queen of James the First, was bathing here, her Majesty was frightened by a sudden evolution from the water of

phosphuretted hydrogen in the form of a flame. The waters were always in favour with royalty; Catherine of Braganza came to them, and so, in sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, did Mary of Modena; and the history of Bath in the eighteenth century exhibits constant increase of prosperity. The spring that supplies the King's Bath rises at the temperature of a hundred and sixteen degrees. The Bath waters have stimulant properties, and are beneficial in nervous and paralytic as well as gouty and rheumatic affections, and diseases of the skin.

The Clifton waters are inferior to those of Bath in strength of saline ingredients, and also in temperature, for their heat does not exceed seventy-six degrees. As a spa, Clifton is now of little importance; and the qualities of the place as a healthy residence, combined with its romantic scenery, are thought to constitute its real advantages.

Buxton—the only mountain-spa in England—its elevation is a thousand feet above the sea—is of course much indebted to its situation amidst the wondrous scenery of the Peak, and to its interesting walks and bracing air. Buxton, like Bath, retains many traces of the regard paid by the Romans to good mineral springs; but one such monument, namely, the wall of Roman bricks about the well of Anne the Saint, was destroyed in the reign of Anne the Queen. The water is still chiefly used externally. There's sense in that. I don't mind water myself as an external application, but I can't very well drink it when it's sweet, and I won't drink it when it's nasty. This observation is marked private. Io! Io! In the reign of Henry the Eighth it was customary for sick people to resort to Buxton, who—not having the fear of Thomas Cromwell before their eyes—superstitiously hung, as in old times accustomed, their votive offerings upon the walls of Saint Anne's chapel, and—what was worse—the poor men among the votaries used to beg—offences which the Tudor Parliament took care to interdict. Mary, Queen of Scots, appears to have resorted often to Buxton under the stern escort of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who erected that building at the well in which registers of cures were for many years preserved amongst rows of crutches left by the cured. Hump! Ah! Well!

Out of England we must spare a word for Spa, that great mineral spring of Belgium which is so renowned that its name has been given to all mineral waters. The copious escape there of carbonic acid gas gives a kind of life to the water, and aids its remedial efficacy.

The spas of Germany, however, have for the most part become so well known in England that I shall say very little about them. From the hills of Nassau mineral waters of various descriptions spring; and besides the Selters water, which is drunk as a luxury in

every quarter of the globe, bright sparkling remedies are said to be found for almost every disorder. As Sir Frances Head observes, the consumptive or dyspeptic patient is sent to Ems; the worn invalid in search of tonic and strengthening agents to Langen Schwalbach (the swallow's stream); if the brain requires calming, the nerves soothing, and the skin softening, he goes to Senlangenbad (the serpents' bath); and if he be rheumatic he may lose his aches in the hot springs of Wiesbaden. The effect of the iron springs of Schwalbach has been compared to that of a tan-pit; and in the same category we find the mud-baths for which Franzenbad is celebrated. The peaty mud there used is diluted with mineral water, and the mixture is compared to a soft poultice of bread steeped in ink. Nice, very! But no matter. Io pæan! off we go again! Such a remedy was known to the ancients, and was revived in a modified manner at the close of the last century, when a certain Doctor Graham went about recommending earth-baths. He was accompanied by a nymph whom he styled the Goddess of Health, and the doctor and his goddess might be seen separately buried up to the neck, he with his powdered head and pigtail just above the ground. His patients, when induced to put themselves in this helpless situation, are said to have been made the objects of a refined cruelty, the doctor having permitted a wild preacher to come and worry them while undergoing their sentence in the earth-baths. Much more agreeable are those mud-baths at Saint Arnaud in France, in which the patients play at cards and receive visits.

Of the bath of Langen Schwalbach no inviting account can be given. The mixture is best described as resembling a horse-pond, and being about the colour of mullagitawny soup. What would my patients, if ever I had any, have said, if I had ducked one of them in a horse-pond? But Io! Io! It is so deeply tinged with the red oxide of iron that the body is invisible three inches below the surface. The temperature strikes the bather as neither hot nor cold, but the water is felt to be of a bracing, strengthening nature. Its solitary virtue of strengthening the stomach has been declared to be the secret of its power in almost every disorder of body and mind, for every malady is said to be either by highways or byways connected with the stomach. In the time of the Romans, Schwalbach, then in a forest, was known for the medicinal effects of its sulphurous and other fountains, and a small street sprang up adjacent to the well.

A fact in the history of Pymont in Westphalia shows the influence of fashion upon spas. Three hundred years ago those celebrated chalybeate waters were so renowned that people flocked to them from all parts. More than ten thousand persons are said to have come in a month, and a camp was

formed for their accommodation, as the surrounding villages could not hold them. But the spa has now lost much of its once unrivalled fame, probably because so many other valuable springs have been made known.

Of the Pyrenean springs those of Bareges and Cauterets are the most powerful. The spring of Bareges rises at a spot about sixteen miles from Luz, and on the left bank of the impetuous torrent of the Bastan, in wild and savage scenery. The spring is four thousand feet above the sea, and winter avalanches often fall upon the site of the wooden barracks that are erected each summer down the one long street that forms the village. Its modern fame dates from the visit of Madame de Maintenon with the young prince of Maine in sixteen hundred and seventy-five. La Raillère is a celebrated spring in Cauterets—a district three thousand feet above the sea. Every year, horses affected by chronic bronchitis and leanness are brought here from Tarbes and Pau, and they drink with instinctive avidity, and recover.

Nearly a thousand springs are enumerated in France; but the mineral waters of that great country are less known in England than the spas of Germany. The establishment at the German spa is generally a matter of government, and often a large part of a grand duke's revenues is drawn from a well. In France on the contrary, many medicinal springs are the property of a commune, and therefore suffer under as sordid and grasping a spirit as if they belonged to a reformed municipality in England. Some improvement, however, is noticeable, and, access is becoming more easy; so that when the extreme value of many of the springs and the grandeur of the scenery in which they rise, as well as their advantages of climate, become better known, many of the waters of France and Savoy will probably be as freely resorted to by our countrymen, if sufficient accommodation is provided.

The mineral waters of Central France are chiefly situated in the old province of Auvergne and in the Bourbonnais, which is a vast granitic mass pierced by secondary porphyries and volcanic rocks. The temperature of some of the springs approaches the boiling point. The waters of this great district are saline: they contain sulphates, bicarbonates, chlorides, and silicates, and abound in carbonic acid gas. The Spa of Vichy is unlike any other alkaline water, and unites rare and valuable qualities. The bicarbonate of soda so predominates in all the eight springs of Vichy that it is regarded as the essential element in their mode of action. The alkaline springs generally contain the carbonate of soda, sometimes the carbonate of lime of magnesia, and often other salts. Such springs are generally found near volcanic rocks. There's physic enough; and if, O reader, you are not yet satisfied with my catalogue, accept one mouthful of salt as a

last mineral blessing from your faithful showman, Julep.

The predominating element in the waters of the east of France is common salt. To this eastern division also belong the much frequented springs of Plombières, the most peaceful part of France. The spring of Bourbon l'Archambault, in the department of Allier, is the place to which Madame de Montespan retreated to end her life in repentance and devotion; and here it was that on the night of her death a cavalier dismounted at her door, and, hastily entering her chamber, withdrew the clothes which covered her breast, and tore away a key that was suspended at her neck; then, taking a casket from a drawer, without having spoken, remounted his horse and pursued his way to Paris. It was her son, the Duke of Antin; but what mystery the casket concealed was never known.

Now, believe me if you please, that I have given you the key to the casket of Madame la Terre; or Mother Earth as she is called vulgarly in England.

HAUNTED.

Come, fill my goblet up with wine,
My little page with dusky eyes.
And pile those purple grapes on high,
Till the red light upon them lies,
Bring hither all your daintiest cates,
And cordials, perfumed even yet:
Wheel up the little stand of books:
'Tis luxury makes the heart forget!

Come when you hear the silver bell.
Now, sparkling offspring of the vine,
You have no griefs nor cares to tell,
So teach me how to conquer mine!
My golden poet, sing some song
To make the hours more quickly fly?
What sayest thou? "Man would be blest,—
But love and sorrow never die!"

Now, what a moonsiek plaint is this!
Why, who e'er could make them last,
Through our poor human life, deserves
To have his bust in opal cast?
They've died a thousand deaths, with me,
And each one took a different way.
I drink the latest one of all,—
The love I lost "the other day."

The latest, deepest one I know,
And only lost "the other day."
So gladly won, so sadly lost,
It took life's sunshine quite away.
Well, let it go! the moon remains;
Her light is quite enough for me,
And better that it sometimes lulls
This knowing pain of memory.

Melt in my mouth, O luscious grape!
O, cordials rich, and rare, and strong,
I take you for the sago's thought,
I take you for the poet's song!
Preach, then, a sermon! As I sip,
Let each drop sparkle up again!
Alas! alas! you kiss my lip,
But have no skill to heal my pain!

Even as the jewelled glass is raised,
 The deep dark eyes I hold so dear
 Look into mine! There comes a voice,—
 The well-known voice I used to hear!
 O poet! it was truth you sang:
 No luxury yet could ever buy
 One draught from Lethe's fabled stream,
 "For love and sorrow never die!"

THE LUCKY LEG.

"WHAT unaccountable things people do in the way of marrying!" I said to four or five of the ladies belonging to our chapel, who had met at the minister's house, to form a sort of supplementary Dorcas meeting; and, as there were so few of us, we considered it unnecessary to attend to the rule for appointing a reader, and forbidding gossip; a rule which considerably lessened the interest and popularity of our meetings.

The only single lady among us looked up upon hearing my remark, and dropping her work, as if for a long speech, began:

"What you say is very true: I do think the conduct of people at other times really sensible, during their engagements, and in their choice of husbands or wives, to be the most incomprehensible and contradictory of all human actions. If a woman has a decided prejudice, she is certain to act in direct opposition to it. Last spring I was at a wedding of one of my cousins—you remember her, Mrs. Turner, she was over here two or three autumns ago—and, being a High Churchwoman, she would not so much as put her foot inside our chapel. She is a fine majestic-looking girl, and has taken lessons in Deportment, so that it is quite imposing to see her enter a room or sail down the street; she used to vow she would never marry a little man, a draper, or a dissenter; and now she has just married a very small abject looking draper, who is such a rabid Methodist, that he will preach, though he has to stand on two bosses to raise his head sufficiently above the panels of the pulpit."

"Marriages are quite beyond our own management and contrivance," said Mrs. Turner musingly: "my mother's was very romantic. In travelling from her father's house to her grandmother's, where she was going to live with the old lady, she had to stay a night in Hereford—it was in the time of coaches, you know—and her father wrote to a glover there, to meet her at the coach-office, and recommend her to an inn. He invited her to stay with his sister instead; and she was so smitten with his manners and appearance, that she said to herself, 'If ever I marry, I hope it may be to Mr. Harper.' She went on the next morning to her grandmother's, and lived with her fourteen years, never seeing or hearing anything of Mr. Harper of Hereford; and she actually refused several good offers during that time. At last her grandmother died; and Mr. Harper being connected with

her family, he was invited to the funeral; and an acquaintance followed, which ended in their marriage."

"I am afraid," chimed in Mrs. Hyde, a lady who was a comparative stranger to all of us, "that if I confess the singular circumstances of my marriage, you will none of you think so well of me as I should wish you; but as we are talking of extraordinary matches, I am sure you will be amused at mine. When I was five-and-thirty, I had not had a single offer; partly, I fancy, because I had a twin sister so like me, that no one was sure which he was in love with. Well, I was one of the few women who give up the idea of being married after they have turned thirty, and I settled myself down into a comfortable old-maidism. One afternoon, I was out on some errand or other, when a tradesman, whom I had known all my life, a confirmed bachelor, over forty years of age, overtook me in the street. Before we reached the end of it, he had said, 'Miss Mary, I've had you in my eye a long time: do you think you could be happy as my wife?' and I had answered, 'Yes I really think I should.' 'Well, then,' he added, 'let us be married without any fuss: and if you want lots of clothes and things as women do, let them come out of my pocket, instead of your poor mother's.' And we were married in three weeks, though, I assure you, I had not the remotest notion of such a thing before that afternoon."

"I will tell you the most marvellous occurrence that ever came under my observation," said our minister's wife, who is a little, merry, talkative woman. "My husband and I were, next to the parties themselves, chief actors in it; so I know all the circumstances well. It was in the town where my husband first entered upon the ministry, and where we had what is called a very united people, which often means," she said, shrewdly, "that everybody knows and deplores everybody else's failings and inconsistencies. Some years after our call there, a young lady came with her mother to establish, if they could, a millinery business. They belonged to us, and before they arrived a sister of the elder lady called upon us, to announce their intention, and to prepare us for the reception of new members. She told us quite a melancholy story of losses and misfortunes: and, amongst other things, that of the amputation of Miss Wigley's leg. You know my husband is not an unfeeling man; but he had had a very fatiguing sabbath the day before, and his spirits were in that state of reaction which made him inclined to laugh at anything, and he so completely puzzled poor Mrs. James with allusions to Miss Kilmansegg and the merchant of Rotterdam, that the worthy old lady began seriously to recapitulate their pedigree, to prove there was no connection between their families, unless it were on Mr. Wigley's side. For a long

time we called Mary Wigley Miss Kilmansegg, when talking to each other. She was a pretty sweet looking-girl, and so long as she sat still she looked unusually attractive; but when she walked, and you saw her obvious limp, or heard the stump of her wooden leg, you no longer wondered that she was unmarried, for she was poor as well, and very far above her present station. She was altogether unsuited for the business they had commenced, for she had lived in a kind of elegant seclusion until her father's death; indeed he impoverished himself to surround her with recreations and luxuries, to prevent her feeling her deprivation. Excepting that she had quite an artistic appreciation of the harmonies and contrasts of colours, which enabled her to arrange the windows and showrooms with great skill, she had not a single qualification for her work. I have noticed her face flush painfully at the too openly expressed pity of their customers; and their whims and caprices in dress used to surprise and annoy her. Mrs. Wigley, however, was a thorough, clever business woman. She had been a tradesman's daughter, and the fluctuations and anxieties of business were like a game of chance to her. She soon established herself in the good graces of the ladies of our town; and, though my husband preached a very powerful sermon on dress (which I made him put off for some months, lest it should injure the strangers), it had no chance against Mrs. Wigley's taste, and the pews in our chapel looked like the gorgeous flower-beds in a summer garden.

"Mary Wigley soon became one of my dearest friends; she knew a great deal more than I did, and was very accomplished in music and painting, and it really was an incongruity to think of her sitting behind a counter all her life. I remember her coming to sit with me one evening after my little Mary was born, when my husband had an appointment at a missionary meeting. I suppose we were in an unusually happy frame of mind that evening, for my husband was glad to see me up again, and he paid me some of those quiet tender attentions which we who are married, understand so well, and being few and far between, prize so highly. We made no stranger of Mary, and she sat smiling at our affectionate expressions to one another. But when he was gone, and I returned to the study after seeing the children in bed, I found her burying her face in her hands, and crying. Of course I insisted on knowing the cause, and among other things she said, I distinctly remember this:

"If any human influence would make me great or good as a woman, it would be the guardianship of a child of my own—a woman's nature is only half developed till she is a mother."

"What a beautiful remark, and so true," interrupted Mrs. Turner, with tears in her

eyes. (She was notorious for neglecting her children.)

"I said it was true," resumed our minister's wife, "and I told her that all my powers of mind and body were doubled by it. 'My husband's love,' I said, 'and my children's dependence make me precious to myself.'"

"And you ask me why I cry," she answered, "when I feel how I could rejoice in these domestic ties, and know I shall never have them. Life is very monotonous and wearisome when one has no interest in the future."

"She should have had more independence and self-respect," murmured our spinster friend.

Without noticing her, the minister's wife continued:

"She looked dreamily into the fire, and with a pretty tremulous motion shook the tears from her dark eyelashes. I could not tell her I thought she would ever be married, because men marry to be helped, or to be amused, or to have some one to be proud of; and she was a cripple without money. Even my husband said a wooden leg would be a serious obstacle to any one falling in love.

"The morning after this conversation, Mary went with her mother to Manchester to purchase goods for the spring fashions; is was quite a painful ordeal to Mary, for she could not endure traversing warehouse after warehouse, and ascending and descending the innumerable flights of stairs, with the stump of her wooden leg upon the bare boards everywhere announcing her approach: it annoyed her to see people look round to see who was coming, and it really seemed as if she never could reconcile herself to the duties imposed upon her.

"The last day has passed, and she was walking wearily homewards, congratulating herself in having finished the business that brought them from their quiet country town; she lingered for a minute to look at an engraving which had caught her artistic eye, when a gentleman, standing behind her, placing a letter in her hand, said hurriedly, 'Let me beg of you to grant my request;' and, before she could recover her self-possession, was lost in the crowd, passing and re-passing in the thronged street.

"Mary hastened on her way to the lodgings where she expected to find her mother; and briefly recounting her adventure, opened the letter with curiosity. It contained the following lines:

"If the young lady who receives this note will kindly send her address in the enclosed envelope, that which may have appeared an obstacle to her settling in life, may eventually prove to be an advantage."

"The astonishment of both Mrs. Wigley and Mary were indescribable; Mrs. Wigley poured forth a torrent of questions which Mary was unable to answer; she had not seen the

stranger, and all she knew was, that he had a pleasant voice. Of course, with the becoming bashfulness and sense of propriety of a young lady, she wished the matter to be passed over in silent contempt; but to this her mother, who was a widow, would by no means consent.

"You do not know what it may lead to," she said: "however, hoax or no hoax, I shall follow it up; I hate a thing dropping through and hearing no more of it."

"Accordingly soon after they returned home, Mrs. Wigley sent her address and her daughter's name in the directed envelope, and the next post brought a letter written to the mother. It was not long, and I remember the substance of it.

"DEAR MADAM,—Let me apologise for my presumption in seeking to form your acquaintance and that of your daughter, whose appearance arrested my attention the first moment I saw her. If she would honour me by a correspondence, under your sanction, we should learn something of each other's character. Do not imagine me to be trifling; I desire to be a sincere friend to her; and farther acquaintance may greatly conduce to our mutual happiness. Believe me to be, with the most profound respect, dear Madam,

"Yours very truly,
FREDERICK WILLIAMS."

"Of course, Mrs. Wigley persisted in making Mary write; and, though it was no easy matter to compose a fitting answer to such a letter, she wrote with a charming measure of good sense and reserve. Mr. Williams prosecuted the correspondence with great earnestness, and his letters manifested a well-educated and intellectual mind.

"So long as Mary was acting against her own inclination and judgment, she did not choose to mention the matter to me; but as her interest in her unknown correspondent increased, she could not conceal from me her frequent pre-occupation of mind, and in the course of a month she fully confided in me. My husband regarded it in a very different light to what we did, and he urged Mary not to be entangled in any affair so indefinite and uncertain.

"Let me write to Mr. Williams," he said, "and he will, see you have a friend able and willing to protect you. I will tell him I shall advise you not to continue a correspondence so calculated to unsettle you."

"Do you think this stranger is trying to impose upon Mary?" I asked, when she was gone; and my husband was writing his letter.

"I think he may have been misled by her appearance," he answered. "In those days there is no judging a person's position by her dress; and Mary might be a countess. It is an unaccountable affair altogether; but this letter will effect something, for I have made it very strong."

"Mr. Williams promptly answered my husband's letter, and requested some informa-

tion respecting Miss Wigley's family position and character. My husband replied something to this effect:

"Miss Wigley is the daughter of a surgeon, who left her and her mother in very reduced circumstances; they have maintained themselves by a respectable millinery business. Her education was that of a lady, and her character is such as to make her the chosen and intimate friend of my wife. So strong is the interest I feel in her welfare, that I should carefully investigate the principles and circumstances of any one paying his addresses to her. You may not be aware that the limp, observable in her gait, is owing to the total loss of a limb; this circumstance has materially militated against her settlement in life.

"The next Sunday Mary and I had scarcely taken our usual seats (she sat with me, as our pew was near the door, and she avoided attracting the notice of the congregation), when the chapel-keeper showed a stranger into our pew. He was a tall military-looking man, with dark hair and moustache, which marked him of a different stamp to the usual frequenters of a chapel, for who can associate the ideas of unworldliness and moustaches! A beard is more patriarchal and even Scriptural. The stranger bowed to us, and then composed himself into an attitude of profound attention. He presented himself again at the evening service, and my husband remarked to me, as we walked home: 'I imagine he is a Polish or Hungarian refugee, and tomorrow he will call with a petition.'

"But the next morning early there came a note, inviting my husband to dine with Mr. Williams at six that evening, at the principal hotel in our town. He threw the note to me with a comical mixture of consideration and fun.

"This is really getting a serious affair," he said, "I will go out and see if I can meet this stranger somewhere, and take my measure of him."

"I remained at home on thorns of curiosity and suspense till my husband returned; he was already delighted with Mr. Williams's intelligence, information, &c., and said so much about them, that I thought they had forgotten Mary.

"By no means," he said, "I have invited Mr. Williams to meet her here to-morrow evening, and we must invite a few friends, who are not in the secret, to take off the awkwardness."

"With the first dawn of morning I was up, and before Mary had left her bed-room, I was there announcing to her and her mother the actual impending interview with their unknown correspondent. Mary's agitation was extreme, quite hysterical in fact, but Mrs. Wigley most judiciously entered into a discussion upon her dress, and I left her tolerably composed.

"It was a busy and anxious morning to us

all; my husband passed it with his new friend, and, at the appointed hour, when I had engaged to be ready to receive him, and wonderful to say not before, he brought him, and introduced him to me. Nothing could surpass the suavity and easy politeness of his manner, and in a few minutes I felt as if I had known him all my life. I watched him when we heard Mary's step in the passage, and his eyes lighted up with a pleasant smile; she looked really beautiful after the first; awkwardness of meeting him; her dress was the most elegant and becoming her mother's taste could advise, while her heightened colour, and eyes cast down till the long lashes rested on her glowing cheeks, sufficiently betrayed her agitation. The evening passed pleasantly in social unconstrained conversation, in which the stranger took an animated part, and when we separated he asked permission to escort Mary and her mother home. I ran up-stairs and watched them with intense interest till they turned the corner of the street.

"Not to lengthen my story, I will tell you at once that he soon proposed and was accepted. After having satisfied my husband that he was neither an impostor nor a papist; indeed, notwithstanding his worldly appearance, he had really very proper sentiments.

"Mary and Mr. Williams were very happy for a few lovely summer days, and then it became necessary for him to return to Manchester; when this necessity was forced upon him he came to us to beg that I would aid him in persuading Mary to accompany her mother and me on a visit to his house, where, he said, we might find some alterations to propose; he had waited to obtain our sanction and acceptance of his invitation before he had named it to Mary. My husband was highly pleased with the plan, and we had little difficulty in inducing Mary to acquiesce in it.

Mr. Williams preceded us by a few days, and then he met us at the Bank Top station. To our astonishment our humble luggage—and how humble it did look I cannot describe—was consigned to the care of two livery servants, while he conducted us, with great empressment to an elegant carriage which was waiting in the station-yard. In silence and astonishment we were conveyed rapidly through the thronged streets to one of the pleasant suburbs about four miles from town, where we alighted at a magnificent residence surrounded with pleasure-grounds and numerous tokens of wealth. Within everything was on a fitting scale, and I who had noticed Mary's increasing paleness, as she had leaned back in the carriage silent and wondering, was not surprised to see her burst into a flood of tears when Mr. Williams welcomed her to her future home. How he soothed her and manifested lover-like concern and attention, of course I need not describe; but, at

last, she grew calm enough to bear with equanimity the sight of a charming little room fitted up expressly for herself.

"One soon accustoms one's-self to pleasant things; in a few hours the elegancies surrounding us, instead of oppressing, elevated our spirits. Mrs. Wigley and I enjoyed them thoroughly; the stately housekeeper, the obsequious servants, the conservatories, the elegant equipages belonged to us, and were part of our pomp and state; while Mary was engrossed with Mr. Williams as to be almost oblivious of her grandeur. I like to see lovers, and those two were lover-like enough to satisfy me.

"We had been three or four days in Manchester, when Mr. Williams proposed to drive us to Dunham Park: Mrs. Wigley cared little for rural pleasures, and preferred the enjoyment of the consequence about her; so Mary and I went alone with Mr. Williams. If ever mortal enjoyed perfect worldly happiness, it was Mrs. Wigley when she watched her daughter driving out in the carriage of the man she was going to marry. She re-entered the house with a full blown delight. In great benignity of spirit she entered into conversation with the stately housekeeper, and naturally introduced Mr. Williams' name.

"'I do not know any Mr. Williams,' said the housekeeper.

"'Goodness gracious!' cried Mrs. Wigley, 'who then is the owner of these domains—of this mansion, these carriages, this grandeur? Who is the gentleman who is driving out my daughter and friend?'

"'That is Mr. Gordon,' replied the housekeeper, 'the servants have noticed, ma'am, that you all called him by another name, and some said it was Mr. Williams, but I did not think so; his name is Frederic William Gordon, and if he is deceiving you, ma'am, I think it is only just to put you on your guard. To be sure he is the owner of this property, but there is never any good in hiding one's proper name.'

"In this Mrs. Wigley so heartily agreed, that she immediately wrote to my husband in much perplexity and tribulation: and after a long deliberation, she decided upon not disturbing us with the discovery till she received his answer.

"We had a delightful day at Dunham. I do not make a bad third, and so often found objects of interest to engage my attention, that the others really grew unconscious of my presence. We returned late in the afternoon and found Mrs. Wigley moody and taciturn. Mr. Williams and Mary sat apart and conversed in low tones throughout the evening, while I lounged luxuriously in an easy-chair, and mentally reviewed the events which had domiciled us amidst so much magnificence.

"The next morning Mr. Williams met us with a grave and pre-occupied air, and ad-

dressed Mary with a kind of tender melancholy; Mrs. Wigley was constrained and rather fretful, and we others falling into their mood, the breakfast was a dull and brief meal. Then, with the unconscious ceremony that one uses when ill at ease, Mr. Williams invited us into the library, and opening a drawer, took out numerous bunches of keys.

"Ladies," he said, "you have done me the honour of visiting me with the intention—at least on my part—of having such alterations made in my house and establishment as may seem desirable to you: These keys will open every lock in the house, and you will oblige me by devoting this day to making such inspection as you please. There is no key you may not use, and no papers which you, Mary, may not read; but you will make discoveries that will surprise you, and perhaps influence you against me. I shall leave home for the day, to give you an opportunity for an investigation, but I shall most impatiently wait your decision on my return."

"He was gone before any of us could answer, and we were left gazing at one another in profound astonishment. The atmosphere of mystery in which we had been living was thickening to a dense fog, and we were half afraid to grope to the light that was offered to us. Mary positively refused to avail herself of Mr. Williams's absence.

"Let us do nothing," she said, "and leave it to him to explain himself when he comes home. It is so noble and honourable in him to act so, that I could not bear to abuse his generosity."

"But an intense curiosity was devouring Mrs. Wigley and me, and human nature could not endure such a disappointment.

"It is your duty to yourself, my child," said the mother, "to take every justifiable means for learning Mr. Williams's character and circumstances; he has put the means in your power, and it is unjust to your own common sense and to mine, not to use them."

"My dear Mary," I urged, "you certainly should reflect that little more than a month since none of us knew this gentleman; and it is evidently his wish that you should discover for yourself some secret, and spare him the pain of a verbal explanation."

"Do as you please," replied Mary, weeping, "but let me at least trust to his honour and affection. There can be nothing to conceal where there is such open frankness."

"We certainly shall do nothing against your wish," said Mrs. Wigley, crossly, "but I must say you are very foolish, Mary, and you quite forgot you have no father to act for you in these affairs. It will be a very long tiresome day with nothing in the world to do. You are too scrupulous, or sentimental."

"O mother!" Mary answered, "I know you ought to be allowed to do what your

judgment dictates; so pray take the keys and use them on my account; only do not ask me to join you."

"Mrs. Wigley and I rose with alacrity, and proceeded to get the aid of the housekeeper; how we tried keys and wearied over reticatory locks; how we turned over drawers and long-unopened boxes which were filled with dresses and articles of feminine adornment; how we ransacked the china-closets and plate-chest, and rummaged through the stores of linen; how we went back to the library from time to time to report progress. All the fatigues, and labour, and excitement of that morning I cannot describe to you. At luncheon refreshed and strengthened, my spirits rose to my circumstances.

"This is quite a Blue Beard affair, Mary," I remarked to my languid friend. "Mr. Williams has always had something of a suspicious and ferocious aspect. I shall not be surprised if we come upon a closet of skeletons, or bodies of deceased wives preserved in large bottles of spirits of wine."

"Horrible," she interrupted; "you forget, too, that he has left us all his keys, and not forbidden us the use of any."

"There is something to be concealed, however," said her mother. "He has paid his addresses to you under an assumed name, and that has a suspicious look."

"Are you sure of it, mother?" exclaimed Mary, her face colouring with excitement. "How did you find it out?"

"Mrs. Wigley then recounted to us the discovery of the preceding day, which she had intended to keep secret till she heard from my husband; instead of the weeping and hysterics I expected, Mary displayed great energy of character.

"Nay then, mother," she cried, "it is time for me to open my eyes; I will work with you now."

"So the search re-commenced with ardour, it was no longer in linen-chests and china-closets. We rifled desks and cabinets, and curiously constructed drawers, of their contents, and poured bundles upon bundles of letters and papers into Mary's lap; we found banking accounts and cheque-books, and other indications of wealth; deeds and wills, and rolls of yellow parchment tied up with red tape; but still nothing to satisfy our curiosity. Our labor continued unintermitting, for the evening was drawing on, and we began to regret the wasted minutes of the morning. The mystery, like an ignis fatuus, appeared to fly before us.

"At last all seemed to have been passed under our scrutiny, and nothing was discovered. Then Mrs. Wigley and I left Mary to replace the documents strewn about the library, and proceeded once again on our explorations, with the housekeeper for a pioneer.

"In a few minutes we stood before a

mysterious-looking little door in Mr. Gordon's dressing-room:

"I have never seen that open," said the housekeeper; "it is two years since I was engaged by Mr. Gordon to officiate as the superintendent of his household, but no one has ever passed through that door except himself. I do not think you will find any key for it, ladies."

"We tried every key on the bunch, but the door yielded to none. I flew down stairs to Mary."

"We have found Blue Beard's closet," I cried, "and there is no key for it,—come, come, we must not waste a moment."

"Every nerve I had quivered with impatience while Mary slowly ascended the stairs. How slowly and sluggish all the movements were. But, in time, she stood with us before the low, narrow door, and with hands trembling from eagerness, she shook it till the handle rattled noisily, but yielded nothing to her grasp."

"Here, then," she said, turning and facing us with a ghastly smile; "here is the secret we seek."

"At this moment we heard the loud ringing of a bell, and the sound of a man's step and voice in the entrance-hall."

"Blue Beard is come back!" I cried, with a vague feeling of apprehension, mingled with a keen sense of the absurdity of our position. I stole quietly into the gallery, and with jealous caution peered into the lobby below. There stood my husband. With an exclamation of relief, I again flew down stairs and threw my arms around him, crying, "O, I am glad you are come!" His face was stern and grave, and he looked prepared for storms. I drew him into the library and hastily explained our position. As I spoke his eye rested upon a heap of papers on the sofa, and instantly detected a ring containing three keys. I seized them joyfully, and ran up-stairs, closely followed by my husband. Mary was leaning against the locked door in the quietness of sheer exhaustion, and large tears were falling slowly from her eyes upon the floor. With irrepressible eagerness she snatched the keys from me, and at once fitted the largest into the lock; but, before she could turn it, my husband's restraining hand was laid upon her arm.

"Mary," he said, "I advise you as your friend not to open this closet, but wait and ask Mr. Gordon for an explanation of his very mysterious conduct. What there may be to affect your future happiness we can none of us conjecture, but at present it is his secret. Let it remain so."

"It is too late to wait now," answered Mrs. Wigley impatiently, "they have roused our curiosity, and it shall be satisfied at any cost. I wish to know the worst."

"To own the truth, I was heartily glad of the old lady's decision, though it was opposed to my husband's judgment. I, too, was

consumed by an inextinguishable curiosity to fathom our enigma. Behind the door lay the mysteries that had been all day arranging themselves into numberless forms within our busy brains, and now to wait for Mr. Gordon's return, and then perhaps to be denied an explanation, was a moral impossibility. Mary slowly but resolutely opened the door, and we all, even my husband, looked into the unlighted closet with an intense gaze; but there was manifested no scene of horror or mechanism for future purposes. In the darkness there was shaped out only two small mahogany boxes, something like violin-cases; here, then, lay the very core and kernel of our haunting mystery—the solving of the problem on which Mary's future life depended.

"Nothing could have stayed us now. Mary rapidly detached one of the keys for me, and we knelt down to fit them into the minute locks of the mahogany cases. We raised the lids simultaneously, and our eager, earnest eyes fell upon two wooden legs."

"I scarcely know what we felt the first few minutes. It was not relief; for, though our suspense was over, our astonishment was not lessened. We had not the dignity of being horror-stricken, nor the indignation of being hoaxed: we were passively astonished. Mary silently relocked the cases and the closet, and we adjourned quietly to the library. A spirit of deep musing had fallen upon us all. Out of the profound abyss of contemplation, suggestion after suggestion was summoned; but none could satisfy us, or explain all the circumstances of the case."

"We felt great excitement when the return of the master of the house was heard. Mary threw herself back into her chair, and my husband and Mrs. Wigley rose to meet him as he entered the room. Glancing keenly round on our attitudes of expectation, and on the littered room, he advanced and placed himself behind Mary's chair."

"Permit me," he said, "to give you an intelligible explanation of my conduct before you reproach me for my secrecy. My father made a match for me when I was very young with a relative who possessed much wealth, but who had suffered an amputation. She died about two years after our marriage, and bequeathed her property to me, on condition that if I married again it should be to a woman similarly afflicted. A few years after, I met with a lady possessing the necessary qualification, and gifted with so much sweetness and amiability of temper, that I loved her truly. It suited me to watch over and protect her, and we were very happy, but for a few months only. Thus it happened that, while quite a young man, I was a widower for the second time. My last wife, with a caprice at variance with her usual character, had made a similar will to my first wife's; and though I would have given up their united fortunes had I found any one whom

I could love, these circumstances tended to invest a cripple with peculiar interest in my eyes, and I have made it a rule to seek the acquaintance of those I met. As my position and presumed object became known, I was made the victim of several unworthy artifices, so that I determined to make all future advances under an assumed name,—as I did to you, Mary. At first I was pleased with the notion that you loved me for myself; but when I came to know your excellencies, your cultivated intellect, your delicate sense of honour, and your modest reserve, I did not dare to confess I had deceived you, until I had called to my aid the adventitious influences of position and fortune, and by them won over your friends to my side. Yet when you were here, I had not courage to tell you personally, and I suffered you to find it out for yourself.

“Sir,” interrupted Mary, rising, “I am ashamed to say that I have been guilty of contemptible curiosity this day; but I have not read your papers. Forgive me; this is the last time I shall ever doubt you.”

“But what caused your very belligerent aspect?” said Mr. Gordon to my husband, after he and Mary had quite settled the question of forgiveness. “I thought you and Mrs. Wigley were both going to attack me; and if you did not know I had been twice a widower, what occasioned your solemn manner of reception?”

“The two wooden legs!” I replied.

“In four months after their first meeting, we had the grandest wedding that was ever seen in our chapel; which was registered for the celebration of marriages. Mary and Mr. Gordon left the town in great glory.

“Since then we have often visited them; and my own little Mary is now being educated with their children.

“I believe the two wooden legs still remain in the dark little closet; but there is no apparent probability of a third defunct limb at present.”

“We ought to be more patient under deprivations,” added our minister’s wife; “for who knows all the advantages of disadvantages?”

THE REAL COOK’S ORACLE.

WHETHER of those compact pocket definitions that ingenious spirits have hunted up regarding the special characteristics of man, be the right one; whether he be a talking animal, or a two-legged animal; a clubbable or a dancing animal; however else socially distinguished from that meaner company whom we must perforce hail as fellow creatures; there can be no question but that he has one proud characteristic, which at once sets them far below him. He is a cooking animal. He is a roasting, boiling, stewing, frying, sauce-extracting, gravy-making animal. He knows the philosophy of exquisite juices, of pro-

found savours, of delicious extracts, of heavenly essence! The animals’ friends, the bold propagandists who plead for the dog, and hint at the possibility of that noble animal’s carrying about with him a soul, can never get over this stumblingblock. Your noble animal, the dog, cannot cook—cannot extract juices, save, indeed, in that crude, hasty fashion, by machinery of his own poor jaws. Though that be a reasoning process in him, his sniffing at each arm of the cross-roads, and so, by a syllogism, as it were, lighting on the right path taken by his master; still the famous dog Millennium will have to come round before he reach that mystical process which will prompt him to grilling of his bone, or to extracting its mysterious juices in the shape of soup.

That other noble animal—need we say the horse—must needs starve and die, if he have to wait for the inspiration of grilled oats, or hay soufflet. So long, then, as this agreeable disqualification exists, men walk abroad securely, and have no fears from the development of those powers of reasons in his fellow animals. He shall stand for ever on that vantage ground of cooking: the rest shall not travel out of raw diet and unconverted juices.

Though comforting to think there exists this broad line of demarcation, never to be overleaped, still must it be borne in mind that there are qualities and degrees even among faggots. Man is, beyond dispute, a cooking animal; no one shall take from him this crown: but there is one sort of cooking animal, and there is another. There are nations who may be written down, all cooking animals; and there are nations quite imbeciles and helpless as children in this all-important matter. Infants yet in their mother’s arms have been known to lisp with indistinct sounds respecting *Vol-au-vents* and *Salamis*, and have closed their little fingers affectionately on a ladle, in preference to the most popular toy! Heroes, great afterwards in kitchen campaigns, and giants of the range, have before now leaped in their mother’s womb, with curious prescience of the strange destiny before them. But there have been those countries where ages have rolled past, one after the other, in culinary darkness, without so much as a single ray to illumine the obscurity. France and Italy have in their *Fasti* many proud names, illustrious in this peculiar walk: while England, alas! must needs hang her head for shame, having no children who have fought in this good fight, and handed down their deeds to a grateful posterity. Those favoured countries have indeed raised many mortals to the skies: our own has, unhappily, brought not the smallest angel down!

Let Britannia find a feeble gratification in ruling the waves: what far greater glorification finds Gallia in ruling the roast? Britons, in a curious spirit of self-assertion,

may protest they never, never shall be slaves: but, for all that, shall suffer frightful slaveship horrors for ever and aye, through indigestion and unskilfully treated viands. Poor consolation, this! while those favoured nations, with no charter-song to shout lustily, have their great captains and marshals, their Can-ning men (as Mr. Carlyle has it,) girt about with Spit fashion, and waving high the grand oriflamme Ladle! But for zealous missionaries who have gone forth into far countries, preaching the gospel, the light of the faith would never have come to England. Those simple monks of the first order of Saint Apicius, went out, preaching, into strange lands, demolishing monstrously roasted idols; casting down frightful, ill-done Juggernauts; calling on all to come and believe. Some were tortured, some done to death, by the old Bonzes; but in the end, the faith was planted. It was France that sent us these holy men,—now, it is to be hoped, in glory, and worshipped in the calendar by the names of Saint Alexis and Saint Charles.

Even Doctor Goldsmith, who speaks disparagingly through his mandarin's mouth, of the great French cooking creed, still cannot disguise a secret wonder at the surpassing miracles which, even in those early ages, had come under his notice. Says Lien Chi Altangi, writing those diverting letters to Fum Hoam, living in China: "I fancy the French would make the best cooks in the world, if they had but meat: as it is, they can dress you out five different dishes from a nettle-top, seven from a dock-leaf, and twice as many from a frog's haunches; these eat prettily enough when one is a little used to them, are easy of digestion, and seldom overload the stomach with crudities. They seldom dine," continues the Doctor, very wickedly, "under seven hot dishes: it is true, indeed, with all this magnificence, they seldom spread a cloth before the guests; but in that I cannot be angry with them, since those who have got no linen on their backs, may very well be excused for wanting it on their tables." The Doctor could hit hard, in that sly way of his; but his testimony, though scarcely friendly, is valuable, as illustrating the high reverence and admiration with which the powers of the great French heroes were regarded by their neighbours. Those illustrious saints are no longer left to us. We have but the long roll of their names. It was only the other day, that the last of them was taken from amongst us: but as he was wafted aloft in his flying car, there fell from about his waist that snowy and venerated apron, which lighted upon the shoulders of an earnest disciple looking fondly after his departing master. The name of this disciple was Gogué—a not unworthy recipient. For it was no other than that Gogué who was "erst Kitchen-chief to Count Ducayla, to Lord Melville," &c., but who has, besides, given us a Koran, or Mor-

mon book, known as *The Mysteries of the French Cuisine*, well worthy of being consulted by the curious. It were indeed time that culinary scripture should be disseminated among the people: and that some one well persuaded of the dignity of the science, should treat it from professional chair—as indeed our dear neighbors have the happy knack of dealing with every avocation. The person who instructs in the drum, calls himself, with much justice, Professor of that instrument, gentlemen of the kitchen in our country have an air of awkward distrust in themselves and their calling; a feeling of shame for this profession and its implements, which may very naturally excite the same emotion in others about them. Respect yourselves (says the saw), and others will respect you. At Florence, there is a famous Academy of Cooks, which gives degrees and certificates of merit. In France, at the date of the Revolution, the hair-dressing interest had an academy of its own, whose members, like another famous body, reached to the mystic number of forty. This is a noble and independent footing to place things on. But of England, very justly have foreign professors made the stinging remark, "One hundred religions, and but one sauce!" *Mon Dieu!* Yes! 'Tis but too true!

Monsieur Gogué is an artist, and is proud of his art. He writes of his profession with an amiable pride and fondness; with a certain stateliness and grandeur of style that must impress all readers. The very first line in his Koran is an aphorism. "The true secret (or rather tact) in all things is the art of doing much with little. In cookery there are two sorts of excess to be avoided. Overgrown cookery, with its *recherche* processes and its prodigality beyond all bounds, has only to do with princes and grand seigneurs. It swallows up in a soup à la Lucullus the substance of three excellent dinners; and for the manufacturer of a dozen poached eggs, flavoured with goose, wastes twelve entire roast geese! On the other hand, the dwarfed economy of the smaller cookery, which has to do with flour only, and the commonest sorts of spices; it makes a paste of all things, or else poisons outright. Our work shall steer clear of both extremes." After which sarcastic introduction, our philosophic artist proceeds with his precepts and rules: first descanting largely on matters which are of necessity even before a fire shall have been kindled, or the snowy cap and apron donned. There is a feeling tone, an earnestness in this advice, which must find its way into every rightly ordered bosom. He would have every kitchen, he says, such a model of "engaging purity as to win the mistress to enter with as much delight as into her own drawing-room." True it is, that such visits are not much fancied by "*Messieurs les cuisiniers et Mesdames les cuisinières*," for it naturally "throws a restraint" upon their mutual

relations; the reason, of which, however, is but too often that our artists do not keep the "little domain" intrusted with all the pains and attention, on the score of the virtue that comes next to godliness, that could be desired. Were it otherwise, many fatal misunderstandings might be avoided. As for instance, that of the artist who had been but a short time lending his services to an opulent house. One day the mistress chanced to direct her steps in the direction of those under-ground regions, known as the kitchen. The chief addressed her in a tone which scarcely disguised his anger. "Madame," he said, sarcastically, "whoever comes here, exposes herself to the risk of stain!" "Sir?" answered the outraged lady, "you are either a fool or an impertinent." "Perhaps both." "I could pass over the first, but the other, never!" The ill-fated chief received his dismissal on the instant, and was thrown upon the world an outcast, all for that unlucky speech; which, in its turn, must be set down to the morbid feeling consequent upon a great mind's being surprised in a small dereliction.

On the other hand, those intellects who are truly given to their art, will court rather than shun such visits. Their faces will kindle with an honest joy, where the lady of the house takes what is known as the rolling-pin in her delicate hand, and prepares to construct a tart. Why blame such a weakness! We have all had it, Monsieur Gogué adds, even in tender years. "Observe the little girls! There is no toy so dear to them as their little snowy service of wood, and that diminutive cooking battery of shining metal. What joy for them comparable to that of cutting up an apple into small slices, which, being placed with symmetry on the miniature pan, shall bear the name of fried soles; or to watch over their little pot-au-feu, as it simmers gently with a bon-bon inside, which by a happy fiction becomes a joint of beef!" Ingenious and poetic illustration! most playful cook!

Would you know the secret of learning whether the artist who presents himself for engagement have cleanly ways in his manipulation, turn your eyes upon his hands, upon his nails specially; these are the indices of his purity. "This brings to my mind," continues Monsieur Gogué, "a little adventure which occurred when I was in London, filling the office of chief to my Lord Melville, then Minister of Marine. A friend came to me to recommend a young man of excellent qualifications in his profession, and who was but newly arrived in London. Some days after, I was happy enough to make known to him an employ then vacant, with a noble lord at court; and I spoke of him to the maître d'hôtel, an intimate friend of my own, and who at once introduces him to my lady. Observe what followed. She merely threw one rapid glance over the person of the young man, and dismissed him without a word.

Utterly abashed, confused, and overwhelmed at such a reception, the young man flew to me and told his tale. I went straight to the maître d'hôtel, saying how astonished I was that any one should thus comport themselves towards a distinguished artist, who, besides, had presented himself in becoming costume; that is to say, in black suit, new hat, and varnished boots. The maître d'hôtel owned that the youth was so far irreproachable; but the fact was my lady always looked to the hands rather than to the feet, and those unhappily were far from proper." A terrible warning this short history; which those whom it may concern may take home to themselves.

Long hair in a chief, carries with it grave inconveniences. Moustachios may pass, if he makes a point of it; but he should not, Monsieur Gogué wisely adds, turn himself into the likeness of a bearded supper. Smoking cannot be tolerated. "What could be expected from that man whose palate, vitiated by tobacco, is to pass judgment on the seasoning of a sauce, or the correct savour of meat?" Cocks of the other sex do not usually sin in this respect; cannot, fortunately, in that other of the beard and moustaches. "But we have unhappily in the profession ladies whose fingers are never out of the snuff-box; et mon Dieu! what a snuff-box! An artiste who is once become the slave of this degrading habit, will she ever have the power of resisting a pinch, though she were at the most interesting moment of a choice dish—though she were at the turning point of a fricassée of fowl, or a shape of cream. She must satisfy that imperious craving of her nostril before everything! but 'tis ruin to the fowl, ruin to the cream!" Such terrible warning should not go unheeded.

A man of genius, who has walked through cooking life with his eyes open may have words of wisdom to drop anent matters that seem, strictly speaking, scarcely within his province. In that campaign under the Minister of Marine, Lord Melville, in front of the batteries (de cuisine) of Ducayla, he must have gleaned many curious things bearing on the æsthetics of his calling. There is high art in the kitchen; and there may be in those humble regions inglorious Ruskins ready with their Seven Lamps and even pre-Carême theory. Who shall tell? Our chief is perhaps greater in the parlour than in his own domain. It is expected, he thinks, that he should give a word of advice as to the decoration and arrangement of these chambers. A most difficult task, as it must be conceded. Every one settles such matters according to his taste, or perhaps his means. To begin with: not a single picture on the walls—not so much as an engraving. For what reason? Surely — "Because," breaks in Monsieur Gogué, with much heat, "because guests are not to be disturbed from the one principal object for

which they are brought together. They do not sit there, sir, to admire paintings or objects of art exquisitely carved, but to dine as well as possible, and converse sociably." Who shall gainsay Monsieur Gogu  in this matter? Or, indeed, in that other hint concerning the carpet? It should be thick and very soft, for the double debt "of imparting a grateful warmth" (*une douce chaleur*) "to the feet of the guests, as well as to deaden the sound of the movements of the servants."

In the matter of table linen—that article, it is conceded on all sides, must be of a spotless character, still must we avoid that other extreme—"Take care that it be not like a species of pasteboard, very inconvenient in the handling, and by no means acceptable to the mouth of the guest." It is a little superfluous on the part of our chief to direct us to lay the fork upon the left, the knife upon the right of the plate, such rudimentary elements being implanted by nature in the breast of every dining mortal. The napkin should be arranged "with taste, but without assumption." By which hint he would have us avoid those strange eccentricities which a fantastic waiting mind sometimes evolves, out of a simple piece of damask.

Not content with establishing himself in the dining-room, Monsieur Gogu  goes up grand staircase into my lady's boudoir, where she is writing her notes, and has a word to say as to the character and quality of the guests to be bidden, their number, and professions. The question of number has been battled over and over again. Monsieur Gogu , looking at it from a French point of view, says the question has lain between three and nine—not less than three, or more than nine. Unblushing Gogu ! Little reck he of your true Briton's twenty-two, of his eighteen and his twenty covers! These numbers of nine and three have a relation to the Muses and Graces. "But," continues he drolly, enough, "leave alone the Graces and the Muses, who have nothing in the world to do with dining, and let us be guided by common sense. As to that fatal number thirteen, we are far from taking it under our protection; nay, are rather of the opinion of the gentleman who would be to sit down thirteen every day, provided the dinner was good." The fact is, that mysterious number comes awkwardly for the arrangement of the guests, and on that account should be eschewed, to say nothing of this further reason, "why gratuitously render uncomfortable very worthy people, inoffensive creatures, who ask nothing more than to dine well, to dine quietly, and without a care?" Why, indeed? Then never have thirteen!

"Should children be allowed in?" our chief asks gravely. "A question," he says, "answered almost as soon as put. A certain witty man, fond of whist, once heard a child

cry when sitting down to his game. 'I always love of hear children cry,' he remarked. 'Why?' asked those about him. 'Because,' says the witty man, 'they are sent to bed then.'" Monsieur Gogu  would not be so harsh. "I would not send my children to bed," he goes on, "the moment my guests sit down, but would banish them to a remote chamber. Besides, they overeat themselves before company, and are very restive in disposition, but too often kicking their neighbours' limbs."

On the head of servants there is very much to be said. The exact number who should wait at a feast is another of those moot points which so embarrass cookery as a science. It quite depends on the character of your *mat riel*. Monsieur Gogu  has known of two intelligent, active spirits, with willing mind, ever-roving eyes, and unwearied limbs, proving equal to a dozen of the common pattern. But how rarely in this vale of tears do such treasures cross our path! But, en *c te g n rale*, as our chief puts it, one for every five guests is about the proper allowance. "We would have," Monsieur Gogu  writes, warning with his subject, "on the day of a grand dinner, each domestic calm and cool as a soldier on the eve of a battle; he should carry out quietly and collectedly such orders as he shall have received, and do everything at its proper time. We would not have him abstracted, mooning it in the air when his eyes should be on the table—listening to the conversation of a guest when he should be offering him bread." Admirable counsel! So spoke Doctor Goldsmith, some eighty years since, through the mouth of Mr. Harcastle, whom Monsieur Gogu , we may swear, has never known. "You must not be so talkative, Diggory," he tells his following, in that richly humorous and immortal Rehearsal Scene, "you must be all attention to the guests; you must hear us talk and not thin of talking; you must see us drink and not think of drinking; you must see us eat and not think of eating. . . . Then if I happen to tell a good story at a table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company." Which brings on, as every humour-loving reader knows, that plea of Diggory in favour of the story concerning Ould Grouse in the Gun-room, the significance of which name—whether it attach to man or animal, or whether dear Goldby, whom we all so love (and who shall shortly be standing in the open thoroughfare of the Irish metropolis, wrought out in breathing bronze, not in absurd poetical masquerade, but in his own bloom-coloured coat, the fashion of his time)—whether he had in his mind's eye a name much given to Irish sporting-dogs; these are questions with which we have no concern, and which have certainly small relation to the great cooking science.

On the score of wines we must carefully

see that the champagne is uncorked in a distant apartment. "The peculiar noise," says our chief, "consequent upon the operation, and the innocent gaiety that attends it, may only be tolerated at a family-dinner or among friends." He feels strongly on the head of what is known as the *Rincebouche*, noticing the ridiculous extreme to which the practice has been pushed. Some hosts have actually towels and hot water laid ready in an adjoining chamber, to which they will conduct their guests like schoolboys going in the morning to their lavabo. We may admire the cleanly mind which so regards the niceties of the toilet, but still the British mind will shrink from being so marshalled post-prandially and led out to purification.

On the now favourite fashion of dining, on the Russian model, Monsieur Gogué has a word to say. There can be no doubt but that the old system of laying on all the dishes together, "though it has something grand and noble, and causes an agreeable surprise, ravishing the eyes before satisfying the taste," still has this serious drawback; they get a little cold before they can be served, and thus are sure to lose "some of their most precious qualities." To say nothing of the atmosphere which the combined savours of so many dishes is sure to generate. On the other hand, the Muscovite practice ensures the service taking place with extraordinary rapidity, and the viands being eaten at the precise instant they ought to be. It has that incontestible recommendation. It has also this economical advantage, have you twelve or twenty guests, all that is to be done, is to reinforce each plate as required there being no necessity for extra dishes. But what is perfect in this world! Monsieur Gogué darkly hints that, under this Russian cloak, preparations that have visited the table on a previous occasion, may be introduced without danger of discovery, by which unworthy subterfuge, for instance, a salmon that yesterday evening adorned the foot of the table, may to-day be foisted on the unsuspecting guest, in flimsy disguise of a side dish! To sum up all, the Russian plan seems to countenance good cheer; but the old French plan is the more noble, more elegant, and splendid of the two!

What has our chief to remark on the subject of beef—that living principle of all cookery—as a defunct master of the science calls it. This living principle, Monsieur Gogué tells, is called by Sir Walter Scott, in his own diverging way, *le Baron de Bœuf*, funny fellow that Voltaire,—so droll with his barons of beef! As to game, the practice of presenting your guests with birds out of the proper season sanctioned by the law, he looks upon as a grave indiscretion. "We have always spoken out loudly against proud and

contraband dealings. The respect due to the laws of our country and its institutions, should never be sacrificed to the vain-glory of having on one's table a pheasant pique, or red partridges barded, during the season when these delicious birds should be revered and respected." For that guest, whose attention may not be drawn away from the one end and aim before him by distracting paintings or engravings, it must surely be hurtful to have outspoken, tangible evidence of his country's laws being outraged, staring him in the face. It were enough totally to disarrange that great gastronomic machinery, so delicate, so important, and so liable to be thrown out of gear. Anything abnormal—anything frappant, should be avoided. So, too, with carving. Every well-ordered mind will strive to perfect itself in this healthful branch of human economy. "What more irritating sight than to see a rare and symmetrical piece manipulated tediously and clumsily by some awkward hand, losing its exquisite harmony and outline, and becoming a heap of slices or shreds, rather torn off than carved. Brillat Savarin, one of those immortal lights long since passed away, has it in a well-known aphorism, that On devient Cuisinier, mais on nait rotisseur, which would seem to apply with equal appropriateness to that all-important science of carving. Some dull spirits are there, whose heavy hands will not accommodate to dexterous wielding of the knife. Others, with that marvellous instinct of genius, will instantly appreciate strange and unknown birds. Skilfully, and with unerring certainty, adapting the instrument to the peculiar conformation of the creature."

The great Corsican captain and gigantic carver of kingdoms, was never so great as in unforeseen emergency. He was perhaps more opportune—more brilliant in his stroke, than when all things had been foreseen and calculated. Which lesson let our halting disfigurements of harmonious joints take home to themselves.

Seriously, this book of Monsieur Gogue is pleasant reading even for unprofessional people. It is flavoured with that piquant, epigrammatic sauce, which somehow seasons the style of most Frenchmen that have anything to tell upon paper. There is peculiarly that art of adorning what they touch,—garnishing light things lightly, and carrying off the bulk and disproportion of heavier articles. They can Sauter nearly anything, and not only in the kitchen.

As a model of scientific and logical arrangement (matters also peculiarly French) this book is to be commended, and does infinite credit to a person of Monsieur Gogue's station and opportunities. He is a true artist.

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6 Cents.

A GROUP OF NOBLE SAVAGES.

MR. PAUL KANE is a Canadian artist. He was born in the City of Toronto when it was no city, but the muddy and dirty village of Little York, with Indians living round about it. After studying his profession for some years in Europe, he resolved to exercise it upon his old friends the red men, and proposed to himself a wild journey with pencil and brush along the great chain of American lakes, by the Red River settlement and the valley of the Sackatchewan, across the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia, to that region of the Pacific which is now destined to become our great Pacific empire. That journey he made sketching scenery and taking portraits as he went, and often gossiping with Indian chiefs while he was painting them. It was his whole purpose as a traveller to make perfect acquaintance with the Indians. He kept a journal of his pilgrimage in which he set down the most noticeable things he saw and heard.

Some of the pictures, for which he brought sketches home, are now arranged in the library of the Canadian Parliament, and his diary, under the name of Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America, has just been published in this country. The account given in it of the present natives of our future colony of the Pacific in Vancouver's Island, and upon the opposite mainland, is very full and amusing.

Mr. Kane began with a comparatively short tour of about sixteen hundred miles to the falls of Saint Mary, between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, with a diversion into Lake Michigan, and then round by Lake Erie, home. Among the labyrinth of thirty thousand islands on the north shore of Lake Huron, there was a sketch made of an Indian encampment; corresponding, in its general character, to the encampments of all North American tribes. The wigwams, or lodges, have for their skeleton eight or ten poles tied together at the top and stuck in the ground at distances marking the required circle of the tent. Except at the top where the smoke passes out between the naked poles, the skeleton is wrapped round either with rush mats or with large pieces of birch-bark sewn together in long strips, root-fibres being used

as thread. The birch-bark is in constant use among the tribes of North America. It makes the house-wall, it makes the canoe, it makes the kettle. The canoe, so light that it can be carried by hand up dangerous rapids, except at the Pacific shore, is of birch-bark stretched over a very light frame of split cedar laths. The moosecocks, or kettles of birch-bark, hold water, and the game or fish that has to be cooked. Hot stones are dropped into the water, and in this way an Indian woman can boil fish as fast as English cooks could boil it with a kitchen range and fish-kettle. Birch-bark is also the Indian's paper upon which he draws what he wants when he sends to a post for any articles, signing his order with his to-tem, or family sign, as a fox, or dog, or turtle. The Indian in his smoke lodge is very dirty. Whatever his tribe he carries vermin on his person. He does not carry out his filth or shift his tent-poles for exchange to cleaner ground.

In the great Manetoulin Island, the chief island of the north shore of the Huron, Indians assemble once a year from the surrounding regions to receive the presents with which there is a vessel annually freighted by the provincial government. At this assembly of about two thousand Indians, Mr. Kane was present, and among the great men with whom he made acquaintance there was Shawwanossoway—"one with his face towards the west"—a mighty medicine-man. Once he had been a mighty warrior, but he had stretched out his land for the flower of the Ojibbeways, Awhmidway—"there is music in her footsteps"—when the flower was already destined for the bosom of Muck-tickenow—the Black Eagle. The young beauty's parents, flattered by Shawwanossoway's attentions, sought to break her faith to her betrothed. Her betrothed sought to propitiate them, and, confident of the maid's truth, departed on a distant hunt. While he was away, Shawwanossoway pressed his suit urgently. In self-defence the girl told him her story, trusting in his generosity. He stole away, tracked out her lover in the woods, shot him down secretly, returned and pressed again his suit. If the Black Eagle did not return within a given time, the maid, with music in her footsteps, was to be the bride.

him with his face turned towards the west. The bridal day came, and the wedding canoe was prepared for the month's trip that mainly constitutes the wedding ceremony. The bride was sought but she was gone, and the canoe was gone. She had escaped in it down the river. Her bridegroom and her brother pursued her on the bank, and overtook and swam out to her, but she paddled on with all her might. Night came and a storm. The men camped on the shore. The girl was wrecked and eaten by the wolves. Shaw-wanossoway found, next morning, her mangled body, and, repenting of his passion, forswore war. He became a medicine-man, learned on the past, the present, and the future.

The Indian dogs are usually in a half-famished state. Their chance of getting anything to eat is seldom so good as their chance of being eaten. Therefore they force the bags of visitors and eat up their provisions when they can; they eat the thongs of hide by which horses may happen to be tied; and, says Mr. Kane, "while I was one evening finishing a sketch, sitting on the ground alone in my tent, with my candle stuck in the earth at my side, one of these audacious brutes unceremoniously dashed in through the entrance, seized the burning candle in his jaws and bolted off with it, leaving me in total darkness." This happened among the Ojibbeways and Otteways, of whom one chief was sketched as he appeared in mourning for a wife who had been dead three months. The mourning worn consisted of a coat of black paint on his face, and he apologised for not sitting in full costume, as a part of the paint had worn off.

The great journey across country was commenced in May of the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, when Mr. Kane left Toronto in company with Sir George Simpson, who had ordered him a passage with the spring brigade of canoes. The brigade was to be overtaken at the Falls of St. Mary, but the artist, at nine A.M., was accidentally left ashore at the last place touched at by the steamer before reaching the Falls. He would lose his chance of travelling with the canoes if he would not, in a small skiff manned with three boys, traverse in a stiff gale forty-five miles of lake and forty-five miles of the ascent of the river channel. The latter part of the passage would have to be made in dark night, against the current, and among islands and shallows, so as to reach the Falls by daylight the next morning. The feat was accomplished and the brigade joined.

A few days after having passed the Lake of the Thousand Islands, the travellers bought some dried sturgeon of a man and woman belonging to the Salteaux Indians, who are a branch of the Ojibbeways; and they learnt afterwards that this man and woman were shunned by their tribe as Ween-

digoes, or persons who have eaten human flesh. Altogether no tribes of the North Americans are cannibal by choice, the urgency of hunger sometimes compels one man to feed upon another; and whoever has been reduced to this extremity is not so much punished as pitied for the misery he must have suffered, but is at the same time regarded with a superstitious dread and horror as Weendigo. It is believed that having once tasted man's flesh, a craving for more is implanted in Weendigoes—that they acquire charmed lives, and can be killed only by a silver bullet. Children are kept out of their way, and they are required to build their lodges at some distance from those of the community. It was said by the Salteaux that a father and daughter once living among them had killed and eaten six of their own family from absolute want. They then, said the theory, camped near an old Indian woman, who was alone in her lodge, all her relations having gone out hunting. But the old woman seeing this father and daughter in a hut without the other members of their household, whom she knew, suspected the truth, and took thought for her own safety. It was the hungry winter time, with a severe frost. Therefore, she poured water at the entrance to her lodge, which froze into a slippery sheet of ice, and instead of going to bed, sat up with an axe in her hand. Near midnight she heard the crackling of steps outside in the snow, and looking through the crevices of her lodge saw the Weendigo girl in the moonlight, listening. The old woman then feigned sleep by a loud snoring, and the wretched girl rushed gladly forward, but, slipping on the ice, fell forward, and the axe of her intended victim was immediately buried in her brains. Then the old woman fled to escape the vengeance of the father, who was waiting for the signal that should bid him to his feast. He crept presently to the lodge and called his daughter; getting no reply, he entered, found her dead, and fed on what he found.

Round about the Lake of the Woods, which is half way between the Lakes Superior and Winnipeg, and by the river-side for a hundred and fifty miles of their route, the travellers found the woods entirely stripped of foliage by myriads of green caterpillars. They had turned summer into winter, except that although green leaves were gone, green caterpillars supplied some of their colour. The swarm was so great that encampment on shore was impossible. They rained into all food that was not eaten under open sky in the canoe.

At Fort Garry, in the Red River settlement, Mr. Kane found that the half-breeds had set out for their great buffalo hunts, which end in the conversion of much buffalo meat and fat into pemmican. The artist rode out to join one of the bands of hunters. An incident of savage life diversified

the sport. Twelve chiefs of the Sioux, between whom and the half-breeds there had been strife, came into the hunting-camp to treat for peace. While the pipe of peace was being smoked in the council lodge, some young men brought in the body of a half-breed, newly scalped. His death was attributed to the Sioux, for whose chiefs it was then difficult to secure a safe passage out of the camp. Negotiations of peace were of course ended. Three days afterwards a band of Sioux was found, upon which revenge was taken. Eight were killed in the skirmish. The half-breeds left the bodies of their enemies to be dealt with by their companions the Sateaux, who set up a scalp dance, and inflicted on them frightful mutilation. One old woman, whose husband had been slain by the Sioux, especially distinguished herself by her zeal in digging out the eyes of the dead foemen.

All giving grand chase, when in the midst of an immense herd of buffalo, Mr. Kane thus tells how he was himself possessed with the enthusiasm at once of an artist and a hunter. The throwing of the cap is in accordance with the Red River hunter's custom of making his own game by throwing some article of his dress upon it:—"I again joined in the pursuit; and, coming up with a large bull, I had the satisfaction of bringing him down at the first fire. Excited by my great success, I threw down my cap, and, galloping on, soon put a bullet through another enormous animal. He did not, however, fall, but stopped and faced me, pawing the earth, bellowing, and glaring savagely at me. The blood was streaming profusely from his mouth, and I thought he would soon drop. The position in which he stood was so fine that I could not resist the desire of making a sketch. I accordingly dismounted, and had just commenced when he suddenly made a dash at me. I had hardly time to spring on my horse and get away from him, leaving my gun and everything else behind. When he came up to where I had been standing, he turned over the articles I had dropped, pawing fiercely as he tossed them about, and then retreated towards the herd. I immediately recovered my gun, and having re-loaded, again pursued him, and soon planted another shot in him. This time he remained on his legs long enough for me to make a sketch."

Having thus made notes in his own way upon buffalo-hunting, Mr. Kane desired to pursue his travels. His guide, though sick with measles, agreed to accompany him back to the settlement, doing no work, of course, and riding in the cart. On the way, however, the guide's strength broke down when they were in the middle of Swampy Lake, fourteen miles across. Here the traveller found only one small dry spot above water, large enough to sit upon, but not affording room for his legs, which had to remain in the

water. In the small cart there was no more room than the sick man required. Means for cooking there were none, and the dried meat had to be eaten raw. Traveller and guide were both fresh meat to the mosquitoes, who in the midst of the swamp were on their own ground, and took complete possession of their visitors. In this manner the night was spent, and at four o'clock next morning the artist in search of the picturesque had to set off through the swamp in search of the horses, catching them only after five hours' pursuit through water that reached up to his middle. After leaving the swamp the guide felt so much better that he wished Mr. Kane to push forward on horseback, while he followed at leisure in the cart; but until he had been seen safely across Stinking River, which the horses had to swim, it was not thought safe to comply with his request. Then the artist, riding forward, took a wrong track, and was up to his horse's neck in a black swamp abounding with reptiles. It was raining hard, and there was no sun, no compass, to guide the traveller. His only hope was to push steadily on through the mud in one direction, hoping thus to strike the Assiniboine River. After ten or twelve miles of uncertain floundering, the Assiniboine was found, and two hours afterwards Mr. Kane was again in Fort Garry. The poor guide who, after he had been left, became rapidly worse, was found and brought into the fort by two men looking for stray horses. He died two days afterwards.

This is no tempting picture of experience of tourists in the wilds of North America. The mere difficulties of the rock, the river, and the prairie are more than any man could conquer single-handed; and danger from the Indian is by no means an inconsiderable part of the risk to be encountered. The Indian principle of revenge demands for a life taken, or a sacrilege committed by one white man who escapes punishment, the life of the next white man who can be met with. Among the friendliest tribes, therefore, it may happen that a tomahawk is clutched by some wild painted gentleman, who looks to the most innocent white visitor for deadly satisfaction. Whoever sleeps on board canoe in the Red River is disturbed in the night by unearthly groans. The groans are not of the earth, but of the water; being a strange noise made of nights by the Red River smeltish. A strong headwind detained the traveller upon the river; but, while he occupied his time with portrait-painting in a Sateaux camp upon the river bank, a medicine-man offered to give three days of fair wind for a pound of tobacco. The charge was considered too great for so small a supply of wind, and the bargain was closed amicably at the price of a small plug for six days, the medicine-man offering a dinner of roast dog to seal the bargain.

We follow the artist in his wandering up

the Saskatchewan—he is in company with the brigade of boats—and are at Carlton station. Mr. Rundell, a worthy missionary from Edmonton, three or four hundred miles farther up stream, was waiting to return with the boats. The missionary, probably unmarried, lived in the wilderness, with a pet cat for his companion; and since if he left her at home there was much danger of her being eaten in his absence, he had brought puss with him, and he had to take her back. Now Mr. Rundell agreed with the artist and another gentleman to ride to Edmonton on horseback, as being a shorter and a pleasanter way than journeying by boat. The horses were fresh, the Indians collected round them were loud in their leave-takings, and Mr. Rundell, being an especial favourite, was more especially surrounded. His horse plunged, and his cat, whom he had proposed to himself to carry in his riding-cloak, tied by four feet of string to the pommel of his saddle, was bewildered by the shaking, and sprang out, utterly astonishing the Indians by the miraculous suddenness of her appearance. The string did not allow her to touch ground, puss hung therefore against the fore legs of the horse, which she attacked with all her claws. The horse plunged violently, and at last threw the missionary over his head, while the cat's life was saved by the breaking of her tether. The Indians screeched and yelled with delight, for they soon understood the nature of the accident; and pussey, having emphatically declared her incompetence to ride on horseback, was left behind as a boat passenger. Edmonton was not reached until a few serious difficulties had been overcome. Mr. Rundell, left behind upon the road, was caught in a great hurricane, and almost involved in a devouring prairie fire. It was only by great exertion that he could succeed in putting the river between it and him. The Indians, when a prairie fire approaches, oppose fire to fire. They burn the grass immediately behind themselves, and run before its smoke. When the great tide of flame reaches the spot already in ashes, it is checked for want of fuel. The Indian has fire and water to contend with, and contends. An Iroquois, belonging to the company with which the artist travelled, during intense frost fell into deep water. Five minutes after he had been extracted from the river his clothes were stiff with ice. He was asked whether he was not cold, and replied, My clothes are cold, but I am not.

Of the hurricane that blew across the Rocky Mountains, which the voyagers reached very late in the season, it is enough to say that the huge forest waved under it as if it were a field of corn. The soil over the rock is thin, and the roots of the trees lie on the surface with their fibres closely interlaced. The great trees hold together by the roots, yielding together to the wind, and rocking to

sleep the traveller who lies under their shelter with the rise and fall of their great living net-work. A boat, which nine men could not carry very easily, was blown out of the water to a distance of fifteen feet from the water side. Through such weather three men, who had landed for a walk on the south side of the river, and whom it had been impossible to reach again by the boat, travelled for three days and three nights without food and shelter. One of them had not even taken his coat with him when he jumped on shore. They huddled together at night to escape being frozen to death, and arrived at Jasper's House, which is at the point of ascent on the east side of the mountains, in a wretched plight. The winter journey over the mountains, made a month later than usual, had its perils, and involved some suffering from the intense cold. The snow was only nine or ten feet deep. It had been in other years ten or fifteen feet high. Its old level was shown by the stumps of trees cut off for camp fires, at what had been the surface of the ground, so many feet above, the heads of Mr. Kane and his companions. In making a camp-fire over ten or a dozen feet of snow, it is necessary to get five or six logs of green timber eighteen or twenty feet in length, and to lay these down side by side to form a fire-place. The green timber does not burn through in a single night. The fire upon it melts the snow immediately beneath, and forms a deep hole, with a puddle at the bottom, across which the green logs are long enough to stretch, so that the fire-place is maintained in its position by the snow on either side. One night, upon the mountains, Mr. Kane was awakened by a mighty shouting, and found that an Indian, who had gone to sleep with his feet too close to the camp-fire, had slid down into the hole beneath it, his bed having melted from under him while he was asleep.

Across the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia was the way to Fort Vancouver; and from Fort Vancouver there were expeditions made in search of subjects for the pencil, including journeys over a part of the soil of British Columbia, now being occupied by the gold-diggers, and a residence of two months at Victoria, in Vancouver's Island, the port that is now expected to become the great British metropolis on the Pacific.

Of the Indians who now inhabit these parts of the world, Mr. Kane gives very full and curious accounts. Many of them are Flathead tribes. Their infants are placed at birth on a firm strip of birch bark, and, by gradual pressure with a pad under another piece of bark, the brainpan is flattened across the forehead and pressed up to a point at the crown of the head. The pressure, maintained for about a twelvemonth, does not seem to hurt the child, which cries whenever the cords are loosened, but is quiet when

they are made fast, probably half stupefied by the pressure. The intellect of the Flathead Indians is not below that of their round-headed neighbours. They are in fact strong enough to hold neighboring tribes in subjection, to make slaves from among them, and to regard the flat head as a mark of aristocracy which they concede to none born, even by one parent only, of inferior race. The white men suffer in their estimation because they are round heads, for they associate closely the ideas of a round head and a slave. They make slaves, treat them cruelly, and exercise over them full powers of life and death.

Flathead Indians live on the banks of the Columbia River, from its mouth for about one hundred and fifty miles along its course. They extend for thirty or forty miles up the mouth of Walhamette River, and are in the country between that river and Fort Astoria, now called Fort George. They extend along the Cowlitz River, and are between that river and Paget's Sound. They occupy about two-thirds of Vancouver's Island, and are to be found also along the coasts of Paget's Sound and the Straits of Juan de Fuca. There are several tribes of them differing more or less in language and in customs. Among them, as among all Indians, consumption is a disease as common as in England. Even the lungs of the savage cannot bear unwholesome exposure to vicissitudes of weather, and a Flathead Indian thinks as little as an English lady of fashion about the use of dress as a protection to the body. About Fort Vancouver the Flathead tribe is that of the Chinooks, whose language Mr. Kane describes as a "horrible harsh spluttering sound which proceeds from their throats, apparently unguided either by the tongue or lip. None but those born among them can acquire their speech, but they have picked up a half-intelligible patois from the English and French traders, carefully saluting any European with the exclamation, *Clak-hoh-ab-yah*, originating from their having heard, in the early days of the fur trade, a Mr. Clark frequently saluted by his friends with 'Clark, how are you?' It is a remarkable fact that there are no oaths in the Indian language, and when the Indian learns to swear, he uses European phrases picked up from his teacher. Also these languages are destitute of words conveying the idea of gratitude or thanks."

All Indians, we have said, are dirty. The Chinooks are proud of carrying preserves of vermin in their hands, from which their friends can pick and eat. One of these Indians being asked why he ate such things, replied that they bit him, and he had his revenge by biting them in turn. The Chinooks have no furs, but abundant fish, on which they live with little demand on their industry. They weave closely of roots or grass the baskets in which they boil their

fish, by help of hot stones thrown into the water. They dig for food the bulbous roots of camas and wappatoe, which are somewhat like potatoes to the taste, and which grow in such profusion that the neighbourhood of Fort Vancouver, in the spring, becomes one sheet of bright ultramarine blue by reason of the camas blossoms. The great delicacy of the Chinooks could not be mentioned if it were not too characteristic of the degradation of their taste to be left out of sight. It consists of acorns which have been deposited for five months at the bottom of a common urinal.

In sketching the portraits of the Indians, who regarded Mr. Kane as a great medicine-man, and greatly misdoubted the result to themselves of suffering a double of their features to fall into the magician's power, the artist often found it best to enter a hut, begin sketching without saying a word, finish, and walk away. If the siter objected, he rose, also without speaking, and walked away. Sometimes persuasion was effectual, sometimes chiefs very willing to be painted gossiped freely as they sat, told of the enemies they had slain; one told how he had killed his mother, at her own request, when she was weary of life, and distressed by the toil of a long journey. A girl of whom a sketch had been taken on the way out was found, on the way home, to have died very shortly afterwards. The death was ascribed to the white medicine-man who took her picture, and Mr. Kane had to make an escape by night to the next fort, or put his life into the utmost peril.

Close neighbours to Victoria on Vancouver's Island are the Clabum Indians, a Flathead tribe who have a village on the opposite side of the harbour. They have a peculiar breed of small dogs with long hair. The dogs are bred for the sake of this hair, which is shorn, beaten with goosedown and white earth, twisted by running into threads, and woven upon a rude handloom into blankets. The artist sketched Cheaclach, the chief, of whose inauguration he had this account. When Cheaclach's father was too old to govern, the son was dismissed for thirty days—fasting and dreaming in the mountains. At the end of the thirty days a feast was made by the villagers, into the midst of which the new chief rushed from his fasting, wild with spiritual exultation. He seized a small dog and began devouring it alive, that being the customary first act of the coronation ceremony. The tribe then collected about him, singing and dancing in the wildest manner, and while they danced he rushed at those whom he loved best, and bit their bare shoulders and arms. To be thus bitten was regarded as a high mark of distinction, especially by those from whom there was a piece of the flesh bitten out and swallowed.

These Indians, among other superstitions

believe, that if they can bury a hair from their enemy's head together with a living frog, whatever torment the frog suffers will be shared by the head that grew the hair. They believe also that they are in the power of any enemy who finds their spittle, and if they spit on the ground, most carefully obliterate the marks, but commonly spit on their own clothes for safety's sake.

Here is enough told perhaps to give a fair impression of the state of native civilization upon ground that is to yield to the white man's wealth and power. We part, therefore, from our clever guide, though we have not yet gone through a tithe of all the odd things that he has to show to those whom his book makes willing companions of his journey.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

THE Spanish proverbs, the floating literature of Spain, handed down by verbal tradition, smell of garlic, and orange-peel, and are as profoundly national as the English nautical song or the Welsh triad.

They are shot at you, or stabbed into you, or pelted at you, at every tavern door and at every table d'hôte. They are the grace for the sour gaspacho and the unsavoury salt codfish (*bacalao*). They are the Spaniard's shield and stiletto. They are the wisdom of the age before books, and as Spain changes no more than China, they are the wisdom of the present day. They are to the cigarette smoker and melon eater what quotations are to the club man, and to the debater in parliament whom country gentlemen always cheer when he quotes Horace—thinking it Greek, to show they understand him. To many who do not think at all they supply the place of books altogether, and are the traditional Corpus Juris of traditional wisdom bequeathed them by their ancestors; who did think. It might be a question, indeed, worth the theorist-spinner's while to trace the effect of these floating proverbs on a race to which they serve as creeds, statutes, and guides of life; of which they express the mode of thought; and, at the same time, influence and direct it—moulding and being moulded. In these proverbs we find every phase of the Spanish mind exemplified—its "pudonor," its punctiliousness, its intolerable and mean pride, its burning fever for revenge, its hardness that we call cruelty, its love of ease and pleasure, its unprogressiveness, and its ardent religious instinct which degenerates to superstition. For all those pleasant national vices that brought their own special scourges, these proverbs have warning or encouragement. Their kinder feelings, too, do not pass uninstanced. Proverbs with wise men are the small change of wit; but with the Spaniard they are too often his whole mental capital. By an apt quotation a good memory can always appear a genius in Spain, and proverb writers being all anonymous when

living, and forgotten when dead, there is no indictment in the High Court of Plagiarism against the appropriator who lets off his mental firework without saying that he purchased it, but yet was not the maker. When a man in England is witty, we suppose the wit is his own; but when a Spaniard is witty in rolling diligence or in striving steamboat, you may be almost sure it is the proverb of some contemporary of Cervantes, dead this two hundred years, that tickles your diaphragm, and which you swallow with a smile like a French sweetmeat. It acts as a sort of mental snuff, pleasantly irritates, and leaves you refreshed. A man must be very mentally dyspeptic, indeed, who cannot digest a proverb without inconvenience or struggle. If a Spaniard sees you smiling at a Spanish street group rather overdoing the bowing, as Spaniards sometimes will, he will say in a rhyme, "A civil tongue is not expensive, and it is very profitable." As the old Italians of Machiavelli's time used to say: "It is a good outlay to spoil a hat with often taking it off." You feel at once that you have heard a shrewd proverb intended to explain to worldly people the courtesy of a proud race.

In Ireland, as in Spain, you are often astonished by wit that appears extemporaneous, but is really old as Brian Boru—merely, in fact, an old quotation newly applied, and picked up as a man might pick a fossil off the road to fing at his pig. The first time I met a proverb-singer was in a Seville steamboat, as I sat watching the passengers doing homage to the bull-necked, pig-eyed Commandante, who sat in a state arm-chair under the striped quarter-deck awnings. The Commandante was silent, in a sort of brutal pasha luxury, beating on the deck with his heavy bamboo cane, watching with his stiff-necked bulletty-head two charming sisters, who sat competing and winning hearts not many feet off. Every wave of their shining black fans fanned some lover's flame—every quick furl of them let in the sunshine of their eyes, like pulling up blinds on some happy one of their retinue. Those little black hooks of side curls had hooked many a heart, I was sure; and I myself began to feel I had such a thing about me. I heard a quiet, chuckling, good-natured laugh behind me, and saw sitting on the low gunwale of the vessel, a real Majc—a pure Andalusian buck of the first water: laced jacket, round turban cap, leather greaves, javelin-stick, cigarette and all. He was resting his arm on a pink hat-box, and watching the two beautiful sisters with the almond eyes.

"Jeweller's daughters, for they have diamond eyes," he said, in a quick, merry voice, at the same time handing me his open cigar-case, the Spaniard's mode of entering into conversation and introducing himself. He saw I was amused by his proverb, and that I was a foreigner. What a curious feeling it is, being a foreigner! Spanker used to

say an Englishman never could be a foreigner—they were foreigners. I do not know how he proved it.

I bowed, and said I seldom smoked, though I liked to be near the man who did.

"He who smokes, *Senor*," said the *Majo*, "makes his own cloud, and need not care how the sky is. I love my cigarette in its white shirt, though I burn it; one can't have the church censer, you know, always under one's nose. Isn't this breath of wind, *Senor*, pleasant? and I'm like *Pedro*, who was never afraid of draughts in the open air. Now, a draught is like a bull—you should never get in its way. But long tongues want the scissors. How he's talking! Did not *Senor* ask, if we *Spaniards* wore our cloaks only in summer?"

I said, "Yes. I thought there was a Spanish proverb, 'When there is sun, to prevent a cold, and when there is cold, in case there should be sun.'"

"That," said the *Majo*, as I afterwards found, laughing at me, "is one of *John di Cocco's* sayings; and your telling me one of my own proverbs, reminds me of the *Gallician* water-carriers in *Lisbon*, who say, 'We are *God's* people. It is their water, and we sell it them.' We have many sayings about the cloak, that in the north they never go without. 'A cloak covers everything;' 'There is many a good drinker under a ragged cloak;' and 'Take care of your cloak in *Andalusia*.'"

"Why you seem made up of wise sayings."

"Well," he said, "'he who stirs honey must have some stick to him;' and I have not been all my life 'like the tailor of *Campillo*, who worked for nothing and found thread,' though I am, you will say, so talkative that you will compare me to the 'piper of *Bujalance*, who wants a *maravedi* to begin and two to finish.'"

I soon lost sight of my friend, and amused myself by watching the shiftings of the tents and the breaking up of the encampment, as the tacks and twists of the river compelled all the sitters on camp-stools, even the beautiful sisters and the *Sultanic* Commandante, to frequently change seats, to avoid the influx of sunshine that swept in on us with intolerable violence and with a golden severity of heat. At this moment, just as I was pleasantly contemplating the pretty flurry of the ladies, and the elaborate anxiety of their lovers and retinue as attendant slaves, the clatter and bang of a frying-pan gong informed us that dinner was ready below.

I took a look, as if I was going down never to come up again, at the low brown banks of the dirty yellow river, at the wading oxen and the herdsman on horseback. I found the soup begun. In fact, in full cry upon it, who should be opposite me but my old friend the proverb-monger, who was serenely happy, and making great play with the tabular joints

of an ox's tail. I asked him, when he had completed his anatomical studies and laid down his spoon with a sigh, if his countrymen had many proverbs about eating?

"Millions—millions!" he said, looking round to catch the eye of some friends. "Here are a pottle or two for you to break your fast, *Senor Englishman*, upon. 'No olla without bacon, no wedding without a tambourine;' 'A partridge frightened is half cooked;' 'Do not drink from the brook, do not eat more than one olive;' 'A fowl one year old and a goose quite young;' 'Fresh pork and new wine send a Christian to the churchyard.' Now, that is a proverb won't offend the Jews, and eating takes off the headache."

But I must drop my friend, or I shall never be able to examine the whole treasury of Spanish proverbs, and point out their nationality. I particularly like those which are intensely Spanish, and refer to our general passion by means of Spanish imagery: as, for instance, "I would not trust him with a sack of scorpions"—a bitter way of expressing your opinion of one of those low scoundrels who never tumble into a good action. "As sick as a Jew on Saturday"—is a curious allusion to the old days of persecution when a Jew had to pretend illness on Saturday to prevent being compelled to transact business on his Sabbath. There is also a proverb which calls the *Gallician* beggarly and the *Castilian* covetous—because the *Gallicians* are poor, and the *Castilians* proud. Now this is partly true, because *Gallicia* is by nature a poor country, and its inhabitants wander to *Portugal* to become the helots of *Lisbon*; and it is true of *Castile*, because the *Castilians* are proud of their ancient families. But then there are other proverbs, which, perhaps once true, are now only fit to use as missiles; as, for instance, the sayings that advise you to beware of a dog, a black, and a *Gallician*,—the *Gallician* being the very type of quiet drudging fidelity. Some of these virulent and false proverbs are however still true as provincial expressions of national dislike, as that one, "Cross yourself once for an *Andalusian*, and three times for a *Genoese*"—which merely shows you, not that the *Andalusians* are rogues, and the *Genoese* worse, but that a proud jealous *Castilian* is venting his spite. "Beware black hair and a fair beard," is a similar instance of national dislike to a rarity in the race.

Some Spanish proverbs remind you as much of the country as the smell of garlic would, or the sight of a split pomegranate in a fruit shop-window. Some of these, too, are not merely founded on ingenious analogies, half poetry, half wisdom, finely welded, but are records of curious facts, as, "What the ripe mulberry stains, the green one cleans;" and, "The paring of an apple is better than the kernal of an acorn;" and,

"He is not worth his ears full of water,"—which last, one might see, is the proverb of a thirsty country.

When we say, "Such a man is like Paul Pry," the Spaniards say, "He is like the soul of Garibary." When we say, "That will be when pigs fly," they say, "When oxen fly." When we say, "That is to expect to catch fish ready roasted," they say, "That is to expect the wolf to leave meat at your door." When we say, "Such a one is on the ground," they say, "At the horses feet." When we say, "It is not for asses to lick honey," they say, "Pine-apple kernels are not for monkeys." When we say, a naked person is dressed in "Adam's livery," they say, he is "as the devil appeared to Saint Benedict." All stories we tell of Yorkshiremen, Spaniards tell of Biscayans or Andalusians. The contempt we heap on Frenchmen in old stories, they pile on the Portuguese. A large class of Spanish proverbs consists of sayings of some fabulous personage like our Robin Hood or Friar Tuck. Such is Pedro Grullo, who when his hand was closed called it his fist; Martha, who sang when she had had her dinner; Zouta, whose dogs, when they had nothing else to bite, bit each other; and daughter Gomez, who looked well and ate well.

There is, indeed, no end to the wit and salt of Spanish proverbs, by which a clever man with a good memory might find something clever to say for a whole year's conversation, and yet not take the trouble to invent or coin one new observation of his own. A Spaniard's conversation without a proverb in it, would be indeed like a sermon without a quotation from Saint Augustin, or an olla without bacon.

As marginal references to Spanish history, as running comments on Spanish social manners, these proverbs are invaluable; for here you have a nation who still have proverbs without having books, and who still sing and recite ballads, such as we now collect in England as antiquarianisms. It would not be difficult to get some hard hits at the national church of Spain from the proverbs, which show that if there was never a Reformation in Spain, at least there were lampooners and bitter-tongued would-be reformers. They say, "The sacristan's money comes singing and goes singing;" "That the devil gets up to the belfry by the vicar's skirts;" "That the friar says No, and holds out his cowl." "We pray by saints, but not by all of them," is another saying of some unknown Spanish Wickliffe.

Now, whether proverbs are verses of old books broken loose, or lines of old romances escaped from their cages, or wise men's sayings passed from mouth to mouth, and so handed down—certain it is that many proverbs allude to local stories, in themselves very amusing, but not intelligible unless you know the story.

Of these my Moro, on board the steamer, told me many: whenever, indeed, I stopped him at a saying I did not understand: for instance, when we say such a thing is "everybody's secret," they say it is the secret of Anchuelos." This refers to a story of a shepherd and shepherdess who kept their flocks almost as wise as themselves on two hills on either side of the town of Ancuñelos. All their "dart-and-heart" raptures were bandied from hill to hill, and they always concluded, by mutual entreaties, to keep what all the towns-people below could hear—a profound secret. "The help of Escalona" is another proverb with a story. Escalona is a town eight leagues from Toledo, and is built upon a steep hill, at the foot of which runs the river Alberche. It was once burnt down from the difficulty of bringing up the water, and, as in Spain, all evils curable only by forethought and energy are incurable, the same difficulty is still unremedied, and the town, named after the Eastern Ascalon, is still in danger.

Another well-known Spanish story turns on the proverb, "God save you, Peter!" "There is no need; the ass is strong." It arose from a kind man seeing a countryman run away with by his mule. And seeing it he cried, looking after him, "God save you!" But Sancho-looking back as he jolted on, cried simply, "There is no fear; the mule is strong." Ambrose, whose carbine was "worth threepence less than nothing," is as well known in proverbial history as the Pedro and Guzman, who are always doing foolish things, just like Juan de Urdemala, who would "have the whole mountain or none."

Of the numerous stories of the simple Biscayner who outwits everybody, like the Irishman in old jest-books, the best is one of a Bilboa man who is dining off fish with two mocking Castilians. When the fish is put on the table, one of the Castilians says he does not like the part near the head, and the other declares he cannot touch the part near the tail, meaning to divide the middle between them. Upon this the Biscayner cuts the fish in three pieces, gives the head to the tail hater, the tail to the head hater, and puts the middle on his own plate, saying, with a grin: "The silly Biscayner takes the middle."

There is no occasion when a Spaniard will not use a proverb; he is full of them, and when a cigar is not in his mouth, out comes a proverb. When you see a band of gossips balancing on rickety chairs at the barber's door; the little shining brass basin dangling and glittering over head; there the air is full of proverb as the summer air of flies. When muleteers, whips in hand, meet at a roadside wine-shop, there proverbs flutter about thick as bees round a hawthorn bush in flower. Where round the green billiard-table the brown burgesses of Spanish cities meet by lamplight, there are proverbs swarming thick

as the notes in sunshine. A Spaniard *must* have his proverbs just as a Dutchman his Hollands.

THE PARCELS-POST.

THROUGH the machinery of the ten thousand five hundred post-offices of the United Kingdom, and at a cost little more than nominal, the inhabitants of our towns and rural districts have constant opportunities of mutual intercourse in matters of friendship and of business. Intimate and beneficial relationships are thus maintained between individuals and communities geographically far separated from each other. By progressive improvements in this machinery all classes are constantly becoming more and more cemented together by a consciousness of common interests, and by a greater diffusion of commercial advantages, educational enlightenment, and social amenities of the highest order. The boon is equally open to all—to the peer and the poor man, the city denizen and the remote rustic. For one penny, a letter, newspaper, or small book passes quickly and safely from the hand of the sender to the receiver, though before it reach its destination it may have to travel hundreds of miles, and by various conveyances. For one penny, or still more frequently for several pence, the post is constantly maintaining an extensive interchange of miscellaneous commodities, as well as of correspondence, literature, and news. A desired ribbon, a pair of slippers, a trinket, or any small object of apparel, curiosity, or luxury may be sent by post to the remotest farm-house as to the town mansion of the affluent. There is no reason why facilities for this description of postal intercourse should not be immensely extended.

It was recently stated by Captain Huish, (till lately the manager of the London and North-Western Railway), in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that upon the occasion of his holding a bazaar in his grounds near London, for a popular Irish object, he received by post nearly two thousand pounds' worth of worked slippers, and other articles such as ladies are in the habit of sending to fancy fairs for charitable purposes. "A very large amount of the work," he said, "which came from Ireland through the post was composed of that beautiful work for which the Irish schools are so celebrated. By means of the bazaar, it was brought to the acquaintance of a number of ladies in London, and the result has been that since that time, Mrs. Huish has established a complete system of trade with these schools, and every day she gets over by post lace and all sorts of things."

No system of railways, village-carriers, stage-coaches, and delivery-carts could enable a beneficent traffic of this description to be carried on with remote hamlets; and yet the

Post-Office, by means of its ordinary machinery, accomplishes it with ease and profit to all parties. Such facts have convinced many intelligent persons that the present arbitrary limitation of the parcels traffic of the Post-Office is unnecessary and impolitic. They urge that a small parcels-post ought to be forthwith organized for the transmission (at very moderate rates) of every description of commodity, not specially objectionable from its bulk or dangerous properties.

The book-post has proved an immense boon to publishers, authors, and particularly to readers. The small-parcels post, in the extended form explained and advocated by Mr. Graham and others, would be eminently beneficial to numerous classes of buyers and sellers, and would prove an estimable social luxury to distant friends desirous of sending presents to each other on birthday, wedding, or other occasions. Such an extension of the Post-Office service would afford vast and undeniable advantages. Some difficulties are said to be in the way of the proposal being realised. They are not in themselves very formidable; but as considerable stress has been laid upon them in some quarters, they require to be candidly examined.

The opponents of the proposed small-parcels post system maintain, that the enormous increase of business which it would throw upon the Post-Office would so clog its machinery, as to disturb the accuracy and celerity of its action: and they also allege that it would be unjust to railway companies, coach proprietors, steam-boat owners, country carriers, and errand-boys, to establish, as a government institution, a carrying service, with which private parties could not compete, and by which, therefore, they would be deprived of much of their trade. Neither of these objections have in reality any force. The successful launch of the new system would doubtless require high administrative sagacity, combined with a determination to go on to a successful issue in spite of any temporary risks of shipwreck which might arise. There is nothing discouraging in this admission. Mistakes are sometimes committed in the Post-Office, as in other public departments. Still we must allow that for a long time past neither rash chance nor routine have had much sway over its administration. It has, on the contrary, long been the rule in that department to use every effort to discover the best means of how to do it; and this, too, at a time when other state departments have been not unfairly charged with wasting their time and energies in mastering the opposite art. When we recall to mind the complete success with which the old system has been revolutionised by the introduction of postage-stamps, money-orders, the division of London into districts, and the book-post, we cannot doubt that the proposal for a parcels-post only requires to be sanctioned to secure its triumph over every

obstacle, imaginary or real. There is no financial difficulty in the way: for the increased allowance to railways, as well as the additional carts, horses, and servants required, would only involve an outlay corresponding to new income derived from an enlarged sphere of operations.

The great railway companies are opposed to a parcels-post, upon the plea that it would seriously reduce their revenues. Carriers, great and small, and of every class, are likewise said to disapprove of it. This is not remarkable. The reply to their statements is simply this: that in political economy it is an universally accepted maxim, that the public weal must be held paramount to private advantage. The majority of social improvements have a tendency more or less direct, to interfere with some existing industrial occupations. This fact cannot, however, be for one moment recognised as a testimony against those who press on in the march of national progress. The only rational course for persons who feel their once remunerative businesses sinking under the pressure of advancing civilisation, is to search for gain in other fields of honest enterprise. The roadside innkeepers, and the stage-coach proprietors, had an immense capital destroyed by the introduction of the railway system. For the sake of the public, parliament destroyed the old travelling regime, and granted large privileges to railway companies. It did not, however, give them in perpetuity a charter authorising them to hold for their own exclusive profit a monopoly of the principal means of transit and conveyance throughout the three kingdoms. Even, therefore, if the railways were likely to suffer somewhat by the parcels-post, it would be no legitimate argument against the adoption of that great social boon. But it does not appear that railway dividends would be placed in jeopardy. The Committee of the House of Commons appointed to investigate this subject, visited one night the General Post-Office in Saint Martin's-le-Grand, that they might judge for themselves as to the character of the small packets of miscellaneous character which are now transmitted by post. They report, "that a large proportion were of a sort which would not be sent but for the facilities afforded by the Post-Office in their distribution."

We have in the Post-Office an admirable machinery for conveying letters, newspapers, and books, at a very small cost, to suburban retirements, country seats, farm-houses, and remote hamlets, as well as to the metropolitan palaces of the wealthy. A further utilisation and extension of this machinery is demanded. It is very reasonably required that the rate of four pence per lb., now applicable only to printed matter, or manuscript put up in covers left open at the ends, be extended to any description of commodity not specially objectionable from undue size

or of offensive and dangerous material. A parcels-post, based upon this principle, would not only be beneficial to trade and to social intercourse, but would likewise greatly augment the revenue.

Something of the kind seems to have existed within the metropolis a hundred years ago, and its extension throughout the country was then suggested. In seventeen hundred and forty-eight, De Foe, speaking of the London district post, says: "You are not tied up to a single piece of paper as in the General Post-Office; but any packet under a pound weight goes at the same price." Fifty years earlier we read of band-boxes and heavy parcels being satisfactorily distributed by the penny-post messengers of the metropolis.

AN OLD STORY.

Thy city holds high festival to-day;
The people, senate, emperor, all are met;
The circus burns with gem and gold array,
Above, close-rank'd, the surging crowd is set;
Below are gather'd, arm'd with spear and net,
They that for Rome's delight to death are come;
Afar strange sounds, heard indistinctly yet,
But heard too well, strike Hope the flatterer dumb,
The lion's hungry voice blends with th' inhuman hum.

But now the strife of man with man is o'er.
Take hence the dead; the unenvied conqueror crown;
For slave with fellow slave shall fight no more,
Nor peer with peer dispute a vile renown.
But man with beast. Down with the barriers, down!
And let the kingly savage come this way!
Like some dark chief, with terror-striking frown
He comes, he comes, impatient of delay,—
The dreadful lion comes, and darkens all the day.

Pale, but determined, scarce three steps aside,
Stands the proud victim, passionless as trance,
Yet inly weeps, for all his Stoic pride,
As memory throws far back her longing glance,
And where the fleet young steps once led the dance,
Again he sports a child amid the reeds,
Or plucks wild fruit by his loved lake's expanse,
Or listens while across the blowing meads,
A voice comes down the wind which chants his father's
deeds.

He knows that voice, which calls as mothers call,
From some lost world to grief-bewilder'd men.
But hark! a roar that might whole woods appal,
Bursts from the infuriate lord of glade and glen,
And, lo! Androclus wakes to life again:
Resolved he turns, for it were gain to die,
And nobly heedless how, or where, or when,
Looks calmly down with sad victorious eye:
The man and lion gaze, while Rome sits breathless by.

The lordly beast in baffled wonder stands,
Like to a man that seeks some haunting thought,
Some deed that, writ on Time's unresting sands,
Life's winds have rased, scarce knowing what is sought:
So by the sylvan king hath memory wrought;

And, with a lion's courtesy and grace,
As one in forest knighthood fairly taught,
With lowly lofty mien, and gentle pace,
He moves, and as he moves, recalls a well-loved face.

With the old feeling the old thought comes back,
And the glad lion hails his friend once more :
Love sheathes his talons opening for attack,
Till he that late had slain would now adore.
He knows those hands, and licks them o'er and o'er ;
That kind low voice, those gracious eyes he knows ;
And feeding on the pleasant thoughts of yore,
He fawns, as once in that old Forest close,
Such kindness to the man the grateful lion shows.

Nor less Androclus hails his sylvan friend,
But with true love his old acquaintance greets :
Strange scenes revive, long wavering branches bend
O'er a dim cave in the wild wood's retreats,
Where all the forest emperors have their seats,
Where erst one kind good lion gave him rest,
Protected, fed him, brought him dainty meats.
Old times revive ; caressing and caress'd,
The lion and the man their mutual joy attest.

But, hark ! a voice like ocean murmurs round ;
The universal shout of Rome is there
And all that mighty and tumultuous sound
Flies eddying back upon the ringing air.
Some bless the gods that work this marvel fair,
Some praise the lion. But the people cries,
" Grace, grace for man and beast ! Spare, Emperor,
spare ! "

" Grace, grace for both ! " the lord of Rome replies.
" Ho, victor ! call the slave : nor man nor lion dies ! "

In that imperial presence bows the slave,
And there is stillness as when men lie dead,
Or as when Death himself near some fresh grave
Passes, and all stand hush'd to hear his tread :
So, with still face, and downward listening head,
The living city round her sovereign stands.
" Tell, thou," the world's majestic master said,
" From what far depths of undiscover'd lands,
What forest shades unknown, or realms of desert
sands,

" Thou and thy strange companion here are come,
And how a man and lion first were friends.
What dear remember'd ties, what common home,
What mutual impulses, or kindred ends,
Could link you in one fate ? What genius lends
A lion such sweet soul, and to a man
Such tender care, and such high grace extends ? "
From side to side the applauding murmur ran ;
Then ceased the world's great lord, and thus the
slave began :

" My master, in the years dead long ago,
Held golden realms in Africa, far away,
But nought of human ruth his heart might know,
For it was cold as winter froze and gray,
So I, his slave, was tortured night and day,
And tears and only sorrow were my food.
I hoped, but hope will pine for long delay,
I pray'd but the deaf gods un pitying stood ;
Desperate, at length I fled to secret rock and wood,

" Over the barren fiery sands I wander'd,
'Mid the blue panic of the changeless sky ;
And, as my starless destiny I ponder'd,

Careless of life I grew, and wish'd to die,—
The great, the noble pass, and why not I ?
Then hope revived, that leaves not king nor slave.
And fairer now it seem'd to fight than fly
In that great battle won but by the brave :
Swift as my thought I rose to seek some sheltering
cave.

" Far off, far off, it lay, near flowing waters,
Veil'd amid grasses sheath'd with spear-like balm,
Where flowers of gorgeous hue, earth's regal daugh-
ters,
White, scarlet, orange, scent the air with balm,
Where lithe and arrowy stands the plumed palm,
Still in the dread blue glare of blinding noon ;
Here, when night dropp'd her shadow black but
calm,
With weary eyes and heart all out of tune.
I saw that welcome cave beneath the full faced moon.

" Scarce had I enter'd, scarce an opening found
Where the pale light and vesper wind might pass,
When, glancing o'er the witch-like landscape round,
I saw, slow-moving through the blood-dropp'd grass,
A wounded lion creep. ' Woe and alas !
This death is come for me ! ' aghest I cried ;
' But where yon water drowns the wild morass,
From all the ills that mortal life betide,
That refuge will I seek which men and gods provide ! "

" But, lo ! a wonder ! for, with lingering pace,
The deadly lion comes, subdued and meek,
And human-like, looks in my human face,
And seems as he with human voice would speak ;
And then, like some huge wave broken and weak,
Throws his gaunt length upon the cave's rude floor,
And as man's aid some wounded child may seek,
The gentle beast sought mine. ' The gods restore
The golden years,' I cried, ' and Love is king
more ! "

" He raised his suffering foot, he held it near,
While from the wound the cause of pain I drew ;
And then, as use and converse lessen'd fear,
And mutual trust 'twixt man and lion grew,
I press'd the sore, I bathed and cleansed it, too,
Till pure of gravel and sharp fretting sand ;
Then did the princely king his strength renew,
And, free from pain, in child-like meekness grand
He slept, his loving foot still resting in my hand.

" For three long years the lion was my mate,
The sentinel who watch'd my sleeping hours,
And in our desert realm and lonely state
True brother kings were we, and loving powers ;
And often would I garland him with flowers,
And stroke his head, and plait his tawny mane ;
And oft would he, 'mid reeds and sylvan bowers,
Hunt the swift prey, and to our hermit reign
With food for his dear mate would still return again.

" And evermore the daintiest share was mine
Of all the game the royal hunter took ;
I made the sun my fire, his flame divine
Stealing Prometheus-like ; the crystal brook
Cool'd my parch'd lips, while still, with earnest look,
The lion near me crouch'd, or with me fed,
And in my face, as in an open book,
Each flitting thought or changing fancy read,
Or slumber'd by my side, or follow'd where I led.

"Time fled; and in that fair but wild oasis
 Refuge I found from fortune's cruel blast,
 And ever down the mountain's marble basis
 I saw the shadows which the palm tree cast
 Lengthen or lessen, as the daylight pass'd
 Athwart the peak of the blue burning air,
 But fear and hate of man still held me fast,
 And oft I sighed for what I dream'd of fair
 In that sweet world might lie beyond my rocky lair.

"Years pass'd. I wearied of this barron life,
 So void of noble care and tender grace,
 'And give me back,' I cried, 'the unequal strife,
 The agony and tumult of the race;
 Once more I pine to see a human face,
 To hear sweet human speech, and man with men.
 Abroad is gone the lion to the chace,
 And I am free to leave this loathsome den,'
 I said, and to the world, O fool! return'd again.

"Three days I wander'd o'er the burning sands;
 On the fourth morn I saw the glittering light
 Of arms fall round me, from uplifted hands;
 In vain, in vain I look'd, now left, now right,
 Swart-featured men, red-handed from the fight,
 Stood round a chief whom most I knew my foe,—
 One that in earlier years had felt the might
 Which clothes the arm truth weapons for the blow:
 To him this hour atoned for years of guilty woe.

"A slave once more. O, grief and drear disaster!
 Over the sands, and o'er the wild sea-foam,
 This, my chief foe, to an unpitying master
 Led me in chains, where late my lord had come,
 To the world's mother city, sceptred Rome.
 What could I do? My strength was to be meek;
 A slave can have nor will, law, friend, nor home:
 I stood before my tyrant bow'd and weak,
 With sorrow-sunken eyes, and hollow hueless cheek.

"'Master, receive,' I cried, 'an humbled slave;
 Each word of thine shall be my oracle,
 And, taught by sorrow to be meek and brave,
 I with a loyal heart will serve thee well,
 So thou forgive me what of old befel.'
 I ceased; but soon a voice, cold, stern, and clear,
 Froze my young hopes like flowers in wintry call:
 'Hence to the lions, hence!' Three slaves stood near;
 They did his wicked will, and therefore am I here.

"The rest the Emperor knows. Thine eyes behold
 The gentle nurture of this royal beast.
 He, too, it seems, the generous and the bold,
 That watch'd my sleep, that spread the desert feast,
 That had the freedom of the gorgeous East;
 He, too, like me, is captive and a slave.
 Speak, and he, too, like me may be released.
 See, how he gives me back the love I give;
 See, how the milder gods would grant the boon I crave!"

The tide is told; a glad tumultuous cry
 Shows that the people's heart is greatly stirr'd;
 And Eyeo! Eyeo! hurrying rings on high,
 And Euge! Euge! echoing round is heard.
 With many a crowing and victorious word,
 In praise of that strange-storied fugitive.
 Well has the gentle slave his prayer preferr'd:
 'Live, live!' they cry: 'the Emperor life will give!
 O, live, then, noble slave; thou princely lion, live!'

They live: the lion and the man are free.
 Ay, theirs is life and freedom which renews
 The light of life, and makes it bliss to be.
 Ay, theirs is life whose heaven of charming hues
 Sheds love's delicious warmth and hope's sweet dews
 Over all hearths save those whom wrong makes mad;
 Thus, e'er Androclus his despair subduces,
 Lifts his meek head, nor servile now, nor sad;
 For with the light of freedom his calm eyes are glad.

Forth fares he, follow'd by his forest mate,
 For such true-hearted friendship who can sever,
 The lion and the man so link'd by fate
 The imperial will of Rome now links for ever,
 And from Androclus parts the lion never;
 But still, in silken leash submissive led,
 Where through the city flows the golden river,
 The lion meekly bows his regal head,
 And wears a human look, and walks with princely tread.

And ever, as from house to house they go,
 Some welcome gift the wondering inmates bring,
 While flower-like round them gentle fancies grow,
 And glorify the beggar to a king;
 For noble ends from lowliest service spring;
 Love with her magic wand turns all to gold,
 And shows fair uses in each meanest thing,
 And thus the houseless churl elate and bold,
 In pride and reverence walk'd in the great days of old.

So with Androclus and his friend it fares
 In Rome's proud ways, ere fall the Olympian powers,
 Still for the pilgrim twain some hand prepares,
 And through the vernal days and summer hours,
 The people strew the knightly beast with flowers,
 Yet knightlier through their love and gentleness;
 And infant fingers cull from glimmering bowers,
 The starry blooms that haunt each dim recess,
 And clothe him as for sport in this sweet sylvan dress.

And as with calm and stately step they march,
 The people watch them with admiring eye,
 Through winding street and under sculptured arch,
 Half-veil'd in roses, as they linger by,
 And ever rings the loud exulting cry:
 "Behold the lion! he that in the East
 Did make the man his guest and dear ally;
 Behold the man that heal'd the courteous beast,—
 The noble fellow-slaves whom Rome from death released."

OUT OF TUNE.

For such as love peeping at society, stereoscopically, or fancy exceedingly small interiors in the Dutch manner, where the area is limited and the figures few, the little cathedral town of Iytsbury will furnish excellent entertainment. So small, indeed, in its whole extent, that it might be said to hang by the cathedral, and stand or fall, according to the alternative that edifice was inclined to choose. Therefore he who should be so patient as to keep his eye fixed continuously to the glass, would be certain to see many curious and diverting things; there was such an infinite variety of slides.

Iytsbury is not one of our struggling, overgrowing, corpulent towns, which has long since overflowed its natural edge and built

itself out away into the fields. Where the old cathedral is by way of accident only; where it could be done without conveniently (saving vested rights); where there are profane factories and incongruous mills; and where, in short, no one has time to think of daily service, and the choristers' voices reverberate with fine effect up and down the empty aisles. But this Ivysbury was the closest, compactest thing of the kind that could be conceived. It was a pocket edition of a cathedral town, which its excellent bishop might cover with his broad hand, or shelter under his fine shovel-hat, or put away out of sight somewhere in the region of his great episcopal flaps. Humble intellects have been known to construct from memory a complete plan of the place, which was indeed but an open square with a few lanes radiating from it, that had the property of taking the traveller back with unerring certainty to the open square again. Low houses, narrow lanes, delightful green doors with brass knockers like the travelling shows, and wooden palings. This was the sort of loose impression to be taken away by travellers so often deluded back to the open square. Ivysbury was behind the time; running to seed, said the smart men of contiguous towns. The smart men were very likely right.

Perhaps to take up this finely coloured slide, exhibiting the interior of our Cathedral on Sunday morning at first service with all the inhabitants gathered thickly and filling stalls and pews regimentally with the precentor and minor canons doing their chanting, and the organist in the gallery labouring, as at a great engine, with solemn ecclesiastical dignitaries in their little carved boxes sleeping devotionally (praying, that is) on pillows huge as themselves, with the great ecclesiastic of all, the dean, in a little carved box by himself,—perhaps this would most conveniently bring together in one view, the personages of our town.

When taken over it of a week-day, by the old verger in the skull-cap, your eye does not travel very high as you stand, with neck well back and hat behind you, pivoting on your heels. The roof seems to start from the ground, much after the old-established principle of card-houses. Everything is very thick, very much bulged, and out of shape. The great old window at the end lights everything; for the smaller windows down the sides are so short and squeezed, that they almost go for nothing. Rough beams protrude everywhere disguised in whitewash.

Please to take notice of the stalls where the minor canons and singing gentry recline. The carving by a pupil of Grinling Gibbons. There is a woodpecker busy, with natural instinct, "tapping a hollow beech-tree" right over the Lord Bishop's stall, conjectured to be from that master's own hand. It is certainly of his period.

All individual singing canons have smaller woodpeckers and smaller beech-trees, worked into the extinguishers over their heads. That bird is my lord's family crest. It was my lord's ancestor that had the carving done. His present lordship, it was said, was likely to have them restored and repaired; which to say the truth, they want sadly. The extinguishers being mostly warped all awry over the canons' heads. Yonder was my lord's own pew.

The tombs? Ay, the tombs: we must see the tombs. This way, then, to the sort of Indian temple to Vishnoo or Bramah may be, running up the wall all in stages, with curiously painted gods. This, sir, is the Beagles' mausoleum, erected by John, second Earl of Beagles (better known as Fighting John), circa sixteen hundred and eight, to the memory of Mary Janet, his wife. The noble Mary Janet, in a tarnished yellow ruff and brick-red cloak, kneels on a cushion facing Fighting John on another cushion, also in tarnished robe. These are two excellent idols.

On the second stage are four little Josses in tarnished raiment, all praying away lustily with their little hands up. Kinsmen of the House over them again, up and down at corners, and in uncomfortable positions. The woodpecker always ingeniously introduced as apex.

More tombs. Small, short counters in by-places, of slate-colour, cold complexion. Sleeping pairs done out of the snowiest marble, reposing together placidly on their marble counters.

The slabs in the pavement once had inscriptions; all remotely connected with the noble family who held the Manor. The sums sunk (literally) in these mortuary reminders, may have had some effect in creating those straits in which the present noble head of the House was reported to be labouring. The crypt, with some curious bones and a general damp flavour, was to be shown, too, for a small extra fee; but we will not mind that to-day, thank you.

Here, then, is that diamond edition of a cathedral in a diamond edition of a town, and here on this fresh Sunday morning, when there is invigorating combination of frost and sun abroad, is our congregation gathered thickly as bees, to hear the morning service, when the new dean, Doctor Dilly, would show himself, for the first time, to his flock. Here, then, are the minor canons and vicars ranged chorally, like great white poultry, along their oaken roosting-place; each with his woodpecker extinguisher awry over his head, like caps set crookedly on inebriated men. Beautifully indeed they chant, with eyes turned heavenwards. The tenor especially, who should be written down Mr. Seraphim, for his angelic and melodious notes. Ecstatic light passes in flashes from his face, as he pouts his voice from mouth ever open wide. The youth has light hair

flowing back, and a forehead white and broad as a tenor should have. Wonder, too, how from the huge, corpulent being full of flesh and unctuous juices, should proceed that unnatural tone, so womanish, so rich and fatty, being no other than Glueboys, the chief counter-tenor. Conjecture, too, what prodigious, thoracic muscle must have those able-bodied men who work their organs with such rasping, gritty edge, that you would take them for so many small saw-mills. They are Burden, Silvertop, and Boldman by name. Tough fellows that struggle hard with the find mellow organ tones that come rolling in billows up the church and down again, drifting onwards; the seraphic tenor and counter-tenor swallowing them up, or bearing them to the surface harmoniously. That organ right over the porch—in a grey rookery of its own where the organist sits—came from the hands of Dutch Silbermann, a contemporary of the second Earl of Beagles.

Melodious instrument! with pipes of gold and silver, and every sweet-resounding metal. How many Eastern gongs were melted into them it would be hard now to say; but such ripened and mellow tones went gushing from them when the organist laid his fingers to the keys, no man who had not heard could scarcely conceive. That silver-pipe vegetation went upwards in bunches, twisted together and interlaced in wild luxuriance to be lost overhead in the ancient woodwork. It was tall Indian trees in a thick jingle, only with long silver stems, and old oak palm-leaves up above. It was the huge poop and lantern of old Ships of Spanish build, floating castles—a similitude borne out to perfection when our organist, warming to his work, made the keys clatter; and there was heard from within flapping, breaking sounds, as of ship's blocks and cordage in a storm, with strange heavings and swellings, and whistlings of winds. It was fine to see how he rode that musical whirlwind. With eyes kindling, with fingers dancing a fierce giga upon the keys; feet stamping furiously upon the pedals, as working eternal treadles; hands clutching savagely at stop-handles to the right or to the left, with his whole soul and faculties directing the rushing torrent; the tall, ill-shaped, stooped organist does not work bravely. Presently, there comes a lull; then turning in his rookery, and leaning on his elbow weary he looks down from afar at the white-robed canons, Seraphim, Glueboys, Burden, Silvertop, and Boldman, chanting away divinely, and dwindling down as small as they chant. He sees, too, from afar, the new dean sitting in his roost, and presently thinks—as all the parish thinks—what a pity an honest local divine—Maydew, he was called—had been passed over. Nay, he knows it had been promised to the honest local divine, who was strangely popular; but, as was well known, my Lord Beagles had stepped in; and, being

great with the bishop, had it given to a particular friend of his own. Full of charity and good works was this honest local divine, and the good souls of the town had paid him congratulatory visits, Mrs. Blushington—worthy woman—whose gaudy bonnet any one else in the rookery must have noted, had already marked him down for one of her offspring; and Mrs. Doctor Pipples had loose notions of the same sort. Uninterested parties, loving the man for his simple worth, said it was a cruel thing; and our long lank organist (who had the weight of many good years on him besides), felt his thin cheeks warming, and a sort of indignation at his heart as he thought of his poor disappointed friend. He knew well how many burdens were on the small stipend the cathedral furnished to him: an aged mother; sisters unprovided for. Had it only not been promised and given (the parish calling clamorously for such appointment), it had not been so bitter; but—

But here, the responses being now done, the Seraphim and brethren far away below, are borne down and swept away in the great stream that comes pouring from the rookery. It is the Anthem, For the Lord is a Great God, which is lifted up on the voices of the Seraphim and his companions, is quavered by the strained throats of tenor-men, in small defiance at great Dutch Silbermann in the rookery, biding his time; but who presently comes tramping down upon them all, flooding them over, drowning them with his deep pedal burr, thundering in bass utterance that the Lord is a Great God; making all the roosts and oaken seats quiver with the deep tremor. This dies off again, and leaves our tall thin organ-captain to turn round on his elbow once more, and think what a puffed, pompous, worldly-souled cleric the new dean looks, swelling in his great egg-shaped sleeves, gazing with metropolitan contempt on the provincials about him. That is poor disappointed Maydew, who has now the trial on him of chanting prayers to his fortunate superior opposite, which he does in a low, gentle voice. The new dean hearkens with curiosity; he knows of the man, his expectations and failure; knows, too, of the peculiar feelings of the people towards him, and does not love him too much. But his puffed metropolitan cheeks let no such secret escape. Though, when our poor divine stumbles and goes near to breaking down at the close, something very like a sour smile comes upon the metropolitan cheeks: which even he who is afar off in the rookery, cannot help noticing, and feels fire of anger within him. But here Silbermann must be let loose again, and roll his swelling, tumbling flood down the aisles, to the minor canons, to Seraphim and his brethren. Once more, For the Lord is Great, led off in high quavering by Seraphim and holy company, to be overborne again in the great stalking, stately, rumbling

torrent that shall burst from the rookery. For the Lord is a Great God : sinking, swelling, bourdon, trumpet, great organ, every silver pipe, large and small, braying out that text. A lull once more : Silbermann is quiet again, and organist turning in his rookery, hears far below, faint voice accents. Some one is preaching.

He does not, perhaps, know, (being of all men in the parish the most retiring and incurious of news), that there has been present all the service, listening critically to his music, a pert, smug creature of his own profession. This Mr. Wilmer Smythe, R.A.M., who is so pert and smug on his metropolitan connection, has come down under the cassock of the new dean. As he had taught in some families of distinction, General Whitlow's, K.C.B., Lord Rufus Penguin's, and others, Lord Rufus had resolved to put him in as organist of his own cathedral. The holy man's puffed cheeks distended even more, as he was told on arrival, there was one filling the office already with even higher qualification than mere competency,—a superior artist, who could not be dismissed without public clamour. "Let these agriculturists croak themselves hoarse," the good dean answered. "Lord Rufus has my promise, and out this music-fellow shall go. He is too old for the work. Old he certainly was, running close to sixty, being lame besides; and yet none more famous at working fine old Silbermann. When any new practitioner should get the handling of that noble Dutchman, unskilled in his constitution, it would be an ill day for the parish and the cathedral. No one knew so well his pulse's fibres, and most delicate nerves, and what things were best for the keeping of him in good health. Old Silbermann was as his child; and not so tender, perhaps, could he have been to his own offspring. Nevertheless, out he must go, the dean said; until persons of weight (and distinction also) came to him and said the thing could not be done safely. The agriculturists, always bull-headed, would not stand it.

Well, at all events, the dean told Wilmer Smythe, R.A.M., he might as well stay, as there was no knowing how matters might go. Lord Rufus had country friends not far off, and among these he might make a fair connection. As good as hinted besides, that as soon as he could conveniently have the present organist on the hip—well, no matter for the present. So, with curled lip and sneer scarcely repressed, the pert and smug man hearkened to old Silbermann under his enemy's fingers. That lip curl was to be translated, Old-fashioned! Ricecco! Behind the age. Silbermann was effete and wheezy. Better a bran-new fellow,—hoarse, strident, shrill. Well, when it came to his turn they should see.

So, the sermon being now done and all else concluded, and the glorious army of

white-robed canons having defiled in procession across the aisle to where they shall ungracefully drag those garments over their heads, our organist is now busy playing the congregation out. Rustling silks, of the gayest colours and most splendid provincial finery, stream out below him, while the great choral tempest is rioting again, blowing a tempest among the Silbermann pipes and cordage, making its timbers groan and crack, and the porch below quiver. So are they played out, and gather outside about the old iron-worked gate, waiting for country equipages to drive up. They see, too, the new dean taken up into the august company of my Lord Rufus Penguin, who shall set him down at his deanery-house, perhaps go in and have a glass of wine. The sun, now very strong and cheerful, makes the frost into bright spangles, sending home all cheerful—all save our organist, who has played the last man and woman out, and is locking up Silbermann, and who is still ruminating upon the ill-luck of a dear, dear friend, which dear comrade is at that moment slinking home—a mean term for a hero of dignity, but still the fittest for that gait of his—slinking home, then, to his little canon's tenement by the most private road. Luckless Maydew! eating his very heart out for grief and mortification, to say nothing of what ills he saw impending. He did not too much love the new broad-cheeked dignitary, or pray too heartily for his prosperity; nay had some feeling in him of antagonistic and even bitter kind. For, as we all know, it is not because a man has the bishop's stamp upon him, that he gets thereby a warranted-sound and virtuous nature. Unhappily, he is of the same foolish earth as his unclerical brethren, which will turn red hot and grow calcined under strong heat. So was it with Reverend Maydew, and he renders reason of it to our organist, who has followed him down to the little green-doored tenement for consolation purposes. It is full time now to tell that this limping organist's name was Twingles; tall and ungainly organ-grinder as ever was, with bad, sunken chest, the longest ivory fingers—suited excellently for his trade—and the gentlest heart inside of that bad chest. And so he comes restlessly on his consolation errand, and hears his friend give reason.

"I cannot bear to think of it," says the Reverend Maydew, distractedly. "It is next to utter ruin, for I have not told you all."

Then to his long pale counsellor he proceeds to tell all. That is to say, how this aged parent of his, residing at a distance with her long race of daughters, had grown jubilant and exuberant upon the promised promotion, had on the strength of it—nay upon his encouragement—taken up certain moneys at interest, and sent them out lavishly for clearance of debts and general largess. Poor souls! the bare revocal of the

promotion was surely a sufficient blow, without that cruel revocation of the moneys, now next to impossible. The pinched canony fan's, with all squeezing in the world, barely sufficed to keep those souls decently upon earth; and how was it to be now with them? Thus he told his story, to one who was about a poorer church-mouse than himself, and the two crumbled together piteously. Organist Twingles shuffled up and down on his limping leg, with most woe-begone countenance, his own cheeks flattening inwards painfully, as he feels that he has no comfort to offer beyond a few pounds put by and his own dismal sympathy. So best to leave them in the little parlour, which they nearly filled up between them—the most wretched pair, perhaps, in the town.

Meantime, our new dean went his way ecclesiastically with prodigious disfavour, to the hearty tune of murmurs and grumbings but ill-suppressed. For he held fast by that original notion of his, that here was a nest of the purest unmitigated rustics, unredeemed provincials; he had gotten somehow amongst them and the only thing for him to do was not to soil his own feathers. This word, by the way, is all the more fitting, since irreverent folks, almost the first day they had seen him walk processionally, had dubbed him *The Miggie*. This was a horrible profanity, yet it was irresistibly suggested by his puffed, inflated figure and the way his black hood fell behind. It was known that he had laid for himself a rule to keep such fry, not at arm's length, but at three times that measure—otherwise you would never know how much they would encroach. Let them croak and grumble over their dull plebeian teacups; he did not fancy them at all. There were certainly some respectable county families whom he was glad to know, such as Lord Rufus Penguin's, General Whitlow's, K.C.B., to say nothing of the Honourable Mr. Bolster's. In such society, he could well dispense with Mrs. Blushington and her daughters, who gave the best ecclesiastical drums in the place; with Doctor Brown, F.R.C.S.L.; with the collector, or representative of the treasury in that district, a person of terrible importance, and whose dinners were the desired of all, lay and clerical. At the undisguised disfavour of such he could afford to smile sourly; and went the road he had chosen, the most exalted, high-blown, self-opiniated, and most unpopular of deans.

Wilmer Smythe, R.A.M., meantime, was also choosing his road under shelter of the miggie skirts of his patron. Was the Honourable Mrs. Bolster disinclined to have her three daughters broken in to music under the same hand that had trained Lady Mary on in a metropolis? Was Mrs. General Whitlow averse to his teaching who directed the fingers of so august a being as Lady Louisa Balger's niece? Were the great county families to turn coldly from the man

who held credentials from such quality? who had breathed the same air with such quality? whose fingers had rested on pianos of quality? Was it in human nature, in flesh and blood, to be insensible to such considerations?

And so Wilmer Smythe, R.A.M., was sought and bid for eagerly by the county families. Poor limping Twingles and his sound musicianship was written down as exploded, and was elbowed quietly aside. Up to that date, he had had the county families, and was accepted for want of better, to their surprising improvement. Now, his day was voted as gone by, and, one by one, they let him drop. Poor Twingles! he, too, had obscure relations in far off regions, whom he kept. The smug practitioner was almost overworked, and had a little book which he searched distractedly for a spare half hour or hour, when asked out: "Utterly impossible, my dear sir! I am full for the next fortnight!" "M—m— Let me see. I think at three on Friday week—ye-e-e-s" (then decidedly, and closing the book)—"impossible! that is Miss Bolster's hour."

The county families said it was a shame so capable a man had not the organ. So Lord Rufus said to the dean over and over again. But Doctor Dilly only said, placidly: "We must wait, my lord; we must wait a little; the thing will right itself presently." Which it certainly did in a very unlooked-for manner.

Unhappy Maydew all this while had been fighting desperately through difficulties: and with infinite pains and trials had raised some money, and so stayed off ruin for a short span. Through which sorrows he had tumbled himself into a sort of low fever, and was lying tossing in his wretched little canon's room, with a dim, sickly light burning on the table near him, when his friend Twingles with hopeless face, came in to him on a commiserating visit. He had been writing letters—long feeble scrawls, and the bed was covered over with fair and spoiled copies. By the light of the dim candle, he spoke excitedly to his friend of Doctor Dilly's conduct. He had written to him a statement of his difficulties, and by what cruel misapprehension—connected a little with Doctor Dilly himself—they had been brought on him. A cold, unfeeling answer from the pulled-up dignitary: purse-proud, over-fed, bloated (these were Maydew's fever epithets) man—fit minister of the Church!

"But," says the excited clerk, lifting himself, "I have been writing to him again, in another fashion. He shall know what I and all here think of him."

Organist Twingles listened with awe and terror.

"Beware what you do! O, take care, dear friend."

Just as he was leaving the room, after sitting till the sickly candle had all but

wasted away, Maydew called him, and asked him to direct for him those two letters, as his eyes were grown feeble. "Don't let it be in your own hand," he added, "take care of that." So our simple music man did as he was bid, and wrote, not in his own or anybody else's hand, a direction to Reverend Doctor Dilly.

It might have been about a week after that day, when Canon Maydew had somehow pulled through his light fever, and was gone for a few days (perhaps on a money quest), that a rumour got abroad in the town that Doctor Dilly, the Great Dean and Magnus Apollo ecclesiastical, had received certain letters of anonymous character: letters that spoke plainly, and told him the mind of the whole parish concerning him. Presently there came to be no need for mystery or rumour, or anything savouring of uncertainty; for Doctor Dilly, with colour in his swelled cheek, and fuming tempestuously, was seen passing and repassing the little square all day long, and was heard to proclaim with a trumpet-tongue, that he would drag to light the infamous author of those unsigned letters. Such diacanal indignation could not well be conceived; and indeed Lord R. Penguin and the Honourable Mrs. Bolster joined in agreeing that it was a monstrous affront. Mrs. Blushington, Doctor Brown, and others of that stamp, who had had the line drawn between them and diacanal dining, were in singular glee, and hoped he might receive a bushel of them. As to the canons, lay and cleric, they were all, as it were, bound hand and foot, and dragged into the presence of Doctor Dilly, to be fiercely put to the question; but without profit.

"It's that mean, cringing fellow, Maydew," said Doctor Dilly, without disguise; and he did not dissolve his Star Chamber.

The whole parish atmosphere hurtled with speculation, clatter, scandal, and untiring gossip. How would the thing end? Whose was the guilty hand? Doctor Dilly fumed to no purpose, and was likely to continue so fuming, only for a sudden *deus ex machina*, or theatrical god, which came to help him, in the shape of Smug Wilmer Smythe, R.A.M., who, prying cursorily over the letter and its direction, burst out, as inspired with sudden affluus:

"I know the writing! That fellow Twingles has done it!" and, fetching from his pocket another envelope, placed the two together. One was disguised, beyond a doubt: but still there was the same twirl and flourish peeping out. It was unhappy Twingles who had directed it, beyond all question. No one had dreamt of that limping, inoffensive, retiring person.

"Send over to his house," Doctor Dilly said, visibly swelling. (Lord R. Penguin, with other noble inquisitors, was present.)

Wilmer Smythe, R.A.M., walked to the window, to hide his smirks of satisfaction.

Presently, Organist Twingles came shuffling humbly in, and shrank away from the awful countenances of the inquisitors. He felt nervous before this terrible gathering, and his shrunk white cheeks grew more white and shrunk.

"Did you write this letter, sir?" said Doctor Dilly, in tones that made the prisoner's heart feel cold.

With trembling fingers he took it, and tried to read it. "No sir," he answered, "I did not!"

"He dares to deny it," said the Grand Inquisitor, looking round.

"Never wrote it, sir," Twingles answered, gathering courage, "and let Heaven be my witness!"

"Matchless effrontery!" murmured the Dean, shaken a good deal, nevertheless.

"Show him the envelope," whispered Familiar Smythe, R.A.M.

"Look at that, sir," says Doctor Dilly, again, sternly.

Twingles looked at it, and started. "That's like my writing," he said, doubtfully. "O, I recollect."

"Ha! ha!" says Dean and Familiar, together.

"Indeed, sir," says poor Twingles, almost crouching, "I did not write it. I only—" Then it all flashed upon him—his sick friend, and the bed strewn with writing.

"Well, sir?" said the Dean.

But Organist Twingles was silent—had seals upon his lips. No one word would he speak, had they their rack, oiled and new-roped, in the next room. He would not betray his broken, wretched friend; though he felt that those words would soon fit his own case.

Mr. Dean saw how things were at once; but voted him particeps criminis all the same. He should rue it. He had got him on the hip now, as he had said long before. Out he should go, packing. Bring for him the San Benito garment: give him over to the Familiars. Wretched, miserable ex-Organist! Smug Wilmer is now in thy room. Day of jubilation for R.A.M.!!

Out he shall go! From the snug little tenement (green door, ditto palings, and shining knocker, two storied, and snug as a baby house) which from time of the foundation has been shifted from or anst to organist. From the little garden attached, planted, sown, and cultivated by his own hands. From the old town where he was born and bred and reared up from a chorister boy upwards. From the rookery where he has grown to be an old man. Sunday to Sunday, years after years. From old Silbermann himself, dear old Dutch fellow—here was cracking of heart-strings, wrenching of old affections in the cruelest, deadliest way. Out he must go, said Mr. Dean.

It was a Saturday evening, an evening whereof the morning had brought him this

trouble—a cold, frosty, nipping, grey-tinted evening. Of an indigo tinted, bluish grey complexion that sent spirits down to lowest Fahrenheit point. There was a sombre look over the town also, it being whispered with mystery that the conspiracy had been discovered and the guilty parties punished. It was a great thing to talk of, a great gossiping god-send. The question was, who would play the evening service at three o'clock.

That would set men's minds at rest. Certainly it would. Three o'clock came, and with it the greatest gathering known for years back at a week-day's service. The pious folk felt a sudden yearning for week-day religious nutriment, and so they clustered in and filled every nook of the place. The Dean himself was present and triumphant: so was Lord R. Penguin who, with a noble relation of his, was to dine that evening with Mr. Dean. The auspicious exploding of this new gunpowder-plot should be decently celebrated. But who was to play? Any who might be loitering near the bottom of the church might have heard feeble, tottering footsteps shuffling up the narrow stairs leading to the rookery. Such as looked back would have seen the poor bent figure, grown older by ten years since the morning, dragging itself with difficulty to the feet of old Silbermann. The smug, R.A.M., was not so ready (nor fitted, perhaps) to undertake the handling of him at an instant's warning; was shy and nervous, and himself asked of the ejected organist to play for one service more. "For the last time," said Twingles, with a choking in his throat, "certainly, for the last time." And so tottered on to his bench, drew out his stops, and rubbed together his long thin fingers before laying them on the keys. Many eyes from below wandered furtively to the guarded clusters of silver Silbermann; the great antique decorated poop and lantern being between them and the player. But who shall be the player?

Finally it comes. Such a rich tumultuous sweep of sound from every golden throat of melodious Silbermann: such sweet, full luxuriance: such overflow of harmony, going home to hearts of the most unmusical there present: such dying falls: such stirring ascensions: such low wails of sound: Silbermann, with all its olden fame, would scarcely be credited capable of. Every bit of ancient oak, the dark marble counters lying in corners, John, second Earl of Beagles, noble Janet his wife, acrobatic kinsmen and children perched up and down on uncomfortable points and corners—even the august cap and tasselled of our stony dean set up on edge before him—all were felt to vibrate musically to the strange pedal thrum of old Dutch Silbermann. Were there pipes lurking secretly within him, never till this hour thought of? So he played on—played them through it all—until it came to playing of them out—for the last time. He was grand, prodigious, mag-

nificent, the new organist! Though our sympathies are with the poor evicted one, still must it be conceded that Smith, R.A.M., was a giant among the stops and pedals. So the men and women of the little town thought in their heart of hearts, as they trooped down to the porch—being played out—their eyes wandering speculatively to the gallery, where behind his Spanish poop, there was a hurricane blowing and ship's timbers creaking, and our poor Twingles possessed as by some sweet musical devil, was riding the storm. So he played them out, for the last time, until the last soul was clear of the porch. Then brought all up with a full swelling chord: and to him Silbermann was to be now silent for ever. O, the sore, straining, and long distending of those heart strings, as he moved away, only to be drawn back again to the shadow of loved Silbermann. Such violent agonising stretching for poor old ex-organist! Would he ever be set free, save by sudden snap and rupture of the ligaments? Had there been any prying souls left in the church—but it was only the little cherubs' heads, so queerly cut out of stone, on the tops of the great pillars, and whom nothing escapes, that saw him do it—they must have observed him return softly when he had locked old Silbermann up for ever, and press his lips fervently on the keyhole. Then he fled away, and was gone, with all scanty goods, by the night coach.

When it had got wind that, after all, it was not Smug Smith, with his Roman letters, who had so handled great Silbermann, but poor, expelled Twingles, there was much sensation. The noble person joined in ties of consanguinity to my lord, and who was what is called a distinguished amateur, swore, with a noble oath, that it was a shame to turn out a fellow like that. By something! if he were dean and chapter and the rest of them, he would double the man's salary and set him up there for good. Everlasting punishment on—(word of four letters only)—these country town little squabbles. Why, up in London, they would see,—the man would get his own price—everlasting punishment on himself if he couldn't. To which Doctor Dilly very doubtfully said, "Only wait till they heard the new organist, that was all." And they might as well, for he was to begin to-morrow. So back again to the little cathedral.

Sunday in the cathedral. Dean, minor canonry, vicars-choral—distinguished persons—and smart audience as before. Second Baron Beagles and the noble Janet his wife, with their noble progeny; heirs male of the body, lawfully begotten, perched, pigeon-wise, on the sharp edges and corners as before. Great Silbermann as before, in aspect, that is. Organist not as before. Nor indeed.

So they begin. Seraphic cherubim of lay-choristers bend to their work. Dean swells egg-like. And now, indeed, for Smith, R.A.M. greatest organist and accomplished artist! Extinguish for ever the memory of Twingles, if you can. Wretched fellow, his sorry heart is all twittering and fluttering, and pit pat! To say the truth, he has never had much acquaintance with organ-work; the Roman letters will not teach him that. He is nervous, and Silbermann seems to eye him askance, like a horse that has changed masters, and means mischief. Now, then, young Smith—to it, my musical man! Seraphic chaunting is stopped—bellows are full. Begin with vigour and spirit!

O wretched quavering! most feeble tootle! No courageous attack; no fiery manipulation: no divine afflatus; nothing but a smooth, even, contemptible fingering. The pedals are too much for him; the full-stops he is afraid of. Old Silbermann must be laughing contemptuously at him. It is a fiasco—a complete fiasco, and Doctor Dilly hangs his head for shame. Smyth, R.A.M., is great, doubtless, on Belgravian and Tyburnian pianos running liquid rain-showers, and froth of the sea and cascades (he having indeed published many secret little pieces for young ladies, bearing those names); but for grand Silbermann and his fellows, he is the smallest pigmy. Some say he has broken down; others that he shuffled through, somehow; but the noble person, Lord Rufus' relation, oaths it that he is a pure botch! which, of course, is final on the matter.

But while this opinion is being ratified over Doctor Dilly's claret, at about eight o'clock that Sunday night, (and it was a very, very cold night, too), some shuffling sounds of footsteps are heard upon the stairs. The Dean's own bodyman, a very proper person, is struggling with some intruder, and objects naturally to the sacred privacy of the claret being broken in upon. It shall be—must be—broken in upon if it was the king himself, and a ghastly white face, plainly but lately lifted from a sick pillow, bursts in. The noble persons present are, naturally enough, appalled. Dr. Dilly thinks it a spectre. It was not a spectre, however, but the Reverend Mr. Maydew. How he told his story, to the effect that he, lying ill, for some days back, had rushed from his bed—travelling express—to repair wrong and injustice, as soon as the story of this innocent organist reached him, will perhaps have been divined readily enough, by such as have followed this little chronicle.

To say the truth, our Dean was a little ashamed, and not disinclined to do justice. And when the noble kinsman, with a thump on the table, swore that it was a fine thing as ever he had seen; and that, as far as he was concerned, they should have the old organ-grinder back by next post, he was glad enough to yield handsomely, nay, even passed

over Maydew's share in the business. Even Deans have good corners in their hearts. And so our good Twingles did really return, making a sort of triumphal re-entry, and sat again in the rookery, where he has sat ever since, as Sundays and festivals come round; and where, of this present New Year's morning, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, he has played out the old congregation, on the ripened, mellow, and most harmonious pipes of his dear Dutch organ.

THE FATHER OF CAOUTCHOUC.

In eighteen hundred and nineteen, two men, unknown to each other, were simultaneously busied in making experiments on caoutchouc, or india-rubber. These were Charles Macintosh and Thomas Hancock; the first of whom is the father of macintoshes, and the latter the father of caoutchouc. It was only by slow degrees that rubber rose from its sole office of effacing the pencil-marks of schoolboys and artists; for, though Hancock had often wondered why more was not made of a substance with such varied properties, he had not attempted to find the answer for himself before the year we have mentioned. And as for Mr. Macintosh, even his first essays, which led to such complete success, were brought about by an accident dependent on the manufacture of coal-gas.

When coal-gas was first made, the tar and other liquid products accruing, accumulated on the manufacturers' hands to a troublesome extent, no one knowing well what to do with them. Mr. Macintosh thought he could find a use for them in the manufacture of eudbear—a dye obtained from a lichen (*Lecanora tartarea*), and contracted with the Glasgow gas-works for all their tar and ammoniacal water. In his operations he found that when the ammonia was separated and the tar converted into pitch, the essential oil, called naphtha, was left behind, and it occurred to him that this could be made available as a solution for caoutchouc. He made the experiment and the result was a waterproof garment, thick or thin according to the amount of naphtha used; which waterproof varnish he used in the manufacture of the famous macintoshes of our youth. His patent was taken out in eighteen hundred and twenty-three, and merited the fame and fortune it brought.

Mr. Hancock knew nothing of this discovery. He was meditating and working in his own way, though indeed his initial experiment was made but vaguely, and only on the broad belief that "something must eventually be done with so singular a substance." This experiment was an attempt to dissolve caoutchouc in oil of turpentine; but to no good result; the solutions being too thin and drying very ill, or rather not drying at all. Failing in this, he then applied the

rubber par et simple to articles of dress: and, in eighteen hundred and twenty, took out a patent for caoutchouc applied "to the wrists of gloves, to waistcoat backs and waistcoat bands, to pockets to prevent their being picked, to trouser and gaiter straps, to braces, to stockings and garters, to riding-belts, to stays, to boots, shoes, clogs, and pattens, when the object is to put them on and off without lacing or tying, to the soles of shoes and boots, et cetera. But now a difficulty arose. How about his fastenings? These india-rubber bands must be attached somehow, and women were set to sew the ends neatly to the stuff; but, in a short time, each needle prick became a rent, and the whole broke to pieces. Springs were then used; that is, strips of rubber thicker at the ends where the sewing was to be than in the middle. But, after making special tools for cutting them out, and going to many other like expenses, the springs were returned by hundreds, broken and rejected, on the father's hands. After a few experiments to find the reason of these unforeseen fractures, it was discovered that those springs on which boiling water was used after they were cut did not crack like the rest; and this was the first insight of the value of heat in the treatment of caoutchouc. All springs, therefore, were henceforward plunged into a hot bath as soon as cut, and no more complaints were made of their cracking or snapping.

Rubber was imported only in the form of animals or bottles—that is, hollow cylinders of unequal circumference. These bottles Mr. Hancock cut into circular strips which thus needed no sewing to fasten round the wrists of gloves, et cetera. They were treated to a hot bath, passed on to the glove, kept at the fullest tension, and a strip of leather was then sewn over them; after which the rubber was warmed, when it contracted and gathered up the glove or stocking, or whatever it might be, in "beautifully small, neat corrugation." This was another advance. The woven or ribboned rubber—now called elastic par excellence—came at a later date, and will be spoken of in its place. But now the waste cuttings had become an unmanageable heap, and with the scanty supply of fresh caoutchouc in the market, Mr. Hancock felt that he must make some good of his superfluities; restore and re-embody them, so to speak, if he intended to push his trade further. He did not know very well how to set about this; but the first thing he tried, was a Papin's Digester, from which he got a thick fluid like treacle, but not of half so much use. Then he endeavoured to utilise his discovery of the uniting quality of fresh-cut surfaces, if subjected to heat. But, though he obtained, by means of a mould, pressure, and heat, solid blocks of four or five inches long, the experiment was not considered conclusive, or, on the whole, of much working

power. It did not help the matter either to make the shreds into mince-meat, so as to increase the number of freshly-cut surfaces; the conglomerate would not hold together, but fell to pieces like a ball of coarse cement. Then Mr. Hancock bethought himself of tearing the shreds; and for that purpose constructed a machine called the Masticater, wherein was a cylinder armed with teeth that tore and teased and rended the hot rubber shreds savagely. Finding the machine becoming heavier to turn, after a certain time of this furious mastication, Mr. Hancock opened it and took out, on his first inspection, a curiously grained ball—the grainings showing the joinings of the shreds—and afterwards a solid, heated, homogeneous mass. These experiments were repeated until the machine (a wooden one) was worn out; but the problem was solved; the waste cuttings could be utilised, and the india-rubber manufacture was an accomplished fact. The first machine worked a charge of two ounces, the one in present use at Manchester works from one hundred and eighty to two hundred pounds, and turns out blocks six feet long, twelve or thirteen inches wide, and seven inches thick. From the first blocks were cut thin sheets, which then were dried and joined by heat edge to edge, and thus made of any size that might be required; though the first use made of this sheet rubber was not one to need any great extension, it being only to cover the necks of corks.

It was now found that a very useful article might be made by mixing pitch and tar together with a strong solution of caoutchouc, then making it up into sheets for the sheathing of ships, et cetera. The first vessel so sheathed was the yacht of the late Sir William Curtis, and the second was the Kinnersley Castle. Waterproof garments of various kinds, from cloaks to shoe soles; waterproof bags and air cushions; billiard-table cushions; the tires of wheels and the surfaces of cylinders and rollers; washers and collars for stop-cocks; and many surgical instruments and mechanical appliances were continually rolling out of Mr. Hancock's works; each new application developing some new feature which modified or controlled the operations of the future. Thus, exposure to the sun's rays was found to decompose light-coloured rubber; and this led to the discovery of the value of colouring or blackening such as had to be exposed; which discovery led to further results still, as time and experience went on. A kind of artificial leather was now made, "by saturating felt, carded wool and hair, and in combining other fibrous substances, such as hemp and flax, with the liquid rubber, and when dry submitting the whole to pressure." This process turned out a strong and tough material, like real leather in appearance; the tougher kinds of which were used for such rough things as shoe

soles, hose-pipes, straps, harness, et cetera; while the thinner and more delicate could be coloured of any tint desired, and worked and tooled so as to entirely resemble leather. This was the beginning of the artificial leather with which the commercial world has been so fully supplied of late. Mr. Hancock pushed this application to all kinds of uses; and he notes with pride that one of the first of the strong straps given out for steam machinery was used by Brunel in sinking the shaft for the Thames Tunnel. These are little historic triumphs pleasant to the inventor's soul. Air-beds and air-cushions had been made for some time; but all in a simple shape as a mere square or bag inflated and fastened. As beds; these bags were not satisfactory. They were too elastic and always ended by rolling their occupants out on to the floor. The same with the cushions, which made the sitter like a parched pea on a drum-head. And, with all their elasticity, allow of no repose. The thing, though so much needed, was evidently a failure, when a lucky thought came into the father's mind, and, as is usual with lucky thoughts, changed the failure to a success. The beds and cushions and seats were divided into compartments, each compartment being a separate little air-chamber, at the first stitched down between the divisions, but afterwards as at present, made by glueing together the two pieces of cloth with the proper number of channels. Thus the most perfect elasticity was obtained, while the hostile excess was weakened and broken. They were called reeded; and air-beds and cushions of this reeded form were used by George the Fourth in his last illness, which doubtless hallows them to the minds of many reverent of royal fashions.

The tailors were thorns in the sides of the inventors of waterproof garments. Indifferent to the admonitions of the manufacturers they would persist in making up tight coats and well-fitting surtouts, and would accept none of the physiological reasons which made it necessary to have a waterproof garment as loose and large as possible. Also in the matter of the seaming and stitching they were obstinate and stupid, and sent out, as waterproof, coats and caps punctured in every seam with innumerable needle-holes which let in the rain as if through a minute colander. They were offended when told to send back their work to the manufactory to have the seams lined and made proof; and some of them, to show their skill and superior knowledge—also to make good and sure work—actually put in a double row of stitching down all the seams. So that the firm, getting tired of such a wearisome controversy, and feeling that the character of their goods and consequent spread of their trade, depended on a more intelligent treatment, opened retail shops, where they made up their own goods, and where they had several skirmishes even

with their best workmen, who would still persist in pinning their work like ordinary cloths.

The end of these tailoring troubles was not seen yet. Though the inside of the seam was proofed, the tailor's thread took up the moisture, on the outside, and, by capillary attraction, conveyed it to all the threads of the inner cloth of the macintosh. However, all these difficulties were conquered by degrees; and when the Duke of York wore a blue cloth waterproof military cloak, lined with crimson silk, and the Guards adopted drab cambric capes (waterproof as well) the public took up the fashion, and macintoshes became an institution. But then followed disappointments and ill-fame because of the defective quality of certain pieces of cloth which decomposed and would not wear. These were woolen cloths, waterproofed; and after much trouble it was found that they had not been sufficiently cleansed from grease—grease being of all things the most fatal to the longevity of caoutchouc. Above nine hundred pounds' worth of goods were discovered so decomposing; and the firm got damages against its disobedient weavers. Then the railways suppressed the necessity which mail-coach travellers had had of defending themselves against the weather; and the doctors, who had always raved against wet skins and exposure as the two greatest sources of disease, suddenly found that waterproofs were even more injurious; raised a cry and created a panic; and under all these hindrances, the trade came to a considerable halt.

Hancock and Macintosh had been united in business for some time, though not yet actually partners; still, it was all a joint concern now, and whatever new applications of the manufacture were made, belonged as much to one as to the other. They made the beautiful india-rubber balls covered with silk netting, so dear to our chubby-fisted babies in the nursery; they made surgical instruments, and no end of hose-pipes—which paid them better than babies' balls or fancy-work. Their hose-pipes were at last introduced into breweries, but found to give a bad taste to the beer, and on the point of being abandoned. However, on allowing the waste liquor to run through them for some time, they lost their peculiar caoutchouc flavour, and eighteen hundred feet of rubber hose pipe were employed in Barclay's brewery alone. Then they took to making shoes—the American over-shoes not having yet appeared; and then Government had a few trifles of them; such as waterproof calico for covering cartridges, and saddle water-decks for throwing over the saddle when the soldier had dismounted. This was the sum and substance of Government patronage up to this time.

In eighteen hundred and twenty-eight machinery and material were taken over to

Paris; but there was considerable delay and no little trouble with the custom-house at Calais. Permission had to be written for from the authorities at Paris, and in the meantime the patentees fumed, and cocked-hats stirred up the villanously-smelling compound, and wondered what infernal machine it was to prime. At last with a contemptuous *Chimie* applied to this evil-scented stuff, all was suffered to pass under the protest of disgust and ignorance; and the first French caoutchouc manufactory was established, to the edification of the authorities, still mindful of the chances of some tremendous iniquity contained in the odd-looking machinery and nauseous *Chimie*.

A German wove over the elastic threads, but was obliged to go to Paris to learn how to fasten off the ends. Of course such a hint was not lost, and the English firm soon turned out woven elastic, both in cloth and ribbon. It was difficult to keep these elastic threads straight, for one was perhaps stretched out to a greater degree of tension than the other, and the effect was too often a mere piece of uneven pucker. So, to remedy this, the threads were plunged into a hot bath, then taken out and stretched on the frame till they became stiffened by cold; they could then be woven easily and cannily under these conditions; and, when the weaving was completed, a hot iron passed over the cloth broke the spell, restored their resilience to the threads, and the cloth or ribbon gathered up in those beautiful little plaits we are all familiar with in ribbon elastic. Boats and poutoons were made on the same principle of compartments as the air beds and cushions; diving-dresses, life preservers, and swimming belts, fishing trousers and wading boots, balls, gloves, and leggings for cricket, a ball for letters at sea, so that should the ship fail the letters might be thrown overboard and eventually saved; and a cloak that might be made into a boat; and above all, Mr. Brockedon's corks were made. Those corks seemed to have lain very near the father's heart. But they promised better things than were fulfilled: for though admirable at first, they soon lost their elasticity by cold, and after a time became harder and less elastic than the wood they were to supersede.

About this time an American came over to dispose of a secret; not quite his own, he said. Something had been found out that would prevent the rubber from stiffening by cold, and that rendered it indifferent to solvents, heat, and oils. Mr. Brockedon got some specimen bits, which he gave to Mr. Hancock, and the father pinched and pulled and tested and smelt, and found sulphur in the specimens—and so got on the trace of the secret. Whereupon he took out a patent, and the American went home—if he ever went home at all—minus his secret, his patent, and his

reward. This was in point of fact the famous vulcanised india-rubber which Mr. Hancock thus discovered and applied—that horribly scented stuff which is so curious and useful, so common and so offensive. And thus we have the beginning of that branch of the manufacture which turns out the most elastic material known, as well as a hard and horny substance that can be cut by carpenters' tools, and turned in a lathe as ebony or ivory might be; that makes combs and knife handles equal to tortoise shell; jet black flutes equal to ebony; bracelets, pens and penholders, picture-frames, and embossed ornaments, at the same time that it gives carriage-springs and railway-tires, machinery-bands, hose-pipes and tubings, trouser-straps and shoulder-straps, printers' blankets and letter-bands, and takes exquisite casts from copper and other engravings. All these multifarious things from the elastic substance that closes over a pistol ball, and is not dinted with blows that will break six-inch shot to fragments! Then Mr. Brockedon's corks were brought to real perfection; being actually turned by the sulphur of the colour of cork, and insensible to cold. And was not that a triumph?

Hayward's Rubber Company (American) next infringed the patent for vulcanisation by sending over the American over-shoes, which the firm had also begun to make; and later, a trial took place which troubled the father not a little. He won his cause, re-established the impugned validity of his patent; and from the dates and reminiscences he was forced to bring forward in his defence came this book—*The Personal Narrative of the Caoutchouc Manufacture in England*. By Thomas Hancock.

And now, what is caoutchouc? Called gum elastic it has none of the characters of gum, being insoluble in water; nor is it a resin, for it is insoluble in alcohol. Ether, naphtha, oil of turpentine, chloroform, and sulphuret of carbon all dissolve it; but naphtha and oil of turpentine are the best solvents. Nothing was known of its origin or formation for many years. It came to this country in the shapes of bottles and animals, and was sold as high as a guinea the ounce, for the sole purpose of rubbing out pencil marks—no one dreaming of the brilliant career it was to have. The first reliable account of it ever received in Europe was sent by De la Condamine to the French Academy in seventeen hundred and thirty-six, describing it as the inspissated juice of a tree called by the natives *hevee*. In seventeen hundred and fifty-one Frislan found the same tree in Cayenne; and it is now known to be the produce of many trees growing in South America and the East Indies. These are the most important of the caoutchouc-yielding trees.

First, *Siphonia elastica*; one of the spurge tribe, found in the dense forests on the banks

of the Amazon, and yielding the caoutchouc of Para. The trees are from fifty to sixty feet high, and from two to two and a half feet in diameter, of a grey and thin bark, and a white light wood. The leaves are green above, and ash colour beneath; the greenish-coloured flowers in small loose bunches; the fruit is as large as a walnut, and the seeds are the size of a filbert, shining and mottled with brown upon grey, like castor-oil seeds; pleasant to eat and not hurtful.

Second. The *Hancornia speciosa*; found about Pernambuco, Olinda, and Bahia; the size of an ordinary apple tree, and not unlike a weeping birch in appearance. The fruit is like an Orleans plum, yellow streaked with red and of delicious flavour. This kind yields the Pernambuco caoutchouc, and is of the same natural order as that which contains the periwinkle and all the rest of the Apocynaceae or dogbane tribe.

Third. *Ficus elastica*, one of the nettle tribe; rising into a tree as large as the English sycamore, with a wood so light and porous as to be fit only for fuel or charcoal. The natives use the fresh milk for lining the inside of their fluid-bearing vessels, and make the caoutchouc itself into candles and flambeaux.

Fourth. *Urceola elastica*; a kind of jungle vine, discovered in seventeen hundred and ninety-eight in Prince of Wales's Island by Mr. James Howison. He and a party were cutting their way through a jungle, when they found that their cutlasses, which had cleaved through a kind of vine, became covered with milk which, drying, left on them a substance like American caoutchouc. "The vine was as thick as a man's arm, with a strong, cracked, ash-coloured bark. It had joints at a small distance from each other; often sent out roots, seldom branches; ran along the ground to a great length, and at last rose upon the highest tree into the open air." It has clusters of small greenish flowers like a lilac, and is one of the dogbanes, the same as the *Hancornia*. These are the chiefs of all the rest.

Caoutchouc is obtained by making incisions in the various trees; the first about a man's height from the ground, and catching the milk in little clay bowls that hold about a tumblerful. These bowls are filled in three hours if the tree is fruitful. When this first cutting ceases to run, another is made lower down, and so on, until the tree is exhausted. The Indians then pour the milk into larger vessels, and light a fire of the Urucari or Inaja nuts, which yield a thick oily smoke said to be of great value in the process. They have clay moulds of bottles, animals, &c., which they dip into the milk and hold over the smoke till dry, repeating this until the rubber is of sufficient thickness, when they take it off the mould, and the native manufacture is at an end. A tree must have two years

respite after these tappings and cuttings before attacked again; but another, though an illegal manner of obtaining the milk is, by binding the tree at the top and bottom with willow twigs, and drawing off all the juice at one incision. This is forbidden, because invariably fatal. Other things have been tried for the smoking process, and various woods and nuts have been tested; but the Indians all prefer the Urucari nuts, the smoke of which they say can alone make manufactured caoutchouc as it should be—soft, silky, elastic and clean.

A COURT WITHOUT APPEAL.

THOSE who admire everything that belongs to the age of chivalry and romance, admire The Courts of Love most. The world is full of the jingle and clatter of Courts of Divorce, of Probate, of Chancery, and all the rest of it. Of course they are necessary, but they are necessary because man is selfish, and spiteful, and stupid,—so different from what he was. Bring back the times when they were not; when the highest court was the Court of Love; when there were no juries of city shopkeepers, but conclaves of earnest and impartial dames and maidens; when, instead of bullying barristers, there were gentle and quick-witted lady-pleaders; when stately matrons were the most honoured judges.

Everything about modern courts is in keeping: dismal, dingy, dirty. Everything about those mediæval courts were in keeping too: bright, sparkling, tender. The session commenced in the gay Spring time; the branches of an elm tree, just covered with young leaves, formed a fitting roof; the beautiful flowers and merry birds, within sight and hearing, harmonized with the proceedings; the ladies who held office in the court were dressed in nature's colour, green; The president, sometimes a knight, but oftener a lady, had to be well versed in the forms of chivalry, and experienced in the precepts and practices of love. The names of four illustrious judges are handed down: Queen Eleanor, wife first of the French Louis the Seventh, and afterwards of the English Henry the Second; Viscountess Ermengarde of Narbonne; the Countess of Champagne; and the Countess of Flanders. Most noted among the males were Richard the Lion-hearted, and Alfonso of Arragon.

Thirty-one articles were the basis of all the court's proceedings, as well as rules for guidance in private life. Here are some of them translated out of Andre's fourteenth century Latin:—

No one can love who is not driven by the force of love.

He who hastens not cannot love.

Love never dwells long in the house of avarice.

Love is always increasing or diminishing.

When once love begins to slacken, it soon dies; it seldom gains strength again.

The true lover is always timid.

No one must have two attachments at the same time.

Every lover should come before his mistress with a pallid face.

The death of a lover is to be followed by two years of widowhood.

The cases brought under the jurisdiction of the court were of sufficient diversity. A few questions, with their decisions, I shall now cull from Andre the chaplain, Martial d'Auvergne, and other authorities of that age.

Once this problem was propounded: Do the greatest affection and liveliest attachment exist between lovers or married persons? The Lady Ermengarde thus determined the matter: The attachment of the married and the tender affection of lovers, are altogether different sentiments. No just comparison can be established between objects which have neither resemblance nor relation to one another.

This question is theoretical: other and more practical ones are cited. A knight claimed redress under the following circumstances: His mistress had strictly enjoined him never to contend publicly. But one day he was thrown into the company of some lords and ladies, who said disparaging things about the object of his love. At first he restrained his wrath, but at last was overpowered by the desire of maintaining the honor and defending the name of the absent one. She, instead of thanking him, withdrew her favour, because he had broken the pledge exacted. The countess of Champagne, however, when the dispute was brought before her, judged that the lady had been unlawfully severe, and that a knight could never incur blame by repelling charges brought against his mistress.

Another knight had a more serious grievance. He appeared before the same Countess of Champagne, when she was sitting in a full court of sixty ladies, and said that he had been tenderly attached to a lady whom distance and his other duties prevented him from meeting as often as he liked. They had, however, established a means of communication by means of his secretary, and for a time all went happily. But at length the faithless secretary showed his perfidy. He made offer of devotion to his master's mistress, and succeeded in drawing off her affections, thus violating the most sacred laws of love and honor. The court, after mature deliberation, uttered this decision: That the dishonorable secretary had found his mate in the lady who could encourage his advances, and that the knight might be glad to leave them to what enjoyment their base alliance

could afford; but it was decreed that they, having broken the rule of chivalry, should be for ever precluded from chivalrous society: they must never seek the esteem of knights or ladies, and never show themselves in any court of love.

In contrast to this action for breach of promise, take the instance of a more humorous trial. It is the great case of The Kiss, in which a lady demanded damages for the felonious taking of that article. The defendant pleaded that he had long been deeply attached to the plaintiff, and that three months previously she had promised to bestow on him a kiss; yet, as often as he claimed the fulfilment of the pledge, she put him off with some excuse or other. At last, he said, he could wait no longer; and, when the lady's husband was out of the way, he took her and it by storm. The plaintiff rejoined that, in making the promise, she had limited herself to no period, and that, if left to herself, she would have fulfilled it in proper time. But the court (which, I find, generally favoured the distressed cavaliers) overruled this excuse as trivial, gave judgment against the plaintiff, condemned her to pay all costs, and, in addition, to furnish a supplementary kiss.

There is another kiss affair chronicled which, for the credit of the sex, I wish I could find reason to doubt. A knight summoned his mistress before the court on the charge of pricking one cheek while pressing her lips against the other, with intent, &c. The lady asserted that the kiss had been taken, not given, and that the wound, if inflicted at all, was the accidental result of her proper resistance. But unanswerable evidence was brought; medical certificates were produced; and her statement was clearly disposed of. It was decreed that, by way of reparation, she should kiss the injured cheek as often as the plaintiff chose until it was healed.

All these trials took place in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; and, alas! this is the nineteenth. The Court of Love is a dead thing; its last assembly took place about the year thirteen hundred and eighty-two. Its nearest resemblance, faint as it is, is to be seen in modern breach of promise actions, where love is paid for in bank-notes, and in the editorial columns of penny journals. There Betsy is informed that, however intense her feelings, she must submit to the custom which prescribes that the gentleman shall make the offer of marriage. There Susan is told that it is quite allowable for affianced lovers to kiss one another. And there John Thomas is counselled to prefer the sober cook to the flighty nursery-maid. How are the mighty fallen! How is the sublime travestied!

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PICTURES AND BALLADS.

"Has anything fallen into your hands since I last saw you?" I said to Don Sanchez Balthazar, a Spanish artist, engaged by the government to restore the old Moorish palace at Seville.

"No," he said, quite innocently, beating some crimson madder to a wet, oily, delicious paste with his palette-knife, "nothing but the gout;" and then, after this effort of dry Spanish wit, he squeezed out a sapphire worm of Cobalt, and proceeded, without looking at me, to paint in a seud of April sky, with here and there a swan's breast of snow-cloud, vaporous and luxurious. Don Balthazar, for a man of a brown, burnt-up country, is a great artist; though he does not paint, as well as I could see, with what some foolish English rhapsodist has called "the dust of jewels."

His large, bare, whitewashed studio was on the ground-floor of the "house of Cæsar," once the house of a Roman prætor; but re-built in the eleventh century (not long after our Norman annexation), by Jalubi, an Arab architect of Toledo, for the Moorish sultan, Abdoe Rahman, "the defender of the religion of God," who ruled—a second Haroon Al Raschid—over this fair city of sweet air and sweeter oranges: The city that the historians brag was built by Hercules, restored by Julius Cæsar, lost by Roderic, and conquered by Saint Ferdinand; the first mart of South American gold, and the chief scene of Soult's plunderies.

But all that is neither here nor there: for I come to talk with Don Balthazar (his name always sounds to me like the name of a lover in one of Cimarosa's old operas) about the old Spanish Ballads; for which the country, without books, is so famous, and of which Don Balthazar has such a wealth: delighting to croon over his easel all the verses about the sword-strokes of the brave Admiral Guarinos, and the gallant escape of Gayferos, who made his captive lady leap down from the Moorish tower behind him on his fiery roan.

I have listened by the hour. Don Somebody or the other outside the walls of Xeres, tore up a young olive tree to bruise and utterly discomfit the recreant Moors, and was henceforward called "The Pounder."

Again Don Arnaldos, riding by the sea-shore, suddenly saw a magic galley, invisibly steered, bear towards him. But I know if I begin now, bluntly on the subject, he will instantly freeze up; for he is a strange snail of a man; and, if you touch his shell, even by accident, he is into his shell for all day. So I must let him sing what he pleases without saying anything, and then lead him quietly into the main street of my subject, by the side alley, of a discussion of Spanish art, a subject his tongue is sure to run away with him on. Hear him.

I know that is a verse from a ballad about Baviçea, the Cid's horse, by a certain Don Fulano; the blameful neglect of whom by Grimm, Depping, and indeed all ballad collectors, is one special subject of fiery indignation with the grave Andalusian Don. What he sang here and elsewhere, I have tumbled into rough verse:

"The froth dripp'd from his bridle-chains, the froth spilt,
down his knee,
There were blobs of snow on the creature's hide, that
was black as black could be.

"There were trails of foam blown spattering back, white
on the housing red,
There were blotches of gore on his saddle-tree, and on his
chanfron'd head.

"Three yellow heads with shaven crowns, and scalp-locks
floating dark.
Hung down beside the stirrup-steel, their eyes were star-
ving stark."

Some scumble required a more worn brush, which he selected from the quiver-full in his left palette hand. Balthazar then quickened to the freer measure of an old sailor's ballad, as old at least as our Henry the Seventh:

"Ye men that row the galleys,
I see my lady fair:
She gazes at the fountain
That leaps with pleasure there.

"O, galleys bound for Tunis,
Spread out your wings of oars,
And bear me to my captive love
Who lies among the Moors.

"Ye men that row the galleys,
Pull madly at each oar,
I see the Moorish palace
Upon the sandy shore."

Here a difficulty with some "medium" that would run like liquid-amber or drip like potable gold over the brown rim of the palette, compelled the sweet singer of Seville to pause, and drop his many-coloured painting rag on the vagrant pool of oil. In a minute or two—when his face seems to have forgot this vexation, and was placid again as water when the circles of the pebble you throw in have smoothed away—he was busy with a colour soft as the grey under a dove's wing, or the shady side of a pearl, deepening the left eyelid of the Velasquez princess he is copying for some English merchant at Cadiz, I think it safe to begin talking.

"I like your Spanish school," I said, "Balthazar. It is severe, gloomy, solemn and religious. Even when it unbends it is grave and thoughtful. Murillo's brown Franciscans, Zurbaran's white Carthusians and Roelas's Jesuits are all to me interesting, because they are intensely national. I like your Valencian flower-pieces, which make spring eternal on one's walls, and your Sevillian still-life where the melon rolls portly and pompous, and the citrons and the olives are so fresh and tempting."

"And don't you like," says Balthazar, stopping a moment to rest on his mail-stick with its padded mushroom-top, "don't you like the portraits of Joanes, our Spanish Raffael, and the Titianesque colour of our Dumb painter, the beauty of Cano the hot-headed, and the landscapes of Iriarte the Discayan?"

"I do," I said. "And I like, too, your studio-legends of painters being let into Paradise by the saints, whose pictures they had painted on earth, of the sculptor who, after many failures—"

"Becerra?"

"Ah, Becerra, that was his name, who by advice of the virgin in a dream, got up and shaped her image from a rude olive log burning on the hearth; and of the sculptor who, having wrought a miraculous image of Christ at the pillar, made sure that that was therefore his last work, and that he should die, and did die of the plague accordingly, to ensure the fulfilment of his presentiment. As for your painters who have been lucky enough to obtain sittings from actual saints, they are innumerable."

"The less said about that the better," said Balthazar, with a rainy-day look, dipping his biggest brush angrily in the dirtiest-looking colour he could find on his palette; "but," he said, "when I have put in the hazel rings of this Syren's eyes, I will put up my work for to-day, rinse my brushes, and scrape my palette. The princess's hair is not yet dry, and I must wait till to-morrow before I work at it again. So no thanks. We will go over the palace of Charles the Fifth and that Philip the Second, who married your excellent English Mary."

Vamos—and we went, leaving the little

vermilion lips of the princess wet, as if they had just been kissed. "Juan," said Balthazar, to the mischievous-looking boy drawing in a corner, "keep at your work while I am away. Finish that foot of the Venus. Those eyes you have been doing this morning look like oysters. A foot, mind, has only five toes. You have got six in your charcoal outline."

"That little limb of darkness," he said to me as we left the room, "directly I go out gets pelting my casts or painting my poodle over with red wafers. He is only fit for a muleteer, and he is as stupid as the king of the jackasses. Demonio! what are such boys sent to us for?"

Balthazar showed me everything, and I must say his reds and blues were as bright as Mr. Owen Jones's. In fact, why should they not be, for this palace was decorated for the infamous Pedro the Cruel by the very Moorish artists who did the Alhambra for Yusaf the First. There are here the same arabesques, wrought as with penknives and pierced with needles—the same flower-stalk pillars dividing the horse-shoed windows—the same glazed side dados and carved soffits. Indeed, this is a concrete of antiquities and different ages of art, more so than even the Seville Cathedral that replaces a mosque which had Roman statutes built into its foundations. Here are Roman columns with Gothic capitals brought from the Royal Aragonese Palace at Valencia, which Pedro the infamous ally of the Black Prince destroyed; and here, amid badges of this cruel murderer of his wife, you find all the traditional figures of Moorish art, the stepped pyramid, the pine-apple, and the fleur-de-lis. All these glories of colour are now, thanks to my friend the Don, re-appearing like April rainbows from the long deep snow of saving whitewash that has weighed on them for forty years.

We visit the Gate of the Colours, where the royal flag is hoisted when a king was in the Alcazar, and which tower is now sullenly mournful in the intense heat, as if nothing but a king would content it, and the Gate de la Montera, by which the royal tenant used to sally out to the boar chase.

After looking at the quaint Charles the Fifth garden, cut and ruled in the precise Roman fashion, we betook ourselves to the hall of the Ambassador, which is specially beautiful with its dome or half-orange roof. This is the palace where Pedro murdered his brother, the Master of Santiago, little thinking he would fall under his surviving brother's dagger; and here he murdered the Red Sultan, the flying usurper of Granada, in order to obtain his jewels; and, among them, that very huge Balas ruby, "big as a pigeon's egg," or "great as a racket ball," which the bloody tyrant gave with his own hands to our Black Prince after the useless victory of Navarete, and which I, not many days since, saw, red as ever, in the Tower.

It was apropos of a verse or two of a Cid

ballad that Balthazar sang as we cooled ourselves in this orange-roofed hall:

"The Cid rode through the horse-shoe gate, Omega-shaped
it stood,
A symbol of the moon that waned before the Christian
road.

"He was all sheathed in golden mail, his cloak was white
as shroud,
His vizor down, his sword unsheathed, corpse-still he
rode and proud.

"And over all the spears and blades, east, west, and
south, and north,
The Cid's broad flag like a sunset spread, wild flaming
fiercely forth."

"What is that?" I asked.

"One of Don Fulano's ballads, The Victory
of the Dead Cid."

"The Dead Cid?"

"Yes. He won a victory after he was
dead—and all I wonder is, he did not win
oftener. If we had tried him against the
French Gabachos, we might have saved calling
in you English, who gave us no credit for
even helping you against those blasphemous
robbers. Well, but about the Cid. When
that great champion of Spain, friend of Saint
James and destroyer of the Moors, died, his
body was embalmed and kept in Burgos
Cathedral—I think it was Burgos—seated in
a carved chair in the chancel, never moving
for seven years but once; when a wretch of a
Jew dared to pull his beard. At the end of
those seven years—being hard bested by the
Moors, whose turbans lay as thick on the
plain as mushrooms in a meadow after the
spring rains, and no prayers, or anything
availing, not even the tooth of St. Appollonia
—they bethought them of the Cid. So they
put the body on horseback—strapped and
fastened—and rode it out at the head of
the sallying army. The rout was total. It
was like, the ballad relates, a school-room,
when the master suddenly returns, and puts
down a riot. As for the dead bodies, they
were as thick as wasps in a sugar-mill. Don
Fulano goes on to say:

"The rice-fields where the tufted stalks grow green
round tepid pools,
Were trodden red by flying crowds of unbelieving
fools.

"The bright canals that girt the town as with a silver
net,
Were scarlet with the slain Moors' blood—the melons
purple wet.

"At every water-wheel and mill, a dying man you
found,
His cloven head leant back against the red jars knotted
round.

"The mulberry trees were strung with Moors, as carob
twigs with fruit,
The dying struggled on the boughs—the dying at the
root."

"But who is this Don Fulano?"

"How it is you Englishmen, who talk so
much about our ballads, seem never to have
heard of Don Fulano, one of the most vivid,
powerful, passionate, condensed writers
Andalusia boasts of? Whether he lived in
your Henry the Seventh's reign, or in our
Ferdinand and Isabella's or earlier or later,
I know not; but this I know, that to judge
by rush and spur, savagery and tumult, there
was something divine in him. Now, promise
me, English Señor, that when you go back to
your own country you will mention, and try
to remedy, this shameful neglect of Don
Fulano—the best and most vigorous of
Spain's ballad writers."

"I promised, on the faith of a Christian, that
I would.

"In some things,"—went on Balthazar;
"but we must have some wine, for dry talking
is a poor thing—Don Fulano excels Castillo
and Sepulveda, or rather the writers of their
collections. He paints our country; and when
he tries to convey an idea, he never fails."

"That," said I, "in poetry I have generally
found arises from the writer having no idea
to convey. I must look up this Don Fulano.
You see hints are to my curiosity what olives
are to the palate."

"You remember," said Balthazar, looking
hard at the toe of his right-hand boot, as if
that were the seat of his memory, "you
remember the fine ballad of the Admiral
Guarinos, which the Don Quixote and Sancho
Panza (of the incomparable Cervantes) over-
heard a peasant singing at Toboso as he went
to his work at daybreak?"

"I do indeed," said I, "a most touching
story of great antiquity; going back to the
times that should have been, and that shall
be, but that never were. But tell me Fulano's
version of it, for the story, as Sancho says, is,
after all, 'too old to be a lie.'"

"Well, but," said Balthazar, gnawing his
foxy moustache, "do you really mean to tell
me, on your honour, as an English gentle-
man of blue blood, that no English writer on
Spanish ballads has mentioned the great Don
Fulano?"

"I said, 'Not one.'"

Balthazar here crossed himself five times,
and expressed intense indignation and aston-
ishment.

"I thought," he said, turning sharply on
me, "that there was a Don Juan Logard
who had done some of our ballads smoothly
and cleverly?"

"I said that Lockhart had rendered a few of
them carefully; but not strongly. He made
no mention of Don Fulano: neither did
Southey.

"If Mouthey," said Balthazar, accidentally
mistaking the poet's name, "forgot to men-
tion our Fulano, it must have been because
he had stolen so many of his ideas he was
afraid at last to quote him. There ought to
be a gaol for plagiarists."

I defended Southey; and said there was no

mention of Fulano even in Sismondi's learned book.—The Literature of the South of Europe.

"Do you know," he said, "that sumptuous ballad of Don Fulano, in which he describes our Cid's entry into Valencia, after his victory at Abulfeda, and his slaying the five Moorish kings?"

I said rather testily, filling my glass, and looking through it at the light, as if it was a barometer, "I have told you several times, Don Balthazar, that I never even heard of this Fulano."

"So much the worse for you," said the painter-enthusiast. "I will sing you part of it, and then will afterwards dictate it for you to write down, if you are indeed in earnest in wishing to preserve such inestimable treasures."

"I am in earnest," I said seriously, draining the barometer.

"Here, I will call for my guitar; I can do nothing without my guitar. Pepe—Pedro—Juan—somebody" (and he shouted like a man-of-war's-man hailing the waiter at a Portsmouth eating-house).

The guitar came—Pedro carrying it with awe, as if it were a baby.

In a rich chest voice, Balthazar began the celebrated ballad:

"With dripping sword, and horse all sweat, he rode into the town,

The black gore from his plume and flag, was running hotly down.

"His mane bent, his banner rent, his helmet beaten in,

The blood spots on his mail were thick as spots on a leopard's skin.

"And after came the hostages, the ransom'd and the dead,

The cloven Moors in wagons piled, the body or the head.

"And heaps of armour golden-chain'd, gay plumes and broken flags,

Piled up as in the tanner's yard, or heaps of beggar's rags.

"Then stately camels, golden-trapp'd, each silver-white as milk,

High laden with the aloes wood, soft ambergris and silk.

"Rich Indian camphor, martin skins from Khorasan the fair,

Ten piles of silver ingots, each a Sultan's triple share.

"Great bales of orange saffron weed, and crystal diamond clear,

Large Beja rubies, firey red, such stones the Emirs wear.

"Last came the shekels and the bars in leather bags seal'd red,

And then black slaves, with jars of gold upon each woolly head."

"What a treasure is this for historians!"

said Balthazar, dropping his guitar, quite winded by his enthusiasm.—"What curious traits of manners: what local allusions! But," he said, "you have not heard half enough to judge. Let me describe you the Cid as he rode out, like a statue of Mars—a golden statue, seeming to be hewn out of solid metal. Would I had a two-handed sword to lay about me now in the garden here, and show you how he felled the Moors in long swathes."

"I am very glad you have not," I said. "You remind me of that old military painter who never took to his easel till he had first beat a drum for half an hour, and then hammered a sword for twenty minutes on a suffering lay figure in armour that he kept for that purpose."

"You English," said Balthazar, "are a cold, calculating race. I am of the old blue blood of Castille. My ancestors fought under Don John and the Great Captain. They split many a shorn Moorish head. I confess these old ballads of my country, particularly those of the great Don Fulano (here the enthusiast for chivalry, the modern Don Quixote, bowed in silent respect of the memory of that great writer), stir me like a trumpet. I read and sing them till I fancy myself again The Pounder, mashing the Moorish skulls with the torn up olive tree outside Xeres; again Don Gayferos bearing off his wife from the Moorish tower; again, the old admiral putting on his rusty armour to fight before the Philistine Moors. In imagination I dine every day with Charlemagne and the twelve peers. I see frequently Saint James, descending in full armour on a winged white horse from the clouds to succour the Cid. At the restaurant I sometimes find myself handing the paper to Roland, or Iriarte the White; and, when the old canon who presides at the soup, asks me if I will take a second helping, I sometimes catch myself saying, A thousand thanks, brave Campeador, no. At which every one laughs to see my brain wool gathering; and I break out of the room in a fret, throwing my chair down. Don't I," said Balthazar, twirling his moustachios with both hands till the sharp tips of their curls nearly reached his cheek bones; "don't I," and he clenched his stick as if he were hewing down a Saracen, "wander about this old palace of Pedro the Cruel till it nearly turns my brain, thinking of the generous old times when sword law was more thought of than statute law?"

"When might was right, in fact."

"When might was right—always right—and right was mighty, too, and strong handed. In the days before every house was full of the vermin of slander; when you could strike honestly, in the teeth, the man to whom you now have to bow and smirk, and to shake hands with. The times when the people, rich or poor, were happy—"

"Stagnant times—no progress."

"No miserable jealousies, then; no doubtful faith: no uncertain loyalty—the whole nation having one heart, that loved God and hated the Moor; the one growing, elastic hope of all, to crush, expel, or exterminate that worshipper of the false prophet, whose religion was founded on intolerance, cruelty, and sensuality." (Abruptly to me) "What do you think of the Porte?"

"Well," I said, smiling at the decanter blandly to turn away his wrath, for Balthazar hated joking on his favourite topics, "to tell you the real truth, I prefer the sherry."

"Bah!" said Balthazar, scourging the strings of his guitar with his angry hands, and roaring out the verse of a ballad at passing-bell intervals:

"His beard was like a horse's mane, his steed was
varnish'd red

With Moorish blood his rider-king that cruel day had
shed.

"You know not, you Englishmen, how to be serious. When other men sing you are sour; and when we are serious then you laugh. Bah! English people are a bizarre people. True, Heaven certainly has given you the power to buy and sell. But, suppose you make cotton for all the world. What then! Cui bono? Are you happier, or wiser, or greater? Will Manchester ever produce a Cid?"

"All crimson shone his suit of mail, all fiery shone his
sword,

His breastplate steel was hewn across, his battle-axe was
flaw'd."

"I hope not," I said; "but we have a
Bright."

"Don Bray-it? I know not the name.
Did he fight under the duke?"

"More Moors, more plunder! cried the Cid, and buckled
for the fight,

His shield was blazing like a sun, he rode a moving
light.

"The watch-tower bell struck loud and quick, and all the
gates flew back,

On every Moorish face there fell a sudden gloom of black:

"As fourteen thousand horsemen came, in one hot flood
of steel,

A sword at every good knight's side, a spur on every
heel."

"All that," I said, "my good Don Balthazar, is very well; but do you really mean to say that you regret the rough old times, when the biggest muscle and the toughest head decided everything—when kings fought against barons, and barons against kings, and both trampled on the poor man, and chose his quiet little cabbage-garden as the place to fight it out in,—when intellect and virtue, if

not good swordsmen, were always kicked out of court, and when foppery in dress and ridiculous ceremony were rampant everywhere side by side with a religion that gagged all thinking, and made you swallow miracles that would not go down now in our very nurseries?"

"Look here," said Balthazar, rising up, and gripping my wrist till my fingers got quite red, "do you see that Moorish doorway, down the hall, to the left?"

I said I did.

"And what do you see through that gate of Paradise?"

"Much," I said. "Windows with pony-hoof arches, divided by slender pillars of alabaster, scarce bigger than sticks of amber. Some of them are fretted and engraved: the openings pierced with little pips, like the spades and diamonds in a pack of cards. Thin lace-work fans out over the crystalline ornaments on the doors and panels. The wall space of the cloisters and the cornices edging the roof-tiles, is everywhere magic-marvellous, and beautiful as the changing beauty of the skies."

"Go on," said Balthazar, drinking in my words of admiration.

"I see everywhere wainscot mailings of Moorish tiles reaching breast-high up the walls, shining with a deep richness of greens, browns, and blues. Above this is a casket-work enamel of marbled stucco, stamped everywhere with the lion and castle of Castille."

"O, never mind the seals of Charles and Philip; confine yourself to the Moorish work wrought for Pedro the Cruel, on the the very spot where we stand, by artificers from the newly finished Alhambra. Go outside, and you will see over the principal entrance above the three top windows, a horizontal panel, surrounded by an inscription, which looks like Cufic, but is really Gothic, and runs thus:

"The very high, the very noble, and the very powerful conqueror, Don Pedro, by the grace of God King of Castille and of Leon, commanded these alcazaras and these façades to be built in the year one thousand three hundred and sixty-four."

"I observed it," I said, "it was quite at the top, and over it ran a cornice of cellular work, like a section of a honeycomb, showing the cells. Underneath is the great west door, covered with a pattern such as you see when you shake up a kaleidoscope to some specially gorgeous and lucky combination."

"I see you appreciate the starry beauty of those geometric and eternal flowers," said Balthazar, eyeing me with paternal fondness, seeing I was ready to ride behind him, on the same hobby. "And you see it," he said, "dinted and blurred by hundreds of years' neglect and ill-usage; though Time seems rather to kiss than gnaw these relics of art. Wait till I, by the help of our Queen, am

enabled to restore these walls, and steep them again in colour: wait till, by the help of those saints who ever wait on our enlightened and progressing nation, I refine with fresh bloom and dye these tarnished butterfly wings, polish again each fairy pillaret, solidify each gilded cell of the honeyed domes, repuncture the starlet holes of the trellice-work, and re-embazon every badge and bearing of my great country's by-gone kings. I will—Saint James being my help—devote the rest of my poor life to this noble work; I will, Heaven helping, restore to life this dead palace of beauty: and when I die, I will only pray our extremely virtuous and honoured Queen to allow me to be buried under the entrance door-step, that every foot that enters may tread on the poor grave of the sinner Balthazar, who loved the beautiful old place so well."

He said all this in so touching a way, that I had to devote all my energies to staring at the bottom of my glass, or I should have had to confess my emotion. As it was, one hot, big tear fell on the guitar-board, and remained a watery blot on its light polished surface.

Balthazar struck the strings furiously:

"The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around,

The cry went forth along the hall that the lion was unbound,

"They pressed around the ivory throne, to shield their lord from harm:

The good Cid woke and gently rose, without fear or alarm:

He went to meet the lion, with his mantle on his arm."

"And of course dragged him safely back to his den?" I said. "Why, Wombwell would have done that; he used to drub his lions with a crowbar."

"Don't compare the Cid to Hummel," said Balthazar. "I knew him well: he was a mere piano-player, and wrote some pretty music."

I bowed deprecatingly, for the Don was an impracticable man.

"Well," he said, "you see all this work, and you have praised it. Observe my argument. This was the proof of the mental condition of the Moors—of the Moors who carried mathematics, and medicine, and botany, and indeed all learning, to a marvellous pitch. The best doctors and astronomers of the Middle Ages were from Spain. They kept the great Greek books alive; they knew of paper and gunpowder, if they did not invent them. From them came the germs of half our modern discoveries. How great they were in art, this palace, the Grenada Alhambra, and our wonderful Giralda, show, being the high-water mark of their achievements. I will tell you a story, from Abul Pharajius, to prove to you, how the Sultans of that age of Islamism ruled."

"Go on," I said, performing an Eastern salute with a laughing face, and dragging through the window bars a great bough of waxen orange blossoms to smell at; "thy servant is listening with a thousand ears."

"Mark, then, O son of the faithful, that of all the Abassides of the Black Banner, Mutaded and Almanzor alone were beloved by Allah. It is not often given to kings to be wise or happy. Wisdom and happiness are not to be seen among the crown jewels. Yet the one is often among the brown mugs on the peasant's shelf, and the other is kept on many a cottage mantelpiece. Does not, indeed, Elmacer tell us, in the words of truth—Elmacer, the golden-mouthed historian, writing to Zurita, the poet, who was called by men, for his truth, 'Zurita of the golden heart'—that Al Raschid, one day reading in the book of Hafiz the well known line, 'take what the world can give thee, but death is surely at the bottom of the casket'? and so when they strewed the spoil of nations round the bed of the dying Mahmoud, the great Gaznevide, he wept aloud to think of the vanity of the world—"

"Cut it short, O Commander of the Faithful, for we dine at the Fonda Europa at half-past three," was the irrelevant interruption.

Balthazar, who did not understand English clearly, and was not easy "to sit upon," went on more fervently than ever.

And did not Azzud-ed-Dowlah, dying of consumption in his Palace of Happiness, exclaim in verse: 'I have slain the princes of men, and have laid waste the palaces of kings. I have dispersed them to the East and scattered them to the West, and now the grave calls me and I must go.'—But I am wandering."

"You are," I said. "May your joy increase, and your tongue, O Balthazar, shorten."

"Well, one day a Nubian slave, who was fanning away the flies from the great Mutaded, struck off that jewelled turban, on which the Pyramid of Light was the meanest jewel. The Sultan only exclaimed, 'The boy is sleepy—let him go and rest.' Now, the vizir, hearing this fell down at the Sultan's feet, kissed the ground, and exclaimed: 'O Commander of the Faithful! I thought such clemency was possible only in Heaven.'—For to tell the truth, this Caliph used generally if a slave of the kitchen over-roasted a joint, to instantly bury him alive. You see my argument?"

"I cannot say I do."

"I tell you this story to show how great the power these monarchs exercised over men; and these were Moors.

"Yet we, the Spaniards, crushed them, and drove them out."

"And I have always wondered how you did it."

"Well, we did. Do you know what made us do it?—who led us, who focussed our

aims, who beat into us the one idea of Moorish conquest?"

"No."

"The Cid!—the Cid! All honor to the Cid! Let me give you in rude recitation, with here and there a twang of the guitar-strings, my vision of the Cid's sally from his besieged castle of Alcocer—the first outburst of that Spanish deluge that never receded till it rose over the dead body of the last Moor.

"The fourth watch had begun, the third was scarcely past, when the Cid, looking round on the faces lean agnast, said, 'The water is cut off, the bread is well nigh spent, escape by night we cannot, for many a Moorish tent is round these walls, thick as the morning dew. Now, gentlemen, I pray you speak, and say what is to do: we are too stout to starve, to grapple we're too few.' Then Alvar Fanez stood erect, a lion man was he; he said, 'I count six hundred—six hundred barring three. It is by fighting with the Moors we earned our blood-stained bread: in the name of God that made us let nothing more be said: let us sally out upon the Moors let what will happen may, let us sally out upon the Moors at the breaking of the day.' (Twang-twang-tillo-dillo-twang.) The Cid approved, they all consent, they had no fear or doubt; the Moors that were with in the town they took and turned them out. They hammered at the helmet band, they worked the lifelong night, and long before the sun was up they were ready for the fight. (Twang-twang.) Two footmen only there were left to keep ward at the gate, to bury all the Christian dead if such should be their fate. Unto Pedro Bermudez the Cid the banner gave, and bade him bear it evenly, erect and stout and brave; but not to venture rashly forth until he gave command. Bermudez never spoke a word, but ran and kissed his hand. (Twang-dillo-trillo-twang. Hurrah!) They broke and split the unbarred gates, no covert more for them, they were all steel—no silver, gold, no spangle, spark, or gem. With spur and shout the lusty knights all close together rushed; the outposts of the craven Moors back to the camp were pushed. The camp was stirring like a hive or autumn leaves in wind; the cymbals beat their stormy brass, the drums roared far behind. The Moors by thousands ran to horse, they spurred and stormed and raced: the two main battles gathered quick, in anger and in haste. The horse and foot were rolling mixed, the spears came like a sea. 'The Moors are moving forward,' the Cid cried joyfully; 'my men stand firm in order, ranged hedge-hog close in line: let not a man move from his rank before I give the sign.' Bermudez heard the warning word, but he could not refrain; he let the banner struggle out, and gave his horse the rein. Then Garcia and Munoz spurred forth to keep him back. 'I

cannot hold," he fiercely cried, and broke into the rack. O, where the Moors were black and thick—the heart of all the host—he drove a thunderbolt of war where spears and swords were most; and cried, 'My noble Campeador. God be your precious aid, for I bear your banner where I hope to meet with many a blade.' They saw the flag entangled among the Moorish men, the Cid cried out, 'Saint James's name! 'tis time to rouse us, then.' (Twang-twang-dillo-trillo-twang.) Their blazoned shields upon their hearts, their vizors barr'd and down, their lances levelled firm and low, upon their lips a frown. Their banners and their knightly crests, all waving in a row; their sturdy heads, bull-like, bent grim towards their saddle-bow. The Cid upon his gilded seat rode first and cried afar, 'I am Don Ruy Diaz, the Champion of Bivar.' (Twang-twang-dillo-trillo-twang.)"

"What, is that all?"

"O no, that is only the beginning; but I must get back and look after that devil's limb of a boy. I dare say he is pelting my casts with lumps of modelling clay, or drawing caricatures of me bailed-singing, or some nonsense."

"That sally from Alcocer is by Fulano, of course?"

"O no!"

"Who then?"

"By myself."

Here we reached the studio.

Don Balthazar, looking through the key-hole, suddenly burst open the door, crying, "Why, I'll be hanged if that rascal of a boy is not painting at my Princess! I'll give it him."

At the table d'hôte dinner an English Colonel from Gibraltar asked me to tell him candidly what I thought of the Spanish guitar. I, still sore from Don Balthazar and his interminable playing, replied candidly, "Well, Colonel, I must say, I think it's a tinkling business, after all."

THE CURE OF SICK MINDS.

THERE are few household calamities so utterly deplorable as loss of reason in a husband, wife, or child; and there is, perhaps, no household calamity for the lightening of which so much can be done or left undone by the friends of the afflicted, according to their knowledge or their ignorance of certain leading truths.

The development of this kind of knowledge has been the work of science in our own day, and its diffusion is the duty of all journals such as ours. For that reason we have, from time to time, dwelt upon points relating to insanity in England, and we now find, upon the latest reports of our county Lunatic Asylums, a few more notes of profitable information.

Of the last quarterly number "of the Jour-

nal of Mental Science, published by authority of the association of medical officers of Asylums and Hospitals for the Insane," a considerable part is devoted to a review, by Doctor Bucknill, of the reports of English, Scotch, Irish, and East Indian Lunatic Asylums published during the last two years, with citation of the most important facts contained in each. There are added notes on the reports of the Irish Lunacy Commission, and a review of the last published report of our commissioners in lunacy. Fresh from the reading of these notes we write what follows.

Taking for granted the first principle of the treatment of insane persons, without harsh restraint, a principle which is now recognised almost universally in England, we pass to two main facts which have been more recently established, and which should have as general a recognition. One is, that insanity is a disease of bodily weakness, not of strength,—a disease commonly arising from defect of nourishment and physical depression. The other is, that in its first stages, insanity is generally curable; that on its appearance help against it should be sought without even a putting off until to-morrow, since every day's delay adds to the difficulty of cure, and after the delay of two or three months, relief—perhaps a long relief—may indeed be obtained, but cure has become nearly impossible.

Most important is it that a proper understanding of these facts should be impressed on all who are concerned in the administration of our workhouse system. Throughout the curable stage of their disease insane paupers very frequently indeed are retained in workhouses to save the expenses of their maintenance in the county asylum. While so detained they are receiving neither the right medical treatment nor the right supply of nourishment. Rightly to treat a pauper lunatic in a workhouse would, for want of the organised system and all the appliances belonging to an establishment built and maintained with the sole view to such a purpose, cost more than the charge payable to a county asylum for the care of him. Patients retained thus in the workhouse during the first weeks of lunacy do not recover, but becoming worse, are sent when the possibility of perfect cure is at an end, to the asylum, and become for the rest of their lives a permanent or an occasional charge upon the rates.

A discussion has been lately carried on between the commissioners in lunacy and the visitors of the Middlesex Lunatic Asylums. The visitors have gained their point, but the commissioners were surely in the right. They had opposed the enlargement of the two great Middlesex asylums—Hanwell and Colney Hatch—first, because over-grown asylums have proved disproportionately costly, through the waste and loss occasioned

by the multiplication of servants, and the impossibility of subjecting them to the individual and constant oversight of a single responsible head; secondly, because a medical officer, let him work as he will, cannot do his duty thoroughly in the case and treatment of patients, unless there is reasonable limit to their number; thirdly, because, at Hanwell and Colney Hatch, there is not ground enough fairly to admit of the proposed increase of the number of patients by whom it is to be used. The commissioners recommended, therefore, that the fresh expenditure for building should go to the erection on some simple and inexpensive plan of a third asylum for the incurable idiotic and demented patients, so that there might be more room at Colney Hatch and Hanwell, for those recent and curable cases for which it is especially important that the doors of an asylum should be open the widest. The suggestion seems to have been beyond all question right and wise.

The opposing argument raised by the visiting justices of Colney Hatch, did not join issue upon any general principle, but argued as a fact that it would be of no use to make much room for curable cases in a Middlesex asylum, because "the occurring cases of insanity among the pauper population of the metropolis are of a most unfavourable description," and curious facts are given to illustrate the particular incurability of pauper lunatics in the county of Middlesex. We certainly do not believe that there is any special malignancy in the incipient madness of a London pauper as compared with that of a pauper in the crowd of Birmingham, where, as Doctor Bucknill points out, the per centage of cases is rather above the average. Evidently the truth must be that in London the fresh cases are not brought to the asylum door. Many perhaps are overlooked in the defective practical operation of the workhouse system, others may be allowed to pass into the incurable state by guardians and union surgeons who have paid little attention to the subject of insanity, who are not sufficiently aware of the emergency of every lunacy case at its outset, and who in such matters cannot distinguish between curable and incurable affliction. Cases of lunacy will be multiplied five fold throughout the country whenever the whole public has been made alive to the necessity of seeking instant remedy. In the last report of the Derbyshire Asylum there is mention of an interesting case. A young woman, liable to returns of insanity, and living fourteen miles away, left her home at four o'clock one wet morning, and taking the railway as her guide, hurried to the asylum; she passed through several tunnels on her road, and arrived wet and exhausted. She said, "she dreaded being ill at home, for they treated her badly when mad. She knew the asylum was her best place, and she came as

fast as she could, to get help in time; she did not let her friends know of her intention, for she had asked them to bring her, and they were unwilling to do so." A little medicine and repose tranquillised the rising nervous agitation. In two or three days she returned home to her friends, and has remained with them ever since. This instant hurry to secure relief was a half mad act, founded on the soundest judgment. At the very first symptom of disease in the mind let remedy be sought. Let there be no avoidable postponement of the search for efficient help, not even for an hour.

Moreover, if the sufferer be in want through poverty, or through the not uncommon error that induces some people to starve the body—keep it under—for advantage of the mind, let there be immediate recognition of the truth, that there is often better mental food in a beefsteak than in a book—that the mind partakes of the body's health or sickness—that whatever weakens one weakens the other, whatever strengthens one strengthens the other. The main root of insanity is defect of nutrition, often a transmitted weakness, often a depression caused by personal privation; it never is a strength of fury added to good health: its wildest paroxysm is, so to speak, the agony of a mind upon which its house of the flesh falls torturing and crushing, after its foundations have been loosened. Insanity is not the immaterial disease of an immaterial essence, but the perverted action of the mind caused by a defect in its instrument. Whatever helps to put the body into good physical condition does something towards the repair of the defective instrument.

Here it is worth while to observe, that, in daily life, without the limits of a positive disease, there are few things more obviously injurious to the mind's health than crotchets of unreasonable abstinence. It is not in body only that we are to-day pretty well, to-morrow a little poorly, next day full of vigour; changes of mental health are greater and more frequent, and to the person in whom they take place more obvious; yet we habitually refer them to the body. Depression, irritability, and a dozen other shifting states of mind, we speak of as bodily disorders, and with reason. Thus it is that men's characters come to depend, in no small degree, upon their breakfasts and their dinners. Has any reader of these pages ever known a man or woman who, without proper compensation to the system, chose to play vegetarian or total abstainer, who has not shown also weaknesses of character, and a crochettiness upon sundry points irreconcilable with the belief that they enjoy a true soundness of mental health? On what morbid impressions do we find young ladies resting their minds when they have once abandoned the allegiance due to bread and mutton! The lean men of old who went ou

into the desert to starve themselves into sanctity, would have been infinitely holier had they been healthy labourers in their Great Master's vineyard, applying sound minds to the love and comfort of their neighbours. There was use then no doubt, in their extravagant antagonism of a life of heavenly contemplation with the turmoil of a world wholly immersed in rude physical struggle. We do not discuss the state of society that begot and supported a delusion, and gave it, as it gave at other times to yet more conspicuous delusions, its place in the great system of human history. Those half-starved men, with their mental disease and its attendant visions and delusions, must have been in a very large number of cases incurable lunatics.

Drunkenness begets insanity not by excitement. It is the stage of reaction and depression to which reason succumbs. The drunkard also turns from his meat, and by the substitution of a drink that contains few elements of nourishment for a great part of the solid sustenance by which alone the body can be nourished, he secures a double risk. He really starves his body while he also spoils his powers of digestion; thus secures, in an extreme form, the defect of nutrition that throws open the gate by which madness usually enters. At the same time, he struggles to pull in his madness through the gate so opened by taking that which continually forces his mind into fits of unhealthy depression.

Thus, an excess of intoxicating drink is maddening; but the madness of the excited drunkard is not the direct begetter of insanity. That comes of the next consequent depression working on a mind in an ill-nourished body. It is so also with opium-eating. When the Lincolnshire labourers worked in their fens, before the drainage of the country, the (not being of one mind with the proverb, that "an ague in spring is physie for a king") gladly fastened upon opium-eating as a safeguard against ague. The fens are now drained, but the habit of eating opium remains; and to the last report of the Lincolnshire Lunatic Asylum, Dr. Palmer contributes a very emphatic expression of the prevalence and danger of this secret vice, which sends him many a patient melancholy mad from among the peasant population of his county.

There are still thousands among the ignorant, who hold concerning insanity opinions little in advance of those of the day when Luther said, "Idiots are men in whom devils have established themselves; and all the physicians who heal those infirmities as if they proceeded from natural causes are ignorant blockheads, who know nothing about the powers of the demon. Eight years ago I myself saw and touched at Dessau a child of this sort, which had no human parents, but had proceeded from the devil." The

physician to the Derbyshire Asylum, while protesting strongly against the mischievous belief that insanity is a mysterious spiritual disorder, incapable of relief by medicinal science says that no language can be too strong for such a protest; for that false opinion "causes the patient to be detained at home until the curative stages have passed away, and the case becomes hopeless." Moreover, the fearful ideas which such a creed engenders, may be understood when it is stated, that thrice has the superintendent of this asylum been requested by the parents of insane persons under his care "to let them know when the malady of their sons should become so bad as that they should require to be suffocated." They looked upon the suffocation of the patient as no unusual requirement in the treatment of insanity.

The last Hanwell Report contains what Dr. Bucknill regards as the first authentic instance of a man's causing his own death by knocking his head against a wall. Apocryphal or poetical reports of the suicide of prisoners by dashing out their brains against stone walls are not uncommon, but nothing worse than a severe scalp wound of the head has been known to result in recent times from any such attempt by prisoner or lunatic. A greyhound in full career running against a post may dash his head to pieces, but his pace is sixty miles an hour, and the whole muscular force of his body is behind his head, propelling it. Grant that a man can urge himself forward at a velocity of twelve miles in an hour, then we may grant, also, that if he throw all the weight and impelling force of his body behind his head—as when he is thrown head-foremost from a horse—he may produce fatal concussion. But a man cannot run with speed except with his head nearly erect; so that if he runs with head erect, he has the pace without the weight sufficient for a deadly contact with a wall; and if he stoops very much, he has part of the weight without the pace. At Colney Hatch, however, one patient, on the day after admission, suddenly rushed forward and struck his head with much force against the inner wooden sash of one of the windows of the ward. No bruise appeared externally, nor did the patient even show that he was stunned; but he died five days afterwards; and on examination of the brain, effusion of blood was found to have been caused by the concussion.

At Colney Hatch and Gloucester attempts have been made to compare the variations of the ozonimeter with the number of epileptic fits among the lunatics in the asylum; but no connection between ozone and epilepsy has been traced. It still remains for the scientific men in charge of our asylums to solve several problems connected with the variations of disease within their wards. On some days all the excitable lunatics in an asylum will be raving, on another day they will be marvellously still. Such variations

manifestly are dependent on some subtle changes in the influence exerted on them by the earth or air. Whether ozone has anything to do with them, or if not that, what else remains to be discovered.

The report of the Friends Retreat at York contains some valuable figures. The want of thoroughly good asylums, apart from the county asylums for the pauper lunatic, in which afflicted persons of the middle class may receive promptly the best help at a charge never exceeding one guinea a week, is met for their own body by the Quakers. This Retreat at York already holds a foremost place in the history of the amended treatment of insanity. There is yet another lesson to be learnt by observation of its system. Of its hundred and twelve present inmates, eighty are members of the Society of Friends, twenty-one are of different religious professions, and eleven are not in membership. The asylum, one of the best in the land, is not only self-supporting, but yields a considerable surplus for devotion to the increase of its power to do good. The actual cost for care and maintenance of the inmates has been, upon each person, seventeen shillings a week. The payment is proportioned to the means of those who are admitted. Thirty-two do not pay more than six shillings a week, twenty-three pay from six to ten shillings, twenty-two pay more than ten shillings but not more than a pound, six pay more than a pound but not more than two pounds, twenty-nine pay more than two pounds. Including a sum of four hundred pounds for repairs and alterations, the expenditure of the Retreat was, in round numbers, six thousand, and the receipts from patients were seven thousand pounds in the year last set upon record. The appointments of the Retreat are good, the diet is liberal, even carriage exercise for patients is included in its system. Perfectly good, self-supporting, middle-class asylums are, therefore, possible institutions; and it is not necessary that they should impose heavy charges on the means of men whose misfortune it is that they have become as dead in the midst of the families that were perhaps dependent for the means of comfortable life upon their daily exertion. Without the necessity that it should become self-supporting, to some such purpose as we have shown in a former volume, the resources of Bethlehem, under the wise counsel of Doctor Hood, are now being applied; but that is little more than one step on a long broad road. Let the whole public distinctly understand two things: that insanity in its first stage—and then only—is in very many cases curable; that a visit of a few weeks to a perfectly well-regulated asylum, when the first symptoms appear, may be made pleasanter and without involving any reception of charity less costly than a change to seaside lodgings, and will often suffice to establish a cure. Full recognition of the want of

instant help and of the curability of a large mass of the most afflicting disease to which man is liable when instant help is sought, would probably create a demand for a few thoroughly good, self-supporting, middle-class asylums strong enough to call them into vigorous existence.

MY LADY CRUMP.

My Lady Crump was a fortunate woman. She was the uncontrolled mistress of a large fortune; possessed a fine estate in the country; and could (had she been so minded) have enacted the part of a Lady Bountiful as well as any sober-minded, well-endowed gentlewoman of the last century. She lived in a grand old manor-house, full of deep bay-windows, and dark oak panels, gorgeous with carving, set in a beautiful terraced garden, rich in cedars and yews. In the midst of the pleasure lay a pretty lake, peopled with gold fish, and studded with graceful swans. Her handsome, but lumbering tub of a coach, drawn by the sleekest and most satin-coated of horses, and driven by the most sober of coachmen, paced in solemn state up the fine elm avenue leading to the house. Lofty pillars on either side of the gate bore the arms of my Lady Crump, namely, gules, on a bend sable between six seabants, or, three purses argent. Stately peacocks stepped majestically before the door, spreading their glorious trains in the sunshine, and myriads of doves cooed softly from the dovecot. Acres of gardens stretched away to the south, yielding great harvests of golden fruit. Plenty seemed to breathe in the very air of the house, and corpulence was the rule therein.

My lady's waiting gentlewoman was comely and stout, and sailed about in rich sober-tinted silk gowns, gorgeous to behold, followed by the pet lap-dog, who could only have earned that title from reposing in the ample lap of Glumdaleclitch, for none of mere mortal mould could by any chance have contained him. The staid butler was so portly, he looked as if he ought to have been moved on castors; and the chaplain was as round and rosy as one of his own apples. The cook, as in duty bound, was the fattest of all,—a perfect mountain of solid flesh; and the very maids and scullions were as buxom and plump as partridges fed on wheat. There was a broad smile over the whole face of the house, as it lay basking in the full blaze of the sun, surrounded by great bright hollyhocks and sunflowers, and garlanded with huge red roses "from garret to basement," every window gleaming with sunshine.

The only person who did not laugh and grow fat,—the one little blot on all this life and sunshine,—was my Lady Crump herself, the owner of it all.

She was a little, plain, spare woman, with hardly an ounce of flesh about her; with

pale feeble-looking hair, and weak eyes, that never could have perpetrated a flash or twinkle in their whole existence. Her complexion was wan and indefinite,—for she seemed not to have blood enough in her body for one good wholesome blush. Her hands were long, pale, and feeble; not possessing character enough to look like claws, but flabby and cold enough for fungus. Her voice was a ghost: not from want of power, but from absence of spirit or tone. She always dressed in dingy greys, or faded greens, and wore silks that did not make a grand rustle, but that feebly hissed and shivered, like damp, dead leaves blowing about. Her outward appearance was a faithful sign of her inward character. She was a dreary, melancholy creature, that lived in her beautiful house like an owl in sunshine. She never appreciated the comforts she possessed, but was always craving for something either beyond her reach, or that which, when obtained, lost its charm. In fact, she was the living and concentrated essence of discontent. The mood of the silly princess, who longed for the roc's egg to complete her otherwise perfect palace, was my Lady Crump's normal mental condition. She had been an only child, and became a spoiled one. Every wish was anticipated, every want was met by her parents; so that she never knew the luxury of making a wholesome wish, and then healthily toiling to obtain it. She was, in point of riches, a sort of Miss Kilmansegg; and, like that renowned lady, her natural tastes and aspirations became perverted and eccentric. Her whole existence was one dissatisfied longing after what was beyond her reach, as a sickly plant in a cellar is drawn in distorted fashion to the light. All her servants and retainers had been duly and rigidly trained not to thwart her, nor cross her, in any way, so that had she exclaimed she wished she had the moon, they would have uttered in chorus, "I wish you had, my Lady Crump."

As it was, not a day passed that she did not wish for something unreasonable. One day it would be for the robust health of Phoebe Budd, the milkmaid; another day she wished she had such a lover as Rogers, the handsome young blacksmith: an idea that would have created mortal terror and dismay in said Rogers's mind, had he known it. One week she would saunter about, envying Betty Brood her numerous tribe of wild black-eyed children, the pest and dread of the whole parish. The ensuing week she would murmur and repine that Heaven had not made her a man, to be able to win glory and scars in the wars of the time.

Her charitable impulses were so feeble and uncertain that she would stare vacantly out of her coach window on a poor shivering half-starved beggar, and, after leaving him crouched up miles behind on the bleak road, would mutter dolefully:—

"I wish I had given that poor man something."

"I wish you had, my Lady Crump," would earnestly say her kind-hearted chaplain. Many angels visited her unawares, but my Lady Crump entertained them not, and they spread their wings and went to more humble but more cheerful hosts.

When the summer came with its roses and lilies, and wreathed the old manor-house with a living garland of fragrance and bloom, and the birds twittered and sung the whole day long, my Lady Crump had her chair taken to a dark, cool corner of the stately room, and would fretfully say:

"I wish we had done with the hot summer weather."

"I wish we had, my Lady Crump," the starched old butler would answer gravely.

And, when the lake was one sheet of ice, and the cedar was hung with glittering drops, while sheets of white snow covered the lawn like an ermine mantle, my Lady Crump would muffle herself up to her nose in costly furs and velvets. She had her easy-chair wheeled almost into the great fire of logs, that went roaring half-way up the huge chimney, and said dolefully:

"I wish we had the summer back again."

"I wish we had, my Lady Crump," would be sure to come from some one or other.

And so she lived on, day by day, moaning and pining, never satisfied, till her life drew near to its close. During her last lingering illness her incessant weak cry was:

"I wish I had my health again."

And it was as dexterously responded to as ever by physician and nurse:

"I wish you had, my Lady Crump."

And then Phœbe Budd, going up to the housekeeper's room to be paid for some needlework, saw the large sunny window darkened, and knew that my Lady Crump lay a-dying. And she told Roger so, as they both trudged merrily to the fair, to lay out their long-hoarded savings in furniture, ready for their wedding: long wished for, and toiled for early and late, and now coming at last. They both said mechanically, "Poor Lady Crump!" and then went on to wonder if her heir would let them rent the new cottage or no. And my Lady Crump, lying in her darkened room, with all the sharpened senses of death, heard the distant sound of their merry voices, as they went down the elm avenue she was to see no more.

"I wish I were in their place!" she faintly sighed.

"I wish you were, my Lady Crump," said her starched gentlewoman.

Then my Lady Crump lay long after this, in a kind of dream, and the pleasant summer hours flew on till the warm light of the setting sun lay bright and golden on the rich green boughs of the cedar hard by. The loud notes of a bird, singing nearer the casement than usual, aroused my Lady Crump

so that she moved her thin hand wearily on the silken counterpane.

"I wish it was night," she moaned, turning her dim eyes from the warm golden rays that lay in long lines over her bed.

"I wish it was, my —," half uttered the gentlewoman, stopped by a look of pain and horror on the chaplain's face, as he stood gazing quietly on the wasted features before him. For he knew that night was coming—almost come—with the great black shadowy wings, clouding over the few gleams of the past—a night that was to know no waking.

Again her lips moved, and he bent over her to catch the words.

"I wish I had my life to live over again."

"I wish you had, my Lady Crump," fervently and solemnly ejaculated the chaplain. And so she died.

Now this record of my Lady Crump is taken from authentic sources; and to prove this, I have just received a communication from my erudite and ingenious friend, Doctor Diggemout, F. S. A. He has discovered the remains of an ancient ballad, fragments of which have been long current in our nurseries, and which, from internal evidence, manifestly chronicles the life and death of my Lady Crump. It is true that she is there designated under the ambiguous title of the Little Old Woman; but anyone studying the description of her, and her style of living, must feel convinced that this pseudonym is very transparent. I will not enter into my learned friend's dissertation on the value of ballad lore, as throwing light on the characteristics and history of a nation, but will, in support of my assertion, quote the opening verse:

There was an old woman,
And what do you think?
She lived upon nothing
But victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink
Were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman
Could never be quiet.

If this proof is not sufficient, take the closing verse:

This little old woman,
On dying, we find,
Left nothing, except
A large fortune behind;
So pity her fate,
Gentle reader, and say
Such women are not
To be found ev'ry day.

And thus arose the proverb; so that, whenever any one is unreasonable or discontented, and reiterates dolefully, "I wish I had such, or such a thing!" he is silenced by the rejoinder in chorus, of all within hearing, "I wish you had, my Lady Crump!" And it is a sad fact, that though the original is defunct, yet my Lady Crump's

mantle has descended partially, if not entirely on very many even of our own day. People blessed with health, wealth and youth, are yet frequently seized with an insatiable craving for some particular roc's egg, which, if even they possessed it, would be an unsuitable disfigurement to their dwellings. And, while thus fixing their eyes on some unattainable and doubtful good, they miss many tangible benefits; besides many innocent joys and pleasures, simple luxuries which even the poorest can enjoy, and the richest ought to value. They linger listlessly through the present sunshiny moment, dreaming of some future day that may come loaded with rain and storm, instead of making the very utmost use of the bright gleam they possess now, and thereby laying up stores of many memories for days less bright to come.

We may be endowed with wealth untold; with unbroken health; with all the vigours and energy of youth, and yet lack that crowning presence of all,—the power of enjoyment. It is the nearest approach to happiness that is humanly possible, and it opens the heart with even such tiny keys as the scent of the many-blossomed May, or the song of the bees in the golden broom.

O ye deluded followers of my Lady Crump—inheritors of her mantle, more fatal than the garments of Nessus, while you eagerly peep with one eye, through your telescope, at far-off love or fame, wealth or distinction—you miss all the nearer but more vulgar treasures of green fields and blue skies, humble love, and quiet competence. Renounce your allegiance to her, and be free; strive to train up the tendrils of your hearts more willingly in their appointed station, and put on the spectacles of contentment, through which a wise man sees the world. Copy Nature's beautiful adaptability; whereby, although her fundamental laws are as unchangeable as those of the Medes and Persians, her minor rules are determined by circumstance. I do not mean when she gives to peculiar climates their most useful and life-giving forms of vegetation, as in the giant cactus of Mexico, whose juicy leaves quench the thirst of men and mule, or the best tracts of melons, which, as Doctor Livingstone tells us, was food for all, from the tiny insect to the lordly elephant. Not in this alone do we see her accommodating herself to her place, clothing sterile regions with a verdure and beauty peculiar to themselves; but her most useful lesson is nearer home. You have only to watch a tree planted in some confined nook or corner. It is true it does not flourish in all the beauty and unconstrained freedom that was intended for it; but yet, cramped and knotted, angular and misshapen though it be, it sends out its green branches of cheerfulness and contentment even in the close prison-yard or dense city garden, to cheer and encourage some lonely

heart, pining for fresh air and sunshine. It knows not the ambrosia of gentle dews, and delicious cool rains, but drinks, unrepiningly, the dank fog or the inky stream: that has imbibed all the sooty particles from roofs and gutters. Yet it strikes out its green fingers as far as it can to catch the least gleam of comfort, reaching far up for a tiny glimpse of blue sky and fresher air.

In all phases of life in which we are placed there is something to be gathered and gained—"some softening gleam of love and prayer"—some humanising influence that is to work for our good. Above all, let us steer clear of the rock on which my Lady Crump went down:

In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
Yet sickening of a vague disease,—

The growling and inveterate sickness of the heart discontent. Good Isaac Walton says: "Let us not repine, nor think the gifts of God unequally bestowed. If we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep these riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and above all for a quiet conscience!"

THE REVEREND ALFRED HOBLUSH FINDS A NEW BROOM.

THE following passage from the life of the Reverend Alfred Hoblush, is submitted in this place as illustrative of the stripes which this ill-fated person had to bear in the course of his journey through this vale of tears:

She came with the most extraordinary testimonials as to character, having left for perusal a package of the documents popularly known as discharges, or characters, done up in a strap and buckle; and I am about calling to the single person who waits on me, but who is only holding office provisionally until the appointment of a successor—to show up the bearer of the documents—when I think of the state of my room now in horrible disorder, which is such as almost to preclude possibility of easy access. For being what is irreverently called a bookworm, and all self accommodation being long since used up, I had found it convenient, for purposes of reference, to keep the grater folios and more unmanageable tomes at free quarters on the floor, with a little circuitous lane leading round by the window, the windings of which were only known by myself. The fact was, I was busy with the Golden Ass (which, as all the world knows, was written long ago by the heathen Apuleius, and is most delightful reading), of which I had been labouring at a choice edition for many years. It should be the completest, most erudite thing of the age. I

dreamt of golden asses all night long : I rode them in my sleep, and was in return ridden cruelly by them in night mares (asses?). All my thoughts were to that one end—of the Golden Ass! To that end too were all those open drawers overflowing with loose papers—those book-stands groaning under ponderous volumes. To that end was the dust which lay thick everywhere, for fear of the Golden Ass being disturbed.

Some way, I dreaded the interview with the virtuous menial who I knew was waiting below. I felt, as it were, mentally transported to a dentist's front parlour, and seemed to be waiting until a person in black should throw the door open, and say, "Now sir!" In truth, I had my heart broke already in these interviews with importunate ladies, who, I was given to understand, considered my line of employment most desirable—single being considered in the profession not to give much trouble. And so I was harassed by persons of thorough capabilities and general in-door qualifications; and had to hold a daily reception of lady candidates. I was actually lain in wait for in the open streets, and hustled in the most unseemly manner; and once was observed flying down a by-lane, pursued by three women of excited demeanour. The wretched nights I spent, tossing and thinking of the horrid nuisance. Reason at one time all but tottered on its throne; and the Golden Ass stood still in the middle of the road. At last one good friend, taking pity on my condition, said he had heard of a treasure, who had lived with a bachelor friend of his, and would send her if I wished. And she was now waiting below—the perfect treasure. "Send her up," I called in a feeble voice to the person who was only holding office until the appointment of a successor. "Ask Mrs. Swipelin to step this way."

I was in the dentist's parlour again. I hear the butler's step. I hear the other patient going through the hall—no doubt, with his handkerchief to his face. Was this Mrs. Swipelin, the prefect treasure?

She was standing in the doorway—smiling and nodding to me; but in spite of such reassuring gestures my heart sank terribly. How should I manage to discuss terms—to make suitable arrangements with a person of those Patagonian dimensions—that super-human size and admeasurement? It would be undue influence, agreement made under bodily fear! I was in bodily fear: if she chose to use personal violence, there was none nigh, and I was at her mercy. Terrible spectre! there she stood at the door with her shawl swathed tightly about her, and evidently trying to encourage me, with a series of pleasant smiles. Pleasant! Poor soul! no efforts of hers could force her features to a benignant expression, Nature having cast the lower part of her face in a mould irresistibly suggesting the notion of a jug.

She was speaking now, at least there was to be heard a peculiar rasping sound, as if carpenters were busy in an adjoining chamber. She was glad to see, she said, I had got her little papers before me. She had lived with the best and noblest in the land. O dear, yes! Had enjoyed the society of lords, dukes, and commoners. Seductive offers had been made to her; bags of gold laid at her feet.

"But," she continued, protruding with painful prominence, the portion of her countenance which has been already likened to a jug, "I put all proffers, such to the behind of me. Having no fancy for jules and beauty, and distraction of 'igh life; but seeking rather quiet. And hearing of a young gentleman, living lonely by himself, without a soul to do for him in the world, I come straight from the country, two 'undred miles away, with all my trunks and boxes, not small in themselves, and now lying at the Goat. Here," continues Mrs. Swipelin, throwing her eyes up devotionally, "Providence has brought me to a haven—to an 'arbour—of peas, where I may ride at hanker securely—now and for ever and ever, give glory. Amen."

A horrible feeling began to take possession of me from this moment, that she being now on the premises, would really, and without metaphor, ride there at anchor, without possibility of being dislodged; and at the same time, the sad truth forced itself on me that the power of resistance was every instant. I did indeed stand in bodily fear of her; but, providentially, the folios were there—between her and me.

"From the moment I was sitting in that 'oly 'all below, I saw that this would be my 'ome. 'Suzy Swipelin,' I says, 'your wanderings is from this moment over now and for ever, world without end! This night you shall sleep under your hown fig-tree.' You like the dischargers." Mrs. Swipelin continued with a horrible insinuating leer.

"O, indeed, yes," I said hastily, glad to propitiate her. "Nothing could be better; but I'm afraid—"

"Just permit of me—" she interrupted, about stepping forward and lessening her distance between us, but becoming conscious of the obstacle proceeded with much irritability to cut a passage for herself among the folios, tossing them aside contemptuously. I fancied I heard sounds like "drat" and "unregular." I shrank back from her as she stood towering over me. "Ye like them," she said taking them up. "No fault in them?"

"They are," I answered, "complimentary in the extreme. You should be proud indeed of such testimony, and keep them carefully to hand down to your children." How I loathed myself as I spoke these honeyed words.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Swipelin, with a leer of admiration, "a nice-spoken gentleman with

whom I can journey down this wale of life all my live long days until death do us part, without warning or so much as a month's wages. Bless ye! what a house we shall make of it!"

"You misunderstand," I said, in something like crying tones, "you do indeed. If, indeed, you had only applied earlier—or come sooner. But I am afraid I am pledged—"

"Pledged then be it," Mrs. Swipclin answered with horrible avidity, "from now henceforth and for ever more. But for coming an hour before to-morrow night, I could not do it. Those baggages are too many and heavy."

"But," said I, nearly frantic, "I don't mean that. I don't want you to come. I did not mean to engage you. That is—"

A fearful change came over her face, and I would have given worlds to have recalled the fatal words. With alarm, I observed, too that she was handling abstractedly, the great wooden ruler that always lay beside my desk.

"Would ye repeat that," she said in low suppressed accents. "I did not catch what you said."

Repeat? It was impossible; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

"Do you mean to tell me," Mrs. Swipclin said, giving a tap with the ruler at every word, "that you intend a going back of your word, given and plighted solemnly afore this here halter, as it might be. Do I take you as meaning to fling me to the winds, as you would a broken reed? Do I—"

Fling her to the winds! At another season I would have smiled at the notion. But now the aspect of the infuriated woman checked such unseemly mirth.

"What I would convey," I said, soothingly, "is—"

"What do ye mean?" she said, turning on me (with a tremendous flourish of the ruler), and in a high scream that made me tremble. "do you think that after a handling and thumbing of my dischargers" (I remarked in all my trepidation this unusual final syllable) "till they are filthy, and bringing me here, day after day, and engaging of me, that I am to be put off now at this time of day? What do you mean? I say, what do you mean?"

With that she stood before me with arms squared,—an awful picture.

I am timorous by nature, and love a quiet life above all things in the world. What if in this lonely house this fierce Amazon should meditate violence to my person? I might indeed call vainly for help. Besides, if I had given my word, and so raised false hopes in the poor woman's breast—anything was better than a scene.

"Well, well, Mrs. Swipclin," I said, "you may indeed be right in what you say; and if I did engage you, of course you must come." So I continued affecting an easy

carelessness I was far from feeling. "If you will call some day next week, or next month, or indeed any time during the course of the year that you are at leisure—we can talk it over—"

She smiled—a grim smile—and closed one eye slowly, passing by the miserable jest without remark. But she was softened.

"It is all settled, then, and a load off this blessed breast. I could sing loud, Hallelujacks now and for ever and ever! O my dear young gentleman! if you was to know how I have prayed for this day and hour when I shall have journeyed down the walle of the shader of death, and have a young man to look after me in my old age! I ride now in the 'Aven. O, jubilee!"

Here, in a sort of religious transport, with eyes turned heavenwards, she stood for some moments. It was all over, indeed. Useless struggling further.

"These dischargers," I said, faintly hoping that even this adoption of her own termination of the word might propitiate her, "these dischargers appear—I don't wish to insinuate anything; but if you could explain—they seem a little short." To which Mrs. Swipclin made no reply, beyond profound shaking of her head backwards and forwards, and a sort of deep fetched sigh, that sounded like whistling of the wind round a contiguous street corner.

"I beg your pardon!" I said, not gathering her meaning. But no answer coming, I went on. "I don't wish to find fault, but here is Mr. Mildman, for instance; you only—" (I was at a loss for a suitable word) "resided—yes—resided with him six weeks. Now if I might ask—"

Again mournful and dismalest shaking of the head, together with significant pointing to the ground, and then sky above. She seemed to murmur, in pious ecstasy, words sounding like "Gone to glory. Hallelujacks for ever!" From which I supposed it was to be inferred, erroneously or not, that her last employer had been removed to other spheres above or below.

I did not think it discreet to push the matter further.

"And this," I said, laying my finger on another, "two months?"

Much shaking of head again, in reply; besides which, Mrs. Swipclin had now covered up her face in a great blue handkerchief. The tomb had, doubtless, closed over this gentleman likewise; and not being one to intrude on the sacredness of sorrow, I let it pass: and taking up another:

"And this," I said, delicately, "not quite three months?" (It was two months and two days; but no matter.)

Mrs. Swipclin's grief became now quite hysterical. "Don't, don't," she said, motioning with her arm, "don't speak of him."

"What! dead too?" I said, in astonishment. "How curious!"

Strange mortality, certainly: but, under the circumstances, I did not press for more particulars.

The new broom was now indeed taken: and there was an end on it. Let me go back to my Golden Ass, and drown care in his sweet hee-haws.

Coming home late that evening, I found the hall quite blocked with three monster hair trunks, laid so as to completely obstruct the passage. The new broom had come home; and these cases contained her worldly goods.

"As the tree falls, it must lie in that blessed way for ever," she said, largely paraphrasing a passage of the Sacred Text. "And there that beast of a cabman laid them—unless you, my sweet gentleman, will put your lovely hands to them, and help old Suzy up the stairs with them."

The woman was strong enough to have taken all three upon her shoulders: but with ill-concealed disgust, I had finally to aid her in removing them to one side, else they would have stayed there for ever.

Next morning I was deep again in the Golden Ass, commenting on him and elaborating him with more than usual diligence and success. Some new lights had broken in upon me, and a very curious hypothesis, which would hitherto seem to have escaped all previous scholars who had written upon the Golden Ass. In a sort of a fever, I was working this out, when there was brought in to me, as it were, a further incitement, in the shape of a dispatch from the well-known Doctor Kitely, F.S.A., F.R.S., the eminent scholar, and principal of a famous college. Doctor Kitely had himself made researches upon the Golden Ass; and actually possessed an editio princeps, of extraordinary rarity, of that animal. Knowing this, I had put myself in communication with him; the result of which was this despatch, full of words of encouragement, with a promise not only to send me the rare copy for collation (alluding of course to the scholastic sense of the word), but even to pay me a visit and look at my work, when he should be in that part of the country. Here was Elysium opened to me of a sudden; and in a sort of literary transport, I was thinking what bright things were in store for me, when I was recalled violently back to earth, by a sound as of one overthrown near the door.

"But them books for ever and ever more," Mrs. Swipelin said, rising from the floor much excited. "Who is it leaves them in this unregular way, like potsherds, for people's shins?"

"I am sure I am very sorry, Mrs. Swipelin," I said.

"There are shelves, surely," she answered, "and books for the shelves, and there let them be for ever and ever more—give glory, amen. Well, dinner—you would like it at two—"

"Two o'clock!" I said, in astonishment. "Seven, Mrs. Swipelin, I always dine at seven."

"So I heerd," Mrs. Swipelin answered; "and yet two has been my own particular hour for years—O dear,—so many years back!"

"You can dine at that hour, if you like," I said, with an uneasy feeling coming over me.

"Much healthier hour," she went on, "for gents that study. Now, take Suzy's advice; make it two."

"I can't indeed," I said in great heat and excitement. "Please to let me dine at my own hour. It is very hard indeed, that I am not allowed."

"And who's a-hindering of you?" she burst out. "But it's unregular—monstrous in a Christian house! Two dinners, indeed! Have I four pair of hands, please, to be getting dinners ready at all hours of the day? Perhaps six in the morning, or ten at night, will be the next called for!" Then suddenly growing cool, she said, in wheedling tones: "Now, don't get aggravating of poor Suzy this way; say it—two. Let it be two, my sweet gentleman, for the first days; and then you can have it seven for ever and ever more! Hallelujack!"

I was panting to be at the Golden Ass, and in bodily fear lest the hypothesis should escape me. So I gave up, for quietness' sake; and at two o'clock swallowed a wretched, ill-cooked morsel, and was uncomfortable all the day after.

"A beautiful arrangement," Mrs. Swipelin said, "as the two dinners was thus off her mind together."

It might have been off her mind; but it fell heavily enough on another's, as I was to learn from sad experience. I am firmly persuaded, that certain dyspeptic ailments to which I am now a martyr, may be traced back to this unnatural practice of early dining.

We never reverted to the good old seven o'clock, the right of prescription being always thrown in my face. "Was I going to back of my word? What was this chopping and a-changing? She had no notion of this going back from seven to two, and from two to seven." So, with a sigh, I submitted. Welcome megrimms, horripest disarrangement of digestive functions! all for peace and quiet, and, let me add, for my Golden Ass.

He was getting forward superbly, with great strides, and cutting out his work as the phrase is, in superb style. In his sweet companionship I forgot all my domestic troubles. The dreadful nightmare below stairs, whom I had long since ceased to struggle with, was kept out of my thoughts during these hours of study; and when there reached me one morning, a packet containing the sacred and unique copy from Doctor Kitely, with notice that he would in a few days be in my neighbourhood, and would

come to me, my cup of joy was full. It was wrapped in many folds, and was in a very loose and dilapidated condition; its few leaves being all sadly frayed and moth-eaten. So it had to be handled with extraordinary delicacy and tenderness. The colour was of a deep brown, and each leaf chipped off in fragments at the touch. Never shall I forget the rich mouldy fragrance that exhaled from it: I sniffed it as though it had been purest otto.

"I will treat him like a prince," I said aloud; "he shall have the best of everything. I shall have the house done up and cleaned down, and made as neat as a new pin."

I rubbed my hands together in delicious anticipation.

"And who do you suppose is to go a-slaving of herself, a-cleaning up and doing down of a house for evermore?" said a hoarse voice from outside the door. "Fine times we're coming to! a poor overworked creature as it is, to be set to such doings, without so much as thought of charrs! Like enough, indeed." And then the hoarse voice passed on down the stairs, until the sounds were lost in the distance.

She had her charrs in to satiety even. I did not order them, or even think of them, or propose their coming. They came in defiance of me, and filled the house in a flood! Their wash-tubs were as eternal pitfalls and stumbling blocks. I met those ladies in every quarter; strange dishevelled creatures with unkempt locks and ragged draperies. They imparted a dampness to the air, and I thought the stairs would never dry. Mrs. Swipelin sat all day in the kitchen, and thus superintended the operation. I shunned meeting her, and used to slip back into my room when I heard her step on the stairs, regarding her much as the person in the novel did the horrible monster he had created! She was mistress of the house, and did precisely as she liked. I was given over to her, body and soul.

"Beautiful it looks now!" she said, admiringly, as I came in late on the evening when the operations had at last concluded; "but go up, my sweet sir, go up-stairs, and see what poor Suzy can think of for you. Such a little surprise. But I won't tell him, no no!" (words addressed to wild charr-women drawn up behind her.)

A surprise? My eyes lighted up with sudden pleasure. Had Doctor Kitley arrived, I asked eagerly.

"No, no," said Mrs. Swipelin, still smiling; "go up and let it see for itself, and say its Suzy is not all so bad as they make her out."

With a sense as of something terrible overshadowing me, I bounded up-stairs, the wild army of charrs following behind with uncontrolled manifestations of delight, and, for a moment, stood at my own door, scarcely daring to look in.

I nearly fainted with the shock. I was spinning round (as I was told afterwards) for the next few minutes, like a top. Rage, frenzy and grief, fluctuated in my breast with a terrible power. I was as one distraught, as one fit to be tied. And what wonder? For there, before my eyes lay the wreck of everything that was dear to me in the world. My own, my beautiful! my sanctum of sanctums! my Arab steed! my turquoise that I would not have parted with for a wilderness of monkeys—lay rifled, stripped, and bare before me. Quite naked, not one left! The floor cleared, the desks lightened, the papers spoliated, and the books carted away (I suppose). Heavy folios, left open at particular passages, which had taken me weeks to hunt up, were now closed for ever and gone no one knew whither. Some of the smaller ones I could make out afar-off, lying in confused masses at the very top of the shelves, some shut, some open, their backs broken irretrievably by the superincumbent mass. But my papers, my precious papers, and (a cold sweat here broke out on my forehead) the priceless copy, the matchless editio princeps of Doctor Kitley, I did not see it!

"The G-g-g-old-en A-a-ass!" I faintly murmured.

"Ah! get along," Mrs. Swipelin said, with strong disgust; "what do you mean with your gold and your asses! Look about you, man, and tell Suzy how you like her work."

"Wretched woman," I exclaimed, seizing her by the arm, being of a sudden endued with a supernatural strength and courage; "tell me what you have done with it, the book; the precious quarto."

I shook her dreadfully, but in an instant she was free; my poor puny muscles being no match for her giant proportions.

"Be quiet with ye," she said roughly: "what quarters do you want? Precious volumes indeed! Is it Testament, or Bible, or what?"

"No, no," I said, frantically, "the book, the old book that was on my desk; the choice exemplar, the editio rarissima, marked with three R's in the catalogues."

A sort of Indian char squaw, stepping from the rear, here spoke in the dialect of her country. "It moight be thin and mowldy loike?"

"Yes, yes," I said, eagerly adapting myself to the strange pronunciation, "It was mowldy; you are right, indeed."

"Whoy," says the savage lady, "Oi see such thing up-stair loike in corner. Whoy! Oi light foire wiet."

I gave a shriek and rushed at her. She fled up-stairs, and soon brought down to me a sort of wretched wisp—the few remaining leaves of the precious quarto! All that was left! What was I to do? Whither flee? How escapethe wrath of avenging Kitley?

"Wretch," I said, turning on the miserable woman who had brought this ruin about, "begone! leave my house. Darken my threshold no longer. Let your accursed presence haunt me no more. You have wrought deadly mischief—embittered my existence! Begone! Take thy beak from out my heart," I continued, apostrophising her as the late Mr. Poe did his raven, "and thy form—thy ugly" (this adjective was not in the original text) "form from off my door. Begone! Begone, I say!"

She shrank away appalled, and the next morning, the hair-trunks were seen in the hall. I forced her to go, I would submit to the thraldom no longer; but purchased liberty at a heavy pecuniary compensation.

CHIM.

ART IN ITS CHIMNEY-CORNER.

LONDON may well devote herself to a profound study of Gothic and Italian styles, when there is a fresh ornament to be added to the decoration of her not particularly well dressed person. The choice of a pattern for a Foreign Office is to her as serious a matter for debate as the selection of a new bracelet by one of her thousand-thousand daughters. She has not yet distinguished herself very favourably by her tastes in decoration. Monster pins, like her monuments, are not to be equalled by the ornaments of any other city in the world for ugliness. What will our Madam think of it, should the day come when Madam Birmingham or Madam Leeds aim shafts of defiance at her—even chimney shafts—and making a grace of a necessity, establish the reputation of a town full of factory chimneys, for an adorned beauty as enchanting to the stranger as that of the gay lady of the Golden Horn with all her minarets.

Why should a tall shaft, or a forest of tall shafts, tapering into the air, be ugly? When we erect a pillar as an ornament, it commonly turns out to be an eyesore. We know that a column ought, by its nature, to be an architectural embellishment to any town, but we do not appear to admit, though we know perfectly well, that a column, with the swelling capital that furnishes a part of the support to a stone roof, looks merely lumpish and uncomfortable when it expands at the summit to support nothing at all, and for no purpose at all except the direct suggestion that it is a lost morsel of something else. Our factories provide an actual necessity for the erection of tall columns as air-shafts, furnace chimneys, ventilating flues, and so forth. In a few years they will be pouring into the upper air only invisible products of combustion and decomposition, since furnaces are now being taught to burn the solid matter of their smoke. But if they must emit smoke, let them by all means

do so; they may be none the uglier for any cloud they blow. A very able writer upon architecture has boldly declared his opinion that the Shot Tower, on the south side of Waterloo Bridge, is a better ornament to London than the Monument on Fish Street Hill. And he is right. The Shot Tower breaks an outline pleasantly with something real, and manifestly it is in its place, although as much a tower as if it had been built only for romantic purposes.

An eminent engineer, Mr. Robert Rawlinson, now claims for art its chimney corner. He recommends owners of factories, builders of country houses, or of public buildings, which require tall ventilating shafts, and all others whom it may concern, to remember that the lofty shaft is seen from afar, that it is an architectural feature of which the great capabilities have in this country been almost entirely overlooked, and that at an increase of cost too slight to be grudged by any man of capital who builds for himself, it may be made, either singly or as one of a group, an ornament to any neighbourhood. This gentleman accordingly has just issued a very handsome volume of large plates, on which we see depicted chimney and ventilating shafts, single or grouped, as they may be attached to factories or country houses, and that really are worth making into pictures. A little just regard to form and to colour—coloured bricks being of course pressed into service—with a true artistic sense of what is graceful, will suffice to enable private gentlemen and manufacturers to put to shame the column building of the British Government, without stepping aside out of their every-day path in life, or subjecting themselves to an expense which they need think worth very serious consideration. Mr. Rawlinson has found in his book of pictures an effective way of recommending his idea; and that his idea is a very good one, that it points in a direction which we really must take sooner or later, who can doubt? We join heartily, for our own part, in this claim for some union of the graces with one of the necessities of life, which has been hitherto left to be satisfied only in the rudest manner. It will be a pleasant thing for many men, if Mr. Rawlinson succeeds in his polite endeavour to instal Art comfortably in her chimney corner.

MICHELET'S LOVE.

Of this last production the critic says: Firstly, that its title, *L'Amour*, is much less appropriate than those of its predecessors, the *Bird* and the *Insect*;* that it really should have followed their example, and have called itself *La Femme* (Woman), because it is, actually, as much a treatise on female nature

* See *Household Words*, Nos. 452 and 465 of the present volume.

as the others are treatises on bird nature and insect nature. To which observation it is replied that the critic makes a distinction without a difference, for love is woman and woman is love. Besides, such a title would have compelled us to head our article with MICHELET'S WOMAN, which, by light-minded and evil-disposed persons, might have been construed into an implied insult (which we should be the last to offer) to a grave and authoritative literary personage.

Secondly, the critic remarks, that Love, or Woman, as you will, runs, in some respects, too much after the model of those useful and practical farming books known as *The Horse, The Sheep, Cattle, The Pig*, or even *The Canary Fancier's Guide*, with rules how to choose a good bird, the treatment of its diseases, how to rear it and keep it in full song, et cetera. That Love is made up of three or four separate treatises which, although each may be good of its kind, had better have been published separately, if it were necessary to publish them at all, which may be doubted. That a work which displays a knowledge of anatomy, ethics, sentiment, social polity, and domestic medicine, all at once, is as yet scarcely suited for the generality of readers. That if some strong-minded American lady-professor were to handle love in the same literary way, she would give us the physical and moral characteristics of man, the right way to court, accept, and marry him; how to keep him in order without too glaringly hen-pecking him; how to hen-peck him effectually in case of need brought about by his rebellion; and how to retain his amiability to the very last, when he had become John Anderson her joy. But American advocates of the rights of women are nonsuited at the very outset, as we shall see.

There are books which take, on account of the simple fact that their author dared to write them. We may have thought the very same thoughts ourselves; we may even have uttered them in secret into some friendly and confidential ear at a moment of heart-expansiveness; but we should never have dreamt of putting them in print. *L'Amour* is one of those bold challengers of fortune. A work written with a high aim, whose object is to prove and persuade that fidelity and morality are happiness, that luxurious superfluities, so far from being conducive to real welfare, are its most dangerous enemies: this work, earnest, full of feeling, with many valuable truths strikingly expressed, can scarcely be *laid* in its entire state before a promiscuous public of English readers.

Love is married life, conducted as religion and ethics teach us that it ought to be. Foolish flirtations are not love, nor are criminal attachments; nor is polygamy, legalised or illegal, love. The Grand Seigneur and his three-tailed bashaws know

nothing of love; nor does the cruel, heartless, dissipated rake. Therefore would Michelet write an *Art of Love* (in the good sense of the word), which should be the first effectual purifier of society; for family is based on love, and society on family; love, therefore, precedes all. A reform in love is more needful than any other reform whatever. Michelet's grand object is, moral enfranchisement by means of veritable love.

From the commencement of the century, people have been fully aware that the question of love is the essential question which shakes the very foundations of society. Where that is fixed and powerful, everything else is strong, solid, and productive. The illustrious Utopians who have thrown vivid light upon so many other subjects—upon education, for instance—have not been so happy in respect to the subject of love. They have displayed but little independence of spirit. Their theories, bold in form, are not the less at bottom the slaves of present facts, timidly chalked out on the manners of the day. They found polygamy practically existing, and they obeyed its dictates, by imagining for the future polygamic Utopias. But, without any great moral research, they might have discovered the veritable law in this matter by simply consulting history and natural history.

In history, the races of man are strong, both physically and morally, precisely in proportion as their life is monogamous or not. In natural history, the superior animals tend towards a married life, and attain it at least for a time. And it is, in great measure, on that account, that they are superior. It is said that love, with animals, is changeable and fickle; that such is their natural and normal condition. You will observe, nevertheless, that as soon as any degree of stability becomes possible, and the means of livelihood are certain and regular, there takes place amongst them marriages which, at least, are temporary, and which, are induced not only by the love of their progeny, but truly and verily by love. In a Swiss household of chaffinches, the female died; the male fell into despair, and allowed the little ones to perish. Evidently it was love and not paternal affection which attached him to the nest. When she was lost, all was lost. Scantiness of food, as the autumn advances, compels many species to dissolve their marriage. The consorts are then forced to separate, in spite of themselves, to extend the radius of their explorations and chase, and they are unable to rejoin each other at night. So that their poverty and not their will consents to a divorce. Otherwise, they would remain together. It is not a mere amorous caprice which unites them, but a really social instinct, a desire for a life in common. It is the delight which you feel at having by your side, all day long, a gentle soul which belongs to you, which reckons

upon your support, which never mistakes you (you chaffinch, you nightingale) for another individual of the same species, which listens only to your song, and replies to it frequently by low plaintive cries that attest the sympathy between her heart and your heart.

Woman, the object of human love, has been misunderstood till quite of late. Hitherto, love has scarcely been studied except during its most fleeting phase. Most fortunately, love (and faithful love is meant, fixed on a single object) is a long succession of very different sentiments, which are the salt and preservative of life. Setting aside the class of society whose feelings are blunted and satiated, and who require tragedies and scenic effects to excite their interest, you will find love continuing the same, occasionally for a whole life long, with different degrees of intensity, with external variations which do not alter it at bottom. Take, not the exception, the fashionable romantic world, but the rule, the majority;—the households of working people which constitute almost the totality, and you will find that the man, seven or perhaps ten years older than the woman, in great measure governs his young companion at the outset, in consequence of his experience, and loves her a little like a daughter. She soon overtakes him or leaves him behind; her maternity and her economical prudence increase her importance, she reckons for quite as much as he in the household, and she is loved as if she were a sister. But when labour and fatigue have bowed down the man, the sober and serious wife, the true genius of the dwelling, is loved like a mother. She nurses him, she provides for his wants; he trusts to her, and often confides in her care almost like a child, conscious of possessing in her an excellent doctress and a visible providence.

It is to this that, amongst humble folk, the grand and terrible question of the superiority of sex is reduced—a question which causes so much irritation whenever it is discussed amongst great people or North Americans. It is, above all, a question of age. You will see it resolved, soon after the wedding, in favour of the man, so long as the wife is an inexperienced young woman; later on, it will be resolved in favour of the wife. When the husband brings home his wages on Saturday night, she puts by what is required for the week's expenses, for the maintenance of their children, she leaves her partner a trifle of pocket-money, and she forgets nothing except herself.

How shall the man, who is older, more advanced, and more enlightened, initiate his young wife? How can the wife, after she has been thus developed, when she has arrived at the climax of grace and power—how can she contrive to retain, to re-take the heart of man, to cheer up his weariness,

to renew his youth, and to restore him the wings which shall enable him to soar above the miseries of life and labour? What is the controlling influence which man exercises on woman, and woman on man? It is a science, and it is an art. Michelet proposes to teach its rudiments, leaving to others the task of completing the work. He professes to have learnt the clue to the enigma from the sister of Love, namely, Death. These two powers, apparently opposed, never travel far apart. They struggle one against the other, but with equal strength. Love does not destroy death; death does not destroy love. At bottom, they have a marvellously good understanding; each of them explains the other.

Nature favours the man; she hands over to him the woman, feeble, loving, dependent on the constant want of being beloved and protected. Woman feels a preconceived affection for the being into whose power the Creator seems to lead her. What duties does that fact impose on men! How gentle ought to be their conduct, how tender their protection!

Women and children compose an aristocracy of grace and attraction. The serfdom of his trade abases the man, and often renders him coarse and narrow-minded: woman is subject to no other yoke than her natural affections, which render her the more poetic and interesting. Between us—for we must not whisper a word of it to the gentler sex—we men have made ourselves ridiculous by supposing that the ladies ever had any serious idea of what is called emancipating themselves. Whenever they are not instigated by obliging female friends who urge them to the combat, they are gentle and peaceful, desiring nothing else than to be loved. But they wish to be loved excessively; and to attain that object, no sacrifice is too great. A lady, Madame de Gasparin, who has written a mystical, eloquent book, as tender as it is austere, informs us that their happiness consists in obedience, and that they like the man to be firm; that they love those who maintain the upper hand, and do not hate the exercise of strictness in command. She assures us that women are not satisfied with rendering a listless and patient obedience, but that they like to obey actively, lovingly, guessing beforehand, as far as possible, the unexpressed desire of their lord and master. What torments women much more than man's tyranny, is man's indifference; they are vexed and fretted, not at obedience, but at having insufficient occasions of obeying. That is what they most complain of. Above all; there should be no interposing barrier, no interference, no protection from without-doors. All that, the author justly observes, only causes misunderstandings between husband and wife, and makes the woman miserable. There should be absolutely nothing between her and her spouse.

She goes to him strong in her weakness, in her unshielded bosom, in her heart which beats for him alone. This is the real woman's warfare, in which the most valiant man will be vanquished. Who will now be bold enough to raise the question, whether she is superior or inferior to man? She is both at once. She is to us what the sky is to the earth; above, beneath, and all around. She is our atmosphere, the vital element of our heart.

How are we then to reconcile the discrepancy that woman should be obedient, and at the same time equal to her husband? The apparent difficulty is great. The husband ought to have over his young wife, and the wife when more advanced in years ought to have over her husband, a very powerful ascendant.

But to arrive at that result, to establish real unanimity between them, to assure especially the maintenance and the crescendo to this utility of heart, the great point is habit, —a complication of habits. And there exists a means of attaining the object. The material arrangements in which their daily life is formed—all the forms of their material and moral communication—have great influence. What is wanted, is (if the title were not spoiled by works unworthy to bear the name) an Art of Love—of loving the same object for a whole life long.

A good wife and a good trade are the two first steps to liberty—a trade and not an art of luxury. An accomplishment, over and above, is all very well; but the first requisite is some art of general and universal usefulness. Think of this, too, young people, whether you are students or workmen; two persons spend less than one. Think of this, when your joyous companions come rushing to your door with, "What are you doing, still here? Are you a bear, a hermit, a saint in training? We want you. Come with us to the Chartreuse or the Chaumière. We are going there with Amanda, Héroïse, and Jeanneton." To which you will answer, "By-and-by. I have not quite finished; I have still something to do." If you reply thus, most certainly between those two pale flowers which you keep on your window-sill, there will appear the vision of a third flower—namely, the light and misty image of your future bride. She is still very young—much younger than yourself. She acquires time to attain her womanhood. But, child as she is, if she is often in your thoughts she will serve you as a surer guardian than your father and mother. For she is strict, is that little one; she permits no sort of folly. If anything of the kind enters your head, she will tell you of it, without uttering a word. "No, my good friend; don't do that. Stop at home, and work for my sake."

For a whole, this charming phantom will act as your mentor, preceptor, and tutor. By

and-by your parts will be changed. When she enters your home, as your wife, she will think it perfectly good and right that you should be master in your turn. You will then thank the Great Being whose inventive benevolence created woman for your sake—woman, the miracle of divine contradiction. For she changes without altering. She is inconstant and faithful. She maintains a ceaseless motion in the clear-obscure of grace. The woman whom you loved in the morning is not exactly the woman of the evening. An Alsatian nun, while listening to the nightingale, forgot herself, they say, for three hundred years. But he who could listen to and follow a woman throughout all her metamorphoses, would meet with endless surprises, would be delighted, or piqued, but would never weary. A single woman would occupy ten thousand years. Consequently, you risk very little in marrying a plain girl. In general, if she is plain, she is so only because she has had no one to love her. Beloved, she will become quite a different person; her friends will hardly know her again.

Woman takes scarcely any interest in the vain discussions which are raised in her name at the present day. She troubles herself very little about the grand contradictory debate whether she is superior or inferior to the man. The theory of the question is, with her, quite a secondary consideration. Wherever she proves herself thoughtful, clever, and prudent, there she is mistress; she manages the house, directs the business, keeps the money, disposes of everything. Will she obey? As soon as this word is uttered, you fancy she is going to resist. Nothing of the kind; she laughs and shakes her head. She knows perfectly, in her own heart, that the better she obeys, the surer she is to govern.

What is it that woman really likes best? What is her most secret wish—the indistinct and instinctive thought which follows her, without her being able to account for it, into every place at every time—the thought which fully explains her apparent contradictions, her prudence, and her folly,—her fidelity and her inconstancy? Does she wish to be loved? No doubt she does; but that answer is far too vague to unveil the longings of her heart of hearts. What she desires most is, to reign at home, to be mistress of the house, mistress in the parlour, mistress in the dining-room, completely mistress in her own little world.

"This," said the ancient Persian, and Voltaire after him, "This is what, above all things, pleases the ladies."

The secret, essential, capital, fundamental point is, that every woman feels herself to be a powerful centre of love and attraction, around which everything ought to gravitate. She wants man to regard her with insatiable desire—with eternal curiosity. She has a

confused consciousness that her nature contains an infinity of things to be discovered; that she possesses the means of answering the persevering love which should pursue this endless search: and that she would continually afford a thousand unexpected aspects of grace and attachment. This obstinacy of love, this effort of ardent curiosity, which seeks to find infinity in one single being, implies a thoroughly pure, exclusive and monogamous home. Nothing is colder than a seraglio; it is the habitation of a caterpillar-love which crawls from rose to rose, spoiling the edges of the petals without ever reaching the cup.

The astounding spectacle of restlessness and agitation which we now behold in the mania for dress displayed by certain females, results less from real inconstancy than from rivalry and vanity, frequently also from uneasiness at their youth and beauty's slipping away, and their consequent desire to renovate themselves every morning. These astonishing changes of decoration are very frequently the caprices of an ailing heart which wants to retain love, and finds a difficulty in doing so. There are very faithful women who, in order to keep their lover, incessantly strive to disguise and alter themselves. They would act exactly the same in a vast solitude, in a desert, or in an Alpine chalet which they inhabited with no other company than the object of their affections. Do they succeed? It is more than doubtful. The impressions of the heart are rather disturbed than confirmed by this perpetual variation. You feel tempted to say to them, "My dear girl, do not change quite so quickly. Why should you force a faithful heart to be guilty of permanent infidelity? Yesterday you were so pretty! I was thoroughly in love with that charming person. And where is she to-day? Vanish presto! How deeply I regret her! Restore her to my presence; do not compel me to love with such changeability."

Dress is a great symbol. There should be some novelty, but nothing violent; above all, never so complete a novelty so to cause love to wander without chart or compass. A flower, more or less, a ribbon, a bit of lace, a mere nothing, often enchants us, and the whole portrait becomes transfigured. This changeless change goes to the heart, and silently says, "Always different, and always faithful."

A man should mould his wife after his own model; she herself desires nothing better. The girl of eighteen will be willingly the daughter, that is to say, the docile spouse of the man of twenty-eight or thirty. She trusts to him in everything, easily believes that he knows more than her and all the world besides,—more than her father and mother (whom she quits with tears but without inconsolable sorrow). She believes everything he tells her, and confiding her whole

heart to him, she is very far from discussing the shades of opinion which may separate them at bottom; unconsciously she also yields him her faith. She believes that she is beginning—she wishes to begin an absolutely new life in reference to her former life. She desires to be born again, with him, and of him.

"Let this day," she says, "be the first of my days. Your creed is my creed. Your people shall be my people, and your God my God."

This is an admirable moment of power for the man, if he only knows how to employ it to advantage. He should wish what she wishes, and take her at her word; he should re-make, re-new, and re-model her,—re-create her, in short.

Deliver her, therefore, from her insignificance, from all which hinders her from becoming an intellectual being, from all evil precedents, from any faults of education or family she may have. It is her interest, moreover, and the interest of your love. She feels—she knows by the power of female second-sight—that love in these modern times, loves not what it finds, but what it makes. We are workmen creators, fabricators, the true sons of Prometheus; only, instead of a ready-made Pandora, we prefer a Pandora to make. This is the guarantee that these latter days, which we believe to be cold and heartless, are likely to produce instances of a force of love unknown to by-gone ages.

The passion of the old times for a fixed ideal was almost still-born at its outset; it soon turned to indifference, because it had no hand in the work. But our modern passion for a progressive creature, for a living, loving piece of work, which we fashion ourselves, hour by hour, for a beauty which we have a right to call our own, is the source of an unexhaustible flame.

In marriage there is no medium or mediocrity. He who does not take strong and powerful possession of his wife's affections is neither respected nor beloved by her. He wearies her; and weariness with woman, is not far distant from dislike and hatred. You ask what right you have thus to take possession of her will. The first and most rightful title to your claim is her own ardent wish, on contracting marriage, to be able to say truly, "I am yours." In that case she finds herself free, provided that you are her master. Freed from what do you want to know? Freed from her mother who, loving her all the while, treats her up to twenty years of age, and would treat her up to thirty, exactly like a little girl. French mothers are terrible. They adore their child, but they wage war against her; they annihilate her by the splendour, the power, and the charm of their personality. They are much more graceful, and often even prettier, and especially younger than their daughters. As long as

the daughter remains under her mother she has every evening the vexation of hearing the men say to one another, "The little one is not bad-looking, but how much handsomer the mother is!"

Rich or poor, they generally live very badly themselves and also feed their daughters badly. But the mother, who is all grace, all cleverness, and all spirit, stands in no need of a clear complexion. The daughter does stand in need of it. Her wretched diet keeps her pale, weakly, and somewhat thin. The poor girl mostly prolongs "the awkward age" up to the time of her marriage. Then, happy under your more liberal treatment, she assumes a more graceful outline. She will owe her beauty to you, to your kindness; your young rose will blossom fresher and more lovely than she could during the period of her melancholy youth. But to become beautiful, and through the means of one whom she loves, what happiness! It is impossible to describe the excess of her gratitude. To be handsome! For a woman, it is Paradise—it is everything. If she only has the consciousness that so great an advantage is owing to you, she will heartily yield on every other point; she will be delighted to feel that you are the master; she will like you to cut matters short, to decide everything, and in general to save her the trouble of having a will of her own. She will cheerfully recognise, what is the truth, that you are her guardian angel, that your ten or twelve additional years, your experience of the world, have taught you a thousand things from which you can preserve her, a thousand dangers to which she is exposed by her youth and the semi-captivity of her girlhood, and into which she might rush headlong but for your interference.

For instance, her mother, from whom she has so often desired to be emancipated, is, nevertheless, regretted at the parting moment. "If we were to live together?" The bridegroom knows better than she that nothing would be more fatal, that it would make them all wretched, and that a life of constraint and discord would be the result. "But, at least, if I only had my maid, who is so attached to me, who is so handy—my Julie!" No one else can dress me as she does?" Here again, it is the husband who saves her. He succeeds in persuading her not to take the shrewd and supple lady's-maid, who spoils her mistress, and who would become the veritable rival of the husband, flattering him, and working underhand against him, the dangerous confidante of the wife's little vexations, and step by step, the mistress—the real mistress—of the household. Fortunately, the young man foresees all that in the far distance, and obtains the favour of not having to receive the seductive viper in his new-formed home.

These are very grave points indeed, touching which there may arise some little dis-

agreement. Sometimes, even, she will turn on one side and weep for a moment, all the while confessing that, after all, you have more experience, and are no doubt in the right. If you gain the victory on these serious questions, how much more easy will it be to dispose of all the rest. In matters of business and interest, in ideas, she will readily recognise that you know and see more, and more clearly, than herself, and especially, that your mental habits are serious and strong in a very different degree. Simply to have a business, a specialty of art, in a great means of superiority for a man. It implies a preliminary course of gymnastics; he has thereby rendered supple the original stiffness of his joints; he has trained and strengthened his faculties of action. By forging iron, you learn to forge yourself. You are specially taught that in order to succeed, to bring any work to its completion, there must be perseverance, conscience, a serious desire to produce a good performance, and a great degree of precision. Women are very capable of this precision, and yet they hardly ever attain it. The reason is, that they do not will it with sufficient energy.

The way to be happy, is to narrow the home circle. Love creates love, and augments it. The secret of loving each other much, is to occupy yourselves much one with the other, to live much together, the closest and the most possible.

"And then, if one gets weary, it will be just the contrary; the couple will begin to hate each other?" Yes, if an alternation between solitude and the world, if a life of excitement and indolence, broken up by violent contrasts, hinders the mind from settling in its place. But not so, if a uniform and simple existence, divided between love and labour excludes vain unsettled thoughts, by constantly inducing a closer communion, till the consorts are brought to live, think and enjoy, the one through the other only. In ancient Zurich, when a quarrelsome couple requested a divorce, the magistrate did not listen to them. Before deciding, he had them shut up for three days in a single chamber, with one bed, one table, one plate, and one glass. Their food was passed to them without their being seen or spoken to. When they were let out, at the end of the three days, no: a single pair would hear a word about the divorce.

The mere arrangement of our modern apartments is sufficient to hinder a real union. The multitude of little rooms divides the household, breaks up the family, isolates the spouses. On the other hand, the superposition of stories in those great unwholesome barracks, called houses, in which French people crowd together, expose them every instant to the contact of strangers. Monsieur will work apart, Madame will yawn apart, or will gossip nonsense with untrustworthy

women. One must have his study; the other her boudoir (or pouting-place), a significant word; two bedrooms, so that at any moment they may ignore, avoid, and exclude each other, if needs be. It is as much as the dining-room and drawing-room can do, to bring them together for a moment; but visitor and guests distract their attention; they are dispensed from the trouble of speaking to and almost of looking at each other. It would be a prudent precaution on the part of the married couple to put bolts and bars on their respective chamber-doors, so as to hold out a siege against each other. What occasion is there to re-enact the law of divorce? Such a marriage as this comes to the same thing; such a suite of apartments is quite sufficient.

When people really love, how can they help envying the lodging of my neighbour, the carpenter, which consists of one single chamber? And so while he is planing, his wife, who gets up fine linen, sings as she irons it all day long. Sometimes I forget myself so far as to listen to her pretty voice, which is powerful and vibrating, fresh and pure. Sometimes she sings too loud and puts me out a little; but I say to myself all the same, "Let her sing. Sing away, poor little chaffinch!"

"That's all very fine for a carpenter. But my labours are of so high an order and with so grave an object, that—. I am a thinker. The slightest disturbance interrupts my profound meditations."

Too profound, Monsieur; often hollow. Your works, those of the present day, are for the most part sterile; they are spiritual, I grant, but they have so little life, they are so dry, and so rarely human! The author every instant loses sight of the world of heart and common sense. A really human work, a strong and living thought which has a body, is not easily interrupted. Its powerful whirlpool draws in, assimilates, and appropriates everything which might have disturbed it. How much more easily, if what is called the disturbance is precisely the bottom of your heart, your love and your beloved wife! All that is only one, and makes but one. Is it she who will interrupt the work, or the work her? Neither one nor the other. With the subject which appears the very furthest removed, she is still mixed up by the warmth of love which, through her means, will pervade its substance.

The Dutch pictures are admirable; they continually exhibit a charming confusion of study and household matters, wherein the one is ennobled, the other excited, fecundated. Rembrandt's philosopher, at the Louvre, is a microscopic image of study harmonising with family affairs. In a pale sunset, an old man

close to a window whereon is spread a great book, has ceased to read, and is meditating, nursing his thoughts. His eyes are shut, apparently, and yet he sees everything around him. He sees the good servant-girl stirring the fire. He sees his lady (who is not very clearly distinguishable) coming down the winding staircase. These pleasing images mingle, you may guess, with his pleasant thoughts. Behind him, a closed cellar-door probably conceals a sample of generous wine with which he warms his blood now and then. You have before you a complete individual who has made, and who is digesting, the vintage of life. If the great book on the window-sill is the Bible, it is clear which portion of it the good man will prefer. His disposition is to listen to Tobias, Ruth, and the patriarchs. He will not lose his way in vain and sterile questions, and will not puzzle his brains, as others have done, in determining the sex of the angels. The same man, in a convent or a cell, would have written profitless commentaries, and would have found no end, in wandering mazes lost. Here it is just the contrary. And why? His household, his family, his natural affection, ceaselessly bring him back to the realities of life.

A charming thing to watch, which you may often observe with your studious friends, is the infinite delicacy of the young wife, who in a restricted space, comes and goes, and moves round the working student, without in the least disturbing him. Any other person would have put him out, but "she," he says, "she is nobody." In fact she is himself, his second and his better soul. She holds her breath, and steps on the tips of her toes. She lightly skims along the floor. She has such a respect for work. In this you can admire what a gentle and quick-sighted creature is woman; above all, affectionate, feeling a constant want of the beloved object. If he allows her, she will remain in a corner sewing or embroidering. If not, a thousand occasions, a thousand requirements will urge her to come into the room. "What is he doing now? How far has he got? Perhaps he is working too hard? He will make himself ill." All that flashes through her mind. And how happy he is to feel that she is there. He pretends not to see her. He remains bent over his work, as if absorbed in it. But his heart gains the mastery, and he exclaims: "My darling, my charming rose, constrain not your steps. Your movements are a harmony, your voice a melody which enchants my ear. Your presence sheds its influence on my work; it will be adorned with your grace and glow with the flame of my palpitating heart. Without beholding you, I guessed you were here by the light which overspread my spirit."

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OUT-CONJURING CONJURORS.

A book entitled "The Confidences of a Prestidigitarian; An Artist's Life," suggests the question: Does any one ever become great in an art without feeling a love and a vocation for it? Hardly; for the words Love and Vocation are only synonyms for Industry. Robert-Houdin, the Ex-Quick-fingerer, who has abdicated in favour of his brother-in-law Hamilton, has just furnished us with a positive proof that the passion, and the vocation, and the consequent toil, have been in his case necessary precursors of artistic success. From his arcadian retreat on the banks of the Loire, he publishes to the world the instructive lesson that man becomes a magician only by patient labour; that the tree from which the enchanter's wand is culled is no other than obstinate persevering work, bedewed and nourished for years by the sweat of the brow.

Robert-Houdin started in life an industrious enthusiast from his earliest years; and though, let us hope, his amusing existence is still good for some time to come amongst his private friends, he promises to continue to be an industrious enthusiast until the term of his earthly career shall arrive. Still in his brain works the accustomed study of dexterous effects; still in his fingers burn their wonted fires. There, remote from the capital, in a quiet hamlet, at that mysterious hour when the clock strikes eight, his pulse quickens, his temples beat, he can scarcely breathe, he feels a want of air and movement; questions put to him remain unanswered. Eight o'clock was the time when his performances commenced; when, peeping through the managerial hole in the curtain, he beheld his audience flocking in; when proud of their eager curiosity, he rejoiced in his triumphant popularity; or, perhaps, overclouded by a passing doubt, he felt an anxious uneasiness lest some bold bubble of trickery should burst in the blowing. But the supreme moment of tinkling the bell, when the wizard would stand face to face with his admiring judges, brought with it calm and self-possession.

An imaginary audience and imaginary applause have now succeeded to the fleshly

reality. But why allow the solemn hour to call forth fleeting visions only? Cannot the dreamy reminiscence be converted into a written reality? Cannot the performances of other days be continued under a different form when the clock strikes eight, with a book for the theatre and a reader for the public? The idea was seductive; so seductive, in fact, that we are now in possession of a couple of volumes damp from the press, somewhat high in price, but far from low in interest, in which we are informed what a hard struggle it costs to establish a reputation for necromantic skill.

It should be premised that Robert-Houdin's most astonishment surprises were effected by means of ingenious apparatus, and by the clever application of Nature's ordinary powers which he was almost obliged to invent and apply by himself alone, without assistance, in order to keep their secret inviolate. Be it stated, by the way, that Robert is a sur—not a christian—name. Young Robert, having got married to one Mademoiselle Houdin, appended her name to his own, as is the fashion with Frenchmen, to distinguish himself from other Messieurs Robert; exactly as a Scotchman—a Fraser or a Campbell—adds the name of his place to his patronymic, in order to avoid confusion with hundreds of other flourishing Campbells and Frasers. This conjoint surname was afterwards legalised, by decision of The Council of State, to be written currently and entire, linked together by a hyphen, in one stroke of the pen; so that, curiously enough, the second and the reigning Madame Robert-Houdin has succeeded to her predecessor's maiden name. This being explained, the reader may now be informed that Robert the elder was a watchmaker, residing in the old historic town of Blois, and accomplished in several kindred arts. He was an excellent engraver, a tasteful jeweller: he could supply an arm or a leg to a broken statue, and repair a bird-organ or a musical-box. The son, therefore (born in eighteen hundred and five), learnt to run alone in the midst of all sorts of professional tools, which became his most highly cherished playthings. He might almost have come into the world with a file, a pair of compasses, or a hammer in his hand; for he acquired their use in the same instinctive

way as other children are taught to walk and speak. Of course, mamma had often to dry the rising mechanician's tears, when the hammer smote the baby fingers by mistake. Papa, laughing at these little accidents, was delighted to witness the boy's juvenile tendencies, and prophesied a brilliant horoscope, somewhat vague in outline, though bright in colour.

A neighbour, Monsieur Bernard, a retired colonel, helped to fan the mechanical flame. He had learned numberless arts during a foreign captivity, which he taught the lad by way of amusement during a long convalescence from a dangerous illness; and so the passion for tools rose to fever height, till recovery put an end to it, by sending him to school. On holidays the fit broke out with redoubled violence; and the quantity of instruments broken by the young beginner brought Robert senior to serious reflection. Aware that, in a small provincial town, the watchmaking trade rarely leads to fortune, he determined to give his son a liberal education, and sent him to the College (grammar school) of Orleans, where he continued from eleven till eighteen years of age, learning Latin and Greek, and getting into scrapes by the construction of snares and mousetraps, and by rat-catching for the sake of obtaining the motive power to a one-rat hydraulic machine. The superior attainments acquired at Orleans rendered the greatest subsequent service.

And now for the choice of a profession. It was time. The son wanted to be a watchmaker, an inventor and constructor of automata, a professor of everything connected with clockwork. The father willed him to be a notary. To two notaries' offices, therefore, he went, one after the other. At the second, he busied himself, not with law, but with complicated contrivances for a cage full of canaries. If a bird jumped upon a stick, to which it was tempted by a bit of sugar, it was caught in a trap; if another bird perched on another stick, it touched a spring which set the prisoner free. In certain corners, there were unexpected shower-baths; and every inhabitant of the cage was made to earn his living by dragging with his bill a little careful of seed. Young Robert, pronounced incorrigible and unfit for the notariat, was apprenticed at last to a watchmaking cousin at Blois.

There he worked at horology with diligence, and went to an old book-shop to purchase a treatise thereon. The bookseller, thinking of other things, handed instead to his customer *The Amusements of Science*, containing chapters on the Demonstration of tricks with cards, how to guess anybody's thoughts, how to cut off a pigeon's head, and then bring it to life again, and so on. The bookseller's mistake turned out the most important event of the young aspirant's life. He stole hours from his sleep to devour its pages and to put

its precepts into execution. But although the author explained his tricks in a manner which was not difficult to understand, he took it for granted that his reader was already possessed of the skill to execute them. Robert had not that skill, and there was nothing in the book to help him to attain it. He was like a man who should try to copy a picture without the slightest knowledge of drawing and painting. With no teacher to guide his steps, he was obliged to create the rudiments of the science which he wanted to study.

As to the fundamental basis of prestidigitation, he soon became aware that the agents which play the principal part in the exercise of this art are the organs of sight and touch. He understood that, to attain perfection as nearly as possible, the prestigitator must develop in himself a more rapid, delicate, and certain action of those organs than is possessed by the majority of mankind; for the reason that, during his performance he ought to embrace at a single glance everything which is passing around him, and should also execute his passes with infallible dexterity. He had often been struck with the facility with which pianists are able to read and execute at sight, a piece of vocal music together with its accompaniment. It was evident, for him, that, by practice, it would be possible to create a faculty of appreciative perception and readiness of touch which should enable the artist to read simultaneously several different things, at the same time that his hands were occupied with a complicated performance. That was exactly the faculty which he was anxious to acquire, in order to apply it to prestidigitation; only, as music was unable to furnish the requisite elements, he had recourse to the juggler's art, in which he hoped to find, if not similar, at least analogous results.

It is well known that practising with balls wonderfully develops the sense of touch; but it is not clear that it equally cultivates the sense of sight? In fact, when a juggler tosses into the air four balls which cross each other's course in different directions, must not this sense be trained to great perfection, to enable his eye, at a single glance, to follow with the extremest precision each one of the stubborn projectiles through the various curves which the performer's hands have impressed upon it?

Just at that time, there happened to be at Blois a chiropodist of the name of Maous, who possessed the double talent of juggling with that of extracting corns. In spite of his abilities, Maous was far from rich. The aspirant knew it, and so managed to obtain lessons at a price in accordance with his modest resources. In fact, for ten francs he purchased his initiation. He practised his exercises with such persevering ardour, and his progress was so rapid, that, in less than a month he had nothing more to learn; he knew as much

as his master, except the art of extirpating corns. He had attained the high accomplishment of keeping four balls going in the air at once. But this did not satisfy his ambition; he desired, if possible, to surpass the faculty of reading by appreciation, which he had so much admired in pianists. He placed a book open before him, and while the four balls were flying through the air, he accustomed himself to read without hesitation. This feat will probably surprise the generality of readers; nevertheless, immediately after recording the above, Robert-Houdin, after the lapse of thirty years (during which time he never performed publicly with balls) repeated the experiment for his own private satisfaction. His skill, however, has somewhat declined: it is with three balls only that he can now read with ease.

The self-cultivation of the simultaneous exercise of other faculties followed, and made the magician what he was, and still remains. The course of training is very interesting to follow in the "Confidences;" and the result is quite on a par with Julius Cæsar's power of dictating to four different secretaries at once, or with Gifford's learning the Latin Grammar while he was cobbling shoes. It is, in fact, a kind of attainment which must be acquired to a greater or a less degree by all who are called upon to play a leading and important part in life. Where would the commanding officer in a hard-fought battle, the orator in a stormy debate, the operating surgeon in a difficult case, or the conductor of a multitudinous orchestra attacking a new and difficult oratorio, find himself, if he could not see, and hear, and think of, and arrange, a good many things at once?

A Prince of Conjurers is therefore made, not born. Robert-Houdin advanced in his art by very certain, but slow, degrees, which are worth following in his autobiography. The first performance of his *Soirées Fantastiques*, in Paris, did not take place till eighteen hundred and forty-five, when he was very nearly forty years of age; and all his life had been spent in hard study and constant practice of things relating to his ultimate profession. It was his decided opinion (and he acted upon it) that, however flattering may be the early success earned in the midst of acquaintances and friends, a man, to be received as really adroit and capable of performing incomprehensible feats, must be of an age proportioned to the long course of training by which he is supposed to have attained his superiority. The public will grant to a man of five-and-thirty or forty the right of bewildering and surprising it by means of entertaining deceptions; to a younger man, it will refuse that privilege. Robert Houdin had the tact to take the tide of fortune at the flood. After less than seven years of a triumphant career at home and abroad, he retired, for the sake of health and quiet, and with a competence and a reputation in-

creased by the results of a few more last and very last performances in Germany and Africa.

The crowning act of his public life was one of the most honourable in his whole career. Two years after he had retreated from the fantastic scene, to breathe his native air in peace and tranquility during the rest of his days, he was called upon, by authority, to give a final display of his ability. What greatly determined his acceptance of the task, was the knowledge that his mission was marked with a quasi-political character. The artist's pride and self-esteem were flattered by his being called upon to render service to his country. He might boast that he was enlisted almost into the ranks of diplomacy:

It is well known that the greater number of the insurrections which had to be repressed in Algeria were excited by native agitators who professed to be inspired by the Prophet, and who are regarded by the Arabs as the envoys of Allah on earth, for their deliverance from the oppression of the Roumi or Christians. These false prophets, these holy Marabouts, whose supernatural power is no greater than yours or mine, contrive, nevertheless, to inflame the fanaticism of their correlative by means of a small stock of conjuring tricks which are as primitive as the spectators before whom they are exhibited. It was of great importance to the government that their adverse influence should be neutralized; to effect which they reckoned upon Robert-Houdin. They hoped, with reason, to make the Arabs understand, by the aid of his performances, that the feats of the Marabouts are nothing but child's play; and that, in consequence of their very childishness, they could not be miracles worked by saints and apostles sent by the Most High for their confirmation in the faith. As a natural corollary, they would be led to reflect that their conquerors are their superiors in every respect, and that even as far as sorcery and witchcraft are concerned, they have nothing to compare with what France can produce.

The government received the Prestidigitator with official honours, and lodged him like a prince in a handsome apartment commanding the extensive roadstead of Algiers. The sea, remarks the ex-conqueror, is always pleasant, to behold from a window. Madame Robert-Houdin was also welcomed in handsome style as a government guest. Before the official representations were given, a few preliminary performances took place in the town, to serve as a sort of pilot-balloons and indicate the direction in which the wind of public opinion might blow. Although the houses were crowded with European spectators, the resident Arabs came in sparing numbers. You may even carry the water to the horse, without being able to persuade him to drink. These men, of an indo-

lent and sensual disposition, prefer stretching themselves on a mat and smoking in quiet, to the finest theatrical spectacle in the world. Consequently, the governor, who knew them thoroughly, never invited them to any festival; he summoned them in a military style. It was thus that they were assembled to see Robert-Houdin. Every gourd or village, ranged in companies, was separately introduced into the theatre, and conducted in perfect order to the seats that had been previously assigned to them. Then came the turn of the chiefs, who took their places with becoming dignity. Their installation was a slow piece of business, because they could not understand the meaning of people being closely packed side by side on benches, but made vain endeavours to double up their legs beneath them, like tailors seized with an industrious fit. To the Caids, the Aghas, the Bach-Aghas, and other titled Arabs, were allotted seats of honour; they occupied the stalls of the orchestra and balcony. Amongst them were admitted a few privileged officers; and, finally, there was a liberal sprinkling of interpreters throughout the house, to translate the magician's spoken words.

At the rising of the curtain, the wonder-worker, greatly impressed by the spectacle of his assembled spectators, felt, nevertheless, a strong temptation to laugh; for he presented himself, wand in hand, with all the gravity of a real sorcerer. But it would not do to yield to the impulse. His object was not merely to afford a little amusement and recreation to a curious and good-natured public; he was required to make a strong and telling impression upon an assembly of coarse imaginations and prejudiced minds; for he had undertaken the part of a French Marabout. Compared with the simple tricks of their pretended sorcerers, his exploits would pass for veritable miracles. The first thing which startled the gravity of the audience, was the production of cannon-balls out of a hat; and it excited them to express their admiration by the most whimsical and energetic gestures. The inexhaustible bottle, with its variety of wines and liqueurs, was unrepresentable to a Mahometan public; so it was altered to a magical supply, first of comfits, and afterwards of excellent hot coffee, a bowl of which was filled as fast as it could be emptied.

The first cups offered were accepted with the greatest hesitation. Not an Arab was willing to moisten his lips with the beverage which he believed to come from the devil's kitchen. But, insensibly seduced by the perfume of their favourite liquor as well as urged by the solicitations of the interpreters, a few of the boldest ventured to taste the magic draught, and, soon, their example was generally followed. The vase answered every demand that was made upon it (as the bottle would have done); yet was carried away still full of coffee. Tricks like these did not

suffice to fulfil the object of the mission, which was to astonish the natives, and even to frighten them by the semblance of supernatural power. For this purpose, the performance was made to conclude with a selection of wonders of the most impressive character.

The wizard possesses a small box, but of solid construction, which, when placed in the hands of the profane, becomes heavy or light at the rightful owner's will. A child can carry it with ease; or, the strongest man cannot make it stir. Even when produced in this simple form, the trick had considerable effect; but, on the present occasion, it was worked up to a still more dramatic shape. Box in hand, Robert-Houdin advanced to the middle of the pit, and addressed the Arabs: speaking slowly, to give the interpreters time to translate.

"After what you have seen, you cannot deny that I am gifted with supernatural power. You are right. I am going to give you an additional proof, by showing you that I can take away the strength of the strongest man amongst you, and restore it at will. Let him who thinks himself able to brave the ordeal, draw near."

An Arab of middle stature, but well made, lean, and muscular, as are all the Arab Hercules, boldly advanced to meet the challenge.

"Are you very strong?" asked the wizard, looking at him contemptuously from head to foot.

"I am," he carelessly replied.

"Are you sure that you will always retain your strength?"

"Always."

"You are mistaken. In one instant I mean to take away your strength, and make you as feeble as an infant."

The Arab smiled disdainfully, in sign of his incredulity.

"Here, lift this box."

The self-confident Samson stooped, raised the box, and coldly said:

"Is that all?"

"Wait a moment."

Then, with all the dignity which his part required, the sorcerer waved his arms imposingly, and pronounced the solemn words:

"You are now become weaker than a woman. Try to lift the box."

The Arab making light of the conjuration, seized the box a second time by the handle, and gave it a violent shake to lift it; but this time the box resisted; and, in spite of the most vigorous efforts, remained completely immovable. In vain did the Algerian Samson exhaust upon the unlucky box an exertion of strength which would have sufficed to lift an enormous weight. Worn out at last, panting and red with rage, he stopped, became thoughtful, and seemed to begin to comprehend the influence of magic. He was on the point of retreating;

but to retreat would be to avow himself vanquished, a confession of his weakness; the man whose muscular vigour had hitherto been respected, must acknowledge himself no stronger than a child. This thought made him almost mad. Deriving fresh energy from the encouragements which his friends addressed to him by voice and gesture, he replied by a look which seemed to say, "You shall see what a son of the desert can do." He stooped once more to lift the box; the wiry fingers of both his hands were twisted in the handle, his legs, planted on each side like a couple of pillars of bronze, served as supports to the supreme effort he was about to attempt. No one doubted that, under the powerful strain, the box would be broken into a hundred pieces.

Prodigious! The champion so strong and haughty only a minute ago, now bows his head; his arms, riveted to the box, are violently contracted towards his chests; his legs totter; he falls on his knees, uttering a cry of pain.

An electric shock had been sent from the back of the stage, at a given signal, to the handle of the box. Hence the contortions of the baffled Arab. To prolong his sufferings would have been barbarous; the electric current was therefore immediately interrupted. The strong man, released from his terrible bondage, raised his hands above his head, exclaiming in terror, "Allah! Allah!" Then hastily wrapping himself in the folds of his burnous, as if to conceal his shame, he rushed through the rows of spectators, and darted out of the house. The audience, grave and serious, whispered the words, "Shitan! Djenoun! (Satan, Genie)," and seemed to wonder that Robert-Houdin did not display the physical characteristics usually attributed to the Prince of Darkness.

One of the means employed by the Marabouts to increase their importance in the eyes of the Arabs, and consequently to confirm their domination, was their pretension to invulnerability. One of them, amongst others, used to order a gun to be loaded, and then had it fired at him at a short distance. In vain the gun-flint scattered its sparks; the Marabout uttered a few cabalistic words, and the gun missed fire. The mystery was shallow enough; the charges failed to explode as usual, because the Marabout had previously stopped the touch-hole.

The French authorities had urged the importance of discrediting these self-styled miracles, by meeting them with a more masterly marvel. Robert-Houdin had his affair for that. He announced to the Arabs that he was gifted with a talisman which rendered him invulnerable, and that he challenged the best shot in Algeria, to hit him. Scarcely had he spoken the words, when an Arab, who had been remarked for the attention with which he watched the performance,

strode across four rows of stalls, rushed through the orchestra, hustling flutes, fiddles, and clarinets in his passage, climbed on to the stage regardless of burns from the foot-lights, and said in French, "I mean to kill you."

An immense burst of laughter was the general answer given to the excited Arab and his murderous intentions, at the same time that an interpreter informed the wizard that his unamiable customer was a Marabout.

"You mean to kill me?" replied the artist, imitating his accent and his tone of voice. "Very well. I tell you that, sorcerer as you are, I am a still more potent sorcerer, and that you will not and cannot kill me. Take this horse-pistol; and examine it, and make sure that it has not been tampered with, nor undergone any preparation."

The Arab blew into the barrel several times, and then into the touch-hole, taking care to feel the puff of wind with his hand, to be certain that there existed a proper communication from one to the other. After examining the weapon in all its details, he said: "The pistol is good, and I will kill you with it."

"Since you make such a point of it, to be doubly sure, put in a double charge of powder, and wadding upon it."

"I have done so."

"Now take this leaden bullet; mark it with a knife so as to know it again, and put it into the pistol, covering it with more wadding."

"I have done that."

"You are quite sure now that your weapon is loaded, and that it will not miss fire. Tell me; do you feel no scruples, no unwillingness to murder me in this way, although I authorise you to do so?"

"No; because I wish to kill you," replied the Arab coldly.

Without answering, the intended victim stuck an apple on the point of a knife, and stepping back a few paces, ordered the Marabout to fire. "Take aim at the heart."

His adversary took aim, without manifesting the slightest hesitation. The shot was fired; the projectile buried itself in the middle of the apple. The talisman was presented to the Arab, who recognised the bullet which he had marked with his own hands.

It is doubtful whether the general stupefaction was greater than that caused by the preceding trick; the spectators, under the influence of surprise and alarm combined, looked at one another in silence, and seemed to ask in mute language, "Where, the devil, have we got to?" But a laughable scene soon unbent the majority of the countenances present. The Marabout, stunned as he was at his failure, had all his wits about him nevertheless. Taking advantage of the opportunity when he returned the pistol, he laid

hold of the apple, and immediately thrust it into his girdle, and would not give it back again at any price, believing, doubtless, that he had secured a most incomparable talisman.

For the concluding wonder, the assistance of an Arab was required. At the solicitation of several interpreters, a young Moor, some twenty years of age, tall, well made, and clad in a rich costume, consented to mount upon the stage. Bolder, or probably more civilised, than his brethren of the plain, he resolutely strode up to the conjuror. He was made to approach the table, which stood in the middle of the stage, and requested to observe (as also were the spectators) that it was thin and perfectly isolated. After which without further preamble, he was begged to mount upon it, and was then covered with an enormous cloth extinguisher open at the top. Drawing then this extinguisher and its contents to a plank, whose ends were held by the operator and his servant, they advanced with their heavy burden to the footlights, and there upset the whole. The Arab had disappeared; the extinguisher was completely empty!

Then was seen a sight not easy to forget. The Arabs had been so forcibly impressed by this last exploit, that, urged by indescribable terror, they rose in all parts of the house, and immediately took to a general retreat. The crowd was especially compact at the doors of the balcony; the emotion which the great dignitaries felt was proved by the hurry they were in to leave the theatre. In vain one of them, the Caïd of the Beni-Salah, bolder than his colleagues, endeavoured to restrain them by shouting, "Stop! Stop! We cannot allow one of the faithful to be lost in this way. We must absolutely know what has become of him, and what they have done with him. Stop! Stop!" The faithful ran away, all the same; and the courageous Caïd, following their example, soon joined the stream of the fugitives. They little expected what awaited them at the doors of the theatre. Scarcely had they descended the steps of the colonnade when they found themselves face to face with the resuscitated Moor. As soon as the first alarm was over, they thronged round the man, felt him, and questioned him, until, tired of their endless interrogatories, he took to his heels, as the best thing he could do.

The well-known gun and extinguisher tricks had done the business. Thenceforward the interpreters, and all who had intercourse with the Arabs, were ordered to explain to them that these pretended miracles were merely the result of skill, inspired and guided by an art called Prestidigitation, which has nothing whatever to do with sorcery. The Arabs accepted the explanation; the chiefs even presented Robert-Houdin with an address written in verse, and a masterpiece of

native calligraphy. After being sealed by every member of the deputation, it was delivered with the speech, "To a merchant, we give gold; to a warrior, we offer arms; to thee, Robert-Houdin, we present a testimony of our admiration, which you may bequeath to your children. Pardon us for bringing so little; but would it be right to offer mother-of-pearl to him who possesses the pearl itself?" An Arab remarked, "Our Marabouts will now have to work very extraordinary miracles indeed, if they wish to astonish us."

The French Marabout had an opportunity of witnessing the boasted miracles of his native rivals the Aïssaoua, a religious order, whose profession is the exhibition of supernatural power. Like the dancing dervishes, they previously work themselves up to frenzy in the presence of their chief, the Mokaddem. When the requisite pitch of madness is attained, they walk about on their hands and knees, imitating the movements of quadrupeds. Their bodies are bathed in perspiration; you would say that they were impelled by a muscular force which had ceased to be under the control of reason, and that they have forgotten that they are human beings. It is in this state that they began their juggleries. They call the Mokaddem their father, and ask him for food. To some he distributes bits of glass, which they crunch between their teeth; into the mouths of others he thrusts iron nails, but they contrive to stick their heads near the Mokaddem's burnous, so as to reject them unseen by the spectators.

It was said that the Roman Augurs could not look at one another without laughing; the same thing would happen to the Aïssaoua, if Mussulman blood did not flow in their veins, so clumsy are their miracles, the greatest of which are easily explicable. To thrust a dagger into the cheek is simulated by pressing the cheek with a poignard as blunt as a paper-knife. The skin, instead of being pierced, is simply pushed an inch or an inch-and-a-half between the molar teeth, between which gaps are purposely made, exactly as would happen to a thin sheet of india-rubber so treated. This trick succeeds especially with lean and aged persons, who have the skin of the cheeks very elastic. To eat the leaves of the prickly pear is easy for sorcerers, who take care not to show the leaves to prove that they have not undergone any preparation to render them inoffensive. But supposing them to show really prickly leaves, and to change them afterwards for smooth ones to be eaten, it would only be a conjuration of the fifteenth magnitude. Another miracle is performed by two Arabs holding a sabre, one by the hilt and the other by the point; a third Arab raises his clothes, so as to leave his abdomen completely naked, and then lies down on his belly on the edge of the sabre, while a fourth mounts on his

back, seeming to rest his whole weight upon his prostrate brother. The trick is not difficult to fathom. They do not show the public that the sabre is sharp; in fact, there is nothing to prove that the edge is sharper than the back, although the Arab who holds it by the point affects to wrap it carefully in a handkerchief, imitating thereby the jugglers who pretend to have cut their fingers with one of the daggers they are about to make use of. Moreover, the Invulnerable turns his back on the public; which allows him to slip down his garment to serve as a pad between his belly and the sword. Lastly, when the fourth actor mounts on his back, he rests his two hands on the shoulders of the Arabs who hold the sword, in such a way that they are made to bear the whole weight of his body. The fact is thus reduced to the power of bearing a certain amount of pressure upon the abdomen, which can be done without the least danger and very little pain.

An Aïssaoua may safely put his hand into a sackful of serpents, when he knows that the vipers have had all their fangs drawn; or, perhaps that instead of vipers they are only innocent snakes. His tricks with red-hot iron fail to astonish those who have studied the phenomena of the spheroidal state. At a subsequent period, Robert-Houdin repeated Monsieur Boutigny (d'Evreux's) experiment of plunging his hands into melted iron as it flowed from the furnace; it felt, he says, like touching liquid velvet. The Aïssaoua strike their arms till they make blood flow, and then cure the wound instantly; one would think that a small sponge filled with a red liquid and concealed in the hand which strikes, would suffice to produce the prodigy. By simply wiping the arm, the wound is naturally cured. It is possible to make wine flow from a knife-blade, or from a finger, by squeezing a little sponge properly concealed. If, according to the proverb, it is impossible to get blood out of a gate-post, it is not impossible to seem to get it. Such are the miracles on the faith of which fanatic armies, at the bidding of their chief, have marched to meet certain death with joy and delight.

NAVY DRY-ROT.

THE moment Sir Leicester Shorthorn, M.P., was persuaded to join the ministry, by being created First Lord of the Admiralty—which was about five-and-twenty years ago—the little town of Ramborough, which he represented in Parliament, was almost intoxicated with delight. It had been long felt amongst the local politicians that every department of the country had been gradually going to the bad. But the navy! O dear, that was going to the dogs uncommonly fast! Ramborough had a canal, which communicated with a river that ran thirty miles, and then dropped

quietly, into the sea; and, once or twice during the year, a few small but respectable craft came up this river, and along this canal, for cargoes of hay. Therefore, if the people of Ramborough did not know something about naval affairs, who did?

Sir Leicester Shorthorn, M.P.—or, as he was now called, the Right Honourable Sir L. Shorthorn—was an eminent agriculturist, and one of the most renowned cattle breeders in his county. He farmed upon scientific principles, regardless of expense; but, an examination of the farm accounts proved that every individual strawberry cost about one shilling and fourpence; and that many other operations carried on upon Sir Leicester's reclaimed land produced an equally profitable result, with a similar expenditure of capital.

As a breeder of cattle, Sir Leicester had even a greater reputation; and it was his boast that Ramborough had always carried away the first prizes at the annual shows, and that he had always carried away the prizes from Ramborough. His great object seemed to be to fatten bullocks into hippopotami; to fatten sheep into hogs; to fatten hogs into hogsheds; and it must be confessed that he succeeded.

Sir Leicester's great aider and abettor in these useful country arts was my honoured father. A man of some property, and an independent freehold farmer, he had no reason to flatter Sir Leicester, or to sacrifice his own fair fame as a cattle-breeder for Sir Leicester's sake; but still he did both these things, and prided himself upon his independent shrewdness.

As soon as the news of Sir Leicester Shorthorn's elevation as First Lord of the Admiralty came down to Ramborough, I was summoned before my father.

"Wull, lad," he said (for he always spoke with a Ramborough twang), "I told 'ee the government folks couldn't do wi'out a Ramboro' mon, didn't I?"

"Yes, father," I said, dutifully submitting to be bored.

"Ah," he continued, with a chuckle, "if he wun't cross 'em, an' breed 'em, an' fatten 'em oop, lad, I don't know who wull!"

"Fatten what up, father?" I inquired.

"Why, ships, lad," he answered; "art a fule?"

"No," I said, rather indignantly, "but I don't see what Sir Leicester can know about the royal navy."

"Wull, wull," he replied, "thee'st got nowt to do wi' that. Wou'd 'ee loike to be a lieutenant, lad?"

"You're joking," I returned.

"I tell 'ee what," he said, boiling over with satisfaction, "it may be a good deal higher than thee think'st. Dost 'ee know how Sir Leicester got his prize for the fat bullock, last show?"

"No," I replied, "I can't say that I do."

"Noa," he returned, derisively, "thee knows nowt. That bullock belonged to me. Now dost 'ee see? It's wull for 'ee that thy feyther's got a good lang 'ed on his shoulders."

True enough, in a few weeks an official communication arrived at Ramborough, addressed to my father, which contained my appointment as naval cadet to H.M.S. Horse-leech, seventy-two guns.

As the appointment was accompanied by an order for me to join my ship, and as the ship was on the stocks (I believe that was the term), at the Royal Dockyard of Marsh-Mallows, on the coast of Essex, I was immediately provided with a proper outfit by my father, who congratulated himself upon his wisdom and forethought, and I started for my destination.

Marsh-Mallows, which was situated up a creek, consisted of an irregular cluster of wooden houses, or huts, that smelt of seaweed, tar, and shrimps, and were very shaky in windy weather. The Royal Dockyard was a large enclosure, surrounded by high brick walls, containing a flag-staff, a Commodore-Superintendent's residence, a number of smaller houses for sub-officers and deputy sub-officers, a couple of store-buildings, a few old anchors, rotten bowsprits, rusty chain-cables, and piles of timber, with several boats and barges; an old ship lying helplessly high and dry; another, unfinished, floating clumsily in the water, and several sheds under which other vessels were supposed to be in rapid process of construction. It returned two members to parliament.

I lost no time in presenting my credentials to the Commodore-Superintendent, who received me very graciously, in a style half-landsman, half-retired naval officer.

"Ah," he said, with a loud, gusty sigh, over some sherry and biscuits which he produced, "the service now, youngster, isn't what it was when I was your age."

"Isn't it, sir?" I said, timidly, anxious for further information.

"They used to appoint us to a vessel then," he replied, "and let us do as we liked until she was finished; but now you're sent down to the yard to hang about an old hull, to watch every nail that's put into her, and to learn your duties in shore-going fashion, until she is finished."

"What's the cause of this change?" I said.

"What's the cause of it?" he replied, violently and contemptuously, "Reform Bills are the cause of it; and they'll ruin the country if you'll only let 'em. They're the dearest bills Old England has got to pay."

"No doubt of it, sir," I returned, nervously, not feeling quite easy under the conversation.

"I suppose you'll mess with the others?" he asked.

"With the others?" I repeated.

"Yes," he said, "with the other officers, at the Saucy Arethusa?"

"I think," I returned, diffidently, "if you look at the paper, you will find that I am appointed to the Horseleech."

"There's no Horseleech built yet," he almost shouted, "and won't be, perhaps, for some years to come!"

"Oh!" I said.

"The fact is," he explained, "you're appointed to the plan of a ship, at full-pay; and, if you take my advice, you'll make yourself very comfortable with your messmates, who are appointed in the same way; and secure a berth at the Saucy Arethusa, which is the chief hotel, inn, and pothouse in the town."

I saw he was not a person to be patient much longer under my inexperience, and I at once took the hint.

I engaged my quarters at the Saucy Arethusa, where everything seemed salt, and smelt fishy, and where my bedroom was all down hill towards the narrow street, and everything in it the colour of Spanish liquorice.

The men who had also been appointed to the Horseleech were ten in number: nine naval cadets, and a second-lieutenant; and they had all got over the novelty of their position, and were prepared to amuse themselves with me.

The first morning that I spent in Marsh-Mallows I devoted to what I considered my duties. I went to the Dockyard in good time, and seeing a middle-aged, weather-beaten, seafaring-looking man leaning on a post, and staring vacantly into a muddy dock-basin, I blandly asked of him to show me the way to H.M.S. Horseleech. He turned his head slowly towards me, closing one eye, and peeping at me out of the other, while he rolled a lump of tobacco in his mouth as large as an apple, and pointed with a thick brown forefinger in a straight line over my head. I followed the direction indicated, until I came to a large shed, under which were about half-a-dozen men, as far as I could make out, driving piles of timber into the ground. I put the same question to them as I had put to the taciturn mariner, and was answered at once by one of the group, who scarcely stopped his hammer to speak to me.

"If you're a-lookin' for that vessel, as you calls it, you'll 'ave to look long enough, for we only begun 'er this day month."

"I am looking for that vessel," I replied, with some dignity, "as a junior officer appointed to watch over her progress."

"Ay, ay," replied the man, with a little more respect in his tone; "watch away, then, sir, for 'ere you are."

And I did watch for a few hours, until I got tired, without becoming much wiser. When the men went to dinner, punctually at the ringing of a bell, I examined the work;

and saw one long piece of timber lying at full length; several short upright pieces of timber; and several other short pieces running across. This is all I could make out, and I returned to the friendly shelter of the Saucy Arethusa, moderately satisfied with my morning's occupation.

I soon found that to attempt to do anything out of the regular routine—which consisted in learning to row about the harbour, and other nautical accomplishments aboard some of the ships afloat in it—was only to make enemies of my companions, and the officers about the dockyard. In a wonderfully short space of time I became a satisfied, jolly member of the mess, caring nothing for the progress of H.M.S. Horseleech, or any other wooden wall of old England that might be upon the stocks.

Six months passed away, and as winter approached, we set up a billiard-table, by subscription, over which we passed nearly the whole of our leisure. The small circulating library of Marsh-Mallows had been read through by those who were fond of books; and we had begun to borrow from the scanty store belonging to the Commodore-Superintendent. This source did not last very long; for his lady soon complained of the dirt that was on them when they were returned, and of the powerful smell of tobacco-smoke which hung about them ever afterwards.

Even in this stagnant service we had been favoured with a few promotions. The first lieutenant of the Horseleech, whom we had never seen, was raised to captain; the second lieutenant became the first; and I was appointed second lieutenant in his place, much to the gratification of my honored father, who blessed the day on which he had lent the Right Hon. Sir Leicester Shorthorn that over-fed bullock.

I was now on more equal visiting terms with the Commodore-Superintendent, and I began to grow more reconciled to Marsh-Mallows, and its royal, but sleepy dockyard. The Commodore and his lady were blessed with two fair daughters, one about sixteen, and the other about eighteen; and as they saw very little company, and were charmingly unsophisticated, my Ramborough manners gave as much satisfaction as if they had had the true metropolitan polish. By degrees I deserted the fishy apartments of the Saucy Arethusa, and was frequently found attending the young ladies in their country rambles; or turning over their sentimental music as they sang love-songs at the pianoforte.

The forms of authority were properly observed between my junior officers and myself; and, although the Horseleech was still nothing but a straggling bunch of bare planks, and did not seem to me to advance six inches a-day, no midshipman was allowed to quit Marsh-Mallows without obtaining a formal leave of absence.

One day the works of the Horseleech were

brought to a dead lock, by reason of a difficulty which nobody seemed to understand, except the master shipwright and one or two of his confidential workmen. What this difficulty was I could never understand, but I know what steps were taken to set it right. The master-shipwright was directed to put his thoughts upon paper, and submit them to the foreman, or some such officer of the dockyard.

The foreman, having read and considered the remarks of the master-shipwright, then made a report to the Commodore-Superintendent; which after reading and having copied, the Commodore sent up to Somerset House. From Somerset House, after its examination, this report was sent to the Admiralty, at Charing Cross, where it rested for some weeks. At the end of this time it was returned, with instructions, to Somerset House; from Somerset House to the Commodore-Superintendent, whom it never reached, for, unfortunately, it was lost on the way. The same process had to be gone through again almost from the beginning, starting from the copy of the report, which the Commodore had kept; and, for several months, the slumbering Horseleech lay a silent deserted ruin in the Marsh-Mallows dockyard.

At last, the proper official instructions were received, duly checked, signed and countersigned, and once more the cheerful clink of hammers was heard under the familiar shed. The hull gradually began to assume less the appearance of a timber jungle, and more the appearance of a ship, when one morning, intelligence came of a sudden change of ministry, with the appointment of new Admiralty secretaries, and new officials of all kinds. The navy surveyor, for political reasons, also resigned, and a new one, connected with the party now in power, was gazetted in his place. The Commodore-Superintendent, an old and experienced officer, knew exactly what this meant, and he gave orders throughout the dockyard to cease all work for a few weeks, except what was absolutely necessary.

It was very quickly found out that no work was necessary except the sweeping and clearing up of the yard, to make it look creditably neat; and this task was scarcely finished before the new surveyor and some other minor officials arrived on a visit of inspection. The Horseleech up to this time had been a strictly Tory ship. It had been laid down by the directions of Sir Leicester Shorthorn, a Tory First Lord of the Admiralty; it had been examined, once or twice, by a Tory Surveyor-General, and it had advanced thus far towards completion under a Tory administration.

The new ministers were Whig—old Whig to the backbone. Their Surveyor was a man devoted to his party, and, in his own estimation, the only competent government ship-builder in the world. There were several

old hulks still lying about the yard, which had been commenced, when the Whigs had been in office before; but somehow a Whig ship found no favour in Tory eyes, and the late Tory surveyor had spent a few years, and some hundreds of thousands of pounds, in endeavouring to remove the taint of their original political sin. Some had been built up or pulled down; some had been lengthened or shortened; some had been lightened, weighted, or spliced; but all, after being played with for a time, were deserted as hopeless Whig failures; and the whole energies of the Tory government, what little they had, were devoted to those wooden walls of old England that were of pure, unsullied, high-Tory birth.

These eye-sores stood full before the Whig surveyor as he inspected the Tory vessels on the stocks.

"Good Gwacions, gentlemen!" he said, looking at the unfortunate Horseleech through an eye-glass, "what have we here?"

It seemed to be the rule that no one permanently connected with the dockyard was to answer; but that they were to leave it to the gentlemen who followed in the surveyor's train.

"Well, Sir William," said a bland gentleman, shrugging his shoulders, "it's the old story—one of *his* construction. I don't think I need say any more."

"It's a most wonderful thing," continued the surveyor, whom they called Sir William, "but that party could never build a vessel. Never!"

"Very true," remarked several of the gentlemen in chorus, "very true."

"I said it twenty years ago," resumed Sir William, "and I say it again. They can't do it. It's beyond them."

"Very true, Sir William," again responded the chorus, "very true."

"Commodore," said Sir William, turning to the superintendent, "we'll have this vessel seen to, the very first thing. You shall have your instructions in the course of the month."

The inspection terminated soon afterwards—and this remark was considered to foreshadow the death-warrant of the Horseleech. The instructions, when they came, were quite as we expected. She was to be cut down from a three-decker to a two-decker, and the middle was to be taken clean away, in order that she might be converted into a steamer. She had already cost the country a quarter of a million of money under the late Tory First Lord of the Admiralty, the eminent agriculturist; and she was now made to consume an additional one hundred thousand pounds under the orders of a Whig First Lord.

During the eighteen months that she was undergoing the transformation decreed by our new political masters, my attentions to the Commodore-Superintendent's daughters

became, every day, more assiduous, and, at last, I was induced to make a passionate declaration to the youngest, which left no doubt whatever in the young lady's mind about my sentiments.

"If," I said, "you can consent to become united to a man whose ship is nearly ready for sea, and who may be ordered at a minute's notice to any part of the globe, that man now stands before you."

"O," she said with charming frankness, if you allude to the Horseleech, you may rest quite content; for, during the last twelve years—that is, since I've had the power of looking about me—I never yet knew any ship successfully launched out of papa's yard."

"Then you consent?" I asked.

"Ye—s," she answered—"that is, you may ask papa."

I mentioned the interesting business to the Commodore-Superintendent, but he was too much occupied to give me an answer until after the launch of the Horseleech, which was fixed for the next day. At the appointed hour the usual crowd assembled to witness the spectacle; the usual flags were flying, and the usual Marsh-Mallows Amateur Dockyard Brass Band were lustily bleating forth their small repertoire of some national patriotic airs.

The transformed vessel, ready for launching at last, looked tolerably trim to my not very experienced eye; though some of the old workmen, when they spoke of her, shook their heads. I stood upon the deck by the side of the Commodore; the bottle of wine was thrown by her whom I adored, the vessel was named, the blocks were struck away, and she glided quickly down her ways. She reached the water, but she obstinately refused to stand upright; and after a little hesitation she fell over, and settled low in the mud of the creek.

All on board were immersed, but fortunately no one was lost. What I did I scarcely know, except that I swam vigorously to land under a heavy weight, and they told me I had saved one whom I was soon to call a father—the Commodore.

His wife wanted him to retire upon half-pay after this exciting event, but he could not be persuaded to desert his post. He gave me his daughter out of gratitude for his preservation, and we were married in the dockyard chapel. A parliamentary investigation followed this accident, and a few vulgar financial reformers in the House spoke very strongly against the errors of a system that buried half a million of the country's money in the slimy mud of a channel creek. The country's representatives, however, did not heed them much; the system was declared to be perfect—absolutely perfect.

I have never been to sea; I am still second lieutenant upon full-pay of H.M.S. Horseleech—we will say nothing about the gains;

and H.M.S. Horseleech is still on the bank of the dockyard, where they hauled her after the morning of the attempted launch, the finest specimen of dry-rot in naval architecture that the British or any other navy can have to show.

CHIP.

TO LET.

BEING in a homeless condition when I first entered my present situation in a provincial town, I inserted the following advertisement in the local newspaper :

WANTED, quiet respectable lodging (with board and attendance) for a young gentleman, clerk in a warehouse. About two miles from the Infirmary preferred. Address, X 2222, at the printer's.

Next morning I called at the office of the paper, and, to my consternation, seventy-three replies were placed in my hands. Such a number of answers could not, of course, receive immediate attention, and I postponed the reading until evening. Two friends spent the evening with me at my hotel, and we divided the letters, intending wisely to give an opinion at the end of the entire reading.

In due time we got to the end, and a more comical assemblage of coaxing, wheedling, patronising, or familiar presentations of apartment advantages were surely never addressed to one poor wretch. I select three for publication. Not one of the seventy offers was acceptable to me.

I determined, therefore, to make an offer in a more interesting direction on my own account. I see no hope for me but a speedy arrangement with Ann Eliza, and intend to write to her to-morrow, being quite convinced that a truly satisfactory home is only possible where all of the household have a common interest, and where every thought and action is the outgrowth of common sympathy. I never was more thoroughly convinced than now, of the truth of Mr. Topper's remark, that "a bachelor is a wretched outcast," although the seventy-three candidates for my weekly rent, and for my daily society, my tea, and my sugar, convince me (in opposition to that gentleman's other dictum) that he has a right to an opinion on the subject.

(No. 1.)

SIR,—In reply to your advertisement, I think I can accommodate you. The situation is expansive and open: the rooms are airy and spacious: parlour and bedroom both to the front; gas, piano, and music, for your use if desired.

In addition to all this, as I am a tobaccoist, and have a shop in the town, I can supply you with all kinds of tobacco, snuff, cigars and pipes, &c., at cost price; and further, if you are only a very moderate or occasional smoker, I will find you in tobacco or cigars, gratis.

No children or any other animals or birds, except two

gold-fish, which of course do not annoy any one. As to terms, &c., I think a visit from you will be best, when we can arrange matters more satisfactorily.

I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS A. F.

P.S.—If you are an invalid, we have a good bath-chair.

(No. 2.)

367, CATHEDRAL CLOSE.

SIR.—Having seen your advertisement, I am induced to offer you apartments in my house. I may appear rather arbitrary in my terms and rules, but I think on serious consideration of the especial advantages which a residence under my roof will confer, you will not be disposed to allow them to pass away.

Firstly, I am a clergyman of the Established Church, and you will have the benefit of my library, including, as it does, the standard works of Modern Theology. If you are young (as I suppose you are), you will have my advice and supervision. In short, I can confidently offer you a most pleasant home, subject to the undermentioned conditions, to which I shall expect strict adherence :

Firstly, I must see all the books you bring into the house, as I have two sons and three daughters, who might thus obtain a sight of books which I might deem unfit for their reading.

Secondly, no smoking, and no tobacco or cigars to be brought into the house.

Thirdly, no latch-key allowed; and you will be expected to be in the house every evening at nine p.m. On Thursday evenings you will be expected to be in the house all the evening, as I am frequently out of town at that time, and the ladies of my family are timid, and do not like to be left without a gentleman in the house.

All gas turned off by me from the house at ten o'clock, when all are expected to be in repose for the night.

The terms, including board and washing, &c., are 30s. per week, which I hope will not, after this enumeration of the benefits you will receive, be considered too high.

A personal interview will oblige

Yours faithfully,

I. L. TAPES, M. A.

(No. 3.)

14, GARSTANG COURT, Clairdon St.

SIR.—Having seen in the paper that you want lodgings, I beg to tell you that our Situation is both airy and Comfortable, & We shall try to Do our best for you, if you wd. like to come.

We have four Children, which is all very quite Except the Youngest, wh. has the Measles, but the Doctor says He will be better in abt. a Month, wh. is a Consolation to all of Us. I hope you are Soshabel and of a Lively Temper, as We cd. smoke a Pipe Together wen you Come from your Work, wh. wd. Be youkno very Pleasant, Beside the advantedges as I have before giv'n, we Keep 2 Pigs, & have Home Cur'd baykon wen they are kill'd. P.S. We do not Cooke anything of a Friday but fish, as We are Cathelicks, but you Can gett your Diner at a Shop next Dore, were they sell Tripe, &c. &c. at 4d. per pound, wick is very handy.

My time being short, I cannot say no More; but if you wd. call I can show you Meny advantedges.

Terms, with Vintles, is 9 shillings a wk, wich is verry resonabel, has Me and my Wif & famerly wd. make you quite At Home.

Your obt. Servunt,

E. O'LEARY.

P.S.—We have No Fleas, and there is a very nice pub-lik akross the Way, with Skittles and a Fré & Eey twice a week. E. O'L.

DREAMING.

I WANDER'd through the summer fields
All in the blue and golden morn,
And like Christus's follower of old,
I pluck'd the ears of corn.

High up a lark sung rapturous hymns,
Low down, among the rustling stems,
His brown mate listen'd, and the dew
Set round her nest with gems.

I laid me down and dreamt, and dreamt
Of summer mornings in the land
Where you and I, dear love, went forth
Each morning, hand in hand.

I thought athwart the tremulous tears
I saw your blue eyes gleaming, sweet,
Through golden locks; alas! 'twas but
The cornflowers 'mid the wheat!

SPANISH DINNERS.

It may be interesting to uneasy philologists to know that Ham settled in Spain. It was the splendour of the pork brought that great patriarch to Spain; at least, so the great Himmelbogen thinks. Vide chapter thirty, section ten, Leipsic edition, sixteen hundred and four.

A certain dead traveller speaking (when alive) of Estremadura, the country of aromatic sheep-walks and acorn-eating swine-herds, where the locust is indigenous, and in summer the air is musical with the soft cooing of the Barbary pigeon, says, with epicurean exultation, "Montanches (Snakes Cliff), snug in its saucer of hills, is the capital of the pork world." You approach the place by an old Roman road covered with cistuses and with huge trees growing out of the pavement, that leads From Merida to Salamanca, and is marked by Roman milestone columns. The Duke de Arcos used feed his pigs here on vipers, on which they marvellously fattened. Here the Duke de St. Simon, that king of memoir writing, ate and praised the little vermillion hams, with the admirable perfume and the gout so exquisite and so refreshing. The fat is like melted topaz. The flavour defies language. The Montanches hams surpass the sweet ham of the Alpujarras, the bacon of Galicia, and the chorizos of Tique. Now the fact is, the Spaniards being spare livers and rough travellers, like bacon as a travelling portable food. It suits the burning climate, because it will keep and

is always ready to be cooked. It ranks with the salt codfish as a national food. They bring you bacon in the Alpujarras that is scarcely pickled at all, but preserved by hanging up in the snow; a kind of food the traveller will probably remember when the kiln-like scorched mountains and purple defiles are long forgotten; for the human stomach has a fine memory. I, myself, have forgotten a thousand acts and looks that I should have printed and burnt in on the red-leaved tablets of my heart; but shall I ever forget the tender pink of those thin ham slices Dolores cut for me at the Alhama inn, after my hard day's riding, when I dreaded they would slit up some old pack saddle, fry it in black grease, and call it bacon? Shall I ever forget the curdy snow whiteness of the outside fat, and the soft cream colour of its inner shadings? In the midst of the hard fare of Spain, how it made me long for the flesh-pots of the Club kitchen, and how it made my eyes water recalling to me in a dream that night one of these unctuous London eating-houses, where a greasy stream trickles ooily down the window glass, where the soup vapour gushing up the grating, is strong enough to feed a Yorkshire school with, and where the curious eye, looking through the door, distinguishes a comely buxom maiden armed with a perfect scimeter of a knife, who must be Judith, and a huge sultan of a man in white with a conical nightcap on, who must be the fat Holofernes, on whom Judith is about to operate; though she is at present only experimenting horizontally on a quivering round of beef. I awoke the next morning hungry from that sumptuous and stimulating dream, but I never saw that ham again; not to me wanderer from the far west (W.C. district of the metropolis), was it any more given with fond eyes to see that precious and only too transitively beheld ham. My breakfast was a light and inadequate one of a butterless roll and four unripe prickly pears. If at that moment I could have met with one of those "Bath chaps" they advertise in London windows, it would have been the worse for the chap. I rode off lighting a cigar and parodying Tom Moore, "I never loved a tender ham, &c." That him and I were separated never to meet again. I always pitied the Moors because they never could eat ham or drink sherry, the two best things Spain—that lost country, the dunghill of dead greatness—produces; and which, while the Cid and the great Captain Columbus and Isabella, Quevedo and Cervantes, Calderon and De Vega have passed into road-dust, alone remain unchanged and unchangeable—objects for gastronomic pilgrimage.

If ever I undertook, what I think some day of undertaking, an epicure's journey in search of pictures and dinners, I will first go to Dunstable for its huge larks, and to York for its clotted snow cheeses; to Finnan for

its haddocks, and Penzance for its pilchards; to Cheddar's rocky pass for its curdy cheese; to the South Downs for their ortolans; to Jersey for its conger-eel soup, and to Whitstable for its pulpy oysters, delicious as those that the old Roman used to call "the Ears of Venus," and which were found in the blue bay of Naples, the mirror of that goddess.

The pomegranate salads of Spain I did not taste, and much do I regret it; but I must say that, though the red-cored pippy fruit may throw a pleasant acid halo about the shred lettuce luminous with golden oil, the fruit itself was a most ugly and disappointing thing in real life. I remembered how the Arab poets used to liken the mouths of their Oneizas and Leilabs, when their white teeth showed between their vermilion lips, to the seeds of a chapped pomegranate. Directly I got into a Spanish market-place I ransacked every stall for this precious vegetable, which seemed to hide from me behind the fiery orange-lobed love-apples and the pale green chumbos, tight-rinded as vegetable marrows. I searched over heaps of coarse yellow melons cut into slices for sale. I rummaged the livid, unwholesome, decomposed looking cactus fruit.

The oranges were not then picked; but, unconscious of Cheapside and the roar of the London playhouse, hung green and sappy on the quiet Spanish trees. That was August, and they would not jaundice and be fit to pick for their sea voyage till October. I heard all about the chests with a thousand balls of gold in each, and yet not worth to the exporter more than thirty shillings; I shall see them again in our London docks, unpacking from sheathings of Catalonian paper and dry maize husks. But what I looked for was the Arab fruit—the apple of Granada. Then I came to heaps of purple olives, green, brown, and wine coloured, large as pigeons' eggs, and horribly indigestible, grown for the "durabilia" of Sevillian peasants. These olive-trees bear well in thirty years, while the orange in twenty begins to deteriorate and produce coarse fruit. But the vine, says a friend who is beating the market coverts with me, is of royal blood and special, and in all its qualities, the older it is, the better its fruit; though, it must be confessed (he yields this upon pressure) the scantier. He is going on, as my eager eyes course over the stalls, as to how Seville in March, when the orange-flower blooms, smells like a tropical jungle, the scent being thick and almost painfully strong; and how the nuns make sweetmeats and sweet water of the blossoms; and how a true Sevillian will not eat an orange till March, when the new blossom comes, nor even tea after sunset, when the fruit is thought noxious; and how in the sea voyage the rind gets tough and the freshness fades.

Some of this is heard by a fruit-seller, who

weighing a melon in his hands, tips us a verse of a Sevillian orange song:

"Take, my dearest, take this orange,
With its fair and golden skin;
But do not cut it with a dagger,
For my heart is hid within."

then, ceasing to sing, the sly trader passes his hand with juggler quickness over the different compartments of his stall, repeating the name of each fruit. I start as he touches one very unpromising lot, which stands next to the green figs, and cries, "Pomegranates of the first excellence, Caballeros!"—nasty earthy round fruit, not unlike the hand-grenade, to which they gave the name, with a rind like an unpolished shell, or the half-baked crust of a doughy meat pie. You split them, and discover nothing but white bean-like seeds, set in a red pulpy flesh of a pleasant sour taste—so much for the metaphor of the Arab poets. It must be a very burning country to make one take much pleasure in so deceptive and unsatisfying a fruit. What! can this be the fruit of the red-blossomed tree, with the glossy leaf? No; this is our old friend the disappointing apple of Sodom, made so much of by the poets as a symbol of whited sepulchres.

And now as I have begun, capriciously enough, with the dessert of the Spanish dinner, let us discuss the figs, having first scooped out the sour, red fleshy seeds of the pomegranate, and thrown them on the dung-hill of contempt, to use a true Oriental form of speech. Now there are the green figs and the purple figs. The green fig is a little, shrivelled green bag of a fruit, looking like the bladders from which the old artists squeezed their colours. Eaten with the early dew on it, it is a thing to remember: and many a morning have I strolled down the rough street leading to a Spanish market-place, taking side-looks, as I passed, in at morning masses, where the incense was breaking out in gusts of ambrosial fragrance, sweet as the meadows of asphodel, that it was given to our blind poet to see and sing of. There they are, like so many bloated greengages, side by side with their darker blooded Moorish kinsmen who wear the royal purple—a purple a little ashy, and cold as of dulled unpolished porphyry. But such bags of cloying sweetness. For all that, you soon fall from them satiated, and long for the sour stimulus of a juicier and keener fruit. As for the melons, they melt to golden liquid directly your lips close on them, and you bless the lush plains of Valencia, where all the best melons of Spain come from. The melon always seemed to me a sort of lotus fruit, moulded out of consolidated sunshine—iced sunshine—it is endowed with a concentrated cool sweetness, that makes a pine-apple a mere baked potato beside it.

I always used to wonder, when I saw a

brawny, bare-chested mendicant, squatted down at a church porch, just outside the greasy, heavy curtain, and within ear reach of the great pulse of the organ that jars the quire, and makes even the vast stone columns answer with a ghostly echo of Amen—to see, I say, this brown tough beggar, with his round head close shaved, as the Andalusians are used on account of the heat, dining with supreme content off a pink section of melon, as large as the bottom of your hat. Here is a dog, who could pull a bull down by the horns, drive his knife through a three-inch plank, yet he nourishes his "robur" and stamina on half a pink melon, brought from that moist province, where the mocking proverb says, "The trees are grass, the earth water, the men women, and the women—nothing." Yet on that, or bread dipped in a cow's horn of oil, and another of vinegar spiced up with hot green pepper, garlic, and salt, that dog will toil all day in the Castle of Solomon copper-mine in the Cabeza Colorada, where the stalactites are emerald and amethyst; will sweat at the olive press or the grape crushing, and wander home at night, not pale, fretful, and collapsed, but merry and gay, ready to go mad at the distant tinkle of a guitar, and to beat his hands rose keeping staccato time to the Cadiz cachuca. I who only yesterday saw an Englishman double up and pack on his fork for one calm mouthful about four square inches of red roast beef, think we lay far too much stress on the necessity of heavy eating. The Arab, on his rice diet, scourged the shrinking world. The Roman soldier, on his sour wine and vinegar bread, mapped out Europe with his roads. Perhaps to produce unlimited cotton prints a beef diet is indispensable? but for what else?

The Spaniard who wears the Moorish turban still, or its effigy; who carries the Moorish javelin turned to a stick; who lives in Moorish court-yards; who uses Moorish words, blessings, and curses; who covers his streets with Moorish awnings; who uses the Moorish boat, and hunts bulls like the Moors used to, lives still on the rough food of that Roman soldier—the bread soaked in oil and vinegar, the bread salad, so refreshing and healthy in a burning climate, where the oil stands for the most ethereal fat you can feed the stomach flame with, and vinegar for the destroyer of thirst and purifier of the blood.

Beware, O Spanish traveller, of your unbridled English appetite: eat not those stewed quails that smell so of garlic: dismiss untouched those gravel-walked white fish: return that brown pad of steak with the crisp potato waters and the savoury, brown, bubbly gravy—all of which, with certain cameo pats of butter, oval white rolls, crackly toast, coffee, &c. Don Hieronymo, your landlord, expects you to eat for breakfast, on this baking morning, in the great city of nuts—Barcelona.

You awoke, say, an hour ago, with the hot air puffing in at your glass door of a window, fanning the mosquito curtains of your bed that cage you in, and calling you in a hot, angry whisper to rise, "or be forever fallen." Just as you turn in the hot trough of your bed, the clump of your boots on the tiled floor outside your bedroom decides you to get up with a sudden stoic spring and somersault, thinking of the old sea proverb, "The man who is always wanting to turn in will never turn out anything."

The cold floor against your feet acts as a tonic, and drives you to fresh stoicisms with cold water, for which you mentally applaud yourself. You dress and go down to the breakfast-room; stopping, half-way downstairs, to read the following card nailed against the wall:—

VINCENT'S HOTEL OF TANGIERS.

Travellers will find excellent accommodation and cookery. The guides and the dogs for the sportsmen.

Pepys' Tangier!—Tangiers that we got in dowry for Charles the Second with Katherine of Braganza. I must go there. As I say this, I button up my coat to express determination, and suddenly look up and find a waiter watching me, who, seeing me, smiles, and calls out, "All raite—all raite. I know Inglis—the room of the breakfast—primo al derecho—first to ze raite. Good evening, Señor. All rayte, Señor."

You reach "the room of the breakfast," and find a large, bare, square hall with enormous windows opening from roof to floor, and leading to a balcony. Pleasant sounds and cries steam up to you from the street—pleasant sounds because new sounds—voices that lull and soothe you with new hopes and numb and silence the ceaseless clamour of the old worm in the heart core—the worm that never dies. There are cries of water-sellers and fruit-sellers; of boys with fire for cigar-smokers and of the jangling tin box of itinerant mendicants; strings of donkeys of course; careering horses; a church procession; an eleemosynary guitar; some street jugglers that would be hissed in Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C., and some stormy gusty drums belonging to the shining steel bayonets, whose tops I can just see. Above all a great Titian sky, billowed with foam-white clouds.

It is early yet. Still there have been, I should say, half a dozen breakfasts eaten already. You can tell this by the dashes of raspberry-vinegar looking wine in the tumblers, the glasses of water, the broken rolls, the dorsal bones, like arrow plumes of the whittings, the crusted brown water-mark lines in the chocolate cups, the golden green grape skins, the testamentary melon rinds with the Arabic inscriptions all over them, left for future vegetarian Layards.

Presently, my breakfast—the one I de

scribed (do not be afraid, I am not going to describe it again) comes in. A divine power of appetite comes to me. I do not follow my own advice. I decapitate eggs with what apoplectic effects I will presently relate. I gash the steaks as if they were cut from enemies I had slain in battle. I anatomise the fish. I toss off the coffee. I part the rolls. I smile round me benignly, and feel happy. "Heart full and eyes full—bad," says the proverb; "but head full and stomach full—good, good; and now, having laid sure foundations for a long day's work, and filled the hopper with material for all hands to go on with (I keep no cats that do not catch mice) and for idle stomachs or idle hands Satan still finds work in fretting or back-biting, if not stealing. I prepare for the playful dessert that always concludes a Spanish breakfast. I turn to the great central altar of an *épergne* that, decorated with flowers, gives the table rather an operative character. I toy with a fig or two; trifle and unstring a bunch of grapes. I peel a melting slice of melon, and lastly, following the national custom—very refreshing and anti-feverish it is—I drink two tumblers of sparkling water, just blushing with wine, large inky decanters of which stand on the table. I had done, I felt, what the Reverend Mr. England expected every one to do—his duty—his Sunday duty.

All breakfast time I had been watching Fortywinks, the great traveller, who, with sanguineous face, sat opposite to me, plunging into Spanish conversations, and performing in them wonderful feats of agility by leaping from one language to another. I delighted to listen to the contrast of the sharp, clear cut Castilian with the soft, gliding, kissing, lover-like Andalusian. I never quite settled that *th* question. At Toledo they laugh at you if you say Saragosa; they call it Tharagotha. Yet at Seville they quiz you for saying Granada, when it should be Granatha; then at Malaga again I got soundly rated for calling Andaluz Andaluth, when I should have said Andaluze; but then the correction came to me as I was walking between two Spanish ladies, and the scorn came from such pretty lips, the contempt from such twilight eyes, the critical laughter from such coral caves, that I should have wished to have had a week of such pretty scolding; and as I walked up and down in that summer dusk along the crowded parade, within sound of the sea, that seemed to murmur solos and dirgeful themes between the hurricane tornadoes of the band; as I walked in an endless ebb and flow of priests, officer, and nun-like ladies in black, under the lamp-lit trees, where the water-seller plied his innocent trade and the very peasants, in their hus ar-jackets, shirt sleeves, and close-cropped heads, were grave, courteous, and sedate; I fancied myself in a quiet side-walk of the Elysian fields, walking between Dante's Beatrice and Shakespeare's

Rosalind, those blessed queens of the world's dream-women.

But let me get to the fatal symptoms of that apoplectic breakfast. Shall I ever forget that numbing sleep that came over me within an hour; that dreadful lotos-eating indifference to labour; that tendency to look for a sofa and to go into a hot, steaming sleep which seemed the precursor of a fever; that pinching at my liver; that full-blooded face; that thirst and reptile torpidity; that terrible conviction that I had made a mistake and had better have breakfasted off a mere slice of melon, a roll, and a cup of fat brown chocolate-paste. I never sinned again, and Apoplexy left me to go and throttle a fat canon in the next street, which served him (the canon) right.

But I must get on to dinner, Spanish dinner, a thing as peculiarly national as liquorice, oranges, or garlic. As for lunch (lunch, as they call it), it is a mere social accident: not an institution at all. It is an impromptu of rolls and butter, grapes and melon, eaten with wine and water interludes, in a room closely blinded up as if the landlord was just dead. But dinner—dinner is "something like," as Spanker used to say.

I am at that Fonda Londres in the Plaza Infanta. You may easily guess what the half hour before the *mesa redonda* (table d'hôte) begins, the hour being five, was. I am off after dinner to see the house of Pontius Pilate, then to the government-pottery, and then to the cannon-foundry, so have ordered horses to the door at six, and am waiting for my bill which I want to scan over.

"Notta," they call the bill, and a notable bill it is. The waiter brings it on a tray, the charges are so heavy. It is one yard long, imperial measure.

"Let me overhaul it," says Spanker, who prides himself on the complete knowledge of the Spanish language. "I'll knock some of it off. They won't do me. I know a thing or two. I'm too much for them."

I anded it.

"Labandera,"—lavender. O that's washing—'sixteen reals.'

"Pollo,"—That's chicken—'eight reals.'

"Pan,"—By Jove what's Pan to do with it? O yes, bread; yes, yes, 'one real.' I say, old man, send some one to my digging for my dictionary. What the deuce do they mean by 'Cuarto'—'cuatro'—four? O, no. I see; Room, sixteen reals. That's too much.

"Two Amontillados; twenty-eight reals." That's sticking it in, rather—but let it go!

"Twelve Cigarros; eighteen reals."

"Two Convidadas comer;"—two fellows to grub. That's me and Driver;—'twenty-four reals.' Knock four off that.

"One something roto. What's roto? O, roast. Ah, so it is, roast. Yes, of course, roast. One roast vaso—whatever that may be—five reals. Too much.

"'Caballos'—horses. Caballos is horses; 'three hundred and twenty reals.' By George! O, yes, that's for your two days' ride.

"'Almuerzo,'—breakfast—'eight reals.' Why that's more than the Fonda Minerva at Granada."

"Fonda Minerva," smiled the waiter, "I know Casa. Numero 40. Carrera de Genil, Acera de Barro. Gomez de Brigand."

"Exactly," said Spanker, "right as a guide-book. But who asked you to clap your ear in, old fellow?" (This, in a voice of thunder.) Waiter dropped the tray on my toes.

"'One Botella Xeres; fifteen reals.' O, it's all right enough. Put pago (paid). waiter: one cannot bother all day about the confounded items—go!"

Still dinner came I and Spanker amused ourselves by smoking at the door, or on one of those low stone-seats with iron backs that, interspersed with orange-trees and iron lamp trees, parade round the square. Behind us lay the hotel with all its windows gasping open, and its green side-blinds laying back against the wall.

"Just look," says Spanker, exhibiting a card. "what an infernal rascal, named Tomas Rodesquez, who calls himself interpreter to the hotel, has just put in my hand. 'Last of curiosities in the City of Seville: Cathedral, percussion-cap factory, mint, pottery.' Here's a jumble. What do I care for percussion-caps, or mints, or potteries? I swore yesterday I would not go into any more cathedrals, or look at another picture. A man has his weed and his horse;—but, I say old man, what are you going to do to-night?"

"Look here," I said, taking up the little paper—The Voice of Liberty—"here is a baile (ball) to-night at Don Manuel de la Berreñas, at half-past nine; entrance fifteen reals. There are to be dances of society, of the nation. It is in the elegant saloon."

"Elegant saloon. I know it—Gammonio! Tarifa Street."

"All the best boleras are to be there, and several gipsies and cantadores of the highest fame, and Don Manuel has spared no time or sacrifice in order that the dances shall be executed with the proper splendour and brilliancy."

"He used to keep the Hotel Central, Caes de Sodre, Lisbon, in that little sea-side square, where the dial and the pimento-trees are. Didn't he tick it in for pale-ale, ask Driver, when we get to Gib?"

"A curious people this," said I, pointing to an advertisement in the paper, headed by a black cross, and the letters R.I.P.A. "Don—public scrivener, his sons Don Francisco, Don Juan, Don Manuel, and Don Carlos, sons of the said Don Pedro de la Torre, beg that those who have not yet received notes will assist at the funeral which, for the eternal

rest of Don Pedro's soul, will be celebrated to-morrow (Sunday) at eight and a-half in the morning, in the parish of Saint John the Baptist, of the Palm, from whence the body will be carried to the public cemetery of San Fernando, for which favour they will remain indebted. Street of the Holy Spirit, Numero, 20.' Shall we go and help bury the old notary?"

"What, at half-past eight in the morning? Catch me. Lieutenant Spanker up in the morning. No for me. The man who stirs very much before breakfast, Tom Hood said, 'is a spoon'. Devilish good of Hood. Was that Hood whom we used to call 'Pod' at Eton, because he was so podgy?"

"I think not. Well, but here, Spanker, is an advertisement much more in your way. 'The Society of Athletes and Acrobats, Bull Ring, Seville. Sunday. Weather permitting.'

"Sunday, too; that's wrong. But here they pull a man up if he reads the Bible."

"Illustration; a fool with a jackass on his shoulders, dancing on a very low tight rope."

"I can't swallow that, old fellow. Fact?"

"You observed in the funeral notice the deep religious tone of faith, and the curious mixtures of ceremonious address. It is the same here. 'Don Hieronymo de Villafraanca thanks the illustrious and gallant population of the loyal and glorious city for their favours and promises.' All this, just hear it, reads like a country circus placard."

"Let me look over you," said Spanker; "I think you are humming me."

"Brilliant symphonies by all the land. The Sylphs and the Satyr. Egyptian Pyramids. The Escapada Reel, by the Miraculous Maiden, on the tight rope. The Giralda of Seville. The Carib Exercises. The Russian Mountain. Feats by the Youth of Barcelona. To end with The Two Minstrel Brothers, in which the Count de Foja, a town near Naples, will seek his lady, who is taken by the bandits, at the head of a troop of men disguised as tumblers. Open at three; commence at half-past four. Seats, six reals. Hallo, there's the waiter squalling to us for dinner."

Dinner is a solemn thing, with, thirty heads at once in thirty soup-plates; waiters, in pink and yellow jackets, skimming about like butterflies. Ox-tail is being put out of sight. Vermicelli twines its white Medusa hair for me and Spanker. The table is gay with stands of fruit, flowers, and small dishes of almonds and ratafias, which a little attorney, who looks like a plump spider, ogles already ogreously. There is a curious superstition of putting the dishes for a moment on the table, and then removing them to be carved and distributed in rotation by the waiters. If you see the dissected chicken and watercresses passing round to your next neighbour, while you

are still at your soup, tremble! for you will be the loser of this race. Everywhere round the table (as in other scenes of life nearer home), I see a dozen faces, greedy, selfish, and rapacious, trying to look philosophically calm and unconcerned. One would think that a large prize had been offered to the man who should first finish dinner, and yet not forget to taste every dish. Plain joint of my country, over-roasted by plain cook of my country, I despise you! Here is a flower-bed of dishes. Stewed snails: I let them pass. Broccoli alone, in a sea of butter. I don't seem to like; it no more does Spanker, who is getting warm in the race, and would, if I did not stop him madly call for champagne, to be "in silver goblets quaffed," regardless of expense. Now tear by us, ducking in and out, the serried waiters putting in for shelter to temporary bays.

There is veal, in warm brown slices, lapped, fiery and deliciously, in tomato sauce. There is wild duck, with a fine savagery in its flavour. There is roast beef; and, between duck and beef, a capricious mockery of sweet custard and burnt sugar. Then comes a partridge, and more fowl and more veal; just as if the cook, in an exhausted syncope of imagination, had given over invention, and, like our modern dramatists, began again with the A, B, C of his art. Now there is a rush, cautiously violent, like the rush of despairing sailors to the spirit-room, to the sweetmeats: a fierce but playful dipping for lots into the ratafia dishes; then a wiping of beards and lips with wet napkins; a drawing and to-sing back of chairs, and we have done; all but a group of three English (bagnen) visitors, defiantly at their ease, who have just come in, and, without bow or greeting, are beginning, *da capo*, at the soup.

Now, all this dinner-time, I have been trying to enlarge my knowledge of Spanish gestures. An Italian once told me that in five minutes with Signor Rossini, he had observed him use forty-two gestures. I am sure the Spaniards have very many more gestures than the Italians. Gesture is the telegraph language of a hot, lazy country, it expresses passions, that language is too slow and inadequate to express. The Spaniards call each other by a spat out hiss. They draw you to them by raising the opened hand; they warn you by wagging the fore-finger at their nose; they cross themselves, to express surprise and astonishment. In parting, they do not tamely kiss the hand; they kiss the five fingers drawn to a bunch, and then spirt them out with a start and a laugh. They are a curious and an interesting people.

"Well," says Spanker, in his pleasant, frank way, as we strolled together to the hotel door to look for the horses, "I think we have had a jolly good feed. Suppose,

before you start, you come to my diggings, and have just a glass of sherry, it puts a fellow right. I am close by."

WHITE ANTS.

TERMITES are the greatest calamity of the Indies, says Linnaeus, using the word calamity in the proper sense of the Greek term (*calamitis*) a locust, or leaf-cutter. These insects, like the bees and ants, unite together in sociable bands, often prodigiously numerous, composed of three distinct sorts of individuals, which are said to represent different castes in society, and have been called the sovereignty, the nobility, and the people. Most travellers however give the name of white ants to the termites, on account of their form, their size, and their colour. The singular habits of these insects—habits which make them a formidable calamity—have given rise to many fables, ancient and modern.

Herodotus talks about the ants existing in the country of the Baehrians, which, though smaller than dogs, were larger than foxes, and each devoured a pound of meat every day. In their retreats in the sandy deserts, these gigantic insects were said to bore underground habitations, and build up hillocks of really golden sand which the Indians came and stole from them at the peril of their own lives.

Pliny adds to this marvellous story that the horns of these ants were to be seen in the temple of Hercules. Even in modern times, and since the termites have been pretty well known, many travellers attributed to them a strong venom which killed men instantly by its smell or brought on a fatal fever. But an English naturalist named Smeathman, completely destroyed all these stories by publishing, in the *Philosophical Transactions* of seventeen hundred and eighty-one, an account of the termites which are found in Africa and other climates. In this account Smeathman made known facts more strange and marvellous than any of the fables propagated by the ancients. Indeed, in this case, as in many others, nature surpasses most wonderfully everything which man has imagined.

All the different kinds of termites resemble each other in form, in their manner of living, and in their good and bad qualities; but they differ as much as birds in the manner of building their habitations or nests, and in the choice of the materials of which the nests are composed. There are some species which build upon the surface of the ground, or partly above and partly beneath; and one or two species, perhaps more, which build on the stems or branches of trees, sometimes at a great height aloft. One species is celebrated for the vast edifices it rears in the form of a sugar-loaf, ten or twelve feet in height, and so solid that the wild cattle mount upon them without breaking through in the least.

Of every species there are three ranks: first, the working insects or labourers; next the fighting insects, or soldiers, who do no kind of labour; and last of all the winged or perfect insects (called kings and queens) which are male and female, and capable of reproducing their species. These neither toil nor fight, being quite incapable of either, and almost of self-defence. Nature, however, has so arranged that they emigrate within a few weeks after they have arrived at this state, and either establish new kingdoms or perish in a day or two.

The *Termes bellicosus*, is the largest and best known species of termites on the coast of Africa, and formed the subject of Smeathman's observations. The nests of this species are so numerous all over the island of Barramas, and the adjacent continent of Africa, that it is scarcely possible to stand upon any open place, such as a rice-plantation or other clear spot, where one or more of these buildings is not to be seen within fifty paces.

In some parts near Senegal, Adanson mentions, that their number, magnitude, and closeness of situation, make them appear like the villages of the natives. These edifices are generally called hills, from their outward appearance, which is that of little hills, or sugar-loaves, about ten or twelve feet in height. These hills, at first, are quite bare, but in time become, like the rest of the earth, almost covered with grass and other plants; and, in the dry season, when the herbage is burnt up by the rays of the sun, they somewhat resemble very large haystacks. The exterior of the building consists of one large dome-shaped shell, large and strong enough to enclose and shelter the interior from the weather, and to protect the inhabitants from the attacks of most of their enemies. It also serves to collect and preserve a regular degree of genial warmth and moisture, which is necessary for hatching the eggs. The inside is divided, with great regularity and contrivance, into a great number of apartments, some of which are intended for the residence of the kings and queens, and for the rearing of their progeny: whilst others serve as magazines, and are always well filled with stores and provisions. These hills make their first appearance above ground by a little turret or two in shape of sugar-loaves about a foot high. Soon afterward, while the first are increasing in size, the termites raise others at some little distance, and go on increasing their numbers, and widening the area at the base. They always raise the highest and largest turrets in the middle, and by filling up the intervals between each turret, collect them into one dome. The small turrets serve as scaffoldings in making the dome, and when it is completed they take away the middle turrets, with the exception of the tops, which, joined together, form the crown of the cupola.

The royal chamber, so called from its being

occupied by the king and queen, is considered the most important part of the edifice, and is always situated as near as possible in the centre of the hillock. It resembles in shape half an egg cut lengthwise, and is at first not above an inch long; afterwards, however, it is increased to six or eight inches, or even more, being always in proportion to the size of the queen, who increases in bulk as she increases in age. The floor and roof of this chamber are very solidly built of hardened clay. Its walls are pierced by several doorways or entrances, at equal distances from each other, and large enough to admit the soldiers and labourers, but not large enough to allow the king and queen to pass out. Surrounding the royal chamber are a number of others, of different shapes and sizes, but all of them arched: these are occupied by the soldiers and labourers who guard the pair, on whose safety depends the existence of the whole community. These apartments being connected together by openings and passages form an intricate labyrinth which extends a foot or more from the royal chamber on every side; and they are surrounded by the magazines and nurseries. The magazines are chambers of clay, always well-filled with provisions, which consist of the gums and thick juices of plants. The nurseries, which contain the eggs and the young ones, are entirely composed of wooden materials, gummed together. These nurseries are exceedingly compact, and divided into very small irregularly-shaped chambers, not one of which is to be found half an inch in width. When the nest is in the infant state, they are close to the royal chamber: but as in process of time the queen grows in bulk, it becomes necessary to enlarge this chamber for her accommodation, and as she then lays a greater number of eggs and needs an increased number of attendants, the adjacent apartments must be enlarged and increased in number correspondingly. For this purpose the small nurseries that were first built are taken to pieces, and rebuilt a little farther off. The nurseries are always found slightly overgrown with mould and plentifully sprinkled with white globules about the size of a pin's head. Smeathman at first mistook these globules for eggs, but on closer examination under a microscope, he found them to be a species of fungus, in shape like a young mushroom. The nurseries are enclosed in chambers of clay, like those which contain the provisions, but much larger. In the early state of the nest, the nurseries are not each larger than a hazel nut; but in old hills they are often as large as a cocoa-nut. Under the dome is a large open space, surrounded by three or four large gothic-shaped arches, which are sometimes two or three feet high in front of the area, but diminish rapidly as they recede, and are soon lost among the innumerable chambers and nurseries behind them. There are very few openings into

the great area; and, those there are seem intended only to admit, into the nurseries, that genial warmth which is collected by the dome.

The subterranean passages running under the hills in various directions are sometimes as wide, or wider, than the bore of a large cannon. These galleries are very thickly lined with the sort of clay of which the hill is composed, and ascend the inside of the shell spirally, winding round the whole building to the top. Sometimes they intersect each other at different heights, opening either immediately into the dome at various places, or into the interior buildings and new turrets. Underground there are a great many passages leading downwards by sloping descents three or four feet perpendicularly among the gravel, from which the labouring termites cull the finer parts, and work up in their mouths to the consistence of mortar. This mortar forms that solid clay or stony substance of which all their hills and buildings, except their nurseries, are composed. Other galleries again ascend leading out horizontally on every side, and are carried underground, near the surface, to an immense distance. Sometimes these passages cannot be continued underground in the required direction. The termites therefore build pipes or covered ways along the surface of the ground, composed of the same materials as the nests. These they continue, with many windings and ramifications, to great lengths; and when it is possible, they construct subterranean pipes running parallel with them, into which they retreat if the tread of man or animals alarms them, and sink and save themselves if their galleries aboveground are destroyed by violence.

Each community of termites consists, as it has already been stated, of a king and queen, soldiers and labourers. The labourers are the most numerous, being in the proportion of a hundred to one soldier. They are about the size of an ordinary ant, but perfectly white in colour. Their bodies are so delicate, that they are crushed by the least touch; but their heads bear horny dented mandibles, or pincers, which are strong enough to attack anything except stones and metals.

The second caste, or soldiers, have a very different form from the labourers, although they are in fact the same insects, having undergone their first metamorphosis and approached one degree nearer to the perfect state. The soldiers are about half an inch long, and equal in bulk to fifteen labourers. The termites of this order preserve all their lives the characteristics and peculiarities which have caused them to be called soldiers. Numbering about one in a hundred of the population, they constitute a class apart, which has sometimes been styled the nobility. In time of peace they live in idleness, merely doing duty now and then as sentinels inside the hills, or superintending the labourers, over whom they evidently exercise great

authority. In war times, however, they make up for their indolence by fighting bravely and dying, if necessary, in the defence of the community. At the first blow, which uncovers one of their galleries, the nearest sentinel runs to the spot, and then communicates the alarm to those nearest. In an instant the breach is covered by a crowd of warriors, who dart in every direction their large heads, opening and shutting their jaws with a great noise. If they happen to seize hold of anything they will never let it go again, but rather allow their own limbs and bodies to be torn to pieces than unlock their jaws. When they reach the hand or the leg of their aggressor they instantly draw blood; every soldier drawing more than its own weight of blood. Negroes unprotected by clothing are very soon put to flight, and Europeans generally come out of the battle with their clothes torn and blood-stained.

While struggling with their enemies these soldiers knock every now and then upon the ground with their jaws, and the labourers answer this well-known signal by a sort of hiss. If the attack is at all suspended a crowd of labourers mount, each carrying a mouthful of prepared clay. Every one in its turn approaches the breach, puts down its share of mortar, and then retires without ever coming in the way or hindering its companions. As a matter of course, the new wall is very rapidly built up, and during this time the soldiers get out of the way with the exception of one or two for every thousand labourers. One of these seems to be the overseer of the work, for taking its station near the wall, it turns its head slowly in every direction, and every two or three minutes knocks the roof rapidly with its jaws—producing a little louder noise than the tick of a watch. Each time it is answered by a hissing which issues from all parts of the building, and the labourers redouble their activity. If the attack is recommenced, the labourers immediately disappear, and the soldiers are again at the breach, struggling and defending their ground inch by inch. At the same time, the labourers are not idle; blocking up the passages, walling in the galleries, and above all, endeavouring to save their sovereigns. For this purpose they fill up the ante-rooms with mortar—so much so that Smeathman, on reaching the centre of a hill, could not distinguish the royal chamber, which was completely lost in the midst of a heap of clay. But the neighbourhood of this chamber was betrayed by the crowd of labourers and soldiers assembled all round it, who allowed themselves to be crushed rather than desert the place. The chamber itself generally contained some thousands who had remained to be walled in with the royal couple. Smeathman found that they let themselves be carried away with the objects of their devotion, and con

tinued their service even in captivity, turning unceasingly round the queen, feeding her and transporting the eggs, and for want of nurseries, piling them behind some bit of clay or in an angle of the bottle, which served them as a prison.

The third order, or perfect insects, differ almost entirely in form from the soldiers and labourers, especially in the shape of their abdomen, thorax, and head, besides being furnished with four large, fine, brownish, transparent wings on which at the time of emigration, they fly in search of a new settlement. In size they are about seven-tenths of an inch; their wings measure more than two inches and a half from tip to tip, and they are equal in bulk to thirty labourers or two soldiers. They have also two large eyes, one on each side of the head; and in this state the insects issue from their subterranean home during, or soon after, the first tornado, which, at the latter end of the dry season, proclaims the approach of the heavy rains. The numbers which are to be found next morning all over the surface of the earth, but especially upon the water, is truly astonishing. For their wings are only calculated to carry them a few hours, and after the rising of the sun not one in a thousand is to be found with four wings, unless the morning continue rainy, when here and there a solitary individual may be seen winging its way from one place to another, anxious to avoid its numerous enemies. The special enemies of the termites are various species of ants, which are waiting and watching for them on every spray and every leaf. Not only do ants, birds, and reptiles destroy them, but even the inhabitants of the country eagerly seek after and eat them. All travellers speak of the ant-eating peoples; but in reality it is the termites which are eaten. The Indians smoke the termite hills, and catch the winged insects as they are coming out. The less industrious Africans, merely pick up those which fall on the surrounding water. The Indians knead these insects with flour into a cake, while the Africans think them delicious when roasted and eaten in handfuls. However strange this may appear, European travellers agree in speaking of the termites as agreeable food, and compare their taste to a sweet marrow or cream. Smeathman says they form a delicate, nourishing, and healthy aliment: nevertheless, the abuse of this sort of food often brings on serious diseases; among others a sort of epidemic dysentery which carries off its victims in three or four hours.

With so many enemies, it is indeed marvellous that a single pair should be able to escape to a place of security, and lay the foundation of a new community. Some males and females, however, are fortunate enough to be found by the labourers which are continually running about in the grass

and are elected, as it is called, king and queen. The manner in which the labourers elect their sovereigns is by inclosing them in a chamber of clay suitable to their size, leaving but one small entrance, large enough for themselves and the soldiers to go in and out, but much too small for either of the royal pair, who are thus made prisoners; whilst their voluntary subjects undertake the task of working far them, fighting for them, and providing for their offspring.

About this time a most extraordinary change begins to take place in the queen. Her abdomen gradually becomes extended and enlarged to such an enormous size, that in an old female it is sometimes fifteen hundred or two thousand times the bulk of the rest of her body, and twenty or thirty thousand times the bulk of a labourer. The skin between the segments of the abdomen extend in every direction; and at last the segments are removed to half an inch distance from each other, although at first the whole length of the abdomen is not half an inch. The segments preserve their dark brown colour, and the upper part of the abdomen is marked with a regular series of brown bars throughout its entire length, while the intervals between them are covered with a thin, delicate, transparent skin. The insect is supposed to be upwards of two years old when the abdomen is increased to three inches in length; and they are sometimes found nearly twice that size. The abdomen is now become a vast matrix full of eggs, not more remarkable for its amazing size than for its peristaltic motion, which resembles the undulations of the waves, and continues incessantly, without any apparent effort of the animal. One part or the other is alternately rising and falling, and the matrix is never at rest, but is always protruding eggs, to the number of sixty in a minute in old queens, and eighty thousand and upwards in one day of twenty-four hours. These eggs are instantly taken from the body of the queen by her attendants, and carried to the nurseries, some of which in a large nest may be four or five feet distant in a straight line, and consequently much further by their winding galleries. There, after they are hatched, the young ones are attended and provided with everything necessary until able to shift for themselves, and do their share of the labours of the community.

There are supposed to be about twenty-four or twenty-five distinct species of termites, of which nine belong to Africa, nine to America, two to Asia, and the rest to Europe. The European species are found only in France. The termites are supposed to have been imported into France about the year seventeen hundred and eighty by a firm of rich shipowners named Poupet, who were in the habit of receiving cargoes from Saint Domingo, because it so happened that the termites made their appearance in the towns

in which the firm had warehouses, and nowhere else. The towns of La Rochelle, Rocheford, De Saintes, Tonnay-Charente, have all become the prey of these terrible little miners. La Rochelle is not however so completely invaded as the other towns, the termites only occupying the prefecture and the arsenal, which are at opposite parts of the town. But the prefecture, and a few neighbouring houses, are the principal scene of their devastations. Here they have taken complete possession, for in the garden it is impossible to plant a stick or leave a piece of wood without finding it attacked next day. The trees themselves are sometimes bored to the tips of their branches. Inside the prefecture the apartments and offices are also invaded. In one of the rooms the ceiling having given way was repaired, and the day after the workmen had left the place was covered by hanging galleries resembling stalactites, many inches in length. Sometimes the galleries are fastened along the walls, and run from one story to another through the plaster. Messieurs Milne-Edwards and Blanchard saw galleries in some of the cellars which descended from the ceiling down to the ground without being supported. And Monsieur Bohe-Moreau saw some isolated galleries made in arches, or even thrown horizontally like a tubular bridge, to reach the paper of some bottles, or the contents of a pot of honey.

As the termites in Rochelle—like all their kindred—always work in darkness, incessant vigilance can alone disclose their retreats and prevent their ravages. One day the archives of the department were found almost entirely destroyed, without a single trace of the injury appearing on the surface. The termites had reached the cases by boring through the woodwork, and then at their leisure had devoured the official documents, respecting with the greatest care the upper leaf and the edges of the leaves, so that a case containing nothing but shapeless detritus appeared to be full of bundles in a perfect state.

The hardest woods are attacked in the same way. A clerk having slipped upon the staircase, fell, and pushed his hand up to the wrist into what appeared to be a solid oaken beam. The whole of the inside was reduced to a powder, and the surface layer left intact by the termites was not thicker than a sheet of paper.

Smeathman relates several instances of the rapidity of destruction of these insects. Having left a compound microscope in a warehouse at Tobago for a few months, on his return he found that a colony of a small species of white ant had established themselves in it, and had devoured all the woodwork, leaving nothing but the metal and glasses. A Mr. Forbes having shut up his rooms for some weeks, on examining them observed a number of galleries running in various directions towards some prints and

drawings in English frames, the glasses of which appeared to be uncommonly dull, and the frames covered with dust. "On attempting," he says, "to wipe it off, I was astonished to find the glasses fixed to the wall, not suspended in frames as I left them, but completely surrounded by an incrustation cemented by the white ants, who had actually eaten up the deal frames and back-boards and the greater part of the paper, and left the glasses upheld by the incrustation or covered way, which they had formed during their depredations." About the commencement of the present century the superb residence of the Governor-General at Calcutta, which cost the East India Company immense sums of money, was almost destroyed by the attacks of these insects. An engineer, who had been obliged to reconnoitre in a district of Brazil, left upon his table on going to bed his trunk, thinking it was quite safe; but next morning, to his dismay, he found all his clothes and papers reduced to powder.

Many means have been tried to destroy these formidable little enemies. Waterings with tar-water, frequent and deep ploughing, and circular ditches dug round the trunks, have been employed to protect gardens and fruit trees. Essence of turpentine and powdered arsenic have been vaunted as destroyers of the insects when collected together in a termite hill, and a traveller named Chavallonn affirms that arsenic had answered the purpose perfectly in Martinique. Two Frenchmen, Messieurs Fleuriau and Sauv , attempted to destroy the colony installed in the prefecture of La Rochelle. After a number of unsuccessful attempts, they thought of calling in the aid of auxiliaries, and of employing the black ants to fight the white ants. Having placed in the same bottle an equal number of these two sorts of insects, the battle instantly commenced, and the result was soon foreseen. The termites made the deepest wounds—especially the soldiers, who, with a single stroke of their terrible mandibles, cut the ants in twain like a pair of scissors. In a short time the ants were exterminated, leaving the termites masters of the field, with only a few slain. The next day, however, nearly half of the termites were found dead, having been poisoned by the acid secreted by the ants.

It has been said that it is easier for men to defend themselves from the attacks of large wild animals than from the ravages of these dangerous little insects. And considering their destructive activity and their incalculable numbers, an observer might be tempted to ask for what purpose these insects were created, and why they have been endowed with an instinct so prejudicial to man? Investigation, however, shows that in the warm climates, where the termites abound, the vegetation is developed with extreme rapidity and astonishing abundance, this activity being counterbalanced by the

spoed with which all these plants are destroyed; and if there were not myriads of insect-labourers employed in clearing away the decaying vegetable matter, those fertile and smiling countries would soon become pestilential for men and animals. However inconvenient they may be, the termites are undeniably useful, their depredations upon the property and the works of man being accidents resulting from their activity in fulfilling the functions for which they were created. Their instinct guiding them to attack only those trees which have perished or which have been felled, healthy and vigorous trees which do not require to be pulverised are never touched by these useful and indefatigable destroyers.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS BRITISH EXILE.

A FEW years ago I made the acquaintance of an elderly lady, whose husband, so far back as 1799, held an official position, both civil and military, in the colony of New South Wales. Many anecdotes she told me of celebrated characters who had, in the words of one of them, "left their country for their country's good." With most, if not with all, of these celebrities the old lady had come in contact personally.

"One morning," she began, "I was sitting in my drawing-room with my two little children, who are now middle-aged men with large families, when a gentleman was announced. I gave the order for his admission; and on his entering the door of the apartment, I rose from my chair, and greeted him with a bow, which he returned in the most graceful and courtly manner imaginable. His dress was that of a man of fashion, and his bearing that of a person who had moved in the highest circles of society. A vessel had arrived from England a few days previously with passengers, and I fancied that this gentleman was one of them. I asked him to be seated. He took a chair, opposite to me, and at once entered into conversation, making the first topic the extreme warmth of the day, and the second the healthful appearance of my charming children—as he was pleased to speak of them. Apart from a mother liking to hear her children praised, there was such a refinement in the stranger's manner, such a seeming sincerity in all he said, added to such a marvellous neatness of expression, that I could not help thinking he would form a very valuable acquisition to our list of acquaintances, provided he intended remaining in Sydney, instead of settling in the interior of the colony.

"I expressed my regret that the Major (my husband) was from home; but I mentioned that I expected him at one o'clock, at which hour we took luncheon; and I further expressed a hope that our visitor would remain and partake of the meal. With a very

pretty smile (which I afterwards discovered had more meaning in it than I was at the time aware of), he feared he could not have the pleasure of partaking of the hospitalities of my table, but, with my permission, he would wait till the appointed hour,—which was then near at hand. Our conversation was resumed; and presently he asked my little ones to go to him. They obeyed at once, albeit they were rather shy children. This satisfied me that the stranger was a man of a kind and gentle disposition. He took the children, seated them on his knees, and began to tell them a fairy story (evidently of his own invention, and extemporised), to which they listened with profound attention. Indeed, I could not help being interested in the story, so fanciful were the ideas, and so poetical the language in which they were expressed.

"The story ended, the stranger replaced the children on the carpet, and approached the table on which stood, in a porcelain vase, a bouquet of flowers. These he admired, and began a discourse on floriculture. I listened with intense earnestness; so profound were all his observations. We were standing at the table for at least eight or ten minutes; my boys hanging on to the skirt of my dress, and every now and then compelling me to beg of them to be silent.

"One o'clock came, but not the Major. I received, however, a note from him, written in pencil on a slip of paper. He would be detained at Government House until half-past two."

"Again I requested the fascinating stranger to partake of luncheon, which was now on table in the next room; and again, with the same winning smile he declined. As he was about, as I thought, to depart, I extended my hand: but, to my astonishment, he stepped back, made a low bow, and declined taking it.

"For a gentleman to have his hand refused when he extends it to another is embarrassing enough. But for a lady! Who can possibly describe what were my feelings? Had he been the heir to the British throne, visiting that penal settlement in disguise (and from the stranger's manners and conversation he might have been that illustrious personage), he could scarcely have, under the circumstances, treated me in such an extraordinary manner. I scarcely knew what to think. Observing, as the stranger must have done, the blood rush to my cheeks, and being cognisant, evidently, of what was passing through my mind, he spoke as follows:

"Madam, I am afraid you will never forgive me the liberty I have taken already. But the truth is, the passion suddenly stole over me, and I could not resist the temptation of satisfying myself that the skill which made me so conspicuous in the mother country still remained to me in this convict land."

"I stared at him but did not speak.

" 'Madam,' he continued, 'the penalty of sitting at table with you, or taking the hand you paid me the compliment to proffer me—yourself in ignorance of the fact I am about to disclose—would have been the forfeiture of my ticket-of-leave, a hundred lashes, and employment on the roads in irons. As it is, I dread the Major's wrath; but I cherish a hope that you will endeavour to appease it, if your advocacy be only a return for the brief amusement I afforded your beautiful children.'

" 'You are a convict?' I said, indignantly, my hand on the bell-rope.

" 'Madam,' he said, with an expression of countenance which moved me to pity, in spite of my indignation, 'hear me for one moment.'

" 'A convicted felon, how dared you enter my drawing-room as a visitor?' I asked him, my anger again getting the better of all my other feelings.

" 'The Major, madam,' said the stranger, 'requested me to be at his house at the hour when I presented myself: and he bade me wait if he were from home when I called. The Major wishes to know who was the person who received from me a diamond necklace which belonged to the Marchioness of Dorrington, and came into my possession at a state ball some four or five years ago—a state ball at which I had the honour of being present. Now, madam, when the orderly who opened the front door informed me that the Major was not at home, but that you were, that indomitable impudence which so often carried me into the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy of our country, took possession of me; and, warmed as I was with generous wine—just sufficiently to give me courage—I determined to tread once more on a lady's carpet, and enter into conversation with her. That much I felt the Major would forgive me; and, therefore, I requested the orderly to announce a gentleman. Indeed, madam, I shall make the forgiveness of the liberties I have taken in this room the condition of my giving that information which shall restore to the Marchioness of Dorrington the gem of which I deprived her—a gem which is still unpledged, and in the possession of one who will restore it on an application, accompanied by a letter in my handwriting.'

"Again I kept silence.

" 'Madam!' he exclaimed, somewhat impassionedly, and rather proudly, 'I am no other man than Barrington, the illustrious pickpocket; and this is the hand which in its day has gently plucked from ladies of rank and wealth, jewels which realised, in all, upwards of thirty-five thousand pounds, irrespective of those which were in my possession, under lock and key, when fortune turned her back upon me.'

" 'Barrington, the pickpocket?' Having

heard so much of this man and of his exploits (although, of course, I had never seen him), I could not help regarding him with curiosity; so much so, that I could scarcely be angry with him any longer.

" 'Madam,' he continued, 'I have told you that I longed to satisfy myself whether the skill which rendered me so illustrious in Europe still remained to me, in this country, after five years of desuetude? I can conscientiously say that I am just as perfect in the art, that the touch is just as soft, and the nerve as steady as when I sat in the dress-circle at Drury Lane or Covent Garden.'

" 'I do not comprehend you, Mr. Barrington,' I replied. (I could not help saying *Mister*.)

" 'But you will, madam, in one moment. Where are your keys?'

" 'I felt my pocket, in which I fancied they were, and discovered that they were gone.

" 'And your thimble and pencil-case, and your smelling-salts? They are here!' (He drew them from his coat-pocket.)

" 'My anger was again aroused. It was indeed, I thought, a frightful liberty for a convict to practice his skill upon me, and put his hand into the pocket of my dress. But, before I could request him to leave the room and the house, he spoke again; and, as soon as I heard his voice and looked in his face, I was mollified, and against my will, as it were, obliged to listen to him.

" 'Ah, madam,' he sighed, 'such is the change that often comes over the affairs of men! There was a time when ladies boasted of having been robbed by Barrington. Many whom I had never robbed gave it out that I had done so; simply that they might be talked about. Alas! such is the weakness of poor human nature that some people care not by what means they associate their names with the name of any celebrity. I was in power then, not in bondage. 'Barrington has my diamond ear-rings!' once exclaimed the old Countess of Kettlebank, clapping her hands. Her ladyship's statement was not true. Her diamonds were paste, and she knew it, and I caused them to be returned to her. Had you not a pair of very small pearl-drops in your ears this morning, madam?'

" 'I placed my hands to my ears, and discovered that the drops were gone. Again my anger returned, and I said, 'How dared you, sir, place your fingers on my face?'

" 'Upon my sacred word and honour, madam,' he replied, placing his hand over his left breast, and bowing, 'I did nothing of the kind! The ear is the most sensitive part of the human body to the touch of another person. Had I touched your ear my hope of having these drops in my waistcoat pocket would have been gone. It was the springs only that I touched, and the drops fell into the palm of my left hand.' He placed the

ear-rings on the table, and made me another very low bow.

"And when did you deprive me of them?" I asked him.

"When I was discoursing on floriculture, you had occasion several times to incline your head towards your charming children, and gently reprove them for interrupting me. It was on one of these occasions that the deed was quickly done. The dear children were the unconscious confederates in my crime—if crime you still consider it—since I have told you, and I spoke the truth, that it was not for the sake of gain, but simply to satisfy a passionate curiosity. It was as delicate and as difficult an operation as any I ever performed in the whole course of my professional career."

"There was a peculiar quaintness of humour and of action thrown into this speech; I could not refrain from laughing. But, to my great satisfaction, the illustrious pickpocket did not join in the laugh. He regarded me with a look of extreme humility, and maintained a respectful silence, which was shortly broken by a loud knocking at the outer door. It was the major, who, suddenly remembering his appointment with Barrington, had contrived to make his escape from Government House, in order to keep it. The major seemed rather surprised to find Barrington in my drawing-room; but he was in such a hurry, and so anxious, that he said nothing on the subject.

"I withdrew to the passage, whence I could overhear all that took place.

"Now, look here, Barrington," said my husband, impetuously, "I will have no more nonsense. As for a free pardon, or even a conditional pardon, at present, it is out of the question. In getting you a ticket-of-leave, I have done all that I possibly can; and, as I am a living man, I give you fair warning that if you do not keep faith with me, I will undo what I have already done. A free pardon! What? Let you loose upon the society of England again? The colonial secretary would scout the idea, and severely censure the governor for recommending such a thing. You know as well as I do, that if you returned to England to-morrow, and had an income of five thousand a-year, you would never be able to keep those fingers of yours quiet."

"Well, I think you are right, major," said the illustrious personage.

"Then you will write that letter at once?"

"I will. But on one condition."

"Another condition?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is that condition? You have so many conditions that I begin to think the necklace will not be forthcoming after all. And, if it be not, by—"

"Do not excite yourself to anger, major. I give you my honour—"

"Your honour! Nonsense! What I want is, the jewel restored to its owner."

"And it shall be, on condition that you will not be offended, grievously offended, with me for what I have done this day."

"What is that?"

"Summon your good wife, and let her bear witness both for and against me."

"My husband opened the drawing-room door, and called out 'Bessie!'"

"As soon as I had made my appearance, Barrington stated the case—all that had transpired—with minute accuracy; nay, more, he acted the entire scene in such a way that it became a little comedy in itself; the characters being himself, myself, and the children, all of which characters he represented with such humour that my husband and myself were several times in fits of laughter. Barrington, however, did not even smile. He affected to regard the little drama (and this made it the more amusing) as a very serious business.

"This play over, my husband again put to Barrington the question: 'Will you write that letter at once?'"

"Yes," he replied, "I will; for I see that I am forgiven the liberty I was tempted to take." And seating himself at the table, he wrote:

"Mr. BARRINGTON presents his compliments to Mr.—, and requests that a sealed packet, marked D.N. No. 27, be immediately delivered to the bearer of this note. In the event of this request not being complied with, Mr. Barrington will have an opportunity one long of explaining to Mr.—, in Sydney, New South Wales, that he (Mr.—) has been guilty of an act of egregious folly."

"Fourteen months passed away when, one morning, my husband received a letter from a gentleman in the colonial office. He clapped his hands, cried Bravo! and then read to me as follows:

"MY DEAR MAJOR.—The great pickpocket has been as good as his word. My lady is again in possession of her brilliants. Do whatever you can for Barrington in the colony; but keep a sharp eye upon him, lest he should come back and once more get hold of that necklace."

"My husband sent for Barrington to inform him of the result of his letter, and he took an opportunity of asking the illustrious man if there were any other valuables which he would like to restore to the original owners?"

"Thank you—no!" was the reply. "There are, it is true, sundry little articles in safe custody at home; but, as it is impossible to say what may be in the future, they had better for the present stand in my own name!"

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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FROM FIRST TO LAST.

IN TEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A drowsy afternoon: one of those August afternoons when the sun seems to glow rather than shine, and the trees are quite motionless in the golden languor. Only, now and then, there was a timid flutter amongst the leaves, as if the faint air stirred them in their sleep, prompting them to wake up, until they were lulled into dreamland again by the whispering of flowers and low hum of bees.

The great doors stood wide open, and the warm, fragrant summer came in—a warm summer it had need to be to chase the damp and mildew out of that long-disused room, which had been recently turned into a School of Design. Once upon a time, it had formed a part of the monastic establishment belonging to the Abbey Church across the field; but, since that date, it had undergone various fluctuations of fortune; emerging from each experience a little hoarier, a little more dilapidated, and a great deal more useless. Yet there was still a world of poetical suggestion about it, for those who could look beyond the dust of to-day.

It had been the monkish dining-hall, and had, no doubt, seen a vast amount of pious good living amongst the old Benedictines who possessed it in its prime. The little gallery from which, on high festivals, the grace was wont to be chaunted, now contained a miscellaneous collection of detached plaster-limbs, fragments of sculpture, and spare easels; a pale skeleton grinned a moral sarcasm on all past times over the balustrade, while casts from the most famous antiques occupied the raised dais where, perhaps, the noble abbot and his favoured guests had formerly been as merry as they were wise—often, even, if tradition did not wrong them, a great deal merrier.

Not all the glories however had passed away; for the magnificent avenues, grand as cathedral aisles, with their choirs of singing birds whose forbears had made melody to saintly ears, stretched still over the fields; wildernesses of greenery, quiet haunts of shadow, sweet musing places for sunny days and moonlit nights, that were almost enough to tempt civilisation back to gipsy life. Mary Unwin thought it would be pleasant

to carry her easel out under the lime-trees, and to sketch the old Abbey Church, instead of making that laborious copy of an unmeaning ornament indoors; but she only thought it. Mary was working for a purpose which sketching picturesque vignettes would not advance; so she went on, laying her flat tints mechanically; only refreshing her eyes sometimes with an upward glance at the silent green boughs that leant against the window and made a cool shadow upon the floor.

Old Wisp was standing beside her, pointing a crayon and talking about what we were going to do for the advancement of art; we being the committee of the school, Tom Unwin the master, and old Wisp himself. Mary was old Wisp's favourite pupil, partly because she was kind spoken; but chiefly because she was clever, industrious, and a credit to us, which many of the pupils were not. Look at Miss Ashby who had not conquered the straight line yet; or at little Miss Craggs who had been shading draftboards for practice, but without improvement, ever since she joined the class six months ago. Look at the Willett girls who only came to pass their idle time, or at the two respectable Miss Potters, whose strength (or feebleness) lay in still life—very still life. They were painting bloomless peaches, acid cherries, and sapless autumn leaves, from staring lithographic examples. They had toiled at these subjects with unsatisfactory results for many years; never getting any nearer to the interpretation of nature than they were at the beginning. Their models might have been the wooden fruit that develops into tea-services, spring-jacks, and other Dutch eccentricities, dear to the youthful heart, for any similitude the imitations bore to the luscious realities. Old Wisp said that they were enough to put us out of heart.

There was not a very full attendance on the class that afternoon, and Tom Unwin stayed at the lower end of the room where the beginners were, wrinkling his brows, as his custom was, and watching the doorway for dilatory arrivals. He was a little wiry man, with a countenance resembling in expression that of a much-enduring terrier that lives under a hard master. Tom Unwin had lived under a hard master ever since he wa

born—that hardest of hard masters, Ill Success. Instead of being a prosperous artist, known to fame and familiar with the chink of gold pieces; he was only superintendent of a provincial government school of design, with a limited salary and no prospects. The poor fellow had given up hoping ambitiously for himself at last, and was looking forward to his son's future, measuring his strength with far more accuracy than self-love had ever suffered him to measure his own. Valentine, he promised himself, would be a great man some day.

In the mean time Valentine was a patient drudging boy who spent whole days in the school drawing from plaster casts, and dreaming, who shall say what splendid dreams of the days to come? He was now engaged on a Hercules with a vast development of muscle, in the immediate vicinity of a mild-eyed quakeress who was copying a landscape in water-colours. Valentine liked the companionship of Rachel Myers because she was fair, pretty, and gentle, but the glory of the lad's fancy, and the star of his premature worship, was a young lady with whom he had never yet exchanged a word. Most of the pupils who attended the class were engaged in some task-work by which they earned a livelihood; but Miss Rosamund Wilton was a lady of quality, who drew only for amusement; yet still drew better than anybody there, except his sister Mary.

She came in when the lesson was nearly half over, and, acknowledging Tom Unwin with a grave little bow, went straight to her place in the upper class, where old Wisp always placed her easel near Mary Unwin's.

She was a bright beauty. Valentine Unwin, who read so much sentimental poetry at home, had made a pretty sonnet upon her; in which the sun under the figure of a lover, was represented as warming the chaste snows of her fair neck, ripening the rosy peach of her complexion, caressing the wavy braids of her hair, and leaving love-tokens of dead-gold entangled amongst them. After she came, the powerful Hercules did not make much progress. Valentine could see the soft sweeping folds of her dress beyond his easel, and continued to dwell upon their graceful undulations until he was startled out of his reverie by a slight flick on the side of his head, and his father's voice grumbling in his ear:

"Is that the way you make studies for future draperies, sir? No idling. Work hard!"

Valentine of sixteen dropped down from cloudland blushing furiously, and applied himself with instant diligence to Hercules' knotty arm.

Rosamund Wilton was painting a group of flowers from nature, and painting them very well, although Tom Unwin found fault with their arrangement, and demonstrated how

their colours would have harmonised and contrasted better, in other positions.

Miss Craggs, who always kept one ear open whenever she spoke, heard her ask the master if he had seen a certain picture which was then exhibiting in the town; and, when he said he had not, she also heard her advise him to lose no time in going, as it was well worth a visit. From that they passed to painting and art in general. Rosamund was no connoisseur, but she spoke intelligently of what she had seen and what she had learnt from books; she accepted information and the results of other people's mature judgment confidingly, and was, as Tom Unwin said, always a sensible and pleasant girl to talk to. She had a simple natural manner, which was exceedingly captivating, and there was neither conceit nor affectation about her.

From her position, Mary Unwin could not help hearing the conversation of her father with Miss Wilton, though its subject was uninteresting. Majolica, Palissy-ware, and old dragon china which they were discussing, had no peculiar charm for her; but at length they diverged to the Spanish school of painters, and their world-renowned labours.

"I have never seen any Murillo except my own, but it is very fine," said Miss Wilton; "my father bought it when the Alburton Gallery was dispersed, and always regarded it as the gem of his own collection."

You possess an authentic Murillo? And the subject?" asked the master eagerly.

"It is a child Saint John. I shall be very glad to show it to you, if you will call upon me." Mary Unwin looked up hastily, and Miss Wilton caught her eye: "And will you come too?" she added, addressing her.

"I was thinking of Valentine; it might do him good to see it," replied Mary, nervously. Valentine hearing his own name peeped past his easel.

"Valentine shall even copy it, if he likes," said Miss Wilton, with a glance at her young adorer; who, feigning not to observe her, immediately eclipsed his crimson face behind his drawing-board. Mary, for the first time since Miss Wilton had known her, appeared pleased. Valentine, and Valentine's happiness, were all her thought.

"He shall thank you for himself," said Tom Unwin, smoothing his corrugated brows. "Valentine, come here!" But Valentine was profoundly absorbed in Hercules' elbow. Mary interpreted his shyness, and covered it by saying: "He will have to be content with looking at it now; copying it will be a work for some future day;" and her father acquiesced.

Old Wisp had been listening and fidgetting from one foot to the other with anxiety. Might *he*—humble disciple of art, its servitor, washer of palettes, collector of mahl-sticks, and general scrub—hope for a glimpse of this grand picture? As the master went towards

the lower end of the room, he edged himself up to Miss Wilton, on pretence of filling her painting-glass with water, and said: "It'll be the making of Valentine Unwin, to get a sight of the fine pictures at your house, ma'am; I remember some of 'em."

Rosamund smiled. "He is a young genius then—the master's son?" she said. "I shall be proud to see him enjoy my paintings, if it will be of such advantage to him."

"It will be an advantage, indeed, ma'am. If I'd had such an advantage at his age, I would be in a superior position now. But I was not encouraged;" and Old Wisp blushed to the roots of his shaggy hair as he made this pathetic allusion to former, disappointment. He and his wife kept a little oil and colour shop in the town; and it was said that he wasted all the small profits of the business in trying to paint, when not engaged at the school. Rosamund penetrated Old Wisp's anxiety for himself in his allusions to Valentine, and kindly said that he was welcome to a view of her pictures whenever he liked.

"I would not be churlish of my precious gifts," she added, with feminine diffidence and hesitation; "and if there are any other students who are going to follow Art, who would like to come and see them, I shall be very glad."

Old Wisp was on the tip-toe of exultation. Miss Wilton, he told Valentine, was a true lady; and Valentine said in his heart she was a divinity—he had not come to the ripe age when a lover is content that his beloved should be merely a woman.

When the church clock struck four, Rosamund laid down her brush, and spoke to Mary Unwin. "I am going home; can you and Valentine come with me now?" She put on her bonnet and shawl. Mary blushed and accepted the invitation, while her brother behind his easel was struggling to get his jacket-cuffs down over his big wrists, and to clear his clothes of the powdering of white chalk, with which he had been putting the high lights on Hercules. Rosamund stood by the open door, waiting until they were ready, and Tom Unwin came up to her there, saying that he should not be at liberty that day; but, if agreeable, he would come and see the Murillo on the morrow. "And I will bring Valentine with me if you please," he added.

"Valentine is going with me and his sister now," replied Rosamund; and, in effect, at that moment the lad and Mary drew near. It would not have been easy to say which looked the more shy or the more uncomfortably gratified. Rosamund might have been an ogress luring them to her den, instead of a merely pretty girl about to do them a kindness. Tom Unwin could not forbear a grim wrinking of his brow as he thought to himself: "Poor things, they don't understand being treated with respect, and are not used to gentlefolks;" but Old Wisp rubbed

his hands with stealthy glee, and said, under his breath: "See if she isn't proud, one of those fine days, that she was the first to open his eyes to glorious Art!"

II.

VALENTINE kept a few paces in the rear, but Mary walked along beside Miss Wilton, struggling internally with that painful diffidence which always paralysed her before a stranger, and made her tongue-tied and stupid. The sun had lost somewhat of its power; but the dense shade of the avenue of lime-trees was still most grateful, and they kept under it; until, turning to the right and opening a private door in the ancient stone-wall which was a continuation of that bounding the field in front of the school, Rosamund admitted them at once into the Abbey gardens. What a cool, luxurious wilderness of shrubbery! There were green alleys with soft turf under foot, and noble trees arching overhead; there were cedars whose branches swept down upon the grass; glossy, pungent-leaved walnut-trees; lance-like silver birches, black yews, and rich purple beeches, planted so that their various foliage contrasted and harmonised as only nature's productions ever will harmonise.

"It is a very beautiful place!" said Mary Unwin, looked round with an indefinable sensation of pleasure.

"Yes; and it seems strange to be so secluded; when, in five minutes, we can plunge into the most bustling suburb of Burnham. I like it thus; there is the river—it looks like a land-locked lake at the end of that glade."

The way they were approaching the house, though not the shortest, was by far the most pleasant. It made several turns and winds to take in glimpses of the river scenery, which came like surprises upon strangers to the place. Mary loved all that was beautiful in nature, especially all that was tranquilly beautiful. She thought Rosamund Wilton must be very happy to live in such a beautiful place, and a remark to that effect escaped her.

"Yes I am happy, but it is not because of this," replied Rosamund; "I am happy, because I have nothing to make me otherwise; yet I have not all I want. You would not exchange your Valentine for a fine house and a pretty old garden."

"O, no;" and Mary looked round at her young brother, with an expression that made her almost handsome.

Valentine now made an effort to talk, and began by asking the name of a fine flowering shrub, which Rosamund could not tell him. She said her memory was not good for the long Latin names her gardener used; and, by and bye, they emerged from the shrubbery upon a terrace in front of the house, below which was a broad sloping lawn; and, beyond that, the river. Mary sighed as the whole

beauty of the scene burst upon her at once, and Rosamund asked if she were tired. "No. One might bid the cares of the world defiance here," she said, more freely, and her dull face brightened into enthusiasm.

"Listen!" exclaimed Rosamund, raising her hand. The air was hushed about them; but from the distance there was a dull, surging sound—thousands of tramping feet, toiling hands, fretting brains; thousands of household fires; thousands of souls beginning their day of life; thousands nearing its uncertain close.

"We cannot rid ourselves of these echoes; and I, for one, should miss them if we could," said Rosamund. I like to be in the midst of my kind, and would fain have troops of friends; but come—we are forgetting Murillo."

She ran up the steps and opened a glass door into the hall, where a quantity of plants, covered with bloom and ranged on a lofty pyramidal stand, made a miniature conservatory and a delicious perfume.

"You shall see the picture first, and then I must introduce you to my Aunt Carry," Rosamund said, as she guided them rapidly through two rooms into a long gallery, lighted from the roof and covered on all sides with paintings of various degrees of beauty. She stopped suddenly, and pointed. "There it is." The Murillo, the gem of the collection, and a picture that a king might glory to possess. None of the three valued themselves on connoisseurship, but they knew how to admire. Valentine did not once think of his divinity while he was looking at it; but, when he turned his eyes from the child-saint of the great painter to her beautiful face, he discovered that they had both the same warm, sun-ripened complexions, and the same dark hair, rippled with golden lights.

"Here are two Claudes, Valentine: do you like landscapes? These look blue and cold to me, after coming out of the sunshine," said Rosamund; "and I even prefer this Gainsborough. I suppose my national preference is heretical; but I have not an orthodox taste, and cannot admire by rule. There are two or three pictures here I dislike—so stiff and wooden; and, as for the Dutch Boors and Frows with vegetables, I should like to exile them to the kitchen."

Valentine was very quiet. He went slowly from picture to picture, drinking in draughts of beauty avidly. His thin face was pale with eagerness and excitement—not altogether a pleasant excitement. He was thinking, what call had he to put brush to canvas, with all these grand old rivals in the field? He had a dismal feeling as if inspiration would fail him, and he should never do anything worthy. Rosamund mistook his silence for apathy. She thought to witness a burst of enthusiasm; whereas there lay two cheeks on Valentine—her presence, and his incapacity

to express his admiration in sufficing words. He had also the rare merit of keeping silence, rather than utter foolish, unmeaning rhapsodies.

Rosamund seated herself on one of the crimson damask ottomans with which the gallery was furnished; and, loosening the strings of her bonnet, waiting until her two companions had made their round of the paintings. Valentine returned again and again to the Murillo. "Do you think you shall ever equal that?" she asked kindly. The lad flushed and shook his head, while his sister Mary looked at him with such devoted affection!

"Valentine shall not be a copyist, except of nature," she said; "he must not look on dead men as rivals."

When the two Unwins at length made a move to go, Rosamund said they must first be introduced to Aunt Carry. Mary would gladly have evaded this further ordeal, but Rosamund said: "O, pray come, Aunt Carry likes to know my friends." Mary tried to mention something about its being a pity to intrude on Aunt Carry, but Rosamund did not hear; so there was nothing left for her and Valentine, but to follow whither she led. Opening a door near the flower-stand, she cried, "O, here she is! Aunt Carry, I have brought two of my fellow-students at the school of design to make your acquaintance."

An elderly lady who was sitting at a piece of tapestry-work in the bay-window, came forward rustling in rich silk, and gave them a gracious reception.

"You are going to be a painter; that is a glorious vocation!" the old lady observed. "I should like you to take a portrait of Rosamund for me."

Valentine reddened and glanced at the bewildering beauty who leant laughing over Aunt Carry's chair.

"He has not begun to practice yet," she said, "he is only a boy—I am not sure that I shall let him try his 'prentice hand on me. How old are you, Valentine?"

Mary answered for him, "He was sixteen last May."

That "only a boy," sounded cruelly mortifying to poor Valentine, and made him feel more shy and awkward than ever. Aunt Carry supplied the most of the conversation by introducing Mary to her tapestry work—a gaudy Arab on a white horse, dancing on its hind legs—and asking her if she were fond of that enjoyment.

Rosamund sauntered about the room, now stopping a moment to chirrup to her singing birds in a large gilt cage, and then to gather a few sprigs of myrtle and geranium. These flowers made sunshine in the Unwins' dull little parlour for a week after.

Suddenly, there was heard the rattle of wheels, and Aunt Carry exclaimed: "My dear love, who can this be?" A carriage rolled past the windows, and a gentleman

inside let down one of the glasses, and looked out.

"Rosamund, it is Sir Everard himself!"

The girl turned quickly round, and exclaimed in an accent so joyous, that Valentine cringed and turned cold:

"It cannot be! you are dreaming—yes, that is surely his voice!"

The stranger was heard speaking outside; then the bell rang, Rosamund changed colour.

"What must I do, Aunt Carry?" she asked, moving towards the door and listening.

"I am sure, my dear, I do not know. Perhaps you had better go and meet him," replied the old lady, nervously.

Without any further hesitation, Rosamund left the room, and did not return. Mary then signed to Valentine that they had better go.

"I will not press you to remain now," said Aunt Carry, "for my dear will be sure to stay with Sir Everard Maxwell; but you must visit us again soon. Sir Everard's arrival is a surprise. We did not look for him until next month. Good morning."

The Unwins were passing out at the drawing-room door as Sir Everard entered the hall. He was a fine-looking gentleman, middle-aged, a good deal browned by exposure to sun and weather, and with a rather stiff military carriage. One sleeve of his surtout was pinned empty across his breast, for he had lost an arm.

Mary Unwin, who had a strong spice of romance in her faded head, thought he would be the Othello to the fair Desdemona of the Abbey, and win her heart by stories of valiant deeds and hair-breadth dangers. But Rosamund Wilton had been won four years ago, and Sir Everard Maxwell had come home to England to marry her—that was the fact of the case. When he went away Rosamund was only seventeen, and her father, who was then living, had declined giving his consent to her marrying so early, on the plea that girls of that age cannot know their own minds; but he promised that if both continued of the same mind until Rosamund was of age, he would no longer withhold his permission.

Sir Everard went out to the East, fought his way high up in the service, and was invalided home not long after Rosamund's father was seized with his last fatal illness and died. So there were some tears to chasten the joy of their re-union.

"Who can that gentleman be, Mary?" Valentine Unwin said to his sister as they walked away under the arborous shade of the trees.

"Somebody whom Miss Wilton was very glad to see," was her reply.

Valentine began to whistle, and broke off suddenly after half a stave to say: "He looks like an uncle, or something of that kind, don't you think so, Mary?"

"He may be twenty or even twenty-five

years older than she is; but I don't think he looks like an uncle, Val."

"Then what do you think he is?" rather sharply.

"A lover, Valentine—I am sure of it."

TO AND FROM TUNIS.

WHEN the burly captain of the *Latteen*, from Genoa to Tunis, *viâ* Cagliari, assured us, on embarking at the latter place, that we should make Tunis in twenty hours, he probably did not intend to be better than his word. As it chanced, however, a strong, steady breeze dead aft, sent him staggering along; and, without reducing our engines to half-speed, I doubt if we could have helped reaching our destination in less than four hours under the prescribed time.

The *Latteen* was a jolly old English boat, with bulwarks like a sloop of war. She had been on all sorts of stations, under all sorts of auspices, and was employed during the Crimean struggle in the painful duty of transporting the wounded and prisoners. The storms of the Black Sea had certainly told upon her frame. She was what sailors call a very chatty craft. Whether from some rheumatic affections contracted in her chequered career, or simply from the garrulity attendant upon advancing age, her timbers talked incessantly; and, at one time, grew so animated as to awaken doubts whether the debate might not end in a division.

"The *Latteen* had British engines, and a truly British engineer—the antitype, be it said, of him whose inexplicable wrongs have so often provoked unfeeling laughter on the benches of the Egyptian Hall. He had stuck to the *Latteen* through all her changeable destinies, for twenty-five years, chuckling with ill-concealed delight at every piece of evil fortune that occurred to her or to himself. The man was bursting with humour. It twinkled in his little grey eye; it mantled in his swelling cheek; it spoke in every twitch of his nostril or eyelid; it expressed itself (less agreeably) in the half-deferential digs he offered at one's ribs while narrating the last misadventure that had happily befallen both. I am positive old Maundrel was, nevertheless, a creature of the kindest nature, and that this cynical delight in discomfiture was a kind of forced growth, springing from his limited opportunities for the indulgence of that keen sense of humour which was inherent in his composition.

On the present occasion, his chagrin at our unexpectedly prosperous run was alleviated by two consolatory circumstances. In the first place, the captain had been in a manner sold; having, in his too cautiously expressed opinion, absurdly under-estimated the sailing or steaming properties of his boat. In the second, "We might—He-he-he!" chuckled old Maundrel, "just as well have waited for

the mail we knew was coming tumbling along over them hills from Portоторres. 'Twould have been in, in two hours, but, bless you! we was in a hurry—we was! There's ten pigs and the Neapolitan consul on board—and off we goes!"

The Sardinian overland mail for Tunis is, it must be owned, not so extensive as, on that account, to warrant much delay. We saw it once. On that occasion it had been waited for, by express order, and came off, at last, in great state, under the Sardinian flag, in a twelve-oared barge. We crowded to the side to see the process of lifting it on board. Up it came, a packet blunt and brown, like a middle-sized tea-cake. The captain slipped it in his pocket, and said: "Go on a-ed!"

If anybody imagines for a moment that the Latteen fulfilled her printed troth of conveying us to Tunis Proper, it is only fair to dispel that illusion at once. Tunis city is, from the anchorage, twelve miles by land and seven by water; the latter route being impracticable for anything drawing more than three feet water, by reason of the ruins of Lower Carthage which repose beneath.

We were accordingly sold into the hands of a party of savage banditti, calling themselves boatmen, at five francs a-head, and by them delivered at the fortress and harbour of Goletta. Hence, after a brief interview with the custom-house authorities, we were allowed to make our way to Tunis in the best manner we could. To do so at all, however, proved to be no easy matter, there being only some half-dozen vehicles in the place, and those apparently bespoken. Pending the inquiry, we looked about us.

Goletta is composed of a couple of dirty streets, a squalid square, and a prison-fortress. The latter probably has been but little strengthened since, in the days of Cromwell, the gallant Blake, in reply to a challenge from the Tunisians to "do his worst," knocked it about their ears. In the harbour lie rotting the magnificent remains of a fine two-decker, which hath never known the wave, having arrived at completion before it flashed upon the memory of the naval architect that six feet of water would be insufficient to float her out. But let us get on to Tunis.

The scouts of our party have discovered an individual who, with seeming reluctance, confesses himself the proprietor of a carriage and four. The equipage, it appears, is ready, round the corner, waiting for prey. The owner's intention was to have kept it concealed, until our increasing eagerness to arrive at Tunis before the closing of the gates, at sunset, should induce the offer of some absurd reward. But the indiscretion of a youthful accomplice has betrayed the game: hence the air of injured innocence assumed by the elder rogue, as he sulkily names thirty-five francs as the price of the journey—the usual terms being fourteen.

Anxious as we are to get on, human, and especially English, nature recoils from a bold-faced swindle. We offer twenty; and, as the negotiation proceeds, the whole disengaged population of Goletta assemble to witness it. In the squalid square before mentioned, there is always a certain number of idlers prepared to bestow their undivided attention upon anybody else's business, however unimportant in detail. But the arrival of a band of strangers from Europe is an event sufficiently rare to move Goletta to its dirtiest hovel, and we find ourselves the centre of a circle of nearly a hundred deeply interested spectators. In the crowd are some imposing turbans, crowning faces whose noble features and grave, anxious, curious expression would do honour to a deeper subject of debate.

With every moment our audience increases. The passers-by join it as a matter of course. The sentinel on the drawbridge—who looks like a very dirty old woman with red trowsers under her petticoats—can resist no longer; but, swinging his musket carelessly over his shoulder, becomes harmlessly absorbed in the multitude. A couple of prisoners, manacled together, and clanking about with scavengers' baskets on their backs, forget for a moment their miserable chains, till an almost imperceptible signal from an officer near reminds them that their interest in defrauding mankind is, for the present, suspended. But the bargain is at last concluded—twenty-eight francs. Up comes our quadriga (four horses abreast), and we start through the gates at full gallop.

After all, we reach Tunis with half an hour to spare, and, staggering and tumbling through the unpaved streets, arrive at the European quarter. It is raining heavily, the town is more than ankle-deep in mud, and the entire population, male and female (such, at least, as are shod at all), are clinking about in pattens. There are but two hotels—the one dirty, the other dirtier. One is kept by the Bey's chief cook, who passes every alternate fortnight at the palace. At the other, an amiable French hostess does her best to make her guests forget that they are in the land of garlic and sour bread. We decide for the lady; and, turning our backs to the splendid British consulate—the most imposing house in the town—move up a filthy lane which, already too narrow, is half filled up with heaps of manure and debris of every kind, and descend at the portals of the Hotel de Fricandean.

We dress and dine. Attendance at the table d'hôte noisy and various. As we enter, a gentleman at the top, who wears a ribbon on his breast, nods familiarly to us—and swallows a carving-knife! We look aghast. The company only smile in a congratulatory manner, and mutter something that may, perhaps, be equivalent to the common eastern

benediction—"May it do you good," or "May your stomach be the better."

The wonder is not so much that one gentleman swallows his knife as that many more do not inadvertently follow his example, for every individual present is using that implement in the capacity of a spoon. Science and practice have done much to divest this always interesting feat of its peril, and there would be little to cavil at would the performers but abstain from using their knives as saltspoons too.

The banquet proceeds. There is Monsieur Nonfait, the French vice-consul; there is the Comte de Bongle, his compatriot; there is the Count Gules, equerry to the King of Sardinia, passing his month's congé in shooting and photography. (These latter gentlemen enter with us.) There is the skipper of a Maltese schooner, tearing his fish with his thick ropy fingers; there is a gentleman attached to the Tunis opera, who sings between every mouthful; and a few others. But our eyes are perpetually turning towards the knife-swallower. He sees it, though he does not look, and presently, taking his napkin, folds it carefully and evenly, then, placing his fork and spoon within, bolts the whole at a gulp,

"Who—who is that man?" we gasp into the turban of Mohamed, the Arab waiter.

"Bosco!" responds Mohamed.

It is even he. Bosco, the magician! Bosco, the warrior! For did he not fight under the banner of Napoleon—that greater magician still—amid the snows of Russia? Was he not overthrown and speared by a Cossack? And did he not pick that Cossack's pocket as fast as the victor rifled his? Wounded and a prisoner, did he not cast his spells over the hearts and understandings of his barbarous captors, and escape at last with six thousand livres in his pocket?

He has been performing before the Bey, and has received from that potentate ten thousand piastres (two hundred and seventy pounds, sixteen shillings, and eightpence), together with the order (seventh class) of the Spoon and Hedgehog.

Honours and rewards have not spoiled the man. Bosco is affability itself. He orders three bottles of champagne, and sends it creaming round. It is vile; but to refuse it were viler. We drink to his future triumphs over common sense and the evidence of eyes.

Now the magician produces a pack of suspicious-looking cards, with most dishonest faces; and, after playing a few choice tricks, in which the cards are his humblest servants, observes:

"I will now, gentlemen, show you a trick you shall remember as long as you live. You shall see that I know your thoughts."

One of our party—a quiet, shrewd, retentive individual—is selected to have his secret counsels revealed. Bosco takes from his pocket-book a blank slip of paper, writes a few words, and gives it to our friend, with

directions to place it, unread, in his bosom. Then he takes a pack of cards, prepares to deal them out, and desires our friend to stop him when he chooses.

Slowly and regularly the cards drop from his fingers. At the seventh, our friend cries suddenly—

"Stop!"

"Have the goodness to look at the paper in your vest."

He is obeyed: and, behold, there is distinctly written in French:

"The gentleman desires me to stop at the seventh card."

Wondrous man, farewell!

Who is for the Tunis opera? It is not far. Down the muddy lane, through a filthy alley, into a dark den, up a ladder, and we are in presence of the assembled fashion and loveliness of Tunis, listening to some sprightly music from Columella—an opera of which, we are ashamed to say, we never heard.

The building was a stable two months since. The stalls retain both place and name. The pit is seventy feet long by ten broad. To the boxes the access is attended with some little difficulty. The British consul, who, as befits his dignity, occupies the best box, has, with his party, been hoisted up to his place, and the ladder is gone away to assist the wily representative of French interests to his. Sweden, Sardinia, and the United States in like manner send their consuls to this opera; and there is present also a mysterious man (Monsieur Touslemonde) who represents all these nations in turn, and sometimes—in the summer, when everybody leaves—Tunis altogether! His personal history is as mysterious as his occupation; for he is a Corsican by birth, French by family, and Lombard by adoption. He is Tunis's universal arbitrator and referee. In any doubt or difficulty—no matter of what nature, "Consult Touslemonde" is the word.

But the opera arrives at a sudden close, and with it our first day in Tunis.

Up early. Count Gules sends word he has a special order to visit the Bey's palace, a mile or two out, and invites us to bear him company. In the meantime, we ascend to a lofty parapet and smoke the morning weed. Little is to be seen but flat roofs; but, close beneath, an interesting scene is passing.

Eighteen Arabs are gravely and deliberately building a wall.

The process is singular. Seven men are engaged in the preparation of a small clod of mortar, of whom one, after several feints and pauses, lays a portion of that cement, about two feet in length. The rest assemble round, and, with solemn faces and heads a little on one side, examine and remark upon the progress that has been made. Then one takes a stone from the pile, and hands it to another, who pats and presents it to a third, who prepares to lay it; but he does not. Another

of the party has made a remark which elicits a grave laugh. The stone is laid down, a pipe takes its place, and is passed round. After which the whole party squat upon their haunches, and fix their undivided attention upon one individual, who tells a story.

It must be a funny story, for all laugh till their sides shake; and it is no slight matter that will excite Arab risibility thus far. Presently, one of them starts suddenly to his feet, as though he were saying:

"Come, old fellows, this won't do. We can't listen all day, even to such fun as this! Let's get on with the wall."

The rest reluctantly acquiescing, the stone is lifted, and actually laid upon the mortar. A brief consultation is held over it; after which, a second is handed from the pile, and conveyed, in the manner before described, towards the wall. It does not reach it, however. Some point in the story just related has been simmering in the mind of one of the party. He bursts into a hearty laugh, and we fancy we hear him saying:

"By your soul, now, Ali, and by the beard of the Prophet, was it as you tell us? Did he answer that Kafir of a silk-merchant in those to-be-remembered words?"

Ali, the stone-bearer, drops his load, retouches the point of his narrative, and resumes the pipe, amidst the renewed applauses of his auditory. It is now time to take a little refreshment. Flat, deep-brown loaves, and some enormous onions, are produced, and the progress of the works is postponed for one hour.

We, on our part, descend, and accompany our friend, Count Gules, to the Bey's palace. At the gate we are encountered by the captain of the guard, an officer of the household, and a sprinkling of attendants. The former draws Gules aside, and, in a solemn whisper, entreats that not a word of English may be uttered. Italian, French, (as much as you please); German, if you can; but no English. This looks well for English influence in Tunis! But it is no matter. We Frenchify ourselves on the spot, and enter the mysterious precincts.

Passing a marble fountain in the outer court, the officer of the household points significantly to the broad lip of the basin, and relates a sanguinary story:

Forty or fifty years ago, there resided at the court of the reigning Bey, an Italian physician, Antonio Stanchi. This man with the view of ingratiating himself with the heir to the succession, resolved to destroy his master. One day, the latter took his seat, as usual, to administer justice, and called for his pipe. A few whiffs, and the poor Bey fell insensible—dead. The tobacco had been poisoned. On the following day, the heir ascended the throne: Antonio Stanchi, who had made no secret of the deed, standing at his side, glorying in his success. The courts

were filled with eager suitors; for the character of the new sovereign, for justice and moderation, stood deservedly high. The Bey took his pipe, gazed curiously into the bowl, put the delicate amber to his lips, and took it away again. There was clearly something on his mind.

Suddenly, he spoke:

"I reward devotion, as I punish guilt. Stand there, before us, O! Antonio Stanchi. To your deed I owe my throne. To a similar deed, my successor may be indebted for his. Your skill is great. Give him his reward."

A peculiar sign accompanied the last word. The blood deserted Stanchi's visage, and never returned; for a lane was formed from the seat of justice even up to the marble fountain in the court beyond, and the assassin, dragged forth, was, within a minute, decapitated on its edge.

Hypocrites as we are! There is certainly nothing in the excellent Bey's villa to justify those ejaculations of "Superba!" "Bellissima!" &c., which formed the only coin in which we were permitted to repay the courtesy of our conductors. There is, in truth, a noble full length picture of Louis Philippe, in the tapestry, so finely wrought as to have the effect of a highly finished work in oil; and there is also a beautiful Sèvres and Dresden table; both, presents from the above-named monarch, who seems, as his conquests advanced in Africa, to have evinced quite a parental interest in this portion of it and who actually built a chapel (which might easily be turned into a fort) on the most commanding site in the neighbourhood of the bay. There is, further, a portrait of the late Bey, Sidi Achmet, bestriding an impossible animal, before whose frantic and furious aspect, even a Rarey might quail. The creature is balancing himself upon the tip of one of his hinder shoes, and if, under such trying circumstances, the Bey's features retained one quarter of the marvellous repose the artist has depicted, all honour to his equestrian pluck! The remainder of the gallery did not detain us long. We did not care much for engravings where we hoped for pictures: and Tunny-fishing, Mazeppa, and the Village Barber, though excellent, are not new.

His Highness the Bey resides chiefly at his palace, at Marsa, eight miles from Tunis; where, in a large marquee, erected close beside the palace, he may be seen daily, during his stay, administering justice in patriarchal form, and with a wisdom and moderation which, in one invested with irresponsible power, can never be too highly commended. But, for the future of the country, the qualities evinced by Sidi Mahomed and his predecessors come too late.

The fate of Tunis (the Regency, as it is still called, though its dependence on the Porte is but nominal), is a singular one. Certain to be, at no distant date, absorbed in the

French territory, it is commencing, apparently just too late, a system calculated at once to develop the rich resources of the country, and to stimulate the energies of its dreaming population to a par with European enterprise and activity. The last Bey, Sidi Achmet, who appears to have been a man of considerable administrative ability, originated reforms and abolished abuses (among others, that hideous one, the slave traffic), with a perseverance which no doubt tended greatly to the moral and social elevation of his people. The present sovereign—after some temporary hesitation—entered frankly into the same policy; has already done much, and promised more. To the laudable course thus pursued, France and England have, through their representatives, lent a hearty co-operation; and if, in the case of the former, there has been, conjoined with its encouragement, a very evident desire to further the ambition of the Bey to assert his absolute independence, we are not such lynx-eyed politicians as to grow grave at the reflection that such independence, by depriving Tunis of the support of the Sultan and his allies, must leave her at the mercy of her powerful neighbour. In the mean time, let it be recorded that whereas in the Crimean war gracious Tunis lent us ten thousand men—of whom only one-fifth were repaid—France hath given him an order, and we none.

Nothing to be done to-day. It rains in torrents, and we are compelled to keep house till dinner. Much excitement in Tunis, relative to a miserable event that recently occurred, and which, as illustrative of Tunisian prison-discipline, may be worth noting in its authentic shape, at which we took some pains to arrive: A month or two since, Pompeo Calci, a Lombard refugee, arrived in Tunis, and claimed the protection of the Sardinian consul. This was promised, under the sole and very reasonable condition, that the man should by his conduct and bearing prove himself deserving of it. But a few days, however, elapsed before Pompeo Calci became involved in a quarrel at the café, with a Hungarian (also a refugee) in which knives were drawn on both sides, and the Hungarian received a hurt so severe as, for a short time, to place his life in danger. Thereupon, Calci was delivered into custody of the Sardinian officials, of whom he was shortly after claimed by those of Austria, the wounded person being a subject of the latter power. He was given up. The Austrian consul was about to leave Tunis for a time, during which the affairs of the consulate were referred to the British representative. The latter, finding the prisoner an embarrassment, handed him over to the custody of the Tunisian police, by whom he was lodged in the general prison—a hideous dungeon—until his fate should be decided.

In the meantime, the wounded man re-

covered and left the country. Calci was put upon his trial. No one appeared against him; but, instead of being set at liberty, he was conveyed back to that prison, the horrors of which will be better understood when it is explained that, for those immured there,—no bed, no food, no garment, no necessary of any description, is provided. The captive is dependent entirely upon the compassion of his friends and the charity of his fellow-prisoners. Now Pompeo Calci had no friend. The charity of his wretched companions was, as might be expected, quickly exhausted. The man was abandoned to his fate. Without food, almost without clothes, covered with filth and vermin, the miserable man lay wasting slowly away: not in painless exhaustion, for, horrible as it may seem, it is, nevertheless, true, that he had gnawed his own hands in the protracted agonies of famine. His reason, however, had given way, and it was probably owing to this latter circumstance that his condition became known. The credit of having interfered on his behalf appears to have been principally due to the French residents at Tunis. He was removed from his wretched dungeon to the Goletta; fed, clothed, and—as soon as his mental condition allowed—provided with the means of quitting the scene of his sufferings.

This morning, note from the general commanding the nearest French station, announcing to us the turn-out of English ministry. We are rather out of the tide of the world, here, and depend chiefly upon charity for any cold scraps of news. Why trouble ourselves with political squabbles! A few leagues hence lies the renowned spot where the lot-eaters swallowed their oblivious salads—and, it is to be feared, left none for seed. No matter. Away to Carthage!

Nine miles from Tunis, about three from the principal sites of the ancient city, stands, in a green confusion of orange, almond, olive, cypress, and palm-trees, the picturesque Moorish villa, Ghamart, erected by the hands of Christian slaves, just previous to the taking of Algiers, in eighteen hundred and sixteen.

Here dwells the author of a pleasant book of eastern travel, and, at present, Excavator-General, and Discoverer of Ancient Phœnician Relics—to the British government and public—a gentleman to whose zeal and perseverance certain compartments of the Museum already bear ample testimony. An excellent oriental scholar and linguist, and a personal friend of the reigning Bey, it would have been difficult to select a person better qualified to conduct the interesting researches now in progress. We have no introductions whatever; but, with the cool assurance of British lion-seekers, make no scruple of marching straight upon Ghamart, about the hour of noontide refection. Welcomed, rather like old acquaintance than errant strangers, we are at home at once in that kind and pleasant

circle, and, luncheon finished, proceed to view the sites.

Columns, mosaics, votive tablets, urns, vases, lachrymatories are around us,—the fruit of the latter excavations. Some rich and beautiful mosaics are being packed in wooden cases, ready for the government vessel which is under orders to carry them to England. Bands of Arabs are sleepily grubbing away at different points, using nothing but a little garden-hoe to loosen the earth, and a small, shallow basket (about the size and form of a lady's bonnet of the present day) to remove it. Neither threat nor persuasion will induce them to avail themselves of an English pick or shovel—still less a wheelbarrow.

The researches at Carthage demand both patience and industry. As many persons are probably aware, what remains of the queenly city lies concealed under two superincumbent empires—the Roman and the Saracen—relics of the latter being discoverable at the depth, perhaps, of ten or twelve feet; of the former, at some feet lower; a circumstance the self-elected Laureate of our party endeavoured to commemorate, in the album kept by a member of the circle at Ghamart, as follows:

Carthage, half-buried in the dominant waves,
Looks up through Roman floors and Saracen graves;
Thus man's intelligence, that from the mould
Creates new empires—gave us back the old.

Here, arrived at the most interesting point of our excursion, circumstantial narrative must pause, not willing, even in this sketchy form, to anticipate details a few months will probably give to the world from the pen of the excavator himself. Consequently, I do not hint how, having exhausted Carthage, its cisterns, coins, and catacombs, we journeyed to Porto Ferina, eight miles distant from the site of Cato's city, Utica, making excursions to the latter, still under the guidance, of our kind friends of Carthage, as occasion warranted.

Of Utica, the second great city of Africa, so little remains above the ground, that travellers have been found to assert that all trace of its site have disappeared. This, however, is by no means the case. The sea, that once washed the very walls, has been forced gradually back by the vast deposits brought down the river, Bagrada, from the surrounding hills. An Arab village, Bou-shata, crowns the highest portion of the site, and looks down upon a few masses of masonry—a wall or two, a sunken gateway, &c., which comprises all that remains unburied by the unwearied sexton—Time. But mounds and trenches are left, and the position and limits of the city may be, with little difficulty, ascertained.

It was within a few miles of this place that the army of Attilius Regulus was stated by the historian to have been brought to a stand by the big snake. I shot one of that

animal's descendants, that came swimming across the Bagrada to reconnoitre us, but as his skin when measured, fell short of his great ancestor's by one hundred and seventeen feet, we abandoned the degenerate specimen to the wolf and jackal!

A melancholy accident marked our stay at Porto Ferina. The medical officer of the Hubble, gun-boat (lent by government to the reverend Excavator, and then lying in the bay) had passed a night on shore. After breakfasting with us, he sent for his boat's crew, to return on board. The day was rough and gusty, and the ship lying two miles out, on account of an intervening sand-bar on which a heavy surf was breaking. Mrs. Excavator earnestly dissuaded him from embarking until the wind and sea had moderated. The doctor, however, persisted, and we all accompanied him to the port. He was to land again in the evening, and bring some trifling articles from the ship. The party were in high spirits:

"For goodness sake," said one of them, laughing, as the doctor jumped into the boat. "Though you're drowned yourself—take care of the mustard!"

Away they dashed, the medico and his six men. Scarcely had they gone half-a-mile when a terrific black squall came hurtling down upon the bay. The boat heeling over, the man who held the main sheet at once let go, but his comrade, in charge of the gaff-halyards, unfortunately doing the same, the sail came bodily down, and, hanging over the boat's side, filled like a bag with water, and weighed her gunwale under. The doctor, encumbered with a heavy boat-cloak, clung for a few minutes to the submerged boat, but sunk; before we, who saw them struggling in the water, could get off a native boat to their assistance. His body was not found for some days. One young sailor was picked up floating on the surface. He had never gone down, but had died of apoplexy, induced by the shock and immersion. Another of the crew had actually swam back within hail of the Arab sentry; but thinking, as he said, that he could be of more service among his struggling shipmates, gallantly returned to the scene of the accident.

The medical officer and the young sailor were buried side by side in a little garden, on the very brink of the beautiful bay. Headstones were placed over the graves, and some gentle hands planted flowers around their place of rest, whose lives seem subject to as uncertain a tenure.

How we subsequently travelled to Zah-Wagh, and there, in a wild settlement, at the foot of noble mountains, among rats and ruins, and peaches, and panthers, neglected by our Arab purveyors, and subsisting chiefly upon blackbirds (four-and-twenty to a pie) we hunted out ruined villages, of which there are enough in the Regency to dower

a whole legion of owls' daughters—must remain a matter of conjecture or imagination. Be it rather recorded—as late and loyal tidings from the shores of Dido—that the young illustrious visitor who (in healthful contrast to as terrible a fire of balls and breakfasts as ever opened upon Midshipman Royal)—recently scrutinised the scenes above described—had his laudable curiosity rewarded by the discovery of a small but beautiful relic, which, forwarded to the Museum, will not excite the less interest from bearing the name of the Alfred Modax.

MY BROTHER'S DINNER.

THERE is certainly a conspiracy amongst scientific men to drag me down to the level of brutes. I know my humiliating dependence upon food; and, like old Sir Thomas Browne, I feel melancholy when I reflect upon it. Yet I cannot sit in patience while my old idols are being shattered before my eyes. I like to see my Milton staring at me with the fixed look of a cougar in his long flowing hair; I like to see my Shakespeare poised with the graceful skill of a tight-rope dancer, his elbow upon a pedestal his forefinger upon his temple; but I do not like to see them analysed by the irreverent hand of chemical science, and I do not like to hear that beef and mutton made them what they were. I cannot submit, without a struggle, to alter the philosophical dogma, and say, I eat—therefore I am.

I have just risen from the perusal of a book, previously remarked upon in this Journal, by Mr. Simmonds, called the *Curiosities of Animal Food* (the materials of which he has industriously collected and authenticated from many sources), and as a representative of universal man I feel considerably depressed. I am a ravenous, all-devouring glutton. Inferior creatures are mostly contented with one kind of food—fish, flesh, or vegetable, as the case may be—but I can eat almost everything, except the roof over my head. Living animals of all kinds I have particularly run a muck against. I can draw no distinction between myself and the untutored savage, for have I not in a moment of weakness, admitted him to be a man and a brother? I was not aware, at the time, of his peculiarities of diet; but that does not efface the admission.

I am worse than Noah's Ark—of course, I mean in my capacity for taking in animals. I will suppose that I have reached the allotted term of man's existence—three-score and ten—that I have been blessed with a good digestion, and that I have devoured three meals a-day. Setting aside the forests of vegetables I have destroyed; the panorama of my animal consumption would take the regular exhibition period of two hours to unroll. There I should stand at one end like the Ark with open mouth, while every

living creature of the air, the earth, or the sea would move slowly on in solemn procession, disappearing within my all devouring jaws. The weight of my individual nourishment in tons would be something awful; its value in sterling money might reach ten thousand pounds; and in one-horse wagon loads it would number, perhaps, from eighty to a hundred.

Not content with the flesh of birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, and insects, I must seize upon their bones, and feed upon their skins, even after the latter have been converted into articles of clothing. Ivory dust has long been sold as an excellent article for jellies; and so have bones, hide clippings, and parchment shavings. No wonder Professor Liebig tells me gelatine would not sustain any man for a month; no wonder he tells me the only difference between this deceptive luxury and joiners' glue is its greater price; no wonder we pity the long army of helpless invalids who have been fed with this glassy mockery; no wonder it trembles when it appears upon a dish, as it thinks what a shameless impostor it is; for old kid gloves, and older parchment deeds are often the only ingredients of its composition. Glue and scraps of gloves, boiled down with garlic, are eaten by my Spanish neighbours; and my South Sea Island brethren have made a good dinner before now from boiled buckskin breeches stuffed with seaweed!

What is a dinner? that is the question. In Siam the answer is given in the shape of a dish of dried elephant. In Greenland raw meat prevails, because it produces in the consumer more warmth than cooked meat. A slice of raw blubber, or a chunk of frozen walrus-beef is considered delicious, even by Englishmen. Frozen seal is a good native preparation for a long cold journey; but raw bear is the very best travelling food of all. The reindeer is a scarce delicacy; the entrails of the rypen, mixed with fresh train-oil and berries, compose a mess that is highly prized; while the favourite Arctic preserve is made with fresh, rotten, and half-hatched eggs, creke-berries, and angelica, thrown together into a sack of seal-skin, filled up with train-oil. Sledges are very commonly eaten with infinite relish, because they are made of dry frozen salmon; which has acquired an improved (Esquimaux) flavour by its long use and keeping.

What is a dinner? would be answered by my brother, the African Bushman, with a table covered with roots, bulbs, wild garlic, the core of aloes, the gum of acacias, berries, the larvæ of ants, lizards, locusts, and grasshoppers; while his twin, the Kaffir, would produce nothing but a dish of sour, curdled milk, with a little millet. My brother, the Indian of Brazil, sustains himself upon rats and other small vermin, snakes, and alligators; while another brother, the aboriginal Australian, feeds upon the opossum, the

Wombat, the wallaby, the bandicoot, and the bounding kangaroo. My Chinese brother gets fat upon worms, sea-slugs, horses, black frogs, unhatched, putrid ducks and chickens, rotten eggs, dogs and puppies, besides the aristocratic and costly birds'-nests. The daily bread of my brother, the Dyak of Borneo, is sometimes a snake, sometimes an alligator (if small), and sometimes a monkey. My Abyssinian brother, I am sorry to say, leads a very unsteady life, and makes himself positively drunk upon various kinds of raw flesh. My settler brother in Australia sometimes tries the food of his aboriginal relative, but not with any great success. He shoots down the flying-fox, an animal of the bat species, but as it looks like a demon when served up, with large, black, leathery wings, it is generally sent away untouched.

What is dinner? is answered by the African epicure with a tender young monkey, highly seasoned and spiced, and baked in a jar set in the earth, with a fire over it, in gipsy-fashion. It is answered by the low Arab with a feast of hyena, although the smell of the carcase is so rank and offensive, that even dogs leave it with disgust. It is answered by the natives of North America with a pole-cat, although the animal is considered too pestilent for human food. It is answered in Italy with a fox; and in the Arctic regions again with a fox-pie. It is answered by the Indians of North America with a dish of prairie-wolf; by the natives of Demerara with a dish of sloth; by the Hottentots with a dish of lion; and by the natives of the Malay Peninsula with a dish of tiger.

What is a dinner? is answered by the bill of fare of a San Francisco eating-house:—

Grimalkin steaks	25 cents.
Bow-wow soup	12 "
Roasted bow-wow	18 "
Bow-wow pie	6 "
Stews catified	6 "

The question is answered by the Dutch and Hottentots with a dish of smoked porcupines; by the Africans with baked elephant's paws; by Bushmen and Dutch Colonists with a dish of salted hippopotami; and by the Abyssinians with a dish of rhinoceros.

In France the question will be soon answered (if Monsieur Saint Hilaire should overcome the general prejudice) with countless dishes of horseflesh; and in Tartary it is already answered with a feast of donkeys. Greeks and Romans have found the ass palatable before this; and Central Asia revels in it to this hour. In Barbary it is answered by a dish of camel's-flesh; and by the Hottentots with a dish of giraffe, and giraffe-marrow. It is answered in Southern Guinea by a dish of boa-constrictor; and in Ceylon with a feast of the destructive Anaconda.

It is answered at the Havana by a dish of shark; by the Barotse of Central Africa by a dish of alligator; and by Dr. Livingstone (in a case of need) by two mice, and a light, blue-coloured mole.

My brother feeds upon more insects in different parts of the world than is generally supposed. The larva, or grub of one of the species of beetles which infest cocoa-nut trees, is considered a great delicacy in British Guiana; and it is dressed by frying in a pan.

The Goliath beetles are roasted and eaten by my brother in South America and Western Africa, although I, as an entomologist, have at one time given fifty pounds for a specimen of these insects, and am now willing to give five guineas. The untutored savage here goes beyond Heliogabalus.

In Africa my brother revels in locusts, salted, smoked, roasted, boiled and fried. They are carried into the towns by waggon-loads, like poultry when brought to market. In California, my brother, the digger Indian, regales himself with grasshoppers roasted in a bag with salt; or sometimes made into a grasshopper soup; and in Siam the greatest luxury that my brother can give me is a dish of ants' eggs, curried, rolled in green leaves, and mingled with shreds of fat pork.

In Ceylon my brother feasts upon bees; in Africa (as a Bushman) he eats the caterpillar of the butterfly, and in China he sends to table the chrysalis of the silk-worm.

In New Caledonia my brother seeks for a spider, nearly an inch long, which he eats, after having roasted it over a fire; and in France, America, Tuscany, and Austria, he feeds, more or less largely, upon boiled snails.

In Samoa, Navigator's Islands, South Pacific Ocean, my brother watches for the sea-worm, which in size may be compared to very fine straw, and which he eats, both dressed and undressed with extraordinary avidity.

Such are only some few of the many delicacies in which my brother indulges in different parts of the world; most of them when brought to table being very slightly improved by the art of the butcher or the cook. Nearer home there are many mysteries of diet which science and investigating industry have not yet been able to explain. Although every other part of the dead horses, annually killed in our knackers' yards, has been satisfactorily accounted for,—their hearts and tongues have never yet been traced.

My brother, under some conditions of existence, feeds upon arsenic; under others upon an unctuous kind of earth; and, under others upon sea-weed and rattlesnake-soup. These things are his daily bread, although they are not mine, and while I, in the pride of my shallow civilisation, am laughing or shud-

dering at him ; he, in the pride of his shallow civilisation, is laughing or shuddering at me.

VIOLETS.

WHEN first I pluck'd the violet

It was a sunny day in March,
White clouds like frosted silver met

The azure of the boundless arch ;
The fresh rills danced, the blithe birds sung.

So did my heart ; for I was young,

Thenceforth its very name could fill

My childish mind with golden beams,
With leaf-buds on a wooded hill,
And dazzling clouds, and glittering streams,
With all the sounds and feelings gay
Of that bright breezy holiday.

But I grew up to toilsome hours,

In a dim city closely pent,
Then, through the spring, my fav'rite flowers

My mother in her letters sent :
And so sweet thoughts of her and home
Would with their fragrance only come.

Until, at last, with other sweets,

It gather'd round the precious name
Of one who brought me violets ;

So oft, glad evenings when he came
Their scent to me his presence bore,

Before my hand could ope the door.

Thence their rich breathing spake alone

Of hope and tenderness and truth ;
Six waiting years had come and gone,

And we had pass'd our early youth,

Ere Poverty, a captive led,

Knelt down to Love, and we were wed.

He brought me to his cottage fair :

Our wedding-day, brings spring again :

A golden joy is in the air,
Each waving branch new welcomes rain,

And Early flowers our garden round
Murmur soft blessings from the ground.

We climb the hill behind the house,

To show me where the violets grew ;

Each tiny stem seem tremulous

With blissful thoughts both old and new.

We are so happy there alone,

Feeling, at last, each others' own.

So clung about our happiness

Those wild-flowers seem'd, that when our boy

Was born, around his christening dress

I wove them ; so a sacred joy

Mingled amid the spirit wreath

That flutter'd to their lightest breath.

My child ! I see him plainly now

As any time his eight bright years.

His soft eyes, the changeful glow,

Too delicate for this world's tears ;

And so perhaps the angels knew :

Alas ! they gather blossoms too.

One morn I watched him out of sight,

Nodding to me his pretty head,

He went for violets up the height,

'Neath a steep cliff we found him dead.

For me he'd climbed its side to cull

The flowers of which his hands were full.

I drew them from those fingers small :

Ah ! then upon our fav'rites fell

The sombre shadow of the pall.

I could not bear their sight or smell ;

The passion of a mighty grief

Was written on each purple leaf.

I learn'd, within a few more years,

To dread the time of violets

For its keen breath woke shudd'ring fears

That darken'd o'er the old regrets

Of all I loved the last the best

Was passing slowly to his rest.

Velling the grave with hopes so fair,

That when that gentle husband died,

I could believe his love and care

Lived round me still intensified.

Heaven open'd o'er that long decay,

And then I saw how near it lay.

The violets of our courting-time

I placed upon his shrouded heart,

The while I bless'd thee, Faith sublime,

Strong and far-reaching as thou art !

Those dry leaves linking by thy spell

To amaranth and asj hotel.

And looking back, and looking round,

I know no life so fair as mine :

Therein such depths of joy abound,

Beauty and love so round it shine,

That depths of trouble too were given,

Or else I had not valued Heaven.

And my heart feels it strange relief

To have its old love-struggle done

'Twixt child and husband with this grief

The horror from the violets gone,

Now Immortality hath kiss'd

Each leaf of fragrant amethyst.

And round their graves have violets sprung ;

Yes, I can tend them, for I know

Each feeling 'mid their blossoms hung

Shall live again, except the woe ;

And in that glad assurance blest,

I wait my entering into rest.

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHERS.

LAUGHING philosophers are of quite as old a family as their weeping rivals. We trace their lineage, in unbroken succession, from their representatives in our own day to that far off period when, under the radiant skies of Attica, the Parthenon rose ; when Phidias revealed to the light-hearted Athenian the mystery of form ; when Sophocles sang the old song of Love, love, invincible love ; when Socrates taught wisdom to Phædrus under the plane-tree, while the grasshoppers, those summer revellers, sang over head ; and Pericles acquired and practised the art of a profound and noble statesmanship. Ascending to that remote period, we shall find the illustrious ancestor of our wits and humourists in the comic poet Aristophanes. Aristophanes had a fertile and ingenious fancy, exuberant fun, and inexhaustible humour. He is rich in tropes and figures ; he puns with all the

ingenuity of Hood, and devises practical jokes with all the dexterous audacity of Sheridan. Fanciful, capricious, and graceful in his invention, he converts allegory into reality, and transforms fact into fiction, until in the world of his poetic creation we discern a strange fantastic kind of Pagan fairyland.

It is a mistake to suppose that we can have no sympathy with those old classical times. Precisely the same questions agitated the minds of our Greek forefathers as perplex the brain of their English heirs. The young Athens of Pericles was a type of the young England of Victoria. It had the same follies, the same wisdom, the same doubts, the same energy, the same popular pluck and democratic fervour. The fruits of knowledge then as now, conferred the double experience of good and evil. There was the same antagonism between the spirit of order and the spirit of progress. In those days, the wrong man sometimes got into the wrong place; and, though the chancellor of the exchequer tried hard to do his financial sum correctly, those horrid figures would not always come right. In short, there was plenty to find fault with, and Aristophanes, having a talent for good-humoured censure, undertook to do the work, and he did it handsomely. He thought everybody wanted a blowing up, and he put a handful of his explosive powder under everybody's chair, and blew up the ubiquitous occupant to his heart's content. We must tell the truth about Aristophanes. He was very hard to please. He was always in opposition. We do not doubt his honesty of purpose or impeach his patriotism; but he was prejudiced, one-sided, and exclusive. The impulses of his humour led him into distortion and caricature. He had a microscopic eye for the detection of flaws in private or public life. No matter how careful a man might be to keep his moral attire, brushed and mended, that quick glance discerned the slightest speck on them, and, if there were a hole in all his coat, our prying child was sure to report it. The age of Pericles was an age of daring and vigorous life, and Aristophanes was afraid of it. There was a young Athens growing up, and the poet had no sympathy with its luxurious habits, its saucy inquisitiveness, or its rhetorical display. The sceptic and the schoolmaster were abroad; men of talent began to explain away the venerable legends of Greece; to doubt whether there were such wonderful beings as Centaurs and Chimæras: nay whether our old *propria quæ maribus* acquaintances Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, did verily exist.

This sophisticated genius of the age was active and penetrative. Aristophanes detected it in the attacks on religion, in the refinements of logic, in the enervation of the drama, in the relaxing voluptuousness of music and song. He saw in Pericles the author of political corruption; in Aspasia

the instigator of social corruption; in Socrates the leader of intellectual and moral corruption; in Cleon the representative of demagogic corruption; in Euripides the symbol of corruption in music and poetry. These persons were the types of the wicked radical reformers of his day—the enemies of religion and morality, the infidels, atheists, and socialists of Athens. Aristophanes was a conservative by temperament and conviction; a high-minded Tory gentleman of Greece who detested stump orators, thought a good stand-up fight or a wrestling match far superior to any intellectual or æsthetic development; who looked back with wistful gaze to the good old times of Salamis and Marathon, and, blinded by the splendours of a heroic past, had no eyes for the grandeurs of a speculative present. We do not commend him for his short-sightedness: we regret his native prejudice and artistic exaggeration, yet, after every deduction, there still remains a valuable residuum of truth in the satirical sketches of this laughing philosopher. A great licentiousness, it has been said, trends on the heels of every reformation. Thoughtful men cannot see the removal of the old land-marks without some misgiving. Reverence and loyalty, valour and pious self-control, are often fatally impaired by the acquisition of a partial and self-conceited intellectualism, and the spirit of speculation too frequently resembles Argus in the witty description of the poet, who after boasting omnipotence of vision, is found to be all eyes and no sight.

And thus it happens that the girds and home-thrusts of conservative prepossession have their justification and value. So interpreted, the flaming satire and the riotous humour of the great comic poet of Greece, have a title to our admiration and gratitude. In exposing the excesses and absurdities, the insolent impatience and self-sufficiency of the fierce democracy of Athens, he warns, laughing while he threatens, of similar faults and failings in our own national character.

We have said that we may read in the age of Pericles foreshadowings as it were of our own time. As we wander, in fancy, through the streets of that old Attic Past, we see familiar faces crowding round us, with some slight physiognomical differences; and we learn that those whom we had supposed to be new friends, are really very old acquaintances. There is, for instance, a certain mysterious entity known among us as John Bull, much addicted to roast beef and plum-pudding. Aristophanes introduces us to his Attic counterpart. The personified Athenian people is a testy old gentleman of the name of Demos, immensely enamoured of beans. He is a little deaf, and somewhat passionate. He lives in a house of his own (Athens), of which a foreign tanner, called Cleon, has the run. For he has flattered and cajoled the old man, who appears to have

been of opinion that there's nothing like leather, and has accordingly been completely won over by the impudent intruder's little presents of calfskin: his worthless promises and windy compliments being compared to mere scraps and parings of hide; for he takes care to give away only what is of no use to himself. At length the tanner encounters a sausage-seller, who undertakes to prove to his master that he is not worthy of the confidence which he reposes in him. A trial of logical skill takes place between the two rivals. Each insists on his superior devotion to the Athenian John Bull.

"Have you even given him as much as a sole from your private hoard for his poor old feet," asks the seller of sausages; "you, who pretend to love him so, and have got so many hides of your own?"

"Certainly not," says Bull of Athens, answering the question for the parsimonious tanner.

"What can you think of such a fellow, then?" demands the elated seller of sausages. "Look at me! See what I've got for you. A nice new pair of shoes."

"You are the best man in the world," cries Demos. "You show such a kind feeling for my town and—my toes!"

The man of hides afterwards returns to the charge, and reads a pretended oracle, in which Apollo orders Demos to preserve the Sacred Dog. The old man does not understand. The disinterested currier replies:

"I am the dog; for I howl in your defence."

A similar pretension was lately preferred by a modern tribune of the people, who, after relating his touching apologue of the honest, but too confiding farmer, who couldn't take care of his own homestead, and the vigilant and vociferous Tear'em, who kept off those horrid marauders from over the water, pointed the moral by a personal application: "You, gentlemen, are the highly respectable agriculturist of my story. You haven't the wit to look after your own affairs: but never mind. Tear'em will do it for you. Who is Tear'em? I'm Tear'em!"

A fresh instance this, for the lovers of the good old times, of the profound aphorism that there is nothing new under the sun.

Aristophanes was not a member of the Peace Society, but he was duly sensible of the horrors of war, and, had he lived now, might have shared the bold but reasonable aspiration of our happy age, that Mars himself may one day be sent to the right about. At any rate, his strong predilection for peace appears in a wild fanciful drama bearing that name. Trygæus, a rustic patriot, disgusted at the continuance of the Peloponnesian war, resolves to visit Jupiter, and remonstrate with him. To this end, he trains and feeds a gigantic beetle, meaning to ride up to Olymput on its back. His little girls try to dissuade him, telling him

that if he will fly where the birds are, he must expect to "go to the crows," or, in plain English, to the dogs. Trygæus answers, that he can't endure to hear them asking for bread, when he has no bread to give, and no money to buy it with; but that if he only succeeds in the object of his journey, he will come and give them plenty of rolls, and rod-sauce, too, if they want it!

"But how can you go, for a ship won't take you?" rejoins one tiny prattler.

"I have got a little horse with wings; I shan't go by sea," is the father's reply."

"Dear little papa, what *can* you mean? Saddling a beetle and riding to the gods?"

"Yes, my dear, Æsop tells us that a beetle is the only thing with wings that ever made its way to the gods!"

"O, papa! papa! don't tell such a story. A nasty ugly beetle go to see the gods, indeed!"

Nothing daunted, however, our patriot accomplishes his aerial journey, finds the gods emigrated, and a monstrous dæmon, War, pounding the Greek states with a huge pestle and mortar. Peace, he is informed, has been cast into a deep cave by this unparalleled chemist and druggist. Trygæus determines to rescue her; and, attended by a number of husbandmen, furnished with shovels, engines, and ropes, he repairs to the dungeon in which Peace and her lovely companions are immured, and restores to light the greatest of all goddesses, and the most friendly to the vine, calling, in his enthusiastic admiration of her charms, for a ten-thousand-firkin expression, to greet the goddess worthily.

The poets have always been a favourite subject of ridicule. Athens made fun of her poets with as hearty good will as we do of ours. If a modern satirist, parodying Montgomery, describe him as raving "in all the rapt rabidity of rhyme," our old comedian laughs at Æschylus for his "words as big as bulls, with brows and crests, tremendous fellows with terrible phizzes whom nobody knows." If we laugh at the happy travesty of the earlier style of Wordsworth:

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, O, naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt!
No Drury Lane for you to-day.
And while papa said, Pooh! she may,
Mamma said, No she shan't.

The Athenians equally enjoyed the Aristophanic burlesque of the repetitions and effeminacies of Euripides' poetry—

With the dawn I was beginning
Spinning, spinning, spinning, spinaing,
Unconscious of the meditated crime,
Meaning to sell my yarn at market-time;
Now tears alone are left me,
My neighbour hath bereft me
Of all, of all, of all, all but a tear,
Since he, my faithful, trusty Chanticleer,
Is flown, is flown, is gone, is gone.

In his singular comedy of the *Frogs*, Aristophanes deplores the decline of the tragic drama. Bacchus is represented as a cowardly voluptuary; but by an amusing contradiction, he is furnished with the lion's skin and hero's club of Hercules. Euripides is dead, and the god swears that there is no one now on earth that can coin such fine phrases as he did, no one who can spout,

Some daring high-built rhyme like this you know,
 Either Jove's cottage or the Foot of Time,
 Or 'twas my tongue that swore, but not my mind.

In vain does Hercules remind him that there are ten thousand other poets as good as he. He answers, "the good ones are all dead, the bad yet live," and announces his intention of at once proceeding to that place which is never mentioned to ears polite, and bringing back his dear Euripides.

"I've got your clothes on my back," he says to Hercules, "and am ready to start. Which is the quickest way?"

"Hang yourself!" replies the demigod.

"Ah! that's a gallows bad way," cries the self-styled son of mighty Jue (Jove).

"Well, try the beaten path—a mortar."

"Hemlock, I suppose? That's a cold, chilly way."

"Do you want a quick one all down hill?" asks Hercules.

"Yes, by Jove; I never was good at walking."

"Climb to the top of the tower, then, where you can see the Torch Race; and when they give the signal to be off, then—be off accordingly."

"Where?"

"Down below."

"Why, I should dash my brains out! That'll never do."

Bacchus at last decides to go the road Hercules had gone before, and receives some instructions from the hero for finding the old ferryman with a little punt, who takes people over for twopence. "That twopence does the business all the world over!" exclaims the god, and sets off. Soon after we find him rowing himself over the lake, where he is greeted by a chorus of frogs, who welcome the divine boatman with their sweet sounding song of *Brakekeke*, coax coax. Presently, he discovers Euripides and *Æschylus* in the shades below. The wit-combat between the two poets is very amusing, but only scholars can appreciate it. The victory remains with *Æschylus*, whom Bacchus determines to take with him when he returns to earth, and when Euripides reproaches Bacchus for breaking his promise, the god answers the taunt with a happy allusion to the poet's own verse: "My tongue did swear, but I choose *Æschylus*."

In one of his plays, Aristophanes takes literally a bird's-eye view of life and the world. The Athenians were fond of building culative and political castles in the air.

This light and ethereal style of architecture is not yet obsolete in our own or in a neighbouring country, and we may like to see how the old Greek poet treated its unsubstantial pageantry, when the contractors were not French or English, but Athenian. In his *Birds*, then, he introduces us into the kingdom of the wildest phantasy, and presents us with a sort of Arabian Nights Entertainment in which birds talk, and walk, and fight, and build. We birds, they say, are a much older family than you men. The beautiful Love, with golden wings, was a bird, and we are his eldest and favourite children. Hoopoe is king of the birds; the nightingale is queen. They had been mortals once, known to men as Tereus and Philomela; but after that sad domestic affair, had acquired a sort of winged immortality. Two old Athenians, fairly worn out with the troubles and vexations of civic life, and willing to do anything for peace and quietness, leave their restless law-loving fellow-citizens, and arrive at the residence of King Hoopoe.

"Knock your head against the rock, and make it a double knock," says one of the pilgrims.

"Hollo, hollo!" cries his friend.

"What do you mean with your hollo? You should cry hoop for a Hoopoe."

An attendant now appears.

The king has just finished his meal of myrtle-berries and ants, and is now comfortably asleep. His servant Runningbird, however, calls his Majesty. "Open—the forest," exclaims a voice, and with magnificent plumage and a tremendous beak enters King Hoopoe. The strangers inform him that they are desirous of consulting him, and tell him why!—

Because you were a man, the same as us,
 And found yourself in debt, the same as us,
 And did not like to pay, the same as us,
 And after that you changed into a bird,
 And ever since have flown and wandered far
 Over the land and seas, and have acquired
 All knowledge that a bird or man can learn.

Queen Nightingale calls the birds to council, for the strangers have advised them to concentrate and build a city. The birds, who are pecking, hopping, picking, popping among the barley newly sown, obey the summons. At first they are alarmed, and accuse their king of treason to the state. He introduces the two old men as connections of his wife, for Philomela was an Athenian, and tells them, that out of love for the birds and their way of living, they are come to dwell among them, and that they are fellows of infinite wit, and quite capable of doing the state service.

Charmed with this new prospect of feathering their nests, the birds bid the travellers speak for the public weal. The strangers propose to build a city in the air, or what was the air once; but—

Philosophers of late call it the Pole,
Because it wheels and rolls itself about,
As 'twere, in a kind of roly-poly way.

This city is to be constructed for the sole use and benefit of the birds. The gods are to be walled out. Without express permission, Jupiter shall no longer visit the earth and make love to his Alcmeneas and Semeles, nor feast on the fumes of sacrifice offered by mortals. The birds approve the project, swearing by gins and nets and traps that they never heard of anything half so clever before. Our Athenian Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, remembering that fine feathers make fine birds, now procure themselves wings; and, pluming themselves greatly on their ornithological costume, one superintends the workmen, the other conducts the devotions of his new countrymen. The city is built—*entirely by birds:*

Birds, not a soul beside! Egyptian none,
Bricklayer, or stonemason, or carpenter,
But the birds with their own hands. 'Twas marvellous!
From Libya came about three thousand cranes,
Which swallow'd stones for the foundation, these
The cornralls with their beaks did chip and hew.
The storks, another myriad, bear the bricks,
Sea-larks brought water, herons served with hods,
And with their feet for shovels, dipping deep,
The geese threw up the mortar on the hods.

The two old men now agree that the new city deserves a very grand name—a name suggestive of lofty associations—and, at last, they fix on that of Cloudeuckootown. A solemn invocation is then addressed, not to the gods, but the birds of Olympus, in which Apollo takes the place of the swan, Diana of the goldfinch; and the ostrich is selected as the Cybele of the birds, the mighty mother of gods and men. The new city is visited by various persons, of a buoyant and sanguine turn of mind, who think to better their condition by joining the aerial architects. First, a poet, doing as he had often done before, takes a flight into the clouds. Unable to warm himself in the blaze of his poetic fire, he makes the two Athenians give him an old coat, and, not content with that, begs to have the waistcoat. Then comes a prophet, with an oracle, partly about the prosperity of the city, but still more about a new pair of shoes, of which the prophetic feet are grievously in want. Next, a famous geometrician appears, offering plans for the proposed building, which combine all the advantages of the circular with the parallelogrammatic mode of residences, so much advocated by some modern reformers. He tries to convince the old men of the extraordinary merits of his plan, but which, with his circles and circumlocutions, he naturally fails to make all square with them; and when at last they produce a horsewhip, and tell him to find out by his geometry the road back, he accepts the striking intimation, and flies off at a tangent.

The birds now make proclamation against the enemies of the Republic, and set a price on the head of a noted poulterer, on whose *fowl* proceedings they severely animadvert. Meanwhile, the gods, who dislike the short commons to which this aerial blockade has reduced them, sends Iris with a message to earth to bid men fill the streets with the steam of sacrifice. The goddess of the rainbow enters the gates of Cloudeuckootown without applying to the jackdaws in command, or even getting a passport from the storks. She is arrested, questioned about her business, informed that birds are gods now, and that men must sacrifice to them, and leave off sacrificing to Jove. Yes; by Jove must they! Iris threatens them with her father's anger, but prudently follows the advice which she receives, and takes herself off. In addition to the old original gods, certain outlandish deities now take part in the action. These supernatural foreigners, who live in a back-of-beyond sort of heaven of their own, lay all the blame of their involuntary fast on Jupiter, and threaten him with war, if he refuses to open the ports. Ambassadors are sent from Olympus, accompanied by a barbarian god. Our Athenian friends refuse to make peace unless Jove agree to deliver up his sceptre to the legitimate monarchs of the sky. There is no help for it. The condition is accepted, and the birds enjoy their own again.

Another old familiar face meets us in Athens, as we saunter arm-in-arm with our merry-poet through its crowded streets. The queen of all social questions, the problem of problems, the rights of women question, which throws the rights of man—if the tyrant has any rights—completely into the shade, meets us, in full voluptuousness and imperial bulk, as we turn the corner. The phantom of her frolic Grace may be rendered visible to all who are interested in her mysterious appearance, by the aid of our poetic eyeglass. In one of his plays which he calls *Ecclesiastuzæ*, Aristophanes presents us with a most amusing picture of female supremacy. There we see the strong-minded women of Athens. We hear them affirm their equality with men. They form themselves into a committee, and resolve that they will be men. One of them harangues the audience, but, forgetting her assumed character, makes all kinds of blunders—swearing by the patron goddess of the world's fairer half, and addressing her colleagues as women, in shameful disregard of the recent Resolution. These inconsistencies are detected by one of the lady-deputies, and her acuteness is commended by another gentle legislator who, exclaims, What a sagacious man! After some consultation, they determine to enter the public assembly. There are no orators like women, they remark. Every one knows that the youths who make such beautiful speeches, are those which most resemble

us. Attired in classical inexpressibles, and adorned with becoming beards, the interesting delegates strut into the Greek parliament, and decree a community of goods and a general relaxation of domestic restrictions. One man shall no longer be rich and another miserable. One man shall no longer selfishly appropriate broad acres to himself, and another not have land enough to be buried in. There shall be no poverty, and no crime, for everybody shall have everything. Then, with regard to another delicate question, the lady senators in their collective wisdom decide that the Protectionist principle is unworthy of a free and enlightened Republic, and decree free-trade in love. Some legislation, however, they believe to be necessary to redress the inequalities of nature. Accordingly, they enact that all the handsome young men shall begin by engaging themselves to the plain young women, and only on the termination of this agreeable preliminary arrangement be permitted to make a voluntary proposal to the pretty young women. An analogous condition is to be required of the corresponding moiety of the softer sex, and every deviation from established law is declared to be unconstitutional.

FOSSIL GEOGRAPHY.

SOMEBODY has said that there is a fossil history contained in English words. Every syllable was once itself a word with its own breath of life in it. There is also a fossil geography in names of places. Everybody sees that there is an old meaning in all our hams and hursts and leys, that every name of a place has some kind of description of its past life petrified within it, true or false now, but once upon a time true fact or true opinion.

The World meant the round vault. Europe was perhaps called through Latin the land euro-opposita opposite the east; or, through Greek, eur-ops the broad-faced; or, through Carthaginian, ur-appa the white-faced, because Europeans are not swarthy as the African. Africa my have been Greek aphriken, devoid of cold; or Latin aprica, the sunny; or Phœnician Havarca, or Avreca, the country of Barca; or Africa, the ancient name of Carthage; or Hebrew ephor dust, because of the sand of its deserts; or Arabic pheric, an ear of corn, and pharaca, to rub, because the region now called Tripoli and Tunis was to the Romans a great granary. We say nothing of any nymph Europa, of Afra and Afer, of Afrus or Ifricus, and of the nymph of Asia. Perhaps Asia was named after the Ascs about Mount Taurus; or from the Greek azo, to dry, allied to the Hebrew az, to burn, alluding to its droughts. Or it was called by the Phœnicians Asi, meaning middle, because Asia Minor—all that was known of old as Asia—used to be described

as in a middle place between Africa on the right and Europe on the left of those who sail towards it down the Mediterranean, the one great sea of the ancients. America was named, we know, on its discovery in a much later time after the geographer Amerigo Vespucci, who was in baptism called Emmericus, after the saint known as Emmerich by the Germans. Australia is short for Austral (or South)-Asia; but we may probably consider the contraction to have been deliberately made, to represent this great region by a name wholly its own, as the Southern Continent.

Now let us look at home. The name of Britain is derived most probably from the Phœnicians, who first traded on our shores. Some tell us that bre tin meant Mount of Tin, and was the name of an old mine; others that barat anac was the Land of Tin, which is in Syriac varatanac. Hebrew brith means a covenant, but carries a sense of division which, it is said, might make it applicable to an island cut off from a continent. Welsh brith means painted with spots, and the Britons were perhaps so called because they were spotted; but there are few who believe this, as there is nobody who now believes that Picts were so called because they were picti, which is to say painted. Prydain is Welsh for something civilised, beautiful, and imposing; this was perhaps ynys prydain, the Far Island. Or was prydain an old chief whose name attaches to the country? Or is Britain really named from its fabulous first colonist, Brutus, great grandson of the pious Æneas? It is from old Celtic bret inn, a high island, or braith-tuinn, the Land on the Top of the Waves. That is the derivation most in harmony with our belief as patriot sons, who never shall be slaves, of her who rules, &c. But in Armorican, the language of Brittany or Little Britain, brytho means to paint, and britannia means variegated.

Albion is not named from the Latin for white because of the chalk cliffs on the southern coast. The name comes from the north, and was first given by northern settlers who touched land near the mountain regions about Aberdeen. The Highlanders still know their country as Albin. But Doctor Skinner says that Al-by-on is "the residence beyond the passage of the water."

Of what use, then, is local etymology if it is troubled with such notable uncertainty when it endeavours to account for the commonest and oldest names? The truth is, that it fails chiefly in accounting with certainty for those names which are too old to be traced back to their origin. We do not know whether we may find Scythians in Scots, and see cousins of the Crim Tartars in the Cymry of Wales. We pass back out of the ken of history to get such words. But we have record to guide us in knowing

England as the land of the Angles, and Angles (from Old Saxon Eng or Ing, a meadow or plain), as folks from a level country.

Even as to names arising in historic times, we have a fair share of historic doubt to bear with. We know that Piccadilly is named from the pickadil, or broad flat white linen collar turning down at the neck over the jacket in the time of Cromwell. It was called pickadil or pickadilla, perhaps, from picca a spear-head, because of the sharp points of its stiffened plaits. Now Pennant says that there was Piccadilla Hall upon the site of Sackville Street, where those collars were sold. Blount speaks of the famous ordinary near Saint James' called Pickadilly, perhaps because it was "the utmost or kirt house of the suburbs." Or was it so called because it was built by Higgins, the tailor, who got most of his estate by pickadillies. Here is uncertainty; but as to the main fact there is no doubt. Piccadilly is, being interpreted, a turn-down collar. Fetter Lane we know to be Fetter Lane; from the fewters, or idle people, lying about there when it was a green lane leading to gardens. A fewerer meant properly a dog keeper.

London is named from an old British king who is said specially to have adorned it, Lud's Town; the same king gave his name to Ludgate. Paris was called by Julius Cæsar Lutetia of the Parisians. A wandering tribe in remote times built huts on the insular part of the town now called the city, and they named their fastness from the Celtic, Louton-hezi (or Lutetia) "dwelling of the waters." Themselves they called Parisii, and to account for that name there are half a dozen theories, of which the most absurd is that which traces it to Paris, son of Priam. The city grew to be so famous for its filthy streets that it was supposed to have been called Lutetia from lutum, the Latin word for mud.

But we have travelled beyond bounds. We have no business in Paris, and re-enter England again by the Thames. Thames is a Celtic word. The ancient Britons have left the chief traces of their language on the rivers and hills of the country they inhabited. Later occupants accepted the names that they found, and though they were merely general words meaning the stream, the river, or the water, as known to the dwellers in each region, the general word was a particular one in the stranger's ear. Thus, out of the Celtic words for water Tam, Tav, and Cluyd, we get names for our rivers Thames, Tamar, Tavy, and Dove, as well as the Clyde in Scotland, and the less familiar Clydack, Cle-dack, Cledog, and Clettur in Wales. Gwy, or wy, was another British name for water, whence we get the Wye and Weymouth. There was an odd-looking British word for running water, Gwysg, of which trace is retained by the Axe, the Exe, the Esk, and the Usk.

Afon was also a general British word for a river, now applied as a particular name to many Avons in this country. T'Avon is said to be the etymology of the river Tone that gives its name Taunton. Some Celtic names of rivers are from the old adjectives, describing them: Cam was yr afon Cam, the crooked river; Teign and Tyne, were yr afon Taen, the spreading rivers; Lim or Lyme was y nant Llym, the sharp stream; the Yare or Yar, y nant Gwair, the fresh or vigorous stream; the Frome yr afon Ffrwm, the river of rich vegetation. There was another Celtic word for water—dwr, allied to the Greek udor, which names the Douro in Spain, and is at the root of our word Dover. There is a river Dur in Ireland, an Adur in Sussex, an Adder in Scotland, and the Stour is perhaps, gwydwr, the deep water.

In Anglo-Saxon there was a word ea, allied to the French eau, for water in general or running water: it occurs in names of rivers, or of places near them, and in names of river marshes. In the eastern counties the word is preserved in names like Popham's Ea; the Medway was once written Meduw-ea. Eye and Yeo are corruptions of the word, and Ea is still one of the names of the river Leven. Chels-ea is the cold river-marsh, Batters-ea, Saint Peter's river-marsh, which formerly belonged to the abbey of Saint Peters, Chertsey. Eton Ea-ton, is the town of the river. E-rith is the water channel. Borne, Burn, and Bourne were Anglo-Saxon names for streams. Tyburn boundary stream; Holborn hollow stream, Auburn the ancient stream.

Efes or Eves, in a word like Evesham, was a river-bank or edge of a mountain. Ford meant in Anglo-Saxon what it means in modern English. Rom-ford was the broad ford, Stam-ford the stony ford; Here-ford, the ford of the army, Tiverton, Twy-ford-tun the town of two fords. The Anglo-Saxon hithe, a port obvious in the names like Hythe and Greenhithe, is contained also in such a word as Lambeth, the hithe for lambs (or loam?) Lin is Celtic, for a deep pool, and occurs in words like Lincoln and Dublin. Dublin is, in fact, equivalent to Blackpool.

From the streams we look to the hills. There was an old Celtic word, den, for a hill-fortress, and an Anglo-Saxon dun of Celtic origin, for a hill or a down, whence we get many of our modern endings in don, as well as the Downs themselves. Thus, Snowden it, of course, the snowy hill. Also there was an old Celtic word, Pan for a hill, about which a curious remark has been made. The Celts who came into this country were not all of one tribe, and did not all speak one dialect. The first comers had the word Kent for a promontory, and the five great headlands of Britain on which are the modern counties of Kent, Lincolnshire, Haddingtonshire, Aberdeenshire, and Caithness, were all originally called Kent, as appears from the names of the tribes, Cantii, Icenii, and Cantæ, from the

name Cantabriga for Cambridge, Canta Bay and Pentland Hills in Haddingtonshire, and Pentland Frith, those last words being transformations from the Kentland Hills and Kentland Frith. In the west of Scotland the name lives in Cantyre, head of the land. But at a very early period another race of Celts changed the word kent into pen, a name applied by them to hills, never to promontories. Pembroke had previously been Kentbroke, the name used by the latter comers for a cape was corn, a horn, which is preserved of Cornwall. The wall in this word, is the Celtic gall, meaning western, as in Galway, Donegal, and so forth. Mr. Sullivan, the author of a clever book upon the people and dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, adds, to observations of his kind, a theory suggested by the transformation of Kent or Cent, into Icen. The I was a common Iberian (Basque) prefix, and he believes that some of the old Celts who settled here came even from Celtic Spain. He believes that the Mendip and the Grampian Hills are witnesses to this, being derived from the Basque words Mendia, a hill, the Gara, a height.

Inver and Aber, as in Inverary and Abergavenny, were names given by Celts of the earlier and later migration to the mouth of a river. Car or Caer in Carlisle, Cardiff, Caernarvon, is from the Celtic Cathair, a fortified place, and has therefore the same meaning as the words or endings derived from the Roman castra or camps, Chester, Lancaster, Doncaster, Dorchester, and so forth. Coln, in such words as Lincoln, is from the Latin word for colony. By or bye is Anglo-Saxon for a dwelling-place; den is from the Anglo-Saxon denn, meaning valley. Denbigh means therefore the dwelling among the valleys. Ham, pronounced by the Anglo-Saxon hawm, is the word now spelt home, and is a common ending to the names of places, in which men are gathered into homes, as Waltham wood home, and a hamlet is a little group of homes.

The low in names like Hounslow is from the Anglo-Saxon *hleauw*, a gently rising ground. The in or ing in Hitchin or Reading, is Anglo-Saxon for a field or meadow.

Maen was a stone or rock, and more or maur was great, both being Celtic words; thus, Penmaenmawr with its steep rocky side translates into The Hill of the great Rock. Ross was the Celtic for a promontory, as in the name Ross itself or Roxburgh. Ness as in Dungeness or the Naze is from the Anglo-Saxon *næsse*, for a nose. Stead meant a place in Anglo-Saxon, and still means that in English, when we say, "in stead of" for "in place of," or speak of a homestead. That old word homestead becomes a special name in Hampstead. Thorp was a village, as in Ithorp, the old village. Ton was a hedged Awalled enclosure, from the Anglo-Saxon

Tynan, of which we have another form in Ty. Thus Sutton meant the south enclosure. Tyburn the boundary stream. Wick as in Alnwick and Greenwich, was the Anglo-Saxon for town; Worth for a farm, village, or town, as Wandsworth, the village on the Wandel. By or bye, which we have already said is Anglo-Saxon for a dwelling, is also Danish for a city, town, and borough, in which sense it was more commonly applied to places in the north of England.

There is another way of classifying local names. Names of tribes are remembered in the word England itself or Angles-ey in Es-sex, Sus-sex, and Middle-sex, called after the Saxons, in Menai Straits, and Man called after the Menavi, and so forth. Local names ending in ham or ton are often described by the names of families, whose homes they used to be perhaps a thousand years ago. Birmingham was the home of the Beormingas, or descendants of Beorm. Though certainly its vulgar name of Brummagem and the neighbourhood of Bromwich, point to another derivation, Brom-wich-ham, the broom-place home, from the broom growing there. Some of the old Saxon families seem to have been equally at home among all tribes.

A great family of Billings is found to have occupied hams, tons and hursts, in Durham, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Bedford, Stafford, Lancaster, and Sussex. Perhaps it had also a residence near London, of which there is record in the name of Billingsgate. But Billingsgate is more probably the gate of a fabulous British King Belinus, companion of Brennus in the sacking of Rome, and the father of King Lud, whose name was attached to Ludgate. The name of the Danish King Canute was attached to a ford—Knutsford. Epsom was Ebbis-ham, Queen Ebba's home. Malmsbury was Saint Maidulph's City.

Not only Christian saints, but the old gods of the Teutonic heathen left their names scattered upon our country side. Odin, whose name is in Wednesday, had a city in Winesbury and a residence in Wanstead, and in Wensleydale a meadow valley. His wife Freia has a Friday-thorpe and Fraithorpe. Thor, god of thunder, whose name is in Thursday, is to be remembered by his own name in Torness, in Thursfield and Thursley, and by his symbolic hammer in Hamerton and Homerton. Teu or Tuisco, whose name is in Tuesday, has a Tye-hall and a Tewesley. The god of Saturday claims Satterthwaite.

Very many places are named after animals. Efer, the old Anglo-Saxon word for the wild boar is in Everton, renowned for toffee, or in Eversholt the wild boar's wood, and Evershaw the wild boar's field. Broc or Bag, the badger, is in Brockley or Bagshot. The Buch appeared in such places as Buckenham and Buckland. Cosgrove was the cow's

grove, and Kayland the cow's region. At Oxford and Oxton, the ox; at Kelvedon or Calverley, the calf; at Hartford the hart; at Kidderminster and Ticehurst the kid (Anglo-Saxon Tic); at Gateome the goat; at Harbottle the hare; at Horsham the horse; at Shipley, also at Farleigh, Fairfield, and Farve Islands, the sheep (in Scandinavian, Faar); at Lamberhurst the lamb; the sow at Sowerby; the swine at Swinburn; the wolf at Wolverton and Wolverhampton; the dog at Hounslow, the cony at Colney Hatch; the squirrel (dray) at Drayton, were all animals attached by name as well as nature to the soil.

The general home of the birds (Fouls-ham) was Fulham. Aylesbury was the eagle's city; and from the eagle's name of Erne or Arin, we get Earnley and Arley, the eagle's meadow, as well as Arnold the eagle's wood. The Daw names Dawley, the owl Ulcombe, the crow (Scandinavian Kraka) Crowland, Crawley, Crackenthorp. The crane waded in Cranbourne. The dove nested on Culver cliffs. Geese passed by the ford at Gosforth. Even the beetle settled permanently on some portions of the land; Wigga, his old name, is in Wigmore and in Wigton.

Trees are in such names as Oswestry and Coventry; shrubs in Shrewsbury and Shropshire; herbs or wort in Wortley. Then, as to particular trees, we have ac, the oak, in Acton, Auckland, Wok-ing, Askew (Akskeugh, the oak knoll) or Mart-ock (the market oak.) The ash is in Ashby, and in many other names; the alder in Aldershot, and Allerton or Ellerton. The broom is in Brompton, the birch in Berkeley and Berkhamstead, the apple in Appleby and Appuldurcombe, the hazel in Haslemere the fern in Farnham, grass (gaers) in Yearly and Gretna, moss in Moseley, sedge in Sedgemoor, the reed in Ridley, wheat in Whitfield, beans in Binstead.

There was clay in the hill at Claydon, cisel or gravel at Chisledon; and the most famous gravel-bank in our island, now that the Plymouth Breakwater is being made, is known still by its old name as the Chesil bank. Chalk is in Chalcoats and the Chiltern Hundreds. Marl in Marston Moor, in Marlborough and Marlow; salt in saltash and Salcombe; sand at Sandhurst; stone (stan) in Stoneleigh, Stanley (stone-meadow), Staines, and many places more.

Truly there is a fossil geography worth studying in names that are thus found to have a by-gone meaning in them. We know Basinghall Street as it is close to the London Exchange, with the commerce of the world in its intensest form gathered about it. But its name tells us that here once stood the haugh of the Basings, the quiet patch of grass before the house-door of an Anglo-Saxon family. Berkshire, the bare oakshire, retains in its name the memory of a lopped oak in Windsor Forest, around which meet-

wings were held centuries ago. We give to a house of correction the name of Bridewell, and the name reminds us of a palace near Saint Bridget's Well in London which was turned into a workhouse. By the Charterhouse we are reminded of the Carthusian Friars, monks of the Chartreuse, and in Cruteched Friars, of the frères croisés, friars signed with the cross, which, in old English, was often called a crouch. The flame of beacon fires lives in the name Flamborough Head, and there is a Celtic word for fire in the word Thanet, that tells of the beacons lighted by the watchers there against incursions of the Danes who commonly made Thanet their landing-place and accustomed rendezvous while in this kingdom. During the Danish wars the English Saxon kings resided at the Cynges-tun still known as Kingston-upon-Thames. Also—although the etymology is doubtful—in the midst of the wonders of Melbourne the good city, the great metropolis of the remotest end of the earth peopled and gloriously sustained by English enterprise, we may be reminded of the old day of William the Conqueror, when a water-mill represented so much of a town's wealth and enterprise that it was called after its chief glory, Mill-bourn.

A BAD NAME.

I do not know why; except that I wore a great beard and seldom left my rooms; but when I retired to Stepchester to write a book, people thought I was mad.

Heedless of all around me, I worked on, day after day, week after week, month after month, and on the thirty-first of April I walked into my little garden, and if I did not feel exactly as proud as did our great historian, Gibbon, when he completed the Rise and Fall, I nevertheless thanked Heaven, from the bottom of my heart, that the business was at an end.

On the following morning I rose in high spirits. It was as beautiful a day as ever was seen. I had now leisure to admire the flowers that were blooming around me and perfuming the air, and to watch the wanton birds on the wing, chasing each other from bough to bough.

I gave orders for the hair-dresser to be summoned; after a brief delay, he came. He was a tall thin man with a long red nose, and a very liquorish eye. His manner was so nervous and restless that I was half afraid to trust him to shave me, and I was not a little glad when the operation was over—his hand trembled so violently, and he looked at me in such a strange and terrified fashion. Whilst he was cutting my hair I began to talk to him; but all that I could extract from him was, "Yes, sir; O yes, sir; you are quite right, sir." Even when I asked him a question—for instance, "Have you any idea how far is it from this to Hastings by

water?" his only response was conveyed in the words above quoted. "Yes, sir; O yes, sir; you are quite right, sir." When this man left the house, the impression on my mind was that he was insane; and I intimated as much to Robert, my man-servant; but he only smiled, and remarked, "He may be, sir, for all I know."

My toilet completed, I sallied forth to mingle with the world. It occurred to me that I would, in the first instance, call at the shops of the tradespeople with whom I had dealt (through the agency of my servants), and express to them some few words of compliment. I, of course, took it for granted that they knew my name, and that I was one of their customers.

The butcher's shop was the first that I was passing, and I looked in. "Good morning, sir," said I, crossing the portal.

The butcher, whose size was about double that of mine, eyed me with some concern; and, before replying to my salutation, removed from the block his cleaver, knife, and steel, which he had just been using; and then, in a somewhat confused manner, he made his exit through a back door, leaving me in sole possession of the shop. I waited a reasonable time; but finding that he did not return, I took my departure, perfectly convinced that the butcher was mad.

My next visit was to the baker's—a very respectable man with a very intelligent countenance. I observed that he, too, was rather uneasy when I spoke to him, and to my astonishment, when I casually took up a half-pound weight which was on the counter, he rushed—literally rushed—into the street, and stood on the opposite side thereof. There was but one conclusion at which I could arrive—namely, that the baker was as mad as the butcher.

The grocer, into whose shop I next went, behaved far better than either the butcher or the baker; for he talked to me for at least five minutes. At the expiration of that time, however, he asked me, very politely, if not abjectly, to excuse him for a few minutes; and, putting on his hat, he took a hasty departure into the street, and turned the corner. It is, perhaps, needless for me to state that I did not see any more of my grocer, of whose sanity I then entertained but a very indifferent opinion.

Opposite to the grocer's shop was that of the bookseller and stationer, who had supplied me with pens and ink, and other little matters. On entering, I found the shop empty; but I saw the bookseller and his wife—partners in alarm—staring at me through a small glass window. I smiled blandly at them, bowed, and evinced by my manner, that I wished to be served. But in vain. The more I smiled, the more solemn became the expression of their countenances. Becoming impatient, I scowled, whereupon the bookseller and his wife retired altogether.

Wondering what on earth the people meant, I directed my steps towards the livery-stable keepers, where I intended to hire a horse, for the purpose of taking a canter in some of the quiet lanes in the vicinity. The livery-stable keeper, in the politest manner imaginable—but keeping at a considerable distance from me—said he did not think that he had a horse that would suit me, but that he would go and see. He did go. But he did not come back again. I then went up the yard, and called out, "Ostler," several times at the top of my voice (rather a loud one) but, as I received no answer, I deemed it useless to remain any longer, and made my way to the hotel opposite, where I asked for a pint of Canterbury ale. I was served by a very pretty and engaging young lady, to whom I desired to pay a modest and dignified compliment. But, alas! no sooner had she placed the ale before me than she rapidly vanished, and shut the coffee-room door after her.

When I drunk the ale, I rang the bell. It was not answered. I then made a noise on the floor with my heavy walking-stick. To no purpose. I opened the door of the coffee-room, and looked into the passage. There was no one there. I called aloud, Waiter! There was no reply. I could hear no one; not a sound; the house was seemingly empty. I left a sixpence and a piece of honeysuckle near the empty tankard, and walked away in utter disgust.

My watch required regulating; but I could not get into the watchmaker's shop, for he had bolted his door when he saw me approaching. It was the same at the circulating library, to which institution I was anxious to subscribe, for during the winter I had grown to like this little watering-place, and resolved on spending the summer there.

What could be the meaning of the tradespeople's conduct? was a question I put to myself, over and over again, on my way to the pier, for I now intended hiring a boat for a sail. But the fact was, I could not get a boat. Every one of the men to whom I spoke made some excuse or other for not taking me on the water. One said, that the wind would soon shift, and we should not be able to get back that night; another told me that his mast was sprung; a third that the paint was not dry inside, and that I would spoil my clothes. And, what was even more provoking still, I found myself surrounded by at least a score of these amphibious animals, who listened to all I said with much eagerness, though upon each face there was a broad grin which struck me as very meaningless.

I retraced my steps to my cottage—men, women, and children avoiding me as I passed through the few streets of the little town—and summoned my man-servant Robert, to whom I mentioned what had taken place,

asking him if he could possibly account for such demeanour. Robert smiled, and replied :

"O, yes, sir!"

"Then do so," I said to him.

"The truth is, sir," he went on to say, "that all the people hereabouts think you are a madman and that I am your keeper."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"It is quite true, sir: and, as neither myself nor my wife could disobey your order, we could not tell the people who you were, and what you were, and what you were doing, all they could judge by was what they saw; and sometimes, when you were walking about the garden, and talking loud to yourself, you certainly did look rather queer, sir. By at least forty or fifty people have I been asked if you were harmless. 'Harmless? Yes!' I said; 'and there's nothing the matter with him—he ain't mad.' But they only shook their heads at that. I had, at one time, to go round to the parents of the little boys and girls who ran about the streets, and prevent them allowing their children to shout after you."

"Shout after me!"

"Yes, sir. After you passed them they would follow in a body, shouting out, 'There goes the mad 'un!' You did not notice them, of course?"

"And you mean to tell me," said I, "that ALL the people in the place thought me insane, and think so still?"

"Yes, sir; all, with only one exception."

"Who may that be?"

"An old man, sir, who is eighty-nine years of age. Passing the cottage one morning, when you were walking about the garden, the old man said, 'Folks think your master mad; but I know better, for I have listened to him more than twice or thrice, and I have come to the conclusion that he is writing a book, or else that he is a lawyer working up some great case that is coming on for trial.' On asking him how he came to think that, sir, he said he remembered Mr. Erskine, afterwards the famous Lord Erskine, who used to come down here often, and stay for a few days in an old house that stood where this cottage now stands."

To make a conversation with an old man who could recollect Erskine, and answer my questions anent that illustrious orator and advocate, would indeed, I thought, be a great treat.

"Who is the old man? What is he?" I asked.

"His name is Carding, sir. He was, in former days, a bold smuggler; but he has now an independence on which he lives."

"Do you think he would come and see me?"

"I am sure he would, sir."

"Then bring him here."

In less than half-an-hour, Robert returned with old Mr. Carding, who was still very

erect, and whose faculties were in excellent preservation. His eyesight was good, he was far from deaf, and he spoke with a rapidity and distinctness that astonished me. I asked him to be seated, and after he had drank a glass or two of the sherry which I placed before him, I came to the point by saying:

"I am told you remember the late Lord Erskine?"

"Remember him well, sir," was his reply; "knew him long before he was the great man that he became. He was about nine or ten years my senior. For a long time no one knew who he was, and he used to go by the name of the Rampant Madman. Most people were frightened of him, and the mothers used to make a sort of Bogey of him to frighten their naughty children. 'I'll send for that mad gentleman,' they used to say. He stayed in this very place where you now are. He never stayed long at a time, but he paid us a visit pretty often."

"What did he do that people thought him mad?"

"Do, sir? Why, he would stand at the very edge of the cliff where the flag-staff now is, and talk by the hour—sometimes for two hours or three hours together: and so loud would he speak at times, that you might hear him a quarter of a mile off, his right arm moving about above his head, and his left hand clenched firmly on his hip." (The old man stood up, and imitated the great orator's attitude.) "At low water he would go and stand on those black rocks out yonder and talk, seemingly, to the waves. When he once began he never stopped till it was all over, and I have seen the perspiration running down his forehead, even in cool weather. He never kept his hat on while he was speaking; but as soon as he was done, he would put it on, and sometimes laugh heartily. He used to talk like a man who had something on his mind which he could not divulge to his fellow creatures; and yet he did not seem to care who heard him speak. I and several other young men have been within six or seven yards of him, and, although he saw us, he took no more notice of us than if we had been a parcel of sticks or stones, and went on talking just the same. He had been down here, off and on, for more than two years before it was known that he was the famous barrister Erskine, and then it was only by an accident that we knew he was not mad."

"How?"

"On one Saturday afternoon he brought down with him a young gentleman, of about twenty years of age, who walked about the pier while Mr. Erskine was making a speech out upon the rocks. One of the men on the pier remarked to this young gentleman, 'What a pity that such a fine man, and such a pleasant spoken man when he is calm, should be so mad!' Whereupon the young

gentleman roared with laughter, and then let the cat out of the bag by saying who his friend was. It was afterwards that I and several others then here, but now gone to their account, came to know him so well. And a right merry gentleman he could be, too. Lord bless us, sir! swift as time flies, it seems only as yesterday that he would come down here, and say to us as he made his way to the cliff, with his hands in his breeches pockets, and walking like a sailor (he had been in the navy, you know, sir). 'Come along, my lads, and be the jury! I am going to make another speech.' And a most beautiful thing it was to listen to him. One minute he would make you laugh heartily, and the next minute he'd bring the water into your eyes, by the tender way in which he'd allude to a fading flower or a sickly child. There was one case in particular, I remember. It was an action brought against a Mr. Somebody or other by a lord's eldest son, for carrying off the wife. It was most beautiful—as we told him when he asked us how we liked it. Blest if he didn't make out as how the defendant was the ill-used party, and not the man as had lost his wife. Expensive as travelling was in those days, five of us went up to London to hear him speak that speech in court, before the judges and the regular sworn jury; and such a crowd as there was of lords and gentlemen to be sure!"

"And did he speak that same speech?" I asked.

"Yes. In parts it was a little different, and some things was added; but it was, in the main, just what he said standing out on them rocks yonder. There was no silly pride about Mr. Erskine, sir. As soon as the case was over, and he was coming out of court, his quick eye caught sight of us; and up he comes, puts out his hand to each of us, and says, 'What! you here, my lads? Well, follow me.' And he walks off to an old public-house near the court, called The Chequers, and orders two bottles of port wine for us; and, while we were drinking it, explained to us how it were not possible for him to win the day; and that all the effect his speech would have, would be to reduce the damages. He was mighty pleased to hear himself praised, and seemed just as proud of our approval as anybody's else. I don't think, sir," continued the old man, "that Mr. Erskine felt any of the fine things he said in his speeches. It was all acting with him; and I'll tell you why I think so. One day he was walking along the sands, spouting of poetry out of a book—he was learning of it, for he read it over and over again—and while he was doing so he turned up his eyes, shook his head, and stretched forth his right hand, in such a way that you

might have taken him for a street parson. It was a most serious sort of poetry. It was something about 'Farewell the drums and fifes, the banners and the big guns—and the plumes and the feathers, cocked hats and swords, and the virtuous wars and the fair women—honours, decorations and rewards: O, farewell everything! Alas! the poor fellow's occupation's gone!' All of a sudden, sir, he shuts up the book, claps it under his arm, whistles a jig, and dances to it, and remarkably well, too, did he come the double-shuffle. Another time, when he was reading out poetry, I saw him work himself up till the tears actually rolled down his cheeks; and not two minutes afterwards he was playing at rounders with all the little boys on the beach."

"And did Mr. Erskine know," I asked the old smuggler, "that at first you all thought that he was mad?"

"Yes; and was very much amused at it. And it is to be hoped that you will not take offence, because the people here had the same opinion of yourself."

"But, my good sir," I remarked, "they are still labouring under the impression."

"Very true," he rejoined; "but it will be all right in a day or so."

On the following morning Robert's wife was taken suddenly ill; and I sent for the doctor, a very able practitioner, and a very gentleman-like man. He came; and, after seeing his patient, and assuring me that the case was not one of a serious nature, we entered into conversation upon general matters, during which I mentioned what had happened on the previous day. The doctor laughed, and said:

"I hope you will not be offended, but do you know, that only till the other day, when by the merest accident I became acquainted with the nature of your avocation, I, too, shared the opinion of the inhabitants of the town? Yesterday evening I heard of your peregrinations, and of the groundless alarm that you had created. However, I have taken the liberty of disabusing the minds of the people of their erroneous idea; and you will find that when you next pay them a visit, you will meet with a very warm reception, and most probably have tendered unto you the most ample apologies."

Reader, such was the case! and I never enjoyed myself more than I did at that little watering-place during the ensuing summer. But amongst some of the rising generation the original impression still holds, I fancy; inasmuch, as two years ago I was walking down one of the back streets—meditans nugarum—when I heard a little girl, of about ten years of age, call out to a younger sister, "Come you here, Polly! Don't you see that mad gentleman!"

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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HOSPITABLE PATRIARCHS.

THE house of B'kerke, in the Lebanon, was formerly a convent of nuns, but has been rebuilt and enlarged as a residence for the Marynite Patriarchs. The scene about the building was on the day of my arrival very picturesque and oriental. Mountain emirs and sheiks (princes and chieftains), bishops, monks, priests, and peasants, had come to pay their respects to the Patriarch on his return to B'kerke from his summer residence, which is some two days' journey off, near Tripoli. This is the universal custom throughout Syria. Whenever anybody returns to his house after any kind of absence, short or long, friends make a point of paying him a visit. The higher the rank of the visited, the more the visiting; and the number of those who poured in from all parts of the mountain to call upon the Patriarch was very great indeed. We learnt afterwards that he had in three days received about six hundred visits.

When I and a friend arrived, at this time, as travellers, at the gate of B'kerke,* a very intelligent Maronite priest, who spoke Italian exceedingly well, came forward to bid us welcome, and conduct us to a room in which sherbet, coffee, and pipes were served. The Patriarch sent word that he was at present engaged in receiving some sheiks of the Karan family, but that if we would wait "a short quarter of an hour," he would get rid of them. We begged him not to hurry on our account, and my companion forwarded him our letter of introduction from the French Consul-General at Beyrout. In the mean time we sat and smoked in the room to which we had been first conducted, and amused ourselves by watching the arrival and departure of the troops of guests and visitors.

There were not less than a hundred horses waiting outside for their riders. Every now and then some sheik or emir issued from the house—having finished paying his respects—when up sprang eight or ten of his armed followers, who had been lounging about the gateway, and the horses of his party were at once got ready and mounted. Then perhaps

there would arrive a bishop or abbot of some neighbouring convent, portly, and riding on a mule, followed by ten or twelve ecclesiastics of a lower rank. All present would kneel to be blessed by such a priest, and remain kneeling until he had passed into the house. Nor were there only two or three incidents like these. They were happening every five minutes during the time we had to employ in looking at the scene. The fine horses, the martial bearing of the men, the Eastern dresses, and the numerous arms, satisfied our eyes until, after about half an hour's delay, we were ushered into another room, and there the Patriarch was waiting to receive us. He even apologised in the most courteous manner, for not having himself welcomed us on our arrival; but explained that he was anxious to get rid of a host of visitors, who were all chiefs of one family, in feud with another family which he expected every minute. "I should not like," he said to us, half laughing, "to celebrate your arrival here with a fight in my court."

The Patriarch is about fifty-five years old, and has a very prepossessing countenance. Having received his education at the College of the Propaganda at Rome, he speaks Italian exceedingly well. This enabled us to dispense with an interpreter in talking with him. The weather being very damp and cold, he wore over his red silk cassock, a long cloth garment—a sort of pelisse—of dark cloth, lined with sable fur. His head-dress was the curious turban worn by the Maronite priesthood, which I can only describe by saying, that it resembles what is always represented in the children's pictures on the head of Moses when he is shown delivering the tables of the law.

The Patriarch did not remain very long in the room with us, but excused himself on the score of fatigue, from the number of visitors he had been obliged to receive during the past two days. He promised to see us again at supper, and for our entertainment during the three or four hours which intervened before that meal, he handed us over to the care of a priest, who also spoke very good Italian, and who (after showing us our respective rooms) at once took us outside to see the magnificent views from the immediate neighbourhood of the house.

* See "Coffee and Pipes" in No. 448 of this journal.

There is no lack of variety in Lebanon. There, as our guide over the premises informed us, forty-eight hours ago the Patriarch, and his household had left the summer residence at Deeman (which is within a short distance of the celebrated cedars), and had left there already three or four feet of snow. A journey of five hours had brought them to B'kerke, where—although the day was wet and somewhat cold—the climate was that of an English summer.

From the terraced roof of B'kerke we counted no less than twenty-two churches and eleven convents, all within a distance of four or five miles. On every side we heard the bells tolling for afternoon prayer. Monks laboured amongst the mulberry plantations covering the sides of the mountain, and with help of a glass nuns were to be espied at work within their convent walls.

The house of B'kerke, formerly a nunnery, has been converted to its present use for upwards of a hundred years. Attached to the building is a handsome church, in which are several pictures that have been from time to time presented by the Governments of France and Austria to successive patriarchs. There is stabling for two hundred horses; and, within the house, beds can be made up for as many guests. Nor is this too much space for the purposes of hospitality. Every visitor in the mountain fully expects that he himself, his horse, and—should he have any—his followers, are to be lodged and fed by the Patriarch for at least twenty-four hours. On the day of our arrival no fewer than eight hundred persons had partaken of sherbet, coffee, and pipes; and, of these men, four hundred had also shared of the mid-day meal, while there remained two hundred who would also enjoy supper and bed. Rations for eight hundred horses (for, in Lebanon, the poorest ride) had been consumed during the day.

Shortly after sunset we were summoned to the supper room, and there we found the patriarch with about fifty guests of the higher rank waiting for us before they took their seats. The Patriarch's place was on a slight dais at the head of the table; and by his side, was his vicar, a bishop of the Maronite Church who has no bishopric. As strangers and Europeans we received the place of honour on the right hand of our host, whilst all the way down the table emirs, priests, and sheiks were ranged according to their rank. At our end of the table plates, spoons, knives and forks were laid in European fashion, and the dishes brought to us were cooked and served in the French manner. The Patriarch, the bishop-vicar, and one priest of rank were the only persons at table who ate in our way and of our dishes. For the rest of the company, there was Arabic cookery, and they ate with their hands after the manner of the country. One bottle of Lebanon wine—the celebrated *vino d'or*—was put down for us; but of this, only myself and my companion drank. For

all the rest there was no other beverage than water. The meal did not last long. Each person when he had eaten enough, rose from his seat, which was then immediately taken by some bystander of lower rank. Thus before the Patriarch and others at our end of the table had quite finished, the place of an emir, who had risen from his seat, was taken by my groom, an Arab lad, not too clean in his person or too neat in his dress. Thinking that the man had presumed upon his association with me as my servant to sit down before his time—and in the presence of the Patriarch—I reproved him, and bade him rise; but I was, in my turn, reproved by the dignitaries present. "What was this? Had not the poor man a right to his dinner? Ought he not to sit down whenever he found a vacant place?" I could not help smiling as I thought to myself of the sensation there would be in England if the groom of one of his visitors were to sit down at table with his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Yet the Maronite Patriarch is a far greater man in Syria than the Archbishop of Canterbury is in our own country. Indeed he is, within the limits of the Kesrouan district of Lebanon, a greater man, and has far more influence and power, than the Pope in Rome himself.

When supper was over, and we had, in Eastern manner, washed our hands with soap and water, we adjourned, in company with the Patriarch, the bishop-vicar, and the guests of rank, to the divan, in which our first interview with our host had taken place. Small cups of very hot coffee, unstrained and unsweetened, were served to us, and then the long pipes were again brought in. We all smoked in silence for some time, until the Patriarch began to talk with some of those who were placed near him; then conversation became general throughout the room. I happened to sit next to our host, and, having accidentally mentioned that I had within the last few years spent two winters in Rome, we immediately found that we had something in common of which we could speak, and, after a long talk about the holy city, the Patriarch, on my questioning him, gave me a great deal of information about the Maronite nation, or sect, of which he may be said to be both temporal and spiritual head.*

The Maronites are said to number altogether about two hundred thousand souls, of which ten or fifteen thousand are fighting men. They are to be found in all the towns of Syria, from Aleppo in the north to Tyre in the south, but are especially to be found in Beyrout, at the foot of Lebanon. Their

* Throughout the Turkish empire, every Christian sect is called a Nation. Thus we have in Constantinople The Greek Nation (meaning those subjects of the Porte who belong to the Greek Church), The Armenian Nation, The Catholic Armenian Nation, and so on. Whilst in Syria we have The Greek Catholic Nation, The Maronite Nation, and The Jacobite Nation, besides other smaller sects.

stronghold is in the Kesrouan district of the mountain; although they are also to be found in greater or less numbers in every region and in almost every village. This people has always looked upon France as the nation to which it must look for protection, and has an indistinct notion that some day or other France will rule over Lebanon. So long ago as during the reign of Henry the Fourth of France, the title of Protector of the Christians of Mount Lebanon, was given to the French King by the Sultan Solymán the Second. The Maronites are far from having any reason to complain of persecution from the Turkish rulers of the country. They enjoy complete religious liberty. They are also exempt from conscription for the army, and the *miri*, or *tak*, which they have to pay, is collected by their own chiefs, who are again responsible to the Christian Governor of Lebanon. In fact, the only persecutions of which this people can with any justice complain, are those which they suffer from their own priests, bishops, emirs, and sheiks.

In temporal, as well as spiritual matters, the Maronites are, perhaps, the most priest-ridden race in the whole world. No peasant, nor even sheik, or emir, dares to marry without the permission of his clerical director. The sums paid to the priests, bishops, monks, and other ecclesiastics, for masses, confession, burials, marriages, and other rites of the church, exceed one third of the annual income of the people. So wealthy are the convents that fully one third of the cultivated land of Lebanon belongs to them, and they are adding yearly to their already vast possessions.

When a sheik, emir, or wealthy peasant dies, he usually leaves—no matter how many children he may have to provide for—a fourth, and oftentimes a third, of his land to the church. The monks themselves, however, do not live in comfort, although in the class of life from which they are nearly all taken—that of the labouring peasantry—they, no doubt, find luxuries in what we should term the bare necessities of life. They cultivate their lands well, and it is to the example set by them that the cultivation of the mulberry-tree, and the quantity of silk produced in the mountain, has so greatly increased of late years.

Among the Maronites there are two classes of feudal nobility—emirs and sheiks. Whenever a Maronite mountaineer happens to meet an emir he stoops to kiss his hands. The emirs, or princes, are numerous; but few of them are wealthy. Some are so poor as to be in actual want. In former times these persons possessed nearly all the land in the mountain; but they have been impoverished by two or three centuries of partisan-fighting amongst themselves, together with the maintenance of crowds of useless retainers, the incurring of debts at heavy interest with

money-lenders in the towns, and huge donations of lands to the church.

There are some exceptions to this rule, and several amongst the emirs have retained a large part of their lands, which they are cultivating in a very creditable manner. The great hold of the priests over these princes, is gradually but surely giving way. Even the monks themselves admit this, and attribute it—not without reason—to the extension of education by the American Protestant Missionaries on Lebanon, and to the number of books and tracts which are now published in Arabic, by the press in Beyrout, belonging to their mission. To this day, however, the emirs maintain much of their old exclusiveness; and, on no account, would even the poorest amongst them either marry or allow his sons, daughters, brothers or sisters to marry out of his own rank. However poor an emir may be, the peasantry of the village in which he resides bring him offerings of fowls, sugar, coffee, and other mountain luxuries on the great holidays of the church, and pay him quite as much respect as if he were still possessor of vast lands. Some few of the most indigent are said to subsist entirely on these presents. But however destitute he may be, no emir ever for a moment thinks of turning his hand to a trade of any kind. Even the higher ranks of commerce he avoids as a pollution to his dignity.

It is not so with the sheiks, who form the second class among the Maronite nobility. These also intermarry with each other's families, and receive great respect from the fellahs, or peasants. Many of them, however, engage in trade, and one family of sheiks has, for many years, had houses of business in London and Marseilles, which, until the crisis of eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, were accounted wealthy. The very great majority of the sheiks, however, reside always in Lebanon, and are engaged in the cultivation of their lands. Some of these men are very troublesome, and pass their lives in feudal or family quarrels, which are only mitigated by the intervention of the Patriarch.

A few days before our arrival at B'kerke, there had been a very serious disturbance in the neighbourhood. The cause of the quarrel had been a disputed right to a certain well to which two families of sheiks laid claim. A frail peace had been patched up between the belligerents, but not until there had been much bloodshed.

Although devoted sons of Rome and of their own church, the Maronites—and particularly the sheiks—sometimes break out in rebellion against their spiritual heads. Thus the rule, when a bishop dies, is that the priests of the diocese present to the Patriarch the names of three of their number, from which one is selected for the vacant bishopric. In some districts, however, where particular families have a commanding influence, the

emirs or sheiks, or both, are also consulted as to the selection to be made. If, between priests and people, no selection of names is agreed upon within a month after the bishop's death, the right of nomination will rest with the Patriarch.

The Fellahs, or labouring peasantry, form the third and last class of the Maronite laity. They are a most industrious and thrifty race. Among them there are some who have earned comparative wealth; but most of them live from hand to mouth, although there is very little actual want anywhere in Lebanon. In every part of Kesrouan the terraced rows of mulberry trees, vineyards, and barley—all built up and earthed on the steep sides of rocks that are almost perpendicular—bear witness to the untiring labour of the people. The staple article of produce throughout the district is silk; and, within the last ten years, the quantity of mulberry-trees throughout the mountain has increased a hundred and fifty per cent. Every year the clearing fresh sites adds ten per cent. more to the increase. The fellahs are generally owners of small tracts of land, and to each one almost invariably belongs the house in which he lives. But a great number of them act as cultivators of soil held by the owners of large tracts of land. They find all the labour and care of the trees, crops, or vines during the year; the owner provides only seed for sowing, or young plants, if he desire increase in the number of his trees. At the harvest-time the produce is divided: half goes to the owner and half to the tenant of the soil. Throughout Lebanon, and more particularly in the Kesrouan, silk is the great object of cultivation. When, therefore, the cocoons are ready they are either sold to one of the large silk-reeling factories on the mountain, and the sum produced equally divided between landlord and farmer, or the silk is spun in the Arab fashion, and division is made of the raw material itself. On the whole—and more particularly when their few wants are taken into consideration—I should say that the Maronite peasantry in Lebanon are quite as well off as men of the same class in any other country.

The Maronites derive their name from Mar Maroun (Saint Maron), a holy hermit, who is said to have died in the fifth century, after converting to Christianity the greater part of the inhabitants of Syria. About two hundred years after his death, his followers were condemned in the General Council of Constantinople, as holding monothelite heresy. This dictum affirmed that Our Saviour had but one will and mind, that of his divine nature, and not that of his nature as man. Being driven from the cities of the plains, the Maronites took refuge in Lebanon, and gradually spread over the district they now occupy. Many of them appear to have joined the Church of Rome in the latter part of the twelfth century; but it was not until three

hundred years later, during the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, that the whole nation solemnly recognised the Pope's authority. Since then, they have been proud of their obedience to the see of Rome, although they are still keeping up several peculiarities of their own church. These peculiarities are destined, however, soon to disappear, for the numerous European Roman Catholic Missionaries—most of them Jesuits—in Syria are now doing their utmost to abolish them. A French Jesuit priest whom I met during a mid-day halt in Lebanon told me that two, if not more, of the Maronite bishops had determined not to ordain any more married men.

It was nearly midnight before the conversation between the Patriarch and myself came to an end. I was much surprised at finding him very well read upon the current literature of the day, and still more at the just notions he seemed to have formed upon external politics. He spoke his mind about us Protestants, saying that he could not understand how so enlightened a nation as England remained heretic; but, at the same time, declared that in no other country in the world did all religions enjoy so much toleration as with us. He was very energetic also in his praise of a free press, which he said was nowhere to be found save in England and America. No country, he said, could really advance in civilisation until it had a press wherein the voice of the whole people could be freely heard. Such views were liberal beyond expectation in an oriental, who had been educated in the Propaganda College at Rome, and had lived only on Lebanon for nearly thirty years.

THE TOURNAMENT AT THE ALHAMBRA.

It is difficult now, as I look out of my window on the broad London street where, in the pleasant April sunshine, the cabs stand calmly casting their sharp-drawn shadows on the striped stones, so that, to my fancy, each cab seems to have a funeral coach drawn up beside it—it is difficult, I say, taking breath in a new sentence, for me to throw myself back into the sea of past time with a quick somersault of four months, and realise that burning African day that I tossed myself off my worn-out horse at the door of the Granada hotel.

I had started that morning before light, and had been riding for hours over the scorched dry mountains down to the city of the Alhambra. All the day before too, from four in the morning to twelve at night, I had been on horseback, driving on like a mounted wandering Jew up burning hills, between green banks of vines, whose leaves were transparent golden green, as the emerald panes of an old church window in the sun, scuffling through lanes walled in with sweeping reeds rising higher than my head, ambling

through villages where the finger-posts were great wooden crosses, over mountains where the passes and gorges were decked with a radiant purple, and where our horses' hoofs beat sweetness from the dry thyme we crushed beneath us as we rode (Spanker wanted, but I stopped him, to get off and collect some of it for our next pea-soup at Gib.)

Ah! now somehow or other the sunshine that makes the brown holland blinds in my room transparent, and stripes them with a curious cross pattern of the window-frames, brings all the weary delight of that dreadful ride into my mind. How thoroughly Spanish it was! I, with my leather bag of wine tied at my saddle-tree, where it splashed, churned, and gurgled, making sweet speaking music to me as I rode; then the switch of pear-tree, the green Moorish wells of stirrups, and the quaint Rosinante of a horse branded on the left flank—although, Heaven knows, he was not one of what Spanker calls "the Runaway family," and as for stealing him, no horse-stealer in the world would risk so much, only to anticipate the knacker by a week. Then my great crimson and green umbrella, expanded like a full-blown Van Toll tulip above my scalding head. Then my guide, the little boy-man with the trim legs, little jacket, turbaned hat, and red bundle tied to his saddle—his luggage for his four days' ride. Shall I ever forget that religious procession with lights and banners, that screamed hymns all night through Alhama, where the Moors were once routed, and where the Romans had their baths, and which, an hour or two past midnight, seemed to break into a sort of grasshopper chirrup of dry bony castanets and fandangoes, without beginning or end? What a change that cool dewy night, when I sat at the window, looking out at the new sky spangled with new stars, larger and of a better water than those that shine over Soho and Mile End, to that burning noon of so many hours ago, that it seems now a week of hours when I rode like a hunted mad dog, with my dry sore throat pining for water, between those huge hedges of cacti where the cicalas kept up their mocking and unceasing chorus. When all the world seemed asleep, and we had to wake up the inn we rode into by a lusty pounding on the stable door. Then, what came next?—O, that tracing round and round the bridle-tracks worn in the black sand, by the dried-up torrents where the oleanders, crimson and purple, grew, and over the pass by the wind-mill, that seemed to fly from us, to the mountain villages where the raisins were drying and scenting the air, up to the higher plateaus where the murder crosses began to dot the road, and where, at last, we saw the star-lamps that were as the harbour lights to the befogged mariner.

It is all these scenes—hot dusty lanes where we ride through clouds of smoke, small bowling-greens of English turf high up among

the mountains, where we burst out into gallops in the very gladness of our hearts, and soon after in a quiet tame amble enter the long avenues that lead to the royal city. These are the scenes my mind turns over, just as if it were tumbling over a collection of proof-prints just wet from the press. Now I am led up a dark staircase into a dark room, and throw myself worn out on the anatomy of a sofa, as the agile waiter flings open the shutters of the darkened windows, and asks me what I will take—I, a washed-up survivor from a tossing sea of troublous hours, ask feebly in a thready, tired voice, what hour it is, believing by the hot years that seem to have droned by since I first got on the saddle where I have been all day roasting, that it is about three, for my watch had stopped. The waiter tells me that it is only eleven, at which I am lost in wonder. I order rolls, butter, a melon, and a bottle of gaseous lemonade, which I know will be tepid as broth and flat as ditchwater; but I am too burnt up and debilitated to be able to reject or reason upon the first suggestion of my thirsty appetite. It comes. I draw myself up to the perpendicular, and fall-to. The melon melts at my touch—the lemonade I unwire with caution; instead of going off like a pistol, it oozes out imbecilely, and I drop half the contents on my knee. Gradually, after a short balmy nap, I feel new blood filling my heart, just now dry and empty. The fire passes away. I feel vigorous, refreshed, and hearty. I inquire for Spanker, who had left me for Granada three days ago. I find he is at the Alhambra, and the night before had got up a gipsy dance within the walls of that kingly ruin. All the chiefs had been there from their caves outside the palace, and the Boleros and Eastern dances had been fast and furious; the waiter, smiling, told me I should find Señor Spanker up in the Hall of the Ambassadors with Bensaken, the famous guide. Ben—Saken—it sounded very nautical and English, but Ben by descent was a Moor.

A knock at the door—enter gipsy boy quite out of breath, who puts in my hand a cocked-hat note from Spanker, inviting me to come to the madhouse, in the Street of the Five Wounds. If I missed him there, I was to meet him at the Alhambra.

Away I went to the street of the Five Wounds—to the madhouse. "Elizabeth Martin!" as Spanker would have said. The fugitive fellow had gone half an hour ago. Left a message, that the English Señor should not miss seeing the place. Should find him at the Alhambra. I went in. O what a humbling sight to a man who stands much on his head, a madhouse is! Here were men, who from some single warp of the blood, some wrench of a valve, some few months too long repetition of one idea, were become beast men, unreasoning creatures, whom the world thought it was compelled to enslave

and imprison. I met slaves in those long bare whitewashed corridors, who reminded me of the creatures in Dante's *Inferno*. All wore that unchanging wan look of suffering and of a pain that never slept. All seemed to be suffering from some horrid and unutterable crime, and to bear about a flame at their heart and brain. They all had that dreadful stare of wild, unchanging, concentrated watchfulness that shows no love nor humanity lingers in the heart. Halfway up-stairs I saw a haggard creature, with hungry-looking dry hair, huddled in a heap on the stone landing, and clinging to an open grating that looked into the court yard, clinging with one bare foot thrust through the bars like a new-caught bird longing and pining for liberty and air. He never turned to look at us: but his foot paddled about in the free air, and liberty was his only thought. His name, the keeper told us carelessly, was José Prado, and he believed himself to be Boabdil the Sultan of Granada, unjustly detained in prison by the cruel Spaniards.

Then mounting higher, we were taken into a small room to see Lopez de Mallara, a mad painter. He was at his easel when we entered, and took no notice of us, except by a smile, which lit his sad, worn, and tormented face. The walls were covered with sketches of Saint Luke, the painter's Saint, who, the keeper said, Mallara believed always present, praising and criticising his work. It was vanity and success drove Mallara mad. He is always trying to paint a landscape of chaos, and the ghost of a flea; every day, when he finishes, he rubs out his sketch of these two difficult subjects. He was now working with gravity at a picture of Moses striking the Rock; a subject Murillo painted, and one purely national and Spanish; for thirst is an institution of this petrified country. The canvas was certainly cut curiously into two exact parts by a straight palm-tree; but that is eccentricity; and the tree did not look much out of place. No more were the open-mouthed Israelites, running about in their striped hoods and Arab-looking robes, clamouring about the miracle, which was tearing down the back of the picture like a young Niagara: no more were the women, falling on their knees, either to clasp their dying little ones in their arms, or to fall on their faces and thank God for their deliverance. But suddenly I started involuntarily, as I came upon a spot in the picture which marked the palpable insanity of the painter, whose brush, as I look more curiously, works on so pleased and busily. Yes, there was one leprous spot of insanity, terrible to discover, as the boil on the arm-pits, that was the sign of the great plague. There, quietly huddled in a corner, like an after-thought, were two naked Israelitish boys, one of them chattering with his teeth and shaking his fist angrily at the other, who was tossing over him a cupful of the miraculous

water. Well, up to this even, the picture was reasonably rational; but here madness broke out. The splashed liquid was not water, but diamond dust, quicksilver, or some boiling or fermenting silvery metal, which rushed about the boy in shiny metallic globules.

"Pepé Lopez," said the keeper, in an under voice, "murdered his father three years ago in Virgin Mary Street, just by the Alhambra Gate. He believes he will be sent by Saint Luke, when he is one hundred and one years old, to paint landscapes in the moon, as scenes for the Seville Opera House."

Then I passed through the women's ward, where certain full-necked, coarse-looking women (many of them murderesses) were pacing up and down unceasingly, with that feverish tiger-prowl peculiar to insanity. One was mad from vanity, another from love, another from religion. Only one woman stopped to look at us, and to give a sort of crazy laugh at the novelty of the interruption.

As I went out through the last ward, I stopped for a moment to notice a cluster of old men huddled round a stove, warming and circling their thin, shrunk hands. One of them suddenly fixing his eyes with insane and horrible fixity on me, muttered a wish that he could pass his knife through me; whom he had been so long waiting for. "That," said the keeper, "is an old guerilla, who committed horrible crimes and cruelties against the French. Nothing will induce him to mention any particulars of his past life. Sometimes he will crawl out to the grating, to beg tobacco of visitors, otherwise he never speaks."

Only yesterday snow was lying like white-wash on the roofs, and turning the hackney-coaches into the semblance of large wedding-cakes; painting even the lamp-posts white, and crusting white the window glass. It warms me this cold day, when the feather snow is waltzing and circling in the brown London air, to think of the fiery walk I had up the hill to the Alhambra, where I was to meet Spanker. How glad I was to pass through the horse-shoe gateway, where the gilt crescents once passed out to scare the Christians, and get under the green roof of those tall wisps of elms, that dreamily reminded me of England and English parks, and green solitudes, where the only sound is the soft brooding cooing of the mother wood dove. I strolled up, enjoying the exemption from the heat, and the warmth, without the scorch of the external sun; not one of whose fiery shafts could get at me, but fell, blunted and hopeless, from the broad emerald shield that arched over my head.

There are two days of a married life, a wicked old writer says, that are perfectly appy; the first day and the last day. The appiest hours of my life have been the lulls ter a corn has been extracted or a tooth rawn. I rejoice on the mere strength of a

moment's impunity from my bath of golden fire. I feel a sort of enormous flat-iron lifted off my heart, my blood runs warmer and quicker, as if the tide had begun to turn, and my whole body grown taller, stronger, and more elastic. If a harlequin window had been near, ten to one but I had gone through it. I climbed up the sloping avenue, past the sentinels, singing a verse of an old Spanish love-song:

"White feather of the fountain
The June wind blows away,
Tell me, has the sweet Dolores
Passed this place to-day?
I see her clue of rose-leaves scatter'd
Leading past that tree:
Fair fountain with the silver stalk,
Then farewell to thee."

As I sang this, I was passing the curious little tea-garden summer-house tent, which has been erected by one of the numerous inns that in summer time desecrate the interior of the palace grounds. It was a great square marqu e, the roof all striped pink and white, the interior looking very much like one of those dinner booths, musical with the pop of champagne corks, which you see on the Epsom Downs on a Derby day. There is no one in it now but one or two sleeping waiters, who blink at me as I pass, and a stray guide, who is seeking whom he may devour, and longs, like a starved locust in the desert, for some "green thing" to stay his stomach. I pass the great raw wooden cross, that Cardinal Mendoza set up here when the city was taken from the Moors; and begin thinking, in spite of Syrian roses and those tufted palms with snake-skin trunks, what a desert the unprotected palace must have stood in before our Duke—the Duke of Dukes—sent over this elm wood—true British. I must have—

But what is that wild war-whoop—half tallyho, half scalp-cry—that sounds to me something like the Tyrolese "Tur-li-et-ty!" that war-cry of our modern civilisation, not unheard in the—

I looked up and saw a kindly red face, and a flaming scarlet uniform, hanging over the balconied paling of one of the Alhambra inns, with a tumbler of bitter beer frothed to snow in his hand. It was Spanker, hearty and boisterous as ever, beckoning me up to his "coign of vantage." Behind him were several other faces that I did not know.

The inn, which looked very much like an inn at Twickenham or Fulham, had sneaked in under the wing of one of the old ruined towers of the Alhambra's outer fortifications, which gave it an air of respectability, and amused you by the contrast. A great hole in the grey wall above our heads, the landlord pointed out as the place where, during some Spanish troubles, a gun had been run out. It was indeed the very spot of the appearance of the great Moorish giant in one of Washington Irving's delightful Spanish

legends of the old Moorish palace. It was, it struck me directly (and I do not take any peculiar credit for the acumen) rather a curious way (this of Spanker's) of examining the beauties of the fairy house of pleasure—but I said nothing. Every traveller has his own sort of spectacles, I thought—yellow or rose. Some use a magnifying glass: just now a microscope is the rage. Spanker looks at everything through a bitter-beer glass; but not bitterly.

"Monsieur Spanker a beaucoup d'esprit, BEAUCOUP!" said a queer, thin, old fellow with a white hat, who sat at the same round table with us, and addressing himself to me.

"Shut up, Bensaken!" said Spanker, thinking it necessary to stop the too palpable flattery of his seedy adherent in the white hat. "Capital beer, isn't it?"

"Bensaken!" said I, with a start, as the grave man smiled grimly. "What, the famous guide, without whom Fortywinks said it was impossible to see Granada?"

"The very identical," said Spanker. "Ain't you, Ben?"

Bensaken had evidently become prime minister, guide, counsellor, and friend to Spanker, and was laying out a little sort of ground plan of half-dollars on the table, for his patron to understand clearly what he had to pay. All time saved from guiding us Bensaken, the old gentleman of Moorish extraction, evidently thought gained.

Bensaken's manner was highly characteristic. He was something between the old travelled colonel whom you meet at the clubs, and a faithful old English gamekeeper. His dress was too seedy for the colonel; his hard, grave bearing too dignified for the gamekeeper. His face was the old soldier's; but his legs were the legs of common life. This moment he leant forward, astute and sagacious as a Tallyrand to propose some plan of baffling the greed of Spanish landlords; the next he ran off, with all the humble servility of the odd man at an hotel, to do our meanest desires—hire us horses, or take places for us at the bull-ring. "Stunning old fellow Ben," Spanker used to say, when we found him sitting at the hotel door, waiting our return for some expedition, his commission well done, and all we needed anticipated. He called us at preternatural hours, before the hotel-waiters were up; checked and pruned our bills, advised us on purchases, brought us cold chickens and melons for our coach journeys, filled our wine-flasks, dragged us to diligence offices an hour too soon, never forgot the salt in a pic-nic parcel, asked a mere trifle for his daily services; and when we shook hands with him at parting almost shed tears. "The faithful feudal old buffer," as Spanker exclaimed, watching him till his old white hat faded out of sight. I would have trusted faithful old Ben with untold gold. Compared with guides in general—half wolf, half parrot; their fathers

alligators and their mothers sharks—Ben was a perfect Cid, a gentleman, from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes. He had only one tongue, had Ben; and his heart was pure and transparent as if it had been one flawless crystal. There was no whining guide-book cant about Ben. May no nettles grow upon his grave, but roses of the pure blood! Ben was a man of knightly honour, and as like Don Quixote in face and stature and bearing as though he had been his twin brother. When I first saw him disentangling with chivalrous eagerness and feudal subjection (that proud virtue of days when men were not ashamed of rendering superiors obedience) the knotty wire of the pale ale bottle, with the red pyramid stamped on it, I turned quite scarlet, as though you had struck me in the face, and thought at last I had found the Don. But at that moment Spanker cried out, after rummaging his pockets:

"I say, Ben, run and get my betting-book; I left it on the table in the room where we had our grub—quick!"

Ben strided off too much like a guide to be the Don, so that bubble went to pieces.

"I am afraid of Silly Jane," said Spanker, "and I shall hedge. Wouldn't you? I asked Ben; but he didn't like to give an opinion. Besides, would you believe it? these fellows here don't seem to care about the Gib races.

"Now Ben, what have we seen to-day?"

Ben being appealed to as the incarnation of Spanker's memory, crossed his legs without a smile, and began: "The fish-market—"

"Ah! I remember the smell of it. Strong old place."

"Yes (gravely), strong old place. The Rivergate, called the Eargate, where the mob, at the sixteen hundred and twenty-one festival, tore off the ears of some ladies in trying to get out their ear-rings; the Gate of the Daggers it used to be called, because here the police stuck up the knives they had taken away from rogues. Then the Gate of the Spoons, and the fruit-market—then the palace on the north side of the Moorish plaza, where lived—do I speak correctly?—the archbishop, whose sermons Gil Blas said smelt of apoplexy—"

"Awful swell book. Gil Blas: many a flogging I got at school translating that. Well, go on, Ben: we saw so much I've forgot half."

"Ah! you English officers always will see so much. Then the Moorish house in the covered street by the Bonita fountain, where they have just found, in a hole in a wall, a key, a Moorish deed, and some coins, that must have been concealed in there, when the Moors were expelled from the city, by some one who wanted to return again. Then we went to the square where the Moors had their bull-fights and combats of the jerreed."

"Who's he?"

"The jerreed, sare, was the cane javelin used by the Moors."

"O, I see! Is that all? Well, and what are we going to do this evening? Mind, no more pictures, and no more churches; for I will not see them, d'ye hear, Ben?"

"This evening, sare, we must go to the disused gold-washings in the Darro, and see where it joins the Xenil; where at twelve, on Saint John's eve, the pretty ladies all go and wash their faces, that they may have good complexions for all the year."

"The little muffs!" says Spanker, laughing. "O the archbishop's palace we've seen; the pomegranate wood is too far off; and bother the Xenil and the Darro, I've had enough of it. Get those bits of the Moorish tiling, Ben, for me, I ordered."

"What was that verse of the Sequadilla, about the two rivers rushing to meet like lovers, Ben?"

"I know,

... Darro tien' prometido
El casarse con Xenil!"—

"O give it us in English!"

"Darro has promised to marry Xenil
"To marry" should follow "to woo."
Her portion will be, so they told it to me,
The New Square and Zacatin too."

because the Darro in time of rain flows up the new square and runs up the Zacatin. Well, there is the burial-place of Ferdinand and Isabella to see—'Small small space for so much greatness,' said Charles the Fifth; the church where Saint Nicholas drove out the thieves; the old Moorish palace of Boabdil's brother, now a charcoal warehouse; the Moorish Baths, now used by the washer-women; then there is the Silversmith's Street"—

"There, Ben, that will do; quite enough if we do half that. Now for a run once more through the Alhambra; and then, Ben, for the tilt-yard in Charles the Fifth's unfinished palace, where they fight the youngbills now, and where Ben will read us that curious account of the tournament in Philip the Second's time that he has dug out and put together out of two or three of their old historians. This Ben is always reading. It seems a shame wasting time, doesn't it, Blank? I'm for moving."

We were all for moving. Ben began to prove to us it would take at least three more weeks to see Granada properly. Again we brushed our way through the tangled boughs of the great republic of fig-trees, pomegranates, and cypresses, bound with chains of vine boughs, in the palace gardens, under the castle balconies, where Moorish princesses once listened by night, fancying each nightingale in the olive-trees a serenading lover. We smoked our weeds in the queen's bath-room, under the blue dome starred with white. We got on the old terraces above,

and looked down on the city and the ravine that serves the red towers for a mote, that still Death and the Christian mocked and spurred over. We moralised in the great Hall of the Ambassadors, where Spanker would take off his boots and put them in the niche where the Moslem nobles once put their scarlet and yellow papooses. We lay down and sang in the small, dark, windowless bedrooms; in fact, we rehearsed, as far as time would allow, the old Moorish life.

At last we got to the old tilting ring of the unfinished palace of Charles the Fifth, and Ben, taking out a greasy copy of the old chronicle he had referred to, began to read the story of the King's Tournament in the April of I quite forget what year.

The account began with a good deal of military millinery. Spanker, eyeglass up, with the usual vacant glittering stare of that optical implement, listens intently. All Spain must have been, for months before, perfectly alive with carts laden with Eastern gold-stuffs, crimson and azure damasks, striped brocades, for the decorations of the knights' pavilions, the housings of their horses, and the decorations of their squires and varlets. As for the lists, to judge by the chronicler's sanguine account, they must have been "as gay as the Oxford Street windows when the spring fashions come out," said Spanker. As for the knights, they must have looked as gorgeous as court-cards set on horseback: for, while the shield of one was stamped with red bezants, another was spangled from top to toe with golden bees; a third wore on his helmet a black dragon with wings outspread; a fourth was liveried in a suit of red, half blue: and next him rode a Gascon gentleman with a gold weathercock on his helmet, to show that he was a knight-errant bent whenever the wind might blow. Terrible was the stormy shock when these brave men met full-butt in the centre of the lists. Then the air was darkened with splintering lances, broken banners, and floating feathers; sparks flew, like hives of fire-flies from every helmet; shields were split; blazons were erased with blood. Many that came singing and scornful, went away with bandaged and aching heads.

It was pleasant sitting there in that ruined amphitheatre of chivalry, hearing of the fierce, honest sport of the gentleman who had not yet invented that great safety-valve for superfluous energy—fox-hunting. Again seemed to pour into the circle a sort of defined Astley's troop of plumed steel men, each led by a lady with a golden chain. Again we heard the horn's blast driving in a great cavalcade of spears, borne firm and evenly, with banners roofing over all. As for Bensaken, I think he would have gone on reading all night the special blazon of each knight, the beauty of each horse, the peculiar excellence of each course of spear-breaking—

Spanker, rising, and taking the Gorgon

glass from his eye, to show that the house was going to divide, remarked: "All I can say is, that it was a precious plucky business; but it must have taken a great deal out of 'em. How could a fellow go on parade next morning, I should like to know, after he had been carrying fourteen stuns' of armour about for five hours, had his helmet poked off his head twice, and three times been pushed over hiscrupper? It's all very well, but I should like to see a man do it."

"BUT THESE WERE SPANIARDS," said Ben, closing the book.

A SPECIAL CONVICT.

SIR HENRY HAYES, said my informant (an old lady who had been the wife of a government official in New South Wales) was what was called in Sydney "a Special." Specials were gentlemen by birth and education, who had been convicted of offences which, however heinous in a legal point of view, did not involve any particular degree of baseness. For instance, Major B., who, in a violent fit of passion, stabbed his footman for accidentally spilling some soup and soiling the king's livery, which the Major was then wearing—was a Special: so was the old German Baron, of whom I may speak to you on another occasion: and so were those Irish gentlemen who took a prominent part in the rebellion, and escaped the fate that awaited Mr. Emmett—Specials. All these kind of criminals, up to the departure of General Macquarie, and the arrival of Sir Thomas Brisbane, were not treated like common thieves and receivers of stolen property, but with great consideration. If they were not emancipated immediately on their arrival, they were suffered to be at large, without the formality of a ticket of leave. They were, in short, treated rather as prisoners of war on their parole, than as prisoners of the Crown in a penal settlement. Grants of land were not given to them while they were in actual bondage, but they were permitted to locate themselves on any unoccupied pieces of land in the vicinity of Sydney. The greater number of them were well supplied with funds by their relations in England, Ireland, or Scotland, and erected very comfortable, if not particularly handsome, abodes, and laid out gardens and grounds. General Macquarie went a little too far, perhaps. He not only admitted them to his table, as soon as they were emancipated, but he elevated some of them to the magisterial bench.

Sir Henry built a pretty little cottage on the estate known as Vaucluse, and upon which the house of Mr. William Charles Wentworth now stands. There is not a lovelier site in the known world. Beautifully wooded with evergreens, the land covered with every description of heath, which is in bloom nearly all the year round; a lovely bay of

semicircular shape, and forming one of the inlets of the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson spread out before the lawn, its dark blue waters laving the milk-white sand, some black rocks in the distance (known as "the Bottle and Glass") standing out sufficiently far to cause the spray to beat continually over them, the north shore plainly visible across the broad expanse of water.—travel where you will the eye will not rest upon any spot more favoured by Nature than that exquisite valley which was called Vaucluse, in consequence of its resemblance in one or two respects to the Vallis Clausus where Petrarch, in the words of Lord Byron,

With his melodious tears gave himself to fame.

To put his crime out of the question, Sir Henry was a man of very great taste, and an Irish gentleman of the old school.

"What was his crime?" I asked, in my then ignorance of this colonial celebrity.

"He carried off by force and violence a young lady with whom he was passionately in love, and who had several times refused his offers of marriage. The penalty of the offence was transportation for life. I am not quite sure that he was not, in the first instance, sentenced to be hanged. My husband, in common with many officers, was partial to Hayes, who could be very witty and amusing, and who, whatever may have been his habits in early life, led a most temperate and exemplary life in the colony of New South Wales. He was surrounded by every comfort that money could purchase, and he was always glad to see persons of whom he was in the habit of speaking as "those of my own order." The only defect in his manner was, that his air was somewhat too patronising.

That Hayes was perfectly mad on the crime that led to his banishment, there could not be the slightest question; but upon all other points no one could be more rational. That his statements with reference to his case were untrue, no one who read the report of his trial could doubt for a single moment; but that Hayes himself believed his own version to be the correct one, was equally certain. I never saw Sir Henry but twice, and I must do him the justice to say, that on neither occasion, did he speak of his case. He was by far too well-bred to think of making the faintest allusion to it. By the way, he did once say in my presence, on the occasion of his killing a fly with the handle of a carving-fork, "That's how I should like to crush John Philpot Curran;" but upon my husband remarking to him, "My wife never heard of that person, Hayes," Sir Henry made me a very low bow, begged me a million pardons, and instantly changed the theme.

"Why was he so inveterate with regard to Mr. Curran?" I inquired.

"It was Mr. Curran, my husband told me, who prosecuted Sir Henry Hayes, was

the old lady's reply. I told you that I only saw Sir Henry twice, she continued. On the first occasion he called at our house, in a state of great nervous excitement. After being introduced to me, and speaking for a while on various subjects, he thus addressed my husband: "My dear Major, for the last eleven days I have suffered agonies of mind, and have been praying, from early dawn to dusky night, almost without intermission, to my favourite saint, Saint Patrick. But he seems to take no more notice of me, nor of my prayers, than if I were some wretched thief in a road-gang, with manacles on my leg, and a stone-breaking hammer in my hand."

"What is the matter, that you require the aid of Saint Patrick?" said my husband.

"The matter!" replied Sir Henry. "You are aware, perhaps, that that part of the country where I live literally swarms with venomous serpents: there are black snakes, brown snakes, grey snakes, yellow snakes, diamond snakes, carpet snakes—in short, every species of snake in the known world. Now, so long as they confined themselves to the lawn and the garden, I did not so much mind. It was bad enough to have them there, but, with caution, I could avoid them. The brutes, however, have lately taken to invade the house. We have killed them in the verandah, and in every room, including the kitchen. Now, it was in consequence of this, that I addressed my prayers to Saint Patrick: and suggested that he might whisper to them to go into other people's houses, and not mine, in order to gratify their curiosity concerning the habits of civilised man: but to no purpose. Last night I found a gentleman, six feet long, and as black as a coal, coiled up in my white counterpane; and another of the same dimensions underneath the bed. However, I am determined they shall not banish me from that abode, but that I will banish them; or, at all events, keep them at a proper distance—say a distance of at least fifty yards from any part of the house. And what I want you to do, my dear Major, is to render me some assistance in the matter."

"What do you propose doing?" my husband inquired.

"You know perfectly well, my excellent friend," continued Sir Henry, "that Saint Patrick so managed matters that no snake could ever live on or near Irish soil. The very smell of it is more than enough for them. It will be a matter of time and of money; but to carry out my project I am most firmly resolved."

"What do you propose doing? and how can I aid you?" said the Major.

"Hark ye!" returned Sir Henry. "I intend to import to this country about five hundred tons of genuine Irish bog, which shall be dug from the estate of a friend of mine. It shall come out in large biscuit barrels. I shall then have a trench dug

round my premises, six feet wide and two feet deep; and this trench the Irish earth shall fill."

"And do you really believe that Australian snakes will be kept away by your Irish soil, Sir Henry?" said the Major.

"Believe? Of course, I do! I am quite certain of it," responded Hayes. "This very day I have written to my friend in Ireland, and told him to employ an agent to carry out my wishes, and have the bog-earth taken down to Cork for shipment. Now, the favour I have to ask of you is this: to write, in your official capacity, a letter to my agent, which I will enclose to him—such a letter as will lead the captains and doctors of the ships that touch at Cork to fill up the complement of convicts for these shores, to suppose that the soil is for government, and required for botanical purposes; and further I want you to allow it to be consigned to yourself or the colonial secretary. Each ship might remove a quantity of its stone ballast and put the casks of bog in its stead. By these means I should get it all the quicker."

"My husband endeavoured to laugh Sir Henry out of his idea; but in vain. He was firm, and said:

"If you won't assist me, I must instruct them to charter a ship for the especial purpose, and that would cost a very serious sum of money."

My husband, of course, could not think of acting in the matter without previously obtaining the consent of the Governor, who was so amused at the superstitious character of Hayes' enterprise, that his Excellency caused the required letter to be written, and handed to him.

About a year afterwards, the first instalment of the soil arrived—some forty barrels—and was conveyed from Sydney to Vauluse (a distance of six miles) by water; and within the next year the entire quantity had reached its destination. The trench, in the meantime had been dug, and all was now ready for "circumventing," as Sir Henry expressed it, "the premises and the vipers at one blow."

My husband and myself and a large party of ladies and gentlemen went down to Vauluse in the government barges to witness the operation of filling in the trench. The superintendent of convicts—a countryman of Hayes' and who believed as implicitly as Hayes himself did in the virtue of Irish soil with regard to vipers—lent Sir Henry barrows and shovels and a gang consisting of seventy-five men—all of them Irishmen—in order to complete the work as rapidly as possible. Sir Henry, in person, superintended, and was alternately pathetic and jocular. Some of his running commentaries on Saint Patrick and his wonderful powers and some snatches of song that he sang in honour of the saint, convulsed with laughter all those who stood around him. The work over, one

or two of the men asked for a small quantity of the sacred earth, and Sir Henry said:

"Well, take it and welcome; but I would rather have given you its weight in gold."

Strange to say, from that time forward, Sir Henry Hayes was not visited by snakes. They did not vacate the grounds in the vicinity of Vauluse, but none were ever seen within the magic circle formed of the Irish earth. Whether the charm is worn out and whether the Wentworths are invaded as was Sir Henry, I know not. But this I know, that Captain Piper, who held the appointment of naval officer in the colony, to whom Vauluse was subsequently granted, and from whom Mr. Wentworth purchased it, assured me that during the many years he lived there with his family, no venomous reptile had ever been killed or observed within Hayes's enclosures, notwithstanding they were plentiful enough beyond it.

I wish the reader to understand that I have simply related the above story as it was told to me, and that I do not offer any opinion as to the efficacy or otherwise of Irish soil in keeping away Australian snakes from any spot upon which it may be placed.

After a pause, the old lady resumed:

I ought to have mentioned that it was on the seventeenth of March, Saint Patrick's Day, that this curious ceremony was performed, and that at its conclusion, at half-past four in the afternoon, we dined with Sir Henry in a large tent formed of the old sails of a ship, which were lent to him for the occasion by the captain of the vessel then lying in the harbour. Sir Henry was in excellent spirits, and when the evening closed in, he sang several Irish melodies with great sweetness and pathos. To every one present he made himself extremely agreeable, and, on the whole, I never spent a happier day in my life, albeit I was the guest of a Special convict.

MY VISION.

I HEARD the voice of Ages

Low whisper through the gloom:

The haunted tones that chill

When the restless heart is still

'Neath the shadow of the tomb.

It whisper'd with its icy breath—

"Maiden, why shrink from Death?"

I answer'd, I am young and fair;

I had a sister too,

And, to our souls, life was a path

Whereon bright flowers grew.

She died. I had but one—no more.

My dream of flowers is o'er!

My soul was glad, ere that dim shade

Pass'd 'twixt the sun and me,

I said; there's darkness o'er the land,

And I gloom upon the sea.

Whisper again, thou icy breath,

And tell me, was it Love, or Death?

I heard the voice of Ages,
 I heard it through the gloom;
 It bade me follow, follow on
 To the lonely empty tomb.
 It whisper'd with its icy breath,
 "Maiden, what gain hath Death?"

And then I saw, or thought I saw,
 The heavens open wide;
 My sister crou'd with asphodels,
 An angel form beside.
 I heard her whisper, "Would that she
 Might soon fly hitherward with thee!"

And now I see with hollower eyes
 The landscape of my dream,
 All peopled through with angels
 Of calm and lowly men;
 And when my soul is still, it saith,
 "Maiden, why long for death?"

FROM FIRST TO LAST.

IN TEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE Unwins lived in one of these contracted domiciles, long lines and terraces of which now radiate from the nucleus of every town in England. Three feet deep of parcelled and dusty garden divided the parlour from the road: there was a kitchen behind, and three chambers over. The smallest of these was Valentine's bedroom and studio in one; there he ground colours, smeared canvas or a plank of wainscot; there he dreamed dreams and saw visions, and sometimes on Rosamund Wilson's beauty.

In all Burnham there breathed not a happier soul than this pale lanky boy, with his wrists out of his jacket and his trousers creeping ambitiously higher and higher until they got above his boots-tops. To be poor, so long as one is not absolutely hungry, seems to have no more effect on some people than rain has on a duck's back. A dukedom would not have bribed Valentine Unwin away from his pencil and his fancies; after seeing the beautiful Abbey and the glorious Merillo, he went and shut himself up in his closet of a room, and was happier, I dare say, in the kingdom of his own mind than any crowned and anointed monarch.

Mary got the tea ready—they had no servant, only a charwoman once a week to clean the house—and when her father came in from the school, fagged and rather cross, as it is permitted to disappointed men to be, she called to her brother to come down; but Valentine replied that he was busy just then, and could not; so the father and daughter took their evening meal together, and then Mary carried a cup of tea and a plate of thick bread and butter up-stairs, and stood over the pride of her heart until he chose to partake of them.

Mary Unwin also was happy in her way: she was living for a purpose and with an object in view. Her love for Valentine was an enthusiasm, an absolute negation of self

for his sake. Ah! many and many a time in later days, when the battle of life was at the hottest, did her land, faithful and tender, wipe the dews of pain and weariness from his face, and her heart, steadfast and courageous, support and urge him on until the victory was worthily won. She was now labouring diligently in every interval of her home duties, to perfect herself in the art of drawing upon stone: for the brother and sister had a plan of living together in London, and she intended to make her lithography available for their mutual support during the years of preparatory study, which must be passed through before he could be expected to achieve any success in painting; so she also was happy in a vision that the future was to fulfil. Nothing pleased her better now than being able to lock up the house as she had done that afternoon, and go off to the school with Valentine and her father; but that was not always practicable, so she had a stone at home, and was always at work upon it when any one else might have supposed that she would desire a rest.

As she stood behind her brother, holding the cup and plate, until it should please him to take it, her plain face was instinct with goodness and devotion. Valentine accepted all her assiduities, not ungratefully and not even thoughtlessly, but quite as a matter of course—much as children receive their mother's love, without seeming to think that any particular return is needed. She was ten years his elder, and the care of him had devolved upon her ever since he was born—for his mother died in bringing him into the world.

"O, Mary, are you there—is that my tea?" he asked absently, continuing to sketch at an indistinct outline on a fresh sheet of paper. Mary said, "Yes," and stood patiently out of sight behind him, watching his hand. Its strokes seemed to her weak and unskilled as yet; but there was the freedom that promised by-and-by to render with truth and energy the beautiful conceptions of a poet mind. Indifferent persons might have discerned nothing in Valentine Unwin's face if they had looked at it for a week, or they might have said, that he was only a plain and awkward boy; but Mary's loving eyes saw genius in the pale lineaments, and the fire of enthusiasm which is its breadth of life, kindling in his grey deep set eyes.

The walls of his room and hers were covered with continually changing efforts of his power; for besides the divine gift of genius, he had the homely qualities of industry and perseverance, and that virtue of patience which can behold in the germ of to-day the glorious flower it will mature into, and can wait and watch for its expanding. What the dews and suns of spring are to the swelling buds Mary's never-failing love was to him in his upward way. Rosamund Wilson, in her gay luxurious home, with her newly returned

lover by her side, was not more blessed than Valentine in that narrow room, munching thick bread and butter before his easel, with Mary watching him.

"What a face hers is! How Murillo would have painted her!" said the lad, with a sigh, as he leaned back in his chair and contemplated what even Mary felt to be a very abortive sketch of her features. There was no need to mention the magic name. Whenever Valentine spoke of her, Mary knew he meant Rosamund Wilton. "She had the glorious complexion of the painting, and dark blue eyes, not a common union, but the perfection of beauty. I say, Mary, what a divine Magdalen she would make, with all that singular hair loose! I should like to have the chance of taking her portrait."

Poor, infatuated Valentine! that face was to be the inspiration of every beautiful thought he ever drew; that face the keynote by which he struck the chords of fame! Mary was not jealous that he should give twenty thoughts to Rosamund, for one he gave to her; she had a practical as well as an instinctive knowledge that mothers and sisters never, or very rarely, are to brothers and sons, what brothers and sons are to them.

"And you thought that strange gentleman was a lover; what made you think so, Mary? You women are very sharp," Valentine said presently, neglecting his tea and returning to his sketch. "He is ever so much older than she is, and has lost an arm besides."

"What does that matter? Do you think I should like you any the less if you lost both arms? Come, Val, drink this and eat some more bread. Are you going to the school with my father to-night?"

"Yes. Did you ever notice the beautiful line from her ear to her shoulder? I wonder whether I can draw it."

Valentine spent a few minutes trying to accomplish the impossible, then cast down his pencil, and applied himself in earnest to his meal. The lad showed a wholesome appetite and keen according to his time of life, which testified that he was taking his first attack of heart disease very favourably. Mary quite enjoyed seeing him eat so vigorously, and smiled—her smile was very improving to her face, it was like sunshine to a level uninteresting landscape.

"What is the matter? What is pleasing you so much?" Valentine asked, regarding her cheerfully.

"I don't think you will pine for love, Val," was the reply. "You like to look at Miss Wilton; but you don't sicken and refuse your food when a successful worshipper appears on the scene. You do not rail at Sir Everard, or long to extinguish him, like a lover in a book."

"I could never marry her, Mary; how could I?" said the lad, with a solemnity that would have been nothing short of ludicrous

to anybody but her. "But what an angel-face she has! Since I have been accustomed to see her, I have grown in mental stature; a perfectly beautiful woman is a grand revelation. There, Mary, I won't talk any more nonsense! I hope she will be very happy; but, as I live, she is my first love and will be my last!"

Valentine drank off the remainder of his tea with an air, and returned the cup to his sister, who then went down-stairs. But, being left alone, the lad's mood changed. He leaned down, with his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands, thinking gloomily. A queer medley of feelings run riot in most very young hearts; but Valentine's was a good heart—generous, honest, almost religious. Rosamund Wilton had been to him as much an ideal as his beautiful art; and he could still adore her afar off, though the stranger might appropriate her to himself as his wife. Still he could think of her as the chiefest amongst women, as the rose is amongst flowers. Yet, when his father summoned him at seven o'clock to accompany him to the school, and he passed Mary in the door-way of the parlour, she thought his eyes looked red and burning, as if they had paid a libation of tears to some secret pain. Sometimes we will be very heroic, and try to cheat ourselves into the belief that we are not so very much disappointed after all, by the loss that is cutting our hearts in twain. Perhaps Valentine had been striving to deal thus untruly with himself.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

ROSAMUND was innocent as a child in all intention of what she did; but, having taken a fancy to the Unwins, she would have them come to the Abbey again and again: Mary to enjoy the summer beauty of the gardens, and Valentine to paint her portrait. This was a dangerous ordeal for an imaginative mind like poor Val's. He drank in a subtle inspiration from her looks, words, gestures; she treated him with a rather peremptory familiarity; called him by his Christian name; gave him flowers, lent him books, and said once, she wished she had such a brother. As for thinking that the young enthusiast might repay her kindness with love, she would as soon have suspected the mendicant in the street of lifting his eyes to her.

Sir Everard probably saw more clearly than she did, what might happen: for his demeanour to Valentine, though kind, was stiff and stately; for which the lad liked him little, as it may be supposed. Mention has been made of the portrait that he was painting of her—a business which brought them frequently into proximity; for Valentine was a painstaking, and by no means, in this instance, a rapid workman. He had his easel in the picture gallery, and there she sat

to him. Sir Everard watched the progress of the picture with lofty indulgence; of course, he knew that it was bad, but it delighted Rosamund and Aunt Carry, so he could not object. But such blue, blue eyes, such carmine cheeks, were surely never seen anywhere but on a very juvenile canvas. Dawdle over it as he would, it was finished at last, and fixed in a gorgeous gilt frame. Then, and not till then, did Rosamund perceive what a sublime caricature of herself it presented. Sir Everard and Aunt Carry went ceremoniously to give their opinion as it stood on its easel—an accomplished work. Valentine was standing beside it, looking down upon the face with that shy tenderness of expression with which youth contemplates its first creation; he saw more, much more, of course, than there was to see; in fact, he did not see the picture as it was at all, but merely his own idealised vision of its original. Rosamund, overflowing with a sly amusement, led her aunt up to it by the hand; and, performing a mocking reverence, said:

"Let me present you, Aunt Carry, to her rosy-cheeked majesty, the queen of the milkmaids."

"I'm sure, my dear, it is a very beautiful picture, and does Mr. Unwin great credit," says Aunt Carry, putting up her glass.

Valentine had felt Rosamund's satire; but, except a slight convulsion of his upper lip, no sign of pain escaped him. Sir Everard saw it, however; and, liking the lad's self-command, he praised the work where he honestly could in a quiet judicious way, which consoled the artist, if not the boy.

"The drawing is good and free; the colour will tone down in time. Mr. Unwin, I never saw a picture by a hand so unpractised, equally, or nearly as good. There is nothing meretricious in the style; nothing. I shall wait for your mellowing and maturing, and then you shall try the same subject again for me."

"I shall take Mr. Unwin to my room to consult as to the best light for hanging it," said Aunt Carry, who, without any pretence, admired the picture extremely. "Will you give me a few minutes?"

Valentine accompanied her gladly, and the lovers were left alone.

"It is very wooden, Everard. I wish I had not let him do it, poor fellow!" said Rosamund.

"I assure you, Rose, it is a very respectable production for the lad at his years. If he can paint like that now, he will ripen into one of the best painters by-and-by," Sir Everard replied.

"I will have it put out of sight to-day."

As Rosamund was uttering these words, Valentine and Aunt Carry re-entered. He heard them, and understood at once all they meant. He would have been more than mortal if he had not betrayed that he heard them. Rosamund had a good heart, which

loved not to give pain, and she tried to say something to him; but the red had flashed into his face, and the tears into his eyes like a child's. He turned away abruptly, and took up his cap to depart. Aunt Carry's fussy delight, all unsuspecting and single-minded, covered the little awkwardness, and allowed him time to recover himself. He then said, "Good morning!" and left the gallery.

Stung to the quick, burning with mortified pride and love, he marched home and shut himself in his room to hide his woes. Mary gained admittance by-and-by, and then, as the happy salutary fashion of the youthful heart is, he made full confession to her, and received comfort appropriate to his frame of mind.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

TOWARDS eleven o'clock one sunshiny morning a continuous stream of people, with a vast disproportion of ladies, was passing by the door of old Wisp's oil and colour shop on their way to the parish church of Burnham. That their purposes were not devotional might be safely inferred from the general air of liveliness and enjoyment that prevailed amongst them, and the rapid and careless toilettes,—British ladies generally worship in chosen raiment. Old Wisp's wife, a genial, gossiping, redundant person stood in the doorway with her bonnet in her hand, and evidently meditated following the herd by-and-by; meantime she communicated her observations on the people to old Wisp and Valentine Unwin who were sitting in the shop, the latter with his back to the window and the street, vainly trying to affect indifference to the great event that was to happen that day.

"You are dull this morning, Mr. Valentine, arn't you well?" asked the matron. "A wedding always livens me up."

Old Wisp sighed, and said she was not in want of any spur to her vivacity under ordinary circumstances, and Valentine, with a sickly smile on his sallow, young face, replied, that weddings cheered everybody's spirits; unless, perhaps, it were the bereaved relatives and friends of the bride. His remarks had such a dreary moral tone that Mrs. Wisp, ordinarily the best-tempered woman in the world, was provoked:

"Law! Mr. Valentine, one might think Miss Wilton was going to be buried instead of married to hear you talk. I advise you to put on your cap and just come away to church like the rest of us!"

"I hope he knows better!" growled old Wisp; "weddings always make fools of women."

"You are right enough there, Joe, so they do! 'specially their own!" retorted his wife. "There they go—down Bongate!"

Valentine Unwin turned white and sick as he got up and looked out at the doorway

to see the rapid cavalcade pass along the end of the street. Mrs. Wisp had disappeared amongst the throng, and perhaps, that gave her husband courage to be inconsistent; for, as the last carriage whirled by, he said: "Let's go and peep at the church; a wedding's a pretty sight!"

Valentine longed to do it, so he was easy to be persuaded; and, leaving the shop to take care of itself, they started off in all haste. There was a great crowd about the church-door, but Valentine was now so vehemently agitated that he pushed his way in amongst them. Having effected an entrance, he worked himself into a position whence he could see every member of the wedding-party clearly. The ceremony was just commencing; but, from first to last he heard never a word of it, for the violent singing in his ears, and the throbbing of every nerve and vein in his body; his face was flushed; his eyes wild,—he scarcely knew what he did; certainly, he did not know how he looked, and what notice he was attracting, or he would not have been there. The last thing he saw with the eyes of recognition, was Rosamund issuing from the vestry on Sir Everard's arm. She looked quite happy; bright and smiling under her maiden coronal of flowers; but there was a higher expression in her face as if her wild, girlish spirits had made pause to reflect on this culminating day of her life.

When the lad got home, he went up-stairs holding by the banisters; there was a racking pain in his head, a fever heat burning all over him. And when Mary summoned him to dinner, though he came, not a single mouthful could he swallow. Mary looked at him with pitying dismay, and Tom Unwin with surprise.

"What ails Val that he has lost his appetite?" said he, regarding him anxiously. "I hope you are not going to have this horrid fever that is stirring in Burnham. Make him some tea, and let him go to bed, Mary."

But Valentine would sit up in his painting-room and paint—such phantasmagoria! such wild, ridiculous faces, like the dreams of a delirious person! In fact, the lad was delirious, or tending fast that way. Mary came up and sat with him when her household tasks were finished, but he would not talk. A long silent hour passed between them, and then she, thinking to comfort him in the usual way, began to speak of Rosamund. He turned round and stared at her wildly for a minute, and then burst into a sudden passion of tears. Mary was terrified, but he flung himself down on his knees with his head in her lap and wept like a woman in spite of all her consolations. Probably this fit of emotion removed the pressure from the brain, and saved him from something worse, for when his sobs ceased through simple exhaustion, he was more like himself again; but for weeks a slow fever hung about his frame, wearing him to a shadow. There was even a

time when Mary thought he would die, but the elasticity of the youth triumphed and bore him through,—a good deal wasted and worn, but ultimately none the worse, mentally or morally, for the pathetic end of his first love's dream.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

SEVEN years have elapsed since the marriage of Sir Everard and Lady Maxwell, and the end of them finds Valentine Unwin and his sister located in a dingy set of rooms which they had furnished themselves on the third story of a house in Newman Street. There are many other people under the same roof, all more or less noisy, irregular, and slovenly; it is a queer place for Mary, with her orderly tastes and habits, to be in; but she would live anywhere with Valentine, who says that is the artists' quarter, and for that reason prefers it to any other. The stairs are covered, not with carpet, but with a narrow strip of sheet-lead; the doorway is always wide open, being in possession of perpetual parties of juvenile street-brigands, and on the ground-floor is a shop with a collection of images, tazze, picture-frames and other such commodities for which there does not appear to be a very brisk sale. Young men singing spasmodic chants up the stairs very late at night, or rather very early in the morning, used once greatly to alarm Mary, who had a reasonable dread of fire and of tipsey candies going to bed, but she took little heed of them now—she was wearing into the new life with that ease and perfectness which is the peculiar attribute of self-denying women.

Tom Unwin had been taken from an unappreciating world four years before, and then the two children gathered together the little he had to leave them and removed to London.

It is a supererogatory piece of information to say that they were poor—of course, they were poor—but they were a happy pair notwithstanding. Mary's stone-drawing kept the wolf from the door; she knew every turn and double of the science of domestic economy and practised them with the art of a household Machiavel.

Valentine had the three meals a-day and neat clothing; Mary—but then it did not matter how she was dressed—she was so very plain. But, plain or not, Mary was a great favourite with the young fellows who came up the leaded staircase to her brother's painting-room. She was full of wise and witty talk, and good sense too; she had given up being nervously shy, and made tea for visitors, by chance, with a smiling face, which lost half its ugliness during the process. There was one enthusiast who said she had handsome eyes, and that if she were only a little fatter, she would be better looking than half the women he knew.

Valentine had not done great things as yet; he was young and obscure, but he was diligent,

patient, and hopeful—nay, confident of ultimate success, though it might be preceded by many a struggle, many a disappointment and anxiety. Perhaps it was the consciousness of the growing and ripening power within him that kept him cheerful and happy. —Mary thought so.

While the chill March east-wind was sweeping the London streets—while snow-drops and timid violets were opening in the grass under sunny country hedgerows, Valentine was cooped up in his painting-room working with honest fervour at a picture which he hoped to see on the walls of the Academy. Mary watched his conception grow out upon the canvas, day by day until she discerned in the sweet face an idealised reminiscence of Rosamund Wilton—poor Val's first love. He had had no other love since then to efface the vivid beauty of that dream, and her face and form were still his perfect incarnation of womanly loveliness. His picture was a Sybil, a glorious inspired countenance, lofty and pure in expression, as if her soul were communing with gods. It was a finer picture than Valentine knew; the hand now was beginning to obey the heart; the pencil to work out faithfully, what the spirit conceived. Mary looked forward eagerly to the coming day when his genius should be acknowledged, and they should be no longer poor—when they should no more need to economise every penny, to live sparsely and dress meanly. But I will not expose poor Mary's thrift in her early toilsome days; she never exposed it, and why should her biographer do it for her?

Valentine was no longer the plain-looking individual he had been once; but as little could he lay claim to that, to me, objectionable praise of being "a handsome man." He had an olive face, thin and clear in feature, dark great deep-set eyes, and black hair, rather long and waved. A small moustache shaded his mouth, and a peaked beard ornamented his chin: as it had never known the razor, it was fine and glossy, and consequently an object of vain emulation amongst his fellow artists. Mary used to tease him sometimes, and tell him that he had a personal vanity in his hirsute glories, but she did not believe what she said. There never was a man of simpler and more guileless temper than he was; a child could have taken him in—yes, and often did, by a pitiful tale of fever or father's leg, beguiling pence from his unsuspecting pocket. He looked older than his years, from his grave, absorbed air; but under all his gravity there was a vein of humour, true and genial. If Fate meant to have many more campaigns with him before letting him pass through the gates of worldly success, she could scarcely have met with any man who would bear her assaults with better temper, or repulse them with higher mettle. He was made of that finely wrought stuff which will bend and rebound, but never

break; of that strong fibre which pressure stretches, but cannot rend. Amongst a thousand it would be hard to find ten men with greater elements of success in them, than lay hid under the quiet exterior of Valentine Unwin. Mary knew and felt this; and, under the burden which rested mainly on her patient shoulders, it upheld her mightily.

It was pleasantly curious to see the pair at work in their mutual studio; Mary, spectacled and stern, bending over her stone, with fine elaborate touch, stroke by stroke shading up a cloud to the required blackness, or sometimes sketching a vignette for a song,—a rather favourite task of hers, because it called out what little invention she possessed. A poetical interpretation had been put, now and then, on Mary's music vignettes, for which the publishers would sometimes give her a couple of guineas; but her most constant work was laying those broad flat tints on which we first saw her toiling at the Burnham School of Design. Valentine stood at his easel, idle sometimes, but not often. When he was in a slow humour, his great work, the Sybil, reposed, and he sketched children's heads from the family of the woman who lived in the basement and looked after the lodgers. People are attracted by a pretty drawing of a child, who could not appreciate high art, and Valentine had sold several groups of Gipsy Girls, Peasant Boys, and Angels, all renderings of the Bilton family, who happened, fortunately, to be very good-looking. Once he took Mary as a fortune-teller; the likeness was inimitable, but nobody had a fancy to her, and she still remained in her pictorial cloak and hood, leaning up against the study wall, with her face towards, it, unsold, and unlikely to be sold, unless a windfall of good fortune happened to that young enthusiast, who said she had handsome eyes. But when he was in his best moods, then he laboured on his Sybil, and so it came to pass that, out of his patience she grew slowly to perfection; every touch was a touch of love, for Valentine was a true artist, and gave his whole energy, of soul and spirit to the accomplishment of his work! There was not a careless stroke, not an unmeaning stroke in the whole; he might hereafter paint with greater fluency, but never with more fervour, never with more faithfulness.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

"DINNER is ready, Val!" Val paid no heed to the thrice-repeated announcement: he was regarding his picture with that pleasant enthusiasm which comes over the true artist when he forgets himself in his art, and feels that he has done a piece of true and honest work. Mary came behind him, and admired over his shoulder. The great picture was finished, and it was beautiful indeed—beautiful enough to satisfy even her who would not have him ever fall short of the best; her

praise was not very lofty in sound, but Valentine knew its value. "It will do!" said she, emphatically. "Go on and conquer, my brother!"

He turned about and gave her a kiss, exclaiming gaily, but without a trace of conceit, "I think it *will* do, Mary!"

And then the pair, in the highest good-humour, betook themselves to the little round table in the corner, and ate their dinner silently, the Sybil watching them with inspired eyes, which did not look much as if they were meant to contemplate such a homely scene.

I know not whether it was a picture that would please generally. It was a single figure, without any theatrical accessories or startling effects. The eye settled at once upon the face, and lingered there with a loving sense of beholding a beauty that satisfied heart and soul fully. It was woman, and it was goddess; it was purity and strength; it was earth and heaven combined. The idea had been distinctly conceived, and executed faithfully. The flesh tints were pure, warm, and rich, as if life-blood glowed through the face; the lips breathed; the hair floated abroad as if air stirred in it. The manipulation of every, the minutest, part was exquisitely delicate and expressive. The white drapery that covered without concealing, the swelling outlines of throat and bosom, was painted with as tender and thoughtful a care as the soft bloom of the cheek, or the dewy brilliancy of the eye; the clasp of the girdle gleamed like jewels rarely set, and the golden armlets bound the supple arms as if they were raised from the polished flesh. The back-ground was all dark, except above the head, whence a light shone down upon the face as if out of Heaven, and by this light the figure was seen. I cannot tell whether it transgressed any of the conventional rules of art; but, whether or not, it was a picture to which the gaze would wander again and again, and from which the mind would carry away a thought of beauty never to be forgotten.

Valentine's painting-room was besieged many times that day by his young fellow artists, who were not perhaps such enthusiasts as Mary in his behalf; for before night, under their frosty comments and predictions his hopes and dreams lost much of their glow. They were not curious or jealous—these are not the vices of the careless, thriftless tribe—but they were dubious, and thought to lessen his disappointment, if ultimately he *was* disappointed, by not flattering too much now.

"You expect to get into the Academy Exhibition, Val; but you won't," said one lugubrious long-haired individual, who had not found his historical paintings, twelve feet by fourteen, very acceptable to the Hanging Committee. "You won't, and I'll tell you why: the old fogies are so afraid of a new

fellow who is likely to cut them out, that they'll never let you in."

"Nonsense!" cried Mary, good-humouredly, "You youngsters have too high a conceit of yourselves; to talk of any of *you* cutting out the old names! Make names for yourselves, and let other people's abide in good odour!"

Mr. Sharpe put up his eyebrows at this little tirade, and told Mary she did not know the petty feelings rife in the world.

"Val and I will not listen to croakers!" retorted she. "You will learn to think better of human nature every day longer that you live: I do. Val's picture will make him no enemies, and no rivals, I'm sure!"

"I wish it may not, and that it may be accepted and well hung; but look how I have been treated! For five years running have I sent in a noble work or two, and they have never exhibited one! But I'll keep on plaguing 'em till they do; for I know why I am kept out;" and Mr. Sharpe looked grimly significant, as he formed with his lips a certain awful name, at which both Valentine and Mary laughed. "It is the great Mac, and nobody else, who keeps me out!" added the luckless artist, piqued by the rallying laugh. "If one of my pictures gets hung on those venal walls—which I don't expect—his reputation will evaporate like a puff of smoke from a bad cheroot. Miss Mary, I am athirst,—is the kettle boiling?"

The kettle was boiling; so Mary made tea to console the unphilosophical painter, who afterwards helped the frame-maker, who came up from the little shop, to fix Sybil in her frame. The picture remained in the studio about a week longer, and was then sent in for the approval of the Committee, who, to Mr. Sharpe's surprise and indignation, accepted it, and gave it an excellent position on their "venal walls." Valentine bore his success with modest exultation.

"We shall see Rome yet, Mary!" cried he.

"Surely we shall!" was her answer; but Mr. Sharpe, whose private disappointments made him ever a wet blanket over the kindling hopes of his friend, bade them wait and see what the art critics said about the picture, and whether it was sold or not. Mary was sure it would be sold, and equally sure that nobody could find anything but good to say about it.

Still the private-view days passed, and the Exhibition opened to the general public; but Valentine Unwin's picture did not bear that sweet sign of appreciation expressed by the green ticket bearing the magic word *Sold*. Mary was keenly disappointed in her own mind; but she bade Valentine not be impatient,—its lucky day would come. It seemed long in coming, however; and as week after week passed by, the young artist

a little subdued, betook himself to his children's heads, and Mary to her lithography, with the steady perseverance which daily wants, and nothing but daily wants, elicit.

Mary spent more shillings than was strictly prudent, in visiting the Exhibition at fashionable hours, to see how her brother's picture affected the general mob of observers. Most people paused before it for a lengthy survey, and she overheard many comments, all more or less complimentary: now and then she saw a fastidious connoisseur return to it again and again to enjoy it, and, as she hoped, notwithstanding the obscure name of the artist, to purchase it. But this longed-for event did not come to pass: the sultry summer days flew by, and the Exhibition was within a week of closing, when a curious incident occurred; what this was shall be related in the ensuing chapter.

OYSTER SEED.

THE English language knows no bounds. As soon as a new discovery is made, it claims the right of coining a new word to fit it. Agriculture is of ancient date, extending back, in a variety of georgical forms, into the night of ages, as they say. Pisciculture is a modern science, at least in Europe, though the Chinese profess to have practised fish-breeding long before it was ever dreamt of here. There are European fish considered very desirable to naturalise in British streams and lakes, but which still remain aliens to Queen Victoria's aqueous empire. Gold and silver fish are undoubtedly oriental. But the practice of fish-culture has hitherto been limited to fresh waters and to fish proper; that is, it has not been extended to shell-fish and crustaceans. The sea, with its multitudinous inhabitants, has hitherto been left to take its chance; its very vastness frightened off all interference. The proverb, "He who embraces too much, cannot keep tight hold," appears applicable to the ocean, if to anything. The sea, too, has long been regarded as an emblem of sterility and voraciousness, swallowing up everything, and returning nothing. An absurd and fruitless attempt was compared by Virgil to the act of milking he-goats and of ploughing the sea-shore. The nineteenth century, however, intends no longer to leave the progeny of the sea to their own devices. It has taken up a systematic and scientific system of turning the sea to profitable account.

Nature may be liberal, naturally, she may, and does, furnish us with abundant supplies, otherwise we should long since have starved, at least as far as fish and shell-fish are concerned. But it is now thought (and was proved last summer) that Nature will be the better for a helping hand in the fields of Ocean, as well as in the fields of Earth: and, as the culture of the sea has been proposed,

seconded, carried, and performed, we are in possession of a new science—Mariculture, as we will presume to style it. The sea is to be rendered infinitely more productive than it has been, by artificial means. Its live stock is to be increased a hundredfold, a thousandfold, a millionfold, or more. How many different species of marine domestic animals will thus be taken under the guardianship of man, remains at present uncertain; time will probably extend the list. At present, oyster-culture is the scheme in vogue; and there seems no reason to doubt that, instead of finding oyster-beds here and there, at blind hap-hazard, we may increase them indefinitely, in all convenient situations on our own enormous line of coast, at home and abroad, in the mother country and in the colonies, in North America as well as in New Zealand. What has been done once can be done again.

The French are very fond of oysters. Any oyster goes down with them; oysters of greyish and greenish complexion, which an English native would be ashamed to own for a relation, are swallowed, beards and all, by dainty dames. A dish of oysters washed down by a bottle of small white wine, is a breakfast for a prince, of which his princess will partake without hard pressing. Secondly, for the sake of protection to French fisheries, the consumption of all sorts of English-caught fish is hindered with a pertinacity which approaches to unreasoning prejudice and blind folly. But French oyster-beds are running short, and fail to furnish the supply required. The French oyster-fishery has fallen into such a state of decadence, that if some speedy remedy be not applied, every productive source will soon be exhausted. At La-Rochelle, at Marennes, at Rochefort, at the Islands of Ré and Oléron out of twenty-three beds which heretofore constituted the main riches of this portion of the coast, eighteen are completely ruined; while those which still yield a certain supply are gravely compromised by the increasing invasion of mussels. Consequently, the oyster-merchants of that neighbourhood, being no longer able to obtain a sufficient catch to keep their pits stocked with the oysters which it is their business to fatten and bring to perfection therein, are put to the great expense of fetching them from the coast of Brittany, and yet are unable to meet the public consumption. The same decrease in the oyster population is going on elsewhere generally, as far as France is concerned. It is fast retreating either before an advancing army of mussels, as at Marennes, or a suffocating stream of marly mud, as on certain portions of the roadstead at Brest.

The French epicure is therefore tantalised by a couple of impossibilities; one physical, the other moral. He is told that he cannot have his fill of Gallic oysters, because a full meal of Gallic oysters does not exist; and

also that he ought not, must not, and shall not have his fill of foreign oysters, because such a heinous, contraband banquet would be contrary to every French protectionist principle. Whatever may be the duty on the article marked on the Tariff, it is an understood thing amongst French customs' officers that, in order to stimulate and encourage French fishing-boats, the produce of English fisheries is to be hindered, hampered, overhauled, and excluded by every ingenious impediment and annoyance that ill-will and jealousy are capable of devising. If not prohibited by one plain-spoken word, fish is still prohibited so effectually that any one who attempts to import it very soon grows sick of the task.

In this dilemma, what was to be done? An enthusiastic savant boldly replied, "Increase the produce of the national oyster-beds. Undertake, at the expense of the State, and by the agency of the men and vessels belonging to the Imperial navy, the sowing of oysters all along the French coast, so as to repopulate the ruined beds, to revive those which are threatened with extinction, to increase those that are in a prosperous condition, and to create new ones wherever the nature of the bottom will permit."

For once, national selfishness has invented a means of world-wide benefit. The wizard who promised to perform the magical feat of raising up abundance in the midst of dearth is Monsieur Coste, member of the Institute, and Professor of Comparative Embryogeny to the College of France. Oysters are interesting creatures, whose natural history had not escaped Monsieur Coste's professional observation, although it is utterly despised by the vulgar. Few persons know even what is the favourite and natural position of an oyster at the bottom of the sea; they fancy that it lies with the flat shell upwards, because they see it so packed in fishmongers' tubs to keep the liquor in. But the oyster itself wants to let the liquor out, and to renew it as often as it can; and so it prefers to lie with the flat shell downwards, the hollow shell uppermost serving for a house or dome to resist the pressure of the water. An oyster has a will of its own; for if not attached to a stone or to another shell, and the angle at which it lies inclined be not too unfavourable, it will exercise the power of locomotion, and change to the side it likes best by a sudden spring or snapping of the valves. An oyster-pit, in genial weather when the tide is out, is anything but an inanimate object to visit. The inmates give unmistakable signs of life by spittings and spurtings and suckings-in of fluid, by gentle openings or sharp shuttings-to.

Monsieur Coste was cognisant of two important facts in the oyster's biography. Every oyster produces not less than from one to two millions of young ones annually. They are

visible to the naked eye, at the time of their birth, only as the turbid liquor which constitutes the milkiness of oysters when they are going out of season. Under the microscope, young oysters are seen to be furnished each with a bivalve shell, like their parent; they are exceedingly interesting objects, and especially beautiful when viewed with polarised light. Prepared specimens are to be had of Amadio of Throgmorton Street and other first-class opticians. These myriads of tiny embryos issue in crowds from the valves of every mother oyster—and every oyster is a mother—like swarms of bees rushing from their hives. But, unlike the bees, they have no queen to direct their course and decide upon their final home. Swimming freely, they are carried away by the tide to unfavourable spots, are smothered in sediment, or become the prey of polypi and other marine animalcule-eaters. Only a very small proportion indeed find a suitable resting-place, and grow to the size which fits them for human food.

But, secondly, if we can arrest and harbour the young fry before their perilous dispersion through the wide wide sea, we can solve the problem of obtaining an almost indefinite increase of shell-fish; and Monsieur Coste became aware of a means of fixing this microscopic population at the moment of making its adventurous exodus. The roots and branches of certain tropical trees (no doubt the originals which Baron Munchausen's oyster-trees and cockle trees were intended to caricature) are often loaded with shell-fish, in the case when they dip and droop into salt-water creeks. This might have suggested the idea (though it is not so stated), that by sinking branches of trees over oyster-beds and in their neighbourhood, a little before the spawning season, it would be possible to retain these legions of living dust at the outset of their journey. Accordingly, in the month of February, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, Monsieur Coste, in a report to the Emperor, suggested that such a plan should be adopted; he stated, besides, the conclusions which led him to assert that the sea might be put into cultivation, just as well as the land. The consequence was, that the Head of the State ordained that the Bay of Saint Brieuc, on the north coast of Brittany, should be made the theatre of a first sowing of oysters undertaken at the expense of the government, executed by means of government vessels, confided to the care of their crews, and destined, in case of success, to serve as a model, along the whole coast-line of France, for the creation of a vast submarine exploitation—the word deserves to be naturalised, as it has no English equivalent—which must prove equally serviceable to the development of the navy and to the welfare of the maritime population. Very lately, Monsieur Coste has addressed a second report to the Emperor, summing up the

progress which ostriculture has made up to the present time.

The roadstead chosen for the accomplishment of this design offers (on a solid bottom, naturally clean and composed of shell or madrepore-sand slightly covered with marl or mud) an area of twelve thousand hectares, everywhere favourable to the residence of the parent mollusc. A hectare is equal to nearly two acres and a-half English. The current which, at every tide oscillates from north-west to south-west, and from south-west to north-west, at the rate of about two miles and a-half per hour, brings with it a ceaseless renovation of water, sweeps away in its course every unhealthy deposit, and by breaking on the numerous rocks, contracts those vivifying powers which are communicated by an incessant aëration. The excellence of the bottom and the active nature of the limpid waters which cover it, combine, therefore, throughout this immense submarine domain, all the conditions necessary to favour the multiplication and development of the esculent mollusc which it is proposed there to acclimatise, and whose produce is expected to furnish annually an inexhaustible harvest.

But what Science, in her work of intervention and conquest, had counselled as an enterprise of public utility, Empiricism and Routine had condemned beforehand as a piece of chimerical fool-hardiness. There were, therefore, plenty of opponents and prophets of failure. It is an honour to Science, that in this case she has maintained her dignity, by showing that in natural history, as in astronomy, abstract theories may be made subservient to practical results, so as even to render the seas a domain accessible to human knowledge and industry. And thus Physiology exercises her empire over organic nature, by an application of the laws of life.

The immersion of the parent shell-fish, commenced in March last, was completed towards the end of April, under Monsieur Coste's inspection and superintendence. In this short space of time, three million oysters, some taken from the open sea, others from Cancale, others from Tréguier, were distributed in ten longitudinal beds themselves situated in different parts of the bay, and representing altogether a superficies of a thousand hectares. These beds had been previously traced on a marine chart indicating the fertile spots, and marked by buoys and floating flags, to guide the course of the vessels which sowed the oysters. But in order that this sowing process should be performed with the regularity of an agricultural operation, and that the mother oysters should be dropped sufficiently apart not to interfere with each other, a government steamer, sometimes the *Ariel*, and sometimes the *Antilope*, took in tow the boats that were laden with the shell-fish, and so dragged them backwards and forwards longitudinally, as regularly as a plough

traces successive parallel furrows in a field.

While the tug-steamer was performing this manœuvre, her crew (dispersed amongst the flotilla of boats that were being towed) emptied into the sea the baskets of oysters that were the seed-corn of this new maricultural experiment. But, to insure success, it was not enough to place the colony of oysters in conditions favourable to their multiplication; it was also requisite to organise around them and over them ready means of receiving and harbouring their progeny, so as to compel it to fix itself on the spot where it began to disperse: for the immersion took place at the period of the earliest spawning. This second operation, which transformed the fertilised gulf into a sort of submarine nursery or stock-farm, was accomplished by means of two contrivances whose simultaneous employment has already given immense results, and which, at no distant epoch, will enable the oyster harvest to be augmented to any extent, provided that preliminary measures are extended in proportion to the requirements of the case.

The first artful dodge consists in paving the bottom of the sea where the productive beds are to be made with old oyster shells or any other shells, so that not a single embryo shall issue from the parent oyster without meeting with a solid substance on which it can fix itself. Sea-shells, of whatever species, gathered from the beach, answer perfectly. In no instance would any serious difficulty be encountered in the collection and transport of old oyster shells. The second cunning scheme (namely, that intended to attract and retain the spawn which would be carried away by the currents, and to cause it to settle on solid substances at the bottom of the eddies formed, when it does not otherwise fix itself) is effected by long lines of slender fascines or bunches of twigs placed crosswise at regular distances along the whole length of every bed, thus forming a sort of successive barriers or hedges from end to end. These fascines—real seed-collectors and spawn-traps—are formed of branches of trees four or five yards long, are fastened together by a rope at the middle of their length, and are sunk by a ballast of stones, so that they rest a foot or eighteen inches above the productive beds. A man, dressed in a diving apparatus, goes down to see that all is right, and to stick some of the oysters immediately under the twigs. The rope which, in the hurry of a first experiment, was obliged to be employed, decayed very speedily; for the future, perhaps, it will be better to replace it by cables of galvanised iron, to be made in the government arsenals, which will be charged with the task of supplying the apparatus necessary for this new species of culture. Sea-marks, on carefully prepared charts, afford a certain guide whenever it is desirable to examine the fas-

cines or to take their produce. The fisherman can gather specimens from time to time as easily as a gardener can taste the fruit of his espalier trees.

Such were the first measures taken for the fertilisation of the Bay of Saint Brieuc, not a twelvemonth ago; and already the promises of science are responded to by a surprising reality. The results have surpassed the dreams of the most ambitious hope. The parent oysters, the old shells with which the bottom of the bay is paved, everything, in short, which the drag brings up, is laden with young oyster-fry—the shingle of the beach itself is covered with it. The fascines bear, on every branch and on their smallest twigs, bunches of oysters in such extreme profusion that they resemble the apple and pear-trees in an orchard, whose boughs are hidden in spring beneath the exuberance of their blossoms. You might take them to be petrifications of some exuberant fossil seeds or buds. As much as marvel obtains easier credence by sight than by hearsay, specimens have been sent to Paris to bear irrefusable testimony to the fact. The young oysters hanging to the twigs are already from three-quarters of an inch to an inch and a quarter in breadth. They are therefore fruits which have only to ripen to give in eighteen months a most abundant return. It appears from this, that oysters grow much quicker than is generally imagined. There are as many as twenty thousand oysterlings on a single fascine which takes up no more room in the water than a sheaf of wheat does in a corn-field. Now, twenty thousand oysters, when they have reached the edible state, represent a value of four hundred francs, or sixteen pounds sterling, their price current being twenty francs the thousand, sold on the spot. The returns from this industry are consequently inexhaustible, because collecting apparatus can be submerged to any extent, and we have seen that every adult oyster belonging to a bed is the parent of from one to three millions of fry. The Bay of Saint Brieuc will thus become a veritable granary of abundance if, by the junction of the beds already made, the whole of its area is converted into one vast field of production.

Monsieur Coste, therefore, asks of the government an annual credit of ten thousand francs, for three years, to complete effectually the sub-marine preserves and oyster parks so prosperously commenced. That sum, he estimates, would suffice for the purchase of parent oysters, the fabrication of fascines, the collection of old shells to receive the fresh-deposited spawn, in short, for all expenses. The accomplishment of the project will be not merely a benefit conferred on the inhabitants of the neighbouring coast; it will also be a lesson taught them. The main precaution needful to be taken, is to prevent the new formed beds from being choked

with sand, in consequence of the fishermen who drag for shell-sand, approaching too near.

The Professor of Embryogeny urged that the experiment of the Bay of Saint Brieuc, is so decisive that people cannot help being enlightened by what it teaches. It proves, by a brilliant result, that wherever the bottom of the sea is safe from an incrad of mud, industry, guided by science, can raise in the bosom of waters fertilised by its agency, more abundant harvests than can be reaped on dry land. He advises the Emperor to ordain the immediate re-stocking of the whole of the French coasts with shell-fish,—the Mediterranean coast as well as the Atlantic, the Algerian equally with the Corsican, not even excepting the salt lakes in the south of France, whose produce would enrich the indigent population dwelling on their banks.

The hopes held forth respecting the salt lakes, as well as the difference of the waters of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, raise a question which Monsieur Coste has doubtless considered, and which will have to be carefully investigated before mariculture can arrive at anything like completeness as an art. We require to know, not merely what esculent creatures will exist in the medium, which is sweepingly styled salt-water, but in what particular quality of salt water they attain their greatest edible perfection.

Now, it is a popular error to divide all waters into two kinds only, the fresh and the salt, as much as it would be to speak of all climates as either hot or cold. There are as many intermediate degrees of saltness as of temperature, which are agreeable, in a different measure, to the constitution of different species of aquatic or marine animals. And there is no guessing before hand what each will like, or what it can stand.

Mr. Darwin, in his *Naturalist's Journal*, tells of living things found in saturated ponds of brine. Among freshwater fishes, the pike turns up on the admixture of a very slight proportion of salt-water as has been occasionally seen in the East-Anglian Broads. The perch and the bream learn more. The eel thrives, and fattens, and acquires its best flavour, in waters decidedly brackish. On the other hand, several sea fish, as the grey-mullet, seem to have no objection to, and even to prefer, waters with a less than usual quantity of salt in solution. Salmon, and not a few other sea-fish, experience a complete change of medium every season. They enter the fresh waters for the sake of spawning; but the purer element may be periodically as necessary to the then state of their health, as it is on first hatching to that of the fry.

It is curious, however, that the short-jawed fish, from salt to fresh water, and again from fresh to salt, which proves so salutary to the fish, is

apparently fatal to its parasites. The sea-lice, still adhering to the back of a fat, glittering salmon, are sure proof that it is a fresh-run fish—a new arrival from the ocean. They quit their hold an hour or two after entering the river. On his return to the sea, the poor shotten, emaciated salmon is suffering from a worse nuisance, namely whitish worm-like infestors of its gills, whose acquaintance it has somehow made during its sojourn amidst inland waters, but which are supposed to be obliged to quit their hold soon after they have heard the roar of the breakers and tasted their quality.

The undecided and hypothetical way in which these parasites of the salmon are spoken of, arises from the fact that the metamorphoses, and all the physical arrangements, of such creatures are so extraordinary, and the adaptation of living beings to the circumstances under which they are required to live, are so marvellous and unexpected, that though the sea-louse and the fresh-water worm (one found upon the scales of the fish, the other on its gills) are believed to be utterly distinct creatures, it is quite possible that they are only successive forms of the same individual parasite.

The sea-louse may be destined to reproduce its kind in fresh waters, as well as the salmon. Its minute young, in the shape of animalcules, may be invisibly dispersed through the streams breathed by the fish, and so may attach themselves to their ordained habitat, the gills, during the passage of the water through them. A transformation there, while the salmon is living in his marine quarters, and a shifting of place from the internal to the outer cuticle, is less difficult to imagine than the change of a bot, which has lived for weeks in a horse's stomach, to a winged fly, which shall buzz about the quadruped and lay his eggs on the hide, only within reach of the tongue that is to lick them off and swallow them for hatching! These mysteries are yet but imperfectly unveiled.

A scale gathered in degrees of saltness, or halimeter, might be drawn up, of which fresh water would be the zero, and oceanic saltness indicate a conspicuous stage—a sort of a boiling-point—continuing on to higher proportions of saline solution, until saturation was attained; and it would be interesting to note the range along the scale taken by different creatures as their own especial element. Plaice and flounders are capable of bearing water perfectly fresh; several of the flat fish will put up with a very short allowance of salt in their respiratory and natatory medium: soles and turbot, for instance. Indeed, no fish ought to enter the mouths of rivers which cannot cheerfully submit to such a deficiency; though worse misfortunes are in store for them. Some workmen repairing the quay-head at Great Yarmouth, observed a fine turbot swimming along by the water's edge,

and inspecting their progress. They quietly got between him and the deep water, and hoisted him out with their hands upon the quay itself. The scribe saw him while still living and repenting his folly, and had the pleasure of dining off him next day. While that delicious daughter of the sands, the cockle, seems to like best to keep out to sea, oysters fatten all the faster for being subject to a slight influence of waters from the land. At Stiffkey, in Norfolk, celebrated for mussels, the best are the sluice mussels. The brown shrimp runs into brackish waters, an example which is not followed by the red shrimp or the prawn. These are marine things, therefore, enjoying, for a time at least, a degree of saltness below ocean-point. Above it are the creatures that swim unhurt in that distasteful mixture, the Dead Sea, or, still more surprising, in Mr. Darwin's South American brine-ponds.

It does not appear very clear, how it is that most of the fish inhabiting fresh-water lakes are killed by the irruption of a certain number of gallons from the sea. Salt does not combine with living bodies. You may take ever so many dips at Brighton without being converted into pickled young gentlemen. There is nothing structural visible to the eye, why salt water should be fatal to one fish and indispensable to another; any more than there is among plants, why a night's frost, which leaves one species untouched, should burn, or dissolve another. Comparative anatomy in vain looks for the physiological reason why the cray-fish and the fresh-water mussel should be confined to ponds and streams, while the edible mussel and the lobster, so closely resembling them, can live only in saline water. The sea-worm which our fishermen dig from the sands at ebb tide, for bait, is certainly larger, but looks as tender-skinned as its first cousin, the common earth-worm, to which a few drops from the sea are an immediate sentence of death. Many marine worms are more fragile and thin-skinned than the medicinal leech, on which the severe effects of salt are so familiar. How delicate is the cuticle of the expanded sea-anemone! Marine infusoria, in a living state, appear to the eye just as ethereal in structure as their brethren from the softest rain-water tank; and yet, bring the latter into contact with the smallest bead or drop-let of salt water, and you will see what happens.

To carry out properly his scheme both of practice and study, Monsieur Coste requires to have placed at his disposal a small government screw-steamer drawing but little water, and yet capable of going at a rapid rate. His object is to be able to travel, at his discretion, during the spawning season, from the northern regions to the tropics, in short to all the theatres of these grand phenomena of reproduction, wherein Science promises to Industry the most valuable revelations.

Captain Isidore Le Roy is to be sent to the College of France, in order to be prepared by the Professor himself for this grand attempt to cultivate the sea. Amongst the measures to be taken for the accomplishment of this design, there are some whose efficaciousness has been already demonstrated by experience, and which, by their immediate application, will lead to sure results. But, alongside of this acquired knowledge, there are mysteries which can only be revealed by persevering observation. It is therefore necessary to establish on the coast-line vast laboratories of science, where the acquisitions made by continued experiment may furnish Industry with new means of extending her empire. The saline lakes of the South of France, the creeks of the Atlantic coast, of Algeria and Corsica, offer the most varied conditions for the organisation of these great cantonnements, which will be progressively transformed, in accordance with the Imperial desire, into a veritable apparatus for the sowing and the cultivation of the sea. The different species which promise to be of the greatest utility as articles of food, admitted by turns into the numerous basins of these novel zoological water-gardens, will be watched, like the quadrupeds brought up in parks or farms, by the attentive eye of observers deputed to study the laws of their propagation and development. A clever draughtsman would fix with the pencil the curious discoveries made in these living museums, and would prepare the sketch-book of one of the most important publications with which the annals of natural history have ever been enriched. The unexpected phenomena which Monsieur Coste witnessed at Concarneau, in the small confined fish-ponds of the pilot Gillou, leave no doubt as to the immense utility of an establishment which would furnish the State with the means of action proportioned to the wants of a grand economical enterprise.

A DUEL IN JEST.

IN a grave old German essay upon duelling, there is a story somewhat pointless yet, inasmuch as it is true, worth noting as a picture of chivalry at romps in the year sixteen hundred and nineteen.

In Valencia a noble lord whom the discreet chronicler calls, as he calls all the persons in the tale, by a fictitious name, held a feast at the wedding of his daughter. Being the eldest knight of his order, he invited all his brother knights from far and near to assist at his festival, and there were among the guests many young nobles who were only candidates for investiture. Among these was one the number of whose ancestors was not greater than the number of the apostles. He was snubbed; and a young braggart, Fracasio, who had but two ancestors missing out of a pedigree that went back all

the way to his distinguished father Adam, was especially merry at the expense of the youth who had only twelve grandfathers to mention. At dinner, Fracasio sat near his victim, and in sport threw into his face a cup of Spanish wine, that drenched the curl out of his hair and spoiled the beauty of his pointed collar. Next to the young man sat a knight who was about to be his brother-in-law, being already plighted to his sister. By this knight the insult was at once repaid in kind. Another cup of wine was thrown at the aggressor. A friend of Fracasio's who happened to sit at the other end of the table, hurled then his cup of wine at the new combatant, but this in its passage sprinkled no less than six people, who immediately filled their six cups and threw them all at the new champion. The six cups of wine, travelling down the table, sprinkled many guests, and in a short time there was a general discharge of full wine-cups from both sides of the table. The lights were quenched. The table was thrown down, the guests struggled with one another in the dark. But all this riot was maintained in jest; no knight dishonoured himself by the drawing of a deadly weapon. When the lights were rekindled a general amnesty was declared, the tables were restored, and everybody returned quietly to the celebration of the wedding feast except one knight, who had the mouth of a lion and a chicken's heart.

This knight, Roderick, mingled big threats with the laughter of his comrades. He was not to be changed so easily. He never left unpunished a churl who by daylight rubbed against his clothes in passing, and was he to forgive those who brought their hands too near him in the dark! It was true that he had not been taken by the throat. But somebody had lain with his nose against his boot-sole. Who was that man? For he must have his blood. The other knights sought to appease their friend with reasonable and good-natured words. When these failed they returned to their cups, and paid no further heed to him. Roderick stood apart still fulminating a neglected wrath until at last he also returned to the table and growled as he drank until he had drunk himself into a stupid silence. Somebody then advised that he should be carried up to bed, and he was put to bed by his companions.

In the morning Roderick awoke somewhat uncertain as to his position. He slept in the same room with twelve or fourteen other knights of his own rank. They were talking in their beds to one another. He feigned sleep that he might be guided in his conduct by their manner of discussion. They were very charitable to their comrade, as knights ought to be. Their poor friend Roderick was an honest fellow, but he had been troubled in his cups last night. There was no sword and gunpowder whatever in their

mention of him. This caused him to take heart. He had humbled himself by looking like a tipsy braggart, he would give them to understand that if he had used bold words overnight, he was a doughty man also when he was sober in the morning. His courage must not all be set down to the wine cup. Suddenly, therefore, he jumped out of bed in visible wrath, threw open the window, and called to his servant in the courtyard for his sword and pistols. He had been put to bed last night; he would fight the man who had degraded him by putting him to bed. His expectation was, that his friends would, as they had done before, entreat him to be reasonable, and that he would accordingly be reasonable after having shown his pluck.

But that which had been pitied in Roderick drunk was despised in Roderick sober. The knights only shrugged their shoulders, and their braggart friend, bound to act out his part, left them with a terrible air of discomposure.

"What is this?" they said when he was gone. "Is this endurable? Which of us sent the man to bed? Who is it that has to fight him?"

"The fiend who first suggested sending him to bed was I," said Gaston Cibo. "It was I too who lighted him to bed with the leg of a chair. Fetch me some pay or!"

So Gaston had pen and paper brought and sat up in his bed to write a challenge of tremendous length and strength which he was required to read to the whole chamber. It was declared to be improperly abusive. It would drive Roderick mad with rage and cause a mortal issue to what ought to be a light and cool duel ending perhaps with a flesh wound.

"I shall not wet my pen twice for this here," Gaston said.

The challenge therefore was sent, but was not opened by Roderick in the presence of the squire who delivered it.

"Meet my Lord Gaston Cibo with all friendship, and say I will promptly answer," were the words that came back by the messenger. They were followed by a note beginning "My dear Brother, wondering at the offence taken by one to whom no provocation had been given, confessing that the writer had been on the previous night . . . accepting Gaston's powerful abuse as brotherly admonition that he would have taken from no other man on earth, and addressing to the whole company of the bedroom for his violence that morning, when he had not perfectly returned to his sober senses."

Gaston would have dismissed the writer with contempt; while, like a generous old knight, he wished to suppress the letter.

But he had read aloud his challenge, and he was compelled also to read aloud the answer to it. Then he was urged to go to Roderick and tell him that at least, for appearance sake, a little friendly duel was required. Roderick thought that it might suffice if they both rode out into the wood, without seconds, to fight, and there, instead of killing one another, killed the time for half-an-hour. It was enough to say that they had fought. Treaty was, however, at last made for a fight with pistols loaded only with their wadding of roe's hair.

Under this compact Roderick went out to battle. All the ladies of the castle were at the window to see the duellists depart. The coward's secret had not been betrayed to them; and, for the honour of the order, never was. He was allowed to edify them by trying his two pistols, by making his horse rear furiously, and by carrying two spare horses, one, as he loudly proclaimed, to use in the fight if his own steed was shot under him, one to carry him to Andalusia when he had killed his man. Gaston, as challenger, had already ridden forth and taken his position in the meadow.

The knights of the bedchamber, who would not have crossed the threshold to look on at anything so common as an ordinary duel, kept their counsel, and suppressed their laughter as they galloped out with their heroic friend, who little thought that they were in the secret of his courage. They formed two sides, but Roderick claimed battle without seconds. He was in fierce mood, he said. A second might do something to anger him, and easily compel him to a second duel, but he had an oath in heaven against fighting two men in a day. So the antagonists met, and, after a short parley, in which the young coward assured himself that his old friend had nothing harder than roe's hair in his pistols, and that it was impossible they should have been changed by any accident, the duel on horseback with primæval pistols was fought much after the manner of the duel of Gaffer Jobsten, who fired half a nightcap at his enemy and covered him with stuff but received in return a bladder of pig's-blood that made a murdered man of him before the eyes of all beholders.

There is nothing very clever in the story as a story, but, as a record of the good old times, it shows pleasantly how the rough behaviour of a brotherhood of knights was seasoned with a restricted sense of courtesy and of the duty of forbearance towards one another. Judged by that modern standard which we are so often warned against applying to the measure of our forefathers, the knight of old was an odd mixture of the ruffian and the gentleman.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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SOME WILD IDEAS.

WE have received the following communication from a fair correspondent. We hasten, in compliance with her wish, to lay it before our readers.

Sir.—Being in a condition of great and dismal perplexity, and being also, from the peculiar circumstances of my case, unable—as I shall show you—to seek the advice of either friends or relatives, it has occurred to me to put the cause of my anxieties before you and your readers, expressing while I do so my readiness to adopt with gratitude any advice which you or they may have to offer, and at the same time my earnest longing to know what opinions you or they may form upon my case.

First of all, let me mention that my name is Startles. Bilget Startles is my name, and Columbus Startles is my brother's name. I live with my brother. I live with Columbus Startles, and keep house for him, and truth compels me to add, though I say it that shouldn't say it, that a better and kinder brother, or a man more unexceptionable in all the relations of life, never existed. And yet this dear and kind brother, this good and unexceptionable man, is the cause of my present anxieties; nay, more, it is owing to him that I find myself writing this letter, and putting myself in communication with you, Mr. Editor, and with that alarming person the Public. It makes me blush—I am not quite five-and-twenty, so I suppose I may be allowed to colour up now and then—it makes me blush up to the roots of my hair, and causes me to blot and smudge my manuscript dreadfully, when I think of it.

But I will not shrink from what I have once resolved to do. I will go through with it, and acknowledge at once that I am afraid my dear brother Columbus is going mad. The grounds of this apprehension I shall now proceed to state in as orderly a manner as I can, so that you may be able fairly to give an opinion upon the subject, and set my mind at rest, once and for all.

It is not from anything outrageous in his actions, not from any indications of an incapacity for the due and proper discharge of his every-day duties or his business engage-

ments, that my alarm arises. Far from it. In all these matters his common sense and sagacity are positively remarkable. His commercial prosperity is everything that could be desired, and his suggestions in all our household arrangements are always of the most invaluable kind. Never has anything the least eccentric appeared in his conduct, unless, by the bye, on one occasion, when he poured the contents of a dozen bottles of South African Sherry (which I had bought, out of economy) down the sink in the back kitchen. I learn, however, by inquiry, that this is by no means an uncommon way of dealing with the liquor in question; so I am under no alarm on that account.

What then is it, you will ask, that disturbs me? I answer in a word. It is the nature of his conversation, and the views and opinions which he occasionally expresses on different topics, that makes me fear for his reason. His outrageously wild ideas absolutely frighten me.

Now, sir,—they always say "now, sir" in letters to Editors, so I suppose it is the right thing for me to do,—now, sir, I think if I mention here some of these wild ideas, putting them down as they come into my head, it will be a much better plan than consulting my dear Columbus' relations on the subject, especially as they live at a distance, and it would have to be done by letter. Think of the alarm it would cause them! No, no, that would never do. And as to his friends—why our little coterie at Backwood Square, Islington, where we reside, are already almost as much alarmed at his ideas as I am, and as incapable of forming a correct judgment about them.

There is, then, nothing for it but a brief statement, which I will delay no longer, of some of the opinions which my dear Columbus is in the habit of expressing now and then, when he can get anybody to listen to him.

With regard, now, to this town that we live in, this glorious town of London. He says—my poor brother, I can really hardly bring myself to write about such extravagances—he says that he thinks there are many of its arrangements that are susceptible of improvement. But stop—I will give you what he says in his own words, and then

there can be no mistake about it. I will tell you how he expressed himself the other evening, when we were drinking tea with dear old Mr. Dunny and his family, at Number Thirteen, in the Square.

"Something will have to be done," said my brother, plunging into the subject, in his usual sledge-hammer way. "Something will have to be done, and that speedily, to render it possible to cross over some of our more crowded thoroughfares, without the danger and delay which at present make it a misery in many cases to have to get from one side of the street to the other. Take, as an example, the instance of the crossings at the Regent Circus, Oxford Street. Over and over again, and all through the day, when London is at all full, you may see a crowd of persons standing on the kerbstone, many of them with the keenest apprehension and terror expressed in their faces, waiting for an opportunity to cross, like souls on the borders of the Styx. And well they may wait. Between them and the opposite shore is a tangled mass of carriages, omnibuses, cabs, tradesmen's carts, railway vans, and other engines of mutilation and destruction, to tread among the mazes of which is an undertaking which requires a degree of physical courage, of quickness of eye, of firmness of nerve, and activity of limb, such as may not be expected from everybody, and certainly not from the aged and infirm, from timid ladies and frightened children. You may at any moment, now that London is getting so full, see this little crowd waiting for a chance to get across. Sometimes an adventurous spirit—a young man generally of a hardy constitution—will make a start. Rash youth! Length of days has not yet tamed him into patience, and he is off. Soon, however, to return, and join the anxious throng from whom he so daringly separated himself. His attempt was a failure, and he turns and flies before a briskly-trotting hearse. Sometimes, one member of this little company of crossers seems to have the confidence of the rest. He is probably a man past his first youth, and therefore deemed fit to be trusted. He is a large-faced man, with importance in his look—'a portly man i' faith, and a corpulent.' So when he makes a start, the rest accompany him. He feels their confidence, and assumes a protecting air, very pleasant to behold. Alas, he has involved them in the worst of all scrapes. He has led them into the middle of the road, and there they stick. They wheel rapidly about. They oscillate backwards and forwards. The portly man becomes a disciple of the 'sauve qui peut' school; he directs his flock, dives in and out among the backs of carriages, and reaches land at last, hustled about, muddy, and crest-fallen, a melancholy example of the transitory nature of human greatness. As for the rest, they are dispersed in all directions. Some take advantage of an opportunity of return

to the shores from which they lately embarked. Some follow an omnibus a little way up the street, and then another a little way down, and so get over in a zig-zag manner; and the rest, remaining where they are, panic-stricken and motionless, are at length joined by others, till they make a body so formidable that no horse that ever was foaled would venture to attack them; and so at last they get over, in a mighty and compact force."

"Is this a true picture?" asks my brother Columbus, suddenly pulling himself up, and arresting this lengthened address.

His audience is speechless, and he goes on.

"Will anybody tell me that this is irremediable—that there is no way out of this difficulty. There is a way, is my answer. A bridge is the way."

To tell how we all started, and how Mr. Dunny looked at Mrs. Dunny, and she at a knife which Columbus had near him, as if she thought that dangerous weapons ought to be kept out of the way of a person so far gone in madness as this.

"A bridge is the way," continued my brother fearlessly. "People build bridges over a raging torrent of water when they want to get across it, why not of a raging torrent of omnibuses, cabs, carriages, and railway-vans, when you want to get across that? Why not—confining ourselves to this same Regent Circus—why not throw up four light iron bridges, of ornamental design at each of the crossings? Where is the obstacle to this? Not in the traffic, certainly—it would go on all the better underneath. The bridge would be made high enough in the centre to allow the most loaded van in London to pass under it, and at the sides there would be two flights of steps, one for ascending, and the other for descending. There is no obstacle in the traffic; and if you come to appearances, I maintain that these four bridges would be a positive improvement, and that they might be so constructed as to have an effect that would be even beautiful."

Before we had at all got over this staggering notion of building a bridge over a dangerous place that you want to get across, my brother was off upon another tack. The defects connected with our street crossing having led him, I suppose by some fantastic transition of ideas to the defects of the streets themselves, he begins to ask what improvements we can hope for in a town whose authorities remain contented with the system of Macadamisation as at present administered? Huge lumps of granite, flung in loose heaps upon a road, and left there in a vague hope that in course of time the narrow wheels of passing vehicles may break it up and finally render it fine and smooth enough for traffic. So that the carriages have to make their own road fit for use by a long and painful process, infinitely destructive

to their springs and distressing to the unfortunate animals which have to draw them.

"Why, I have continually seen," said my brother, "I have continually seen heavily laden vehicles firmly stuck in a fresh patch of Macadamisation, the wheels deeply imbedded in the loose and shingly mass, and the horses straining their skin into wrinkles, in vain efforts to move their load. Look how the carriages coast round the edges of a newly-mended piece of road, following in each other's tracks, and carefully eschewing the vast heaps of piled-up granite in the centre. See how the lumps fly from beneath the wheels of that omnibus on to the pavement, spirting among the legs of the pedestrians. Think of the danger to that pretty pair of ankles that have to support their proprietress as she crosses in her thin boots. It is ten to one against her getting over without a sprain. And think of my night's rest, when the road is mended beneath my bedroom window. Will anybody tell me," adds my brother Columbus, warming to his subject, "that in this age of machinery and invention, no system can be devised of scattering granite 'o'er a smiling land' after a more endurable sort than this that I have described? Will anybody tell me that no plan could be hit upon, by which these rocky masses might be broken up into very little bits no bigger than the lumps of sugar in this basin, and rolled as soon as they are put down, so that the road shall be fit for use at once? Will anybody tell me this? Pooh!"

I am glad I reported this speech just as Columbus spoke it, for I have since heard that Mrs. Dunny has been telling her friends and acquaintances that Mr. Columbus Startles wanted to pave the streets with lumps of sugar out of a sugar-basin, and to roll it flat afterwards with a rolling-pin. Think, Mr. Editor, of his remarks being twisted and misinterpreted like this. I am sorry, though, to have to add that he *did* say that were he entrusted with the carrying out of his own system of paving, the very first masses of stone which he should select for his purpose, and which he would pound the smallest of all, would be some of the beautiful statues which decorate the interior of Saint Paul's Cathedral, and which are the ornament of other parts of our metropolis.

Now this I am afraid is very bad, but not perhaps so bad as his wanting to persuade us that we might live in flats, or floors, just as comfortably as in little separate houses. Imagine his saying that these flats are in reality separate houses, only that they are divided by horizontal walls, in the shape of the floor and ceiling, instead of perpendicular ones. Fancy his saying that the house door should stand open all the day long, and that the staircase should be regarded as a street, and the door of your suite of rooms be what your street-door is now. My brother says, that by adopting this plan, we should improve

our street architecture, and be able to keep the size of London a little more within bounds. He says, also, that the experiment recently made at Westminster, should have been tried in a more favourite neighbourhood; and that, in the otherwise admirable arrangements of the flat systems as there attempted, there is this defect, that the staircase has been treated like that which runs through an ordinary private house, and that in order to keep it so, a back staircase for tradespeople is constructed, communicating with all the kitchens in the house and affording facilities for a too great degree of intercourse among the servants. This should not have been the case. The main staircase should serve for everybody who wants access to the different flats, and there should simply be two doors opening on it, one for visitors, and the other for servants and tradespeople.

I suspect that this particular form of perversion of ideas my brother has picked up in Paris, which town he is shamefully fond of for an Englishman. A nasty place; I was there once for a week, and cried incessantly for the whole seven days. But if he has picked up these notions in Paris, I wonder where he has got hold of the dreadful ideas with which he came out at a later period of this same evening on the subject of the Metropolitan Police Force. A nice reputable set of men I am sure, always ready to knock us up at night on all sorts of occasions when, unless they had mentioned it, one would have thought there was no danger at all; always ready, too, to assist the servants, and to come down and see that there are no dangerous characters about the kitchen. Why, it was only the other day that, going down stairs just before dinner (which I very seldom do), I found one of these obliging creatures helping the cook to turn the mutton broth out of the stewpan—it is such a heavy stewpan, cook says—into the tureen. The good-natured policeman seemed quite embarrassed at my finding out his act of kindness, and when I thanked him, he answered me with so much emotion in his voice, that it quite sounded as if he was speaking with his mouth full.

It was not long ago, too—just when we had that very cold weather last November—that one of these vigilant persons began knocking in the most praiseworthy manner at our door at a quarter to three in the morning—and a very cold morning too—when we were all fast asleep and warm and comfortable in our beds. This attentive officer could not make us hear, and remained at the door for about twenty minutes, knocking postman's knocks incessantly. I learnt this from himself afterwards; and he also mentioned what made it still more creditable, that he would not desert his post, although he heard all the time screams for Police in the very next street. I did not hear the noise at the door for some time, and when I

dil, it was so mixed up with my dreams that it was another long period before I became thoroughly conscious that there was anybody knocking. As I sleep lower down in the house than anyone else, I was luckily the only person disturbed. So I shuffled on a dressing-gown and tottered down stairs, trembling all over with cold and fear. My brother had been out that night, assisting at a call party of a very old friend who had just done eating his way to the Bar, so I was dreadfully alarmed lest some accident should have happened to him, and ran down without a light to open the door. When I saw the policeman's glazed hat and his enormous figure (he was such a very tall policeman) I felt at once that it was no matter in which my brother was concerned, and asked, as quickly as I could, whether it was a fire or thieves.

"Don't be alarmed," said the tall policeman, whose gigantic figure had darkened the doorway, but who was now standing on the mat, "Don't be alarmed, ma'am," he said, reassuring me by those words which are always so soothing and quieting, "I called to mention that my mate, who is on duty in Backwood Square, saw a party letting himself into this house with a *false* key at a quarter past one o'clock this morning."

"That was my brother," I said, thanking the officer for the trouble he had taken.

The tall policeman did not seem satisfied, and asked me to go upstairs and see if it really *was* my brother. This, however, I would not do, for I knew how valuable sleep was to one who worked so hard as dear Columbus. Besides, it occurred to me that as it was then a quarter to three, and the incident of the false key had happened at a quarter past one, the danger (supposing there had ever been any) would be over now. So, as I expressed my perfect conviction that everything was safe, and declined to call up the cook that she might go over the house with the tall policeman—who seemed quite anxious that I should do this—he went away. I remember that he seemed quite reluctant to leave us unprotected, and that the poor fellow, as he was lingering at the door, said that it was a dreadful cold morning, and that the cold always settled upon his stomach like ice.

"D, for goodness gracious sake, get yourself a cup of hot coffee," I said, as I ran into the parlour, and taking a shilling off the chimney-piece, put it into his hand. Poor man! How I pitied him. And I had plenty of time to do so, for I had had such a fright that I could not get to sleep again, and laid awake till daylight.

I was relating this little anecdote, as illustration of the vigilance and fidelity of the police, to Mr. and Mrs. Dumy, on the evening when the conversation which I have already reported took place, and we were all agreeing as to its being a very comforting and re-

assuring instance of the care taken of us by this watchful force, when my brother suddenly broke out again.

"I am very sorry, my dear Bridget," he said, "that you did not mention this to me before, as I would most certainly—if it was only for the sake of others—have represented the whole thing to the Commissioners of Police, who, I must say, are always ready to attend to one's complaints, and to make inquiry into the cause of them. The wits of police constables are singularly sharpened in the matter of discerning causes for a night alarm. They will call one up to fasten the lock of some window which it would take a scaffolding to get near, or find, wherever they can, some equally shallow pretext for disturbing a household, that they may have a little change in the tediousness of their night patrol—that they may show their importance, hear themselves talk, and haply retire, after a little comfortable gossip, with a glass of brandy and water in their stomachs, or the shilling which represents it, in their pockets. I have a poor opinion of these gentlemen. They are continually to be found at night in very safe and public places in knots of three or four together, talking; they are very slow to interfere in cases of cruelty or danger, but are heroic in driving about small boys and orange-women. It is never a wise or safe proceeding to put arbitrary authority and power in the hands of the lower classes; and it is my opinion that the great source of all the defects which characterise our police system lies in the manner in which they are officered. It seems to me, after careful consideration of the subject, that the plan adopted in the army in this matter should be tried in reference to the police, nor can I see any earthly obstacle to this. You have already in this force a number of sergeants and inspectors—an admirable arrangement as far as it goes—but it does not go far enough. These are but what the non-commissioned officers are in the army and navy. It is, I repeat it, not enough. I think we shall never have a well-administered police system till gentlemen hold commissions in the police as they do in the army. And why not? I am at a loss for words to express how firmly I believe what I said just now, that it is unsafe to put power into the hands of uneducated men. Of course, in the case of the police this cannot, to a certain extent, be helped; but you may infinitely decrease the inevitable faults of the system by the plan I have mentioned. Once let the men feel that an officer of a class and rank altogether removed from their own may come upon them, in making his rounds, at any moment, and from that time I believe that you would find a great change for the better in the Metropolitan Police Force. I believe too, that these commissions would soon be eagerly coveted by young gentlemen who were entering life, and that it would very

soon be acknowledged that this is a noble and important service, and one that any man might be glad to enter."

I never knew my dear Columbus go on as he did on this particular evening. It was a positive relief to me when at last we got up to go. Even then, however, he had not done; for, taking up a little book that lay upon the table and looking at it while I was getting on my bonnet, he unfortunately found out a new grievance in this small volume, and was off again in no time.

"Now this," he exclaimed, "is what is supposed to be a child's book; yet I hold it an insult to children to call it so. This little Master Basil, whose virtues the tale is intended to illustrate, is as arrant a little humbug as you will often meet with, and his career is about as unchildlike; and consequently—thank Heaven—as unnatural as it could well be made. These mawkish and effeminate works are not fit food for children's minds, depend on it; and such heroic and faultless infants as are described in them are. I am happy to say, impossibilities. It takes," added my brother, looking up with a patient smile that I know and love, "it takes many years of discipline, and long periods of priceless suffering, to engender the heroism and self-control, the quiet submission and the long endurance which sit so well on those of riper years, but which are not to be expected or desired in babies. Children are naturally selfish," continued Columbus—here was a sentiment—"children are naturally selfish, and immense nonsense is talked about their goodness and innocence. Their innocence is the result of ignorance and incapacity only, and all the evil they know of, or are able to practise, they do. I am bad enough now"—what a dreadful story, I thought—"but not half so atrocious as I was when a child, not half so selfish, so vindictive, so greedy, so passionate, nor, by fifty degrees, so great a humbug. Trust me, ma'ma," said my brother, taking off the hat which he had just put on, and turning to Mrs. Dunny, "you will find it better to let your little ones amuse themselves with works that are not written down to them, than with these allegories about little Christian knights and consumptive choristers. Let your children get into a corner, and see what they can make of Robinson Crusoe, of the Pilgrim's Progress, of Don Quixote, and of Walter Scott, that chosen friend and benefactor of my own boyish days, whom then I loved from instinct, but now from reason; and because I can see the sunshine of his good and noble heart radiant in every page he wrote."

Well, it was time to go after this; but I heard Miss Saint Crypt, who had been one of the tea-party, muttering something in the distance about Scott and want of earnestness, which Columbus did not seem to think it necessary to answer.

I have mentioned but a few of my brother's

wild ideas, and yet I feel as if I had already said more than I ought. One word explaining why I have sent them specially to you, Mr. Editor, and then I think I have done. I have, then, applied to you in this manner, because I have already observed in the periodical which you conduct certain articles which show me that you are ever ready to receive new ideas if they have any show of reason in them, and not to reject them because they are new. I remember that opinions have been put forward in this journal startling enough to have come from the brain of my dear brother himself, and so like the views which I have heard him express, that I could almost fancy he had written them with his own hand. I remember, as an especial instance of that, an article in which it was contended that beards would not grow upon people's faces if they were intended to be shaved off; and another equally remarkable on the subject of evening parties; in which it was argued, that because the population has immensely increased, and that the size of our dwelling rooms has not expanded in a commensurate degree—because the ladies' dresses are, in existing arrangements, torn to pieces on their backs—because the attention of the dancers is entirely taken up with ineffectual efforts to get out of each other's way, and consequently, that any enjoyment in dancing is utterly out of the question—because of these things, I repeat, it was actually argued that it would be a good and desirable thing if people would hire a large room for the night when they want to give a party, instead of making use of their own small and inconvenient houses.

Now, there is in all this much that reminds me of my brother's manner of reasoning, and I feel convinced that you who have not hesitated to give such ideas as I have just mentioned to the world, will not perceive my dear Columbus to be irrational in his views unless he really is so, and that if you declare him to be of unseemly judgment, he must be mad indeed. Feeling, then, that you will take the most lenient view of the condition of my dear brother's brain, which may consist with truth, I leave the case for your decision without going on at present to tell you his opinions on costume, on the naming of streets, on door-knockers, on education, and a variety of other matters equally important. The last topic, by the bye, of education, is a favourite one of his, and his ideas on the subject of the bringing up of young ladies especially, and the importance he attaches to their being well instructed in all household arrangements, to their being compelled to take quantities of air and exercise, and of immense attention being given to their bodily growth and development—these things would fill another letter, and would surely be deemed by everybody to be of all his wild ideas—the wildest.

And now, with many many apologies for

the length of my letter, into which, believe me, nothing but the extreme importance of the subject could ever have betrayed me,

I remain, with great respect,
Your obedient Servant,
BRIDGET STARTLES.

ON THE WEST AFRICAN COAST.

WHEN BROWN and I planned our excursion up the Ogbomoshaw river, we intended to start from and return to the town of the same name, where I had vegetated for two months. This plan was, however, modified by the suggestion of Quobna, that there were "plenty patacoo" in the track of land lying between the Ogbomoshaw and the river Saccoom. So we resolved to extend our journey to go up one river, traverse the intervening country, and then descend the Saccoom. By this means also, I should meet my American friend, Captain Smart, and could return with him, by sea, to Oke Amolo.

I had learnt by this time to rely very much on my native servant, Quobna. And yet, I must confess, that I cannot rely on his honesty, and I have no belief at all in his veracity. Moreover, he really had no idea of either cleanliness or decency, as we understand those virtues in England. He would and does rob me himself, and let others rob me; not, however, to a large extent or of valuable property. He will tell me one lie, or fifty, in the unhesitating manner peculiar to the African of the West Coast. When I hired him at Oke Amolo, his entire costume, and all his worldly wealth, consisted of the one cotton cloth, or remâl, in which he was girded.

My first act was to procure him a complete suit of European clothes; consequently for some days he was unable to bestow any attention upon me, his whole time being taken up in dressing himself and walking about the town. When the novelty wore off he began to find his new costume hot and inconvenient, and resolved to discard it. This I would not permit, but Quobna was resolved not to wear his clothes when he could avoid so doing; as soon, therefore, as he left my presence he took them off, folded them in a neat parcel, which he left in the corridor, at my door, and shuffled into them when I again called him.

At mess he was always very attentive, and seemed to guess from a look the thing I wanted. But the moment my head was turned he snatched my plate, the contents of which he crammed into his mouth with his fingers.

These are trials, certainly; and then he had a pertinacious way of standing still and not doing the thing I told him, which irritated me at first.

A few days after my arrival at Oke Amolo, I opened my eyes in the morning to see an enormous black spider, the body of which, to

my excited imagination, looked as large as a breakfast-plate, and the legs like the arms of a windmill, hanging by its almost imperceptible thread within a few inches of my face.

"Quobna!" I shouted, "take away this spider—kill this spider!"

"No, massa," answered Quobna, standing calmly at the foot of the bed, and showing all his teeth, "no good for you kill dat spider!"

"Give me something to kill it, I tell you!"

"No, massa; spider no eat massa—cockroach eat massa; spider eat cockroach!"

Quobna was right. From that day we cherished the spider, which most effectually guarded me from the detestable cockroaches.

Indeed, Quobna, is always right when he says, "no good for massa do dat"—"no good for you," is his strongest and most urgent remonstrance, and one which I have seldom neglected without having afterwards cause for regret. I don't know why I am not angry at Quobna's faults, but the fact is I liked his black, shining skin and his white teeth, and his droll, handy ways from the first; his faults seemed those of the untaught child, and could not be visited with a more severe punishment than a box on the ears. Then, too, he nursed me through my first fever, tenderly, like a woman; and has stood between me and grim death pretty often ever since then.

If poor M— had had a native servant who cared for him, he would not have starved at Ogbomoshaw. Quobna would have found out and told me, either that the headman was resolved to extort an exorbitant price for the necessary articles of food, or that the imposition must be submitted to, or else that the man was unfriendly, and according to his disposition, must be coaxed or threatened.

I don't know in what capacity Quobna does not serve me. He is my body servant when we are in garrison; cook and housekeeper, and interpreter and factotum, when I travel. Quobna is great in native dishes, and it may be well to give the epicure a short account of the dainties a native cook will prepare for him on the West Coast. There are katakuns, or the meat taken from the claws of the land-crab and mixed with red pepper, tomatos, shallots, and palm-oil, and baked in the shell.

Kinhams are eaten cold, and are simply fish fried in palm-oil with pounded red peppers. Kikee consists of fish or flesh cut very small—minced, in fact to a pulp—mixed with okroes, shallots, and tomatos, and stewed in a little butter. Kikee is always eaten from the black pot in which it is made.

Black soup is made of snails, or deer, or bush-pig, or chicken, and palm-oil; not forgetting enough red peppers to set your mouth on fire. Sometimes in this soup the ground nut is substituted for palm-oil.

As a general rule, after first tasting a native dish, you feel not only that your mouth, but that all your internals are on fire; and your curiosity is quenched by an agony of pain. Perseverance and Kankee will, however, enable you to enjoy them.

The native drinks are few. Palm-wine is the sap of the palm-tree, which, if taken before sun-rise, is cool and delicious; but, after sun-rise, it ferments, and becomes highly intoxicating.

Petoe is a sort of beer made from Indian corn.

This is a long digression, and I have wandered far away from Quobna's suggestion about the patacoos and our exploration of the Ogbomoshaw, to which, now that Quobna's position and importance have been explained, we may return.

We started early one morning in two canoes, Brown in one, I in the other. The first half-mile was uninteresting enough; the banks were lined with mangrove bushes, coated with innumerable oysters, and as the tide was going down, for the mouth of the river was now open, the fat black mud gave out a horrible stench, and little bubbles of poisonous gases forced their way through it and burst when they reached the surface.

After a while, however, we reached a large bluff crowned with silk cotton-trees of most gigantic growth: here the river makes a sharp turn, and, after rounding the bluff, divides into five channels. We take the one on our immediate left, and paddle on with as little noise as possible.

Before we had got far, we saw a heron standing on the bank; he also saw us, walked away a few paces, and then flew up a narrow creek. We followed, the canoeemen dragging the boats along by the overhanging branches of the trees which clothed the bank, and at the end of the creek we saw on a large tree such a collection of herons, sand-cranes, and other birds, as I had never met with. My first thought was how to get a shot at them. So I retired quietly from the mouth of the creek, and proceeded to wade to the opposite shore. But the second step took me up to the waist in mud, and I was dragged out unceremoniously and hastily by Quobna and the canoeemen.

Quobna said, angrily, "No good for massa go in water like dat!"

"So it appears," I answered, "if I stick in the mud."

"Don't mean him,—good for you stop in canoe, bad fish live in this water, he eat you one time."

This last remark settled the matter; and I had ocular demonstration in about two minutes that the "bad fish" was an alligator, and could not doubt that he would have eaten me "one time."

There was nothing for it, therefore, but to get the canoe as near as possible for a shot at them. It was really a lovely sight while it

lasted; fifty or sixty herons and cranes perched on the one tree, or standing in the water. But the appearance of the canoe startled these stately gentlemen, and they flew off in all directions. One passed over my head; I fired, and he fell among the trees on the bank. He was a magnificent fellow, and, I fancied much larger than European herons.

Brown shot a blue crane; the hairy feathers which take the place of the tail are very beautiful.

We left the creek, and returned again to the main stream. Instead of mangroves the banks were now covered with the palms from which oil is obtained, silk cotton-trees, iron-wood, and native mahogany. Those that grew close to the water were covered with armies of land-crabs, which sidled up among the branches at a most surprising rate; and a constant splashing was kept up by the alligators as they scuttled into the water at the approach of the canoe.

We saw numbers of kingfishers, but only two varieties. A little violet-coloured beauty, about the size of a wren, with a crest something like a peacock; and a large slate-coloured fellow, who follows his avocation with great assiduity, and who, if he catches a fish every time he dives, must have a stomach of marvellous capacity.

There were also pretty green doves among the trees; but not an opening in any direction through which we could obtain a glimpse of the country beyond.

We made our way slowly up the river for about eight hours, and then seeing a couple of fishing canoes moored to the bank, we concluded that there must be a kroom somewhere in the neighbourhood, and thought it would be as well to try and get some kind of food.

We followed a track through the bush, and saw a cluster of cocoa-nut palms about half a mile off. This assured us that we were in the right direction; as, on the West Coast, a kroom is always built near cocoa-nut palms, and these trees afford food, drink, shelter, and clothing to the natives. The milk of the cocoa-nut is deliciously cool before the sun rises,—as if it had been iced,—and as clear as crystal. The nut is soft and semi-transparent, not hard and white, as when it reaches England.

We passed some plantations of maize and cassava, and two or three little patches of chalots and okroes, and then entered the village.

The chief's residence was a good sized square wattle-house, enclosing a court-yard, and with a gallery running all round it. In the yard culinary operations were being conducted by the ladies of the establishment which reminded us that we were hungry, and we applied, through Quobna, for refreshment.

After a great deal of palaver, they said, first, that we could not have anything till

after sundown; and finally, that we could not have anything at all; and finding that our persuasive eloquence and appeals were lost upon them, we gave them up as a bad lot, and unwillingly retraced our steps to the canoe.

As we passed the palms, Brown suggested that we should have a cocoa-nut down, and take a little of the milk in connection with brandy from our pocket-flasks, to which I gladly assented.

Quobna, on being consulted, expressed it as his opinion, that we had better take nothing; but I told a canoe-man to "shin up" the tree, and bring down three, which he did.

Before he came down, however, we were surrounded by a number of people, men and women, all talking together, and all talking as loud as they were able.

When I made out their demand, I offered as much as would have bought twenty nuts; but these fine fellows demanded a dollar for each nut, said we should not go until it was paid, and seized on Quobna.

Quobna was urgent that the matter should be settled. "Good for you massa, to gib him dollar. Good for you gib him anything. Suppose you no pay—hebba get back to canoe no more."

But I refused to pay for more than the nuts, and bid Quobna say, that at the court-house at Oke Omolo, they might make a complaint, and ascertain if we had committed any trespass by entering the village or gathering the nuts.

In a few moments Quobna pointed with alarm to the kroom, from which other natives, armed, were hurrying in our direction.

Our guns were loaded; I raised mine, took a steady aim at the man who held Quobna, and, having given directions to Brown and the canoe-man to make off, I said:—

"Now, Quobna, when I shot that fellow, run for your life to the canoe."

Just one moment, with his dark eye fixed on mine, not a muscle stirring—the head of the man who held him, and at whom I was to fire, only a few inches from his own; but Quobna never imagined that "massa's" gun could hit any one but the person for whom it was intended.

That one moment, however, was sufficient to convince his captor that I was in earnest; he started on one side, and Quobna, with a bound cleared the ring standing round him. I followed; we rushed in hot haste through the bush, the shouts of our pursuers becoming fainter and fainter, reached the canoes, and were soon in safety.

We were going with the stream: easy work. So our boys (men are always boys in Africa) drew the canoe close to the bank to catch weaver-birds.

These birds build their nests above the water, suspending them by a cord about two feet in length from a slender overhanging branch. The nest is quite round, and beauti-

fully woven together; there is a small hole near the bottom for ingress and egress.

Quobna caught about twelve of the little fellows, and talked largely of what a good dish he would make of them.

Then we started again, and I suppose I fell asleep, lying stretched out in the canoe, and rolled over the side: for I suddenly found myself swimming in the river by the side of the boat, and shouting to Quobna to pull me in.

To this he answered: "No good! Suppose you get in this time: you pull all in water. Must swim to shore."

"But," said I, in that frame of mind described by my Yankee friend as 'a deadly funk,' "before I get there, an alligator will bite me."

"No, he can't bite you. Swim, massa—swim!"

"Quobna, if you don't pull me in, I'll break your head."

"No, you no good. Tell you alligator no bite you."

All this time we were going towards the shore, and I never was in such mortal dread before. Every stroke of the oar, I thought, was the splash of one of these reptiles, and the shadow of the boat nearly frightened me to death. However, I reached the bank, got into the canoe in safety, and did not take the promised vengeance on Quobna.

It was now nearly dark; I felt chilly in my wet clothes, and was very glad to find signs of another kroom. We had a brisk walk through the brush, and were received—not hospitably, for the Guinea niggers haven't got it in then—but still we were received by the headman. We asked for food and beds. He set before us tea, and a piece of Dutch cheese, which looked as though it had been in cut at least ten years. However, we made a meal of it, and then inspected the beds. They consisted of bamboo frames, in a room seven feet square; the sides, floor, and ceiling, of mud; the air heavy with mosquitoes; and sleep out of the question. Our excursion lasted about a fortnight. It was not devoid of incidents dear to the memory of the sportsman, but certainly does not deserve to be chronicled. We shot game, and deer, and parrots, and parulae, and met with friendly and unfriendly natives. I cannot, however, pass over one adventure that befell Brown.

By-the-bye, Brown is a first-rate shot. I did threaten not to go out with him again; for before I saw a thing, he had killed it, and I grew sulky, and tired of watching his success. One day we had sent a number of boys to beat a piece of bush that seemed a likely covert; and he stood at one corner, I at another, out of sight one of the other, but able to see everything that should pass out. Suddenly, I heard a cry of alarm from the beaters, a shout from Brown, and rushing

towards him I saw that a tiger had sprung from the bush, almost within fifty paces of him. It was crouching, lashing the a grey tail to and fro with a heavy sweep in the long grass, and preparing for a spring.

I looked for Brown. He had a rifle; could not afford to give a hasty shot; and, kneeling on one knee, was taking a steady aim. One glance told me this: the next moment there was a spring, a kind of convulsive start that broke the angry roar, and the creature lay dead within a few feet of Brown. The ball had struck it in the very centre of the forehead.

I had neither fired nor spoken when I saw the position of affairs: for if I had caused the animal to change its position, or my friend to start or look aside, his life might have been sacrificed.

Two days after, when we met the Yankee Smart, he said that under similar circumstances, his bullet had passed through the head, straight along the spine, and dropped out at the tip of a tiger's tail.

One day, too, I shot a cobra-di-capella. We were wandering about among the ruins of a Dutch fort, and I nearly trod on it. The brute puffed up his hood, and prepared for a spring; but I rewarded him with the contents of my right-hand barrel. He was six feet six inches in length, and would have been a fine specimen, but the head was so much shattered by shot, that I thought him not worth keeping.

What a beautiful place the West Coast of Africa is! I really believe that very few people have an idea of the real nature of the country. I know that we used to be surprised at first when, every now and then, after leaving the bush or the beach, we would emerge on an expanse of beautiful park-like country, with a sea of grass as green as in England, and studded with islands of magnificent trees; birds of every hue flitting about and singing; hawks soaring overhead, waiting to drop on the unwary; every now and then, whirr-r-r, up would fly a partridge, or a hare scud away through the grass. Indeed, it scarcely comes up to one's idea of the torrid zone, and the sandy deserts of Africa.

We had our last day together down the Saccoom. When we came to this river, we had to get canoes from the opposite side; and while we were waiting all our boys laid down, covered themselves up with sand, and fell fast asleep. For a white man this would be impossible; as, not to mention fever and dysentery, as the certain result of such a proceeding, there are mosquitoes and sand-flies enough to devour you alive.

Going down the Saccoom was very much like going up the Ogbomoshaw. Trees and bushes grow down to the edge and in the water; and overhead, the creepers interlace the tree-tops, forming a canopy which the rays of the sun never penetrate, but there is a delicious subdued light like that from an

old stained-glass window. We had about five miles paddling after the sun went down, by no means pleasant or desirable on account of the smell from the mangroves and the decaying vegetable matter. At the mouth of the river Brown and I parted; he to return by my hammock to Ogbomoshaw; I to sail with my Yankee friend to Oke Amolo.

I went off at once to Captain Smart on board the Sharpshooter. It was a dead calm, and we lay for some hours hearing nothing but the swash, swash of the ship as she rolled from side to side.

At two, P.M., a breeze sprang up, and away we went with every stitch of canvas we could crowd. The breeze freshening, we made for Oke Amolo the following morning, and anchored at about six o'clock.

There was a tremendous swell rolling in, and the sea breaking at about a mile from the shore. However, Smart said that he "meant going ashore," and of course I accompanied him. I wanted him to wait for a canoe that we then saw putting off, but he refused, saying, that he "knew that thing would capsize, darned sudden." Possibly; but no sailors are equal to the kroomen through this surf, and their canoes live when nothing else could. Indeed, it does not matter how often their long light barques are overturned. You see a great wave knock them all to pieces; but a couple of black fragments seethe up, the canoe is "all there," and those black things are the kroomen. They swim after the canoe, take hold of her one at each end, and, holding her up at arm's length, let the water drain out; then they right her, and spring in as easily as if they were stepping down from a landing-stage in the Thames. I do not believe that it is in the power of water to drown a krooman.

Smart, however, would take his own surf-boat, and certainly she rode over the swell like a duck. But, when we got within half-a-mile of the shore and saw the surf breaking over the reef, I thought we had better go back. Smart looked straight before him, and wished he might be tetotally, something or other, if he went anywhere but ashore.

We were now in the surf outside the reef, and began to have an idea of what was in store for us. It was all very well so long as we went with the rollers, but to reach the shore we had to turn and get broadside on, and these tremendous fellows breaking all round, made it nervous work. We took about six strokes, and then Smart—who is not nice in his language—began to swear at the men to pull hard and to get the boat's head to the roller; so that, as you may imagine, our progress was but slow.

At last, we got opposite the landing-place, and the tug of war consisted in turning the boat's head in-shore, for we were bound to be struck by one or more seas.

Smart stood up to look for a good place, but all were equally bad.

"Hold on by your eyelashes and put down the helm!" he cried. "Give it her, boys!"

It was true, for a great wave toppled over about two yards from the boat, half filling her with water.

"Pull! Don't stop to bale her! You be off (apostrophising the wave)! You needn't roar; for I've seen bigger than you!"

Of which fact we also had ocular demonstration, almost before he had finished speaking. He stood up in the stern and shouted to me:

"Jump into the bows—quick! for by the Lord we shall have it!"

When I got there I sang out, "Come along, forward, Smart!" But he shook his head, and would not leave the rudder.

The next moment, crash it came; and, with a roar, took us for about forty or fifty yards, as nearly bottom upward as could be. Then we went right in-shore in the scurry. The minute she touched the bottom I jumped overboard and scrambled ashore.

I never shall forget Smart's face just at that moment when I called to him to leave the rudder. You could see, in spite of all his swearing and blustering, what a vast amount of cool courage and determination he had in real danger. How he kept his feet when that wave broke I can't imagine. As soon as he landed I shook hands with him; and, whilst I could not but feel that it was not in the power of any known waves to upset his boat, I said, I thought we were well out of her.

The Yankee broke out directly:

"Call that a bad sea? Guess it's nauthin'!"

GOING A-MAYING.

To go a-Maying now-a-days in real earnest, would perhaps be about as pleasant a pastime of its kind, all things considered, as to saunter in the height of the May season down the sunny side of Pall Mall, in a slashed doublet, with clocks to one's stockings—or, as it might be to a man of nervous temperament, to don (tassels and all) those wonderful hessians one still occasionally meets in the Strand, like a pair of Warren's blacking advertisements on a walking expedition in search of the cat. Taking heart of grace, however, for a purely imaginary excursion of this kind, one may loiter back for once with profit into the old times, as though of a truth into "fresh fields and pastures new," and go a-Maying at least in Dreamland.

I care not though the axe has long since been laid to the root of the old Maypole sung of by Pope, once standing not a hundred miles off,

Whose Catherine Street descends into the Strand.

I take as my leaping-staff an older Maypole

yet, the one of which an older poet still, Dan Chaucer, to wit, chaunts proudly, as of

the great shaft in Cornhill,

and I am back at a bound in those glad sylvan generations.

"Have we not, indeed, in one sense, a peculiar right to go a-Maying thus in fancy; we whose age, perhaps more signally than all the ages past, has given to May the loveliest of its poetic celebrations? Whose hand more exquisitely than that of our living laureate ever crowned "The Queen of the May" in lyric coronation? Whose voice ever more charmingly apostrophised the glory of the spring-time than that of the veteran songster still happily surviving, still happily carolling to the close,

Oh, thou merry month complete,

May, thy very name is sweet!

And has not another poet of these times—a true poet of the pencil—depicted as never brush of painter did before, the abundant splendours of the May blossom? Answer that—any one who bears in mind the bower of hawthorn in the great historic picture of Alfred in the Danish camp—where one could actually smell to them! those delicious blossoms blooming upon the canvas from the magic palette of the Academician. So, by the brush of Daniel Maclise, by the pen of Leigh Hunt, by the lyre of Alfred Tennyson, I claim as of right the privilege of maundering back whenever I list, from the click of the electric needle, and the roar of the steam-engine, and the clatter of the spinning-jenny, back into the spring meadows of yore, where the English lads and lasses went a-Maying. Besides, in this I surely do but in regard to time what each year is done in regard to distance by every English emigrant at our antipodes. There, cherishing a strong home-love at heart, he eats his Christmas pudding still on the twenty-fifth of December, in the heat of the southern dog-days—that pudding no longer decorated, may be, with a wintry sprig of holly, but with the roses of an Australian midsummer. So here, too, though in a very different atmosphere, may one dream the time away thus as a fancied Mayer; now, when in these days of crinoline à-la-mode, no less surely than in those of the rustic fardingale, there comes tripping daintily over the earth—as daintily as when Milton sang of her in those bewitching numbers,

the delicate-footed May,

With her slight fingers full of leaves and flowers.

It is a melancholy truth to begin with, undoubtedly, that I cannot honestly avow in that couplet from Brown's Pastorals:

I have seen the Lady of the May

Set in an arbour on a holiday.

Yet have I, within moderate recollection,

many a time and oft, watched troops of the Mayers going and coming in the green country-side with their vernal garlands and those rites of May since then, as the lawyers phrase it, fallen into desuetude. Or, culling a flower of verse from the Hesperides, in remembrance of the last of the Queens of the May in England—whoever the pretty damsels were, now ripened probably into grandmothers—

I have beheld when they
With wicker arks did come
To harvest, bear away,
The richest cowslip home.

Nay, beyond even this delectable memory, have I not clearly—marked with a white stone upon the calendar of childhood—the recollection of seeing danced by the peasantry of Gloucestershire that now almost forgotten Morris for May Day, pronounced by one of the oracular clowns of Shakespeare to be “as fit as pancakes for Shrove Tuesday?” Remembering those mummers vividly, indeed as though they had capered before me on the greensward but yesterday. Conspicuous among them Mad Moll and her madder husband, with their faces blackened, he with a besom, both in rags! My Lord with a stupendous cocked-hat, the very type and symbol of glorified beadledom! My Lady tricked out in finery that would have been (in another sense than that in which the term is usually applied) the despair of Almack’s! The striplings fluttering all over with variegated handkerchiefs, the maidens with many-coloured ribbons. Remembering the fun, the frolic, the motion, the music, and the laughter, I do not wonder in the least to hear Edmund Spenser sing at a glimpse of the May mummers—

To see those folks make such jollisaunce,
Matters my heart after the pipe to dance.

Further back, I fancy, than any one yet living can well remember, there were stranger ceremonials even than these to greet the dawn of May day down in that old western county, once upon a time the vineyard of England. As, for example, in the village of Randwick, hard by the Stroud cloth-mills, where, at the appointed daybreak, three cheeses—large as cart-wheels, red skin without, golden marrow within, masterpieces, from some neighbouring dairy, true double Gloucester to the core—were carried upon a litter, festooned and garlanded with blossoms, down to the churchyard; there taken off the wholesome clothes on which they lay en-thorned, and rolled thrice mystically round the sacred building; being subsequently carried back in the same way upon the litter in triumphal procession, to be cut up on the village green and distributed piecemeal among the bystanders. Vanished all these quaint old local customs, there still remain to us what drew the Mayers of old into

meadow and woodland—Love and Flowers—the tender passion and the spring verdure, though “the boys doe [not] blow cow-hornes and hollow canes all night,” as honest Aubrey describes them to have done between the close of the thirtieth of April and the opening of May Day, the buds at least blow still as freshly as ever, thank God! in the grass and on the thicket. The beechen maypole, painted spirally in parti-colours of black and yellow, may never grow again out of the turf to be danced about and hung with coronals, and made love round by grown-up children, yet those ever-growing-up children will make love to the last in spite of there being no maypoles nevertheless. And, knowing this, may we not without another momentary qualm of regret, resign the latest vestige of the neglected rites of May morning to our friends the London sweeps, as they were formerly resigned, in what Beau Nash would have deemed a politer age, to those cherry-lipped damsels, the pretty London milkmaids? There, let those last preservers of the May Day frolic still, as the year comes round, foot it about their goblin Jack-in-the-green till they too grow tired out in turn—“those young Africans of our own growth,” as dear Eliza loved to call them; “those almost clergy imps—dim specks, poor blots, innocent blacknesses!” Reverting, however, for an instant—as a last souvenir of the scattered glory of those dead May games—reverting thus to the recorded fact that upon one famous May Day Robin Hood was Lord of the May in London, and Maid Marian his Lady Queen, I turn now with a zest to the fresh love and the fresh flowers underlying all the dust stirred by the footstep of antiquary.

Wandering along some brown country highroad, turning down a green lane budding thickly with leaf and blossom, clambering over a stile, and so on by another, from meadow to meadow, have I not the spring-time of the Mayers of the middle ages still before me as verdurous as ever and as full of floral luxuriance? There—silver and gold scattered as abundantly as ever, the largesse of Nature—

The daisy and the butter-cup
For which the laughing children stoop;

as Clare sings prettily, in the Shepherd’s Calendar, of those homeliest of all homely blooms—

As if the drops of April showers
Had wooed the sun and changed to flowers.

Strolling over the field-grass, the sweet month is still for me what it was for the bard of Paradise—

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

If, pausing for a moment in my wanderings to pluck one of these greasy slimy stalks of

the blue-bells, I glance round me over that flowering landscape, I note well through all the variegated colours of May the wondrous truth of that verse of the boy-poet Chatterton, when, depicting Nature in the spring-time, he writes:

The meads are sprinkled with a pleasant hue.

For, in spite of the pale lilac of the cuckoo-buds and the damson-brown of the bee-orchis, in spite even of the scarlet of the wayside poppy, and the delicate blue of the little germander, or wild speedwell, that country-cousin of the forget-me-not; one prevailing golden sheen overlays the whole vernal landscape broom and gorse upon the wild, breezy uplands; marigold in the cottage-gardens; kingcup or crowfoot on the rich pasture-lands. Hung in tassels above the hedgerows the pendant spikes or catkin of the hazel—blowing from the very weeds below them the honeyed blossoms of the hemp-nettle. And away in secret places, fragile tufts of what one poet calls "the rathe primrose," or, more delicate still, fairy-like bells, tremulous among their broad leaves, what another national poet sings of lovingly as—

Our England's lily of the May,
Our lily of the vale!

Overhead, as I loiter back towards the more habitable regions, the glorious cones of blossoms making one giant nosegay of the horse-chesnut—the milk-white and bluish-pink plumes of the lilac—creaming over hedge and hawthorn, the abounding May-flower, oppressive almost at times from its delicious wealth of fragrance—and yonder, it may be in the centre of a smooth-shaven lawn, the floral cascade of the season, when

Like— uncertain, o'er the meadow
Gold the green lily from showers;
Sparkling on a glossy cushion,
Drooping down a mass of flowers.

Fluttering hither and thither all the birds and insects familiar to orchard and garden-croft in the spring-time; here the large white collared bumblebee, dancing from shrub to shrub in frequent vacillations; here the little dun house sparrow, lured by the increasing warmth from its temporary home under the eaves to nest for greater coolness in the plum-tree or the apple-tree. Is my rural saunter dashed for a brief interval by a sunny rain-gust, am I not solaced as the sun comes out again over the sparkling branches, by the song of that missel-thrush, who loves best to warble thus in the blowing, showery weather? But better than song of bird or gleam of sunshine, what seems somehow made out of their blending, when I find myself, at a sudden turn in the pathway, in the midst of the romp and laughter of the village urchins, startled for a moment into

silence at my coming (so that they hear for the first time in the pause the mystical rebeck of the cuckoo, sounding to them from the green distance), but returning with redoubled zest the next instant, when I have passed onwards, to their interrupted game with the golden cowslip-ball, which is for them in May what the silvery snow-ball is in December.

Happiest glimpse of the seasonal influences, however, yet caught in this May-day ramble, the shy pair I have passed but now, by sympathy so shyly sauntering by the filbert coppice. Is it not a melodious reaching still of the charming song of that delightful rascal Touchstone?

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, with a ho, with a hey, no nee no,
And a hey no nee no ni no,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing hey ding, a dng, dng,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

As I cannot resist presently one momentary glance after them, while I note the whispering air of both (the little skirt of russet fluttering from me the while into perspective), I think to myself, think I, if, as it happens, those younger children yet within ear-shot at their gambols, are unconscious illustrations of Gray's joyous line—dainty motto for a vignette!

We frolic while 'tis May!

these two elder children are no less instinctive disciples of the philosophy sung thus quaintly by an earlier lyricist, Edwards, one of the true Shakespearian song-writers:

Use May while that you may,
For May hath but his time;
When all the fruit is gone, it is
Too late the tree to climb.

Finding my May stroll in that flood of melody, first audible in the mouth of the May-flowers, I cannot marvel in the least that this, among all the twelve, has ever had the peculiar love of these congenial melodists the poets. I cannot wonder that Milton followed delightedly, with blind eyes that saw clearer and further almost than all others gifted with keenest vision:

Zephyr with Aurora playing
As he met her once a-maying;

that even the gloomy Darwin—that ghoul in fairyland—breaking for once into a sprightly measure, sang:

Sweet May, thy radiant form unfold,
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold:

that—happiest trifle of all—Spenser, enraptured by the lovely apparition, broke forth into that hysterical outburst of admiration, when chaunting:

Deck'd all with taints of her season's pride,
 Lo! how all creatures laugh'd when her they spied,
 An' I leapt, an' I danced, as they her ravish'd been,
 An' Cupid's self aboat her flatter'd all in green.

As I am still musing thus upon the calendar-
 month of love and flowers, there comes
 guily floating down to me from beyond two
 hundred years ago, another May ditty :

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

Upon a time I chanced
 To walk along the green,
 Where pretty lasses danced
 In strife to choose a queen.
 Some homely dress'd, some handsome,
 Some pretty, and some gay,
 But who excell'd in dancing
 Must be the Queen of May.

From morning till the evening
 Their controversy held,
 An' I as judge stood gazing on,
 To crown her that excelled.
 At last when Phœbus' stees
 Had drawn their wain away,
 We found and crown'd a damsel,
 To be the Queen of May.

Full well her nature from
 Her face I did admire ;
 Her habit well became her,
 Although in poor attire :
 Her carriage was as good
 As any seen that day,
 An' I she was justly chosen
 To be the Queen of May.

Then all the rest in sorrow,
 An' I she in sweet content,
 Gave over till the morrow,
 An' homewards straight they went ;
 But she of all the rest,
 Was hinder'd by the way,
 For every youth that met her,
 Must kiss the Queen of May.

Two centuries have so little dimmed the
 charms of these picturesque verses, that,
 reproduced in Mr. Chappell's admirable col-
 lection of Popular Music in the Olden Time,
 they read and sound as trippingly and
 freshly as if composed yesterday :

TO THE MAYPOLE HASTE AWAY.

Come, ye young men, come along,
 With your music, dance, and song :
 Bring your lasses in your hands,
 For 'tis that which love commands.
 Then to the Maypole haste away,
 Then to the Maypole haste away,
 For 'tis now a holiday.

It is the choice time of the year,
 For the violets now appear ;
 Now the rose receives its birth,
 And pretty primrose decks the earth.
 Then to the Maypole haste away,
 For 'tis now a holiday.

Then to the Maypole come away,
 For 'tis now a holiday.

Here each bachelor may choose
 One that will not faith abuse ;
 Nor repay with coy disdain
 Love that should be loved again.
 Then to the Maypole come away,
 For 'tis now a holiday.

Then to the Maypole come away,
 For 'tis now a holiday.

And when you well reckon'd have
 What kisses you your sweethearts gave,
 Take them all again, and more,
 It will never make them poor.
 Then to the Maypole come away,
 For 'tis now a holiday.

Then to the Maypole come away,
 For 'tis now a holiday.

When you thus have spent your time,
 Till the day be past its prime,
 To your beds repair at night,
 And dream there of your day's delight.
 Then to the Maypole come away,
 For 'tis now a holiday.

Then to the Maypole haste away,
 For 'tis now a holiday.

Although the cheery voices that trilled
 and danced to those spirited ditties have
 been mute for ages, yet the May comes still
 —if none yet go a-Maying. What is that
 sigh, breathed long ago, by the English poet
 of the Italian Rimini ?

Ah, friends, methinks it were a pleasant sphere
 If, like the trees, we blossom'd every year ;
 If locks grew thick again, and rosy dyes
 Return'd in cheeks, and raciness in eyes,
 And all around us vital to the tips,
 The human orchard laugh'd with cherry lips !
 Lord, what a burst of merriment and play,
 Fair dames, were that ! and what a first of May !

That keen despot, the clerk of the weather,
 gave the first of May a better chance in the
 olden time than he does now. The merry
 date was a fortnight nearer to summer.

MY TURKISH MASTER AT SEVILLE

I HAD been out from noon till dusk in
 Seville, picking up the fragments that re-
 mained of my great eye-feast in that city.
 I was hurrying home to my hotel, to take my
 first Turkish lessons of Monsieur Achille
 Vielleroche, an old French officer of the Napo-
 leon times, who had lived a long while at
 Stamboul as dragoman to the French em-
 bassy. I was bound, I knew, shortly to the
 seven-hilled city of Constantine, and I wanted
 to pick up some of the *L fidels'* language that
 I might carry it in my hand as a shield and
 as a sword against the knavish Moslems of
 the caravanserais and the bazaars.

Besides, I had a little time on my hands
 before the Boat started for Cadiz, and I felt a
 sort of foolish pleasure in learning my first
 oriental language (for I cannot say much of a
 smattering of Hebrew) in the old city where
 a Moorish king had ruled so long.

Now, Seville is a place that it requires no

effort to realise as eastern, blood and bone. It was only this morning I was upon the turret roof of the Cathedral, high up close under that weathercock statue of Faith on the very apex of the Giralda, at whose bronze feet the whistling falcons build, and I had looked down on the City beneath me, as Satan once did on Jerusalem from the pinnacle of the Temple, and I saw the houses spread below me like a ground-plan or a vast map. Those winding dark veins were streets. They did not run straight and headlong like the Roman roads, which seem made for the straightforward rush of the legionaries, but they wound, like fickle brooks or errant streamlets, shunning the sun, narrow and deep, under shadowy cliffs of houses, where the striped awnings passed like sails from roof to roof, winding with subtlety and craft, and seeming to stop to run into the harbours of shadow, devious and crooked as a tyrant's policy. The windows of those houses were so near, that Osman the Abencerrage must have been able to have tossed a love-letter—full of quotations from the Koran and allusions to Mary, the Coptic girl beloved by the Prophet—to Zuleika as she sat opposite, with downcast eyes, intent on her golden cushion, and thinking of the too much beloved Child of the Saddle who she had sent that morning riding in from Granada to the Games of the Jereed in the Sultan's bull-ring.

As I cling to the great flying buttress of brown sunburnt stone that arches over the cathedral nave, thinking of Quasimodo and all the Victor Hugo clamberings on church roofs, I strain my tired eyes down to observe the perpetual flat roof that in Seville indicates the eastern origin of a house, the blue-tiled domes of the old mosques, and the high watch-towers, with roofed-in arcades, open at the sides, that the Moors built as traps to catch the wind in this burning climate. I see the flat desert plain and the brown river, which from here seems to be mere liquid sand—a horizontal simoom, rolling through a Spanish Sahara. Yes; there can be no forgetting the Moors in Seville, and as I cling to the slant bar of the buttress, I repeat to myself the beautiful first chapter of the Koran, and almost wish that my head was shaved, till I remember what that is a sign of in England. So, like a true Spaniard, I curse Mohammed, spit at him figuratively, and cross myself to re-assert my Christianity. It is so hot now that I long to turn hermit and bury myself in a cave of strawberry ice.

Well, but to get back to my twilight walk and my Turkish task-master, Monsieur Achille Vielleroche. I had just been a long walk through the suburbs, looking everywhere for Moorish houses and Christianised mosques. Now, just as America is a delightful place to travel in, because, with your own language, civilisation, and comforts you have a new race and a new world, so, in Spain,

you have the delight of safely and at your ease—under a sun that does not quite fry your brain—tracing the inerasable orientalisms of the old Moorish cities. You can trace out how ineffectually the Spanish Christian endeavoured to blot out everywhere the word Moor, that time had graven so deeply in the very soil of Spain. It was no mean civilisation that wrote its name in such eternal characters; yet how different Moorish art is from Roman—different as the ponderous fourteen-feet pilum and the massy short double-edged sword of the legionary from the light cane javelin and brittle crescent sabre; different as the surface flagree of the Alhambra, that time cannot corrode, from the Titan arches of the Colosseum. Here was mind almost feminine in its subtlety and minuteness, yet reaching the perfection of all mere geometric ornamentation. There was a mind gigantic and strong, that wrote empire and eternity on all it touched.

I had had a long hot stroll in the deserted old Alameda—the Alameda of Le Sage's times, where Don Juan must have ruffled it in his ribands and satins, now the mere playground of Ruffian gamblers, muleteers, horse dealers, and naked urchins. Then I had worked round the old fortifications, in and out the yellow stuccoed gates. I had amused myself by staring from the dusty deserted walks, where the carob-trees hung their shrivelled kidney-bean fruit; at the old walls with their sharp, broken, vandyked battlements, where, here and there, a bush or bramble grew, like a tuft of hair on an otherwise bald face, and fancying myself a Christian knight parleying with the lines of turbans on the parapets. I defy them; I cut crosses in the air with my sword; I—

"Arce—señor—a thousand pardons," says a muleteer, riding me down with his string of donkeys, laden with charcoal, covered with faded green boughs—fodder, as I suppose, for his animals.

"Omen of the age," I thought; "the dreamer mumbling over his his mediævalism, narrowly escapes being trodden under foot by the donkey of progress." I bow to the Moors, who, in the shape of a sentinel, and a girl hanging out clothes, are laughing on the walls, and plunge scuttling through the eyelet-hole of the gate again into the city.

I cannot say with Titus, "I have lost a day!" Yet I am thirsting for new sights, my eye having an appetite that seems insatiable.

"I have lost a night!" said Spanker to me, at breakfast this morning, when I alluded to Titus, across a chocolate cup.

On investigation, I found he had gone to bed early, at the end of the first rubber: a waste of time, produced by a momentary laziness, which I believe he ever since regretted, and never since indulged in. If Spanker worked only half as hard at drill as

he does at billiards, he would be, I think, soon a great military authority; for he is full of a quaint sort of chivalry, has a latent energy, and his brains are "of the first water." I don't say this to flatter him. He will never read this; for, though not dead yet, he is buried at Bermuda; and what is worse—. But I must not forestall.

I was toiling down a hot street, with no side-rivulet of dark wall-shadow to run to, feeling not unlike a hunted mad dog that has just distanced his pursuers, and almost wished he had not, when I spied a great open gate, to what seemed a splendid example of the old Moorish houses, and ventured in, for I thought it might be the House of Pilate, that curious old Oriento-Roman house, built by some Spanish enthusiast who had been on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and there seen the apocryphal palace of the Roman, whose ghost still haunts Switzerland, and who you talk of there at table d'hôte dinners, between the fricassee and the salad.

I seemed like the intruder into the fairy story, who comes to fulfil old prophecies, and to wake the enchanted princess with a kiss. I expected to find the father asleep, the chancellor, the page, and all the councillors seated round the royal table; but all I really found was a cat asleep on a wall, and when it heard me it did not turn into a golden-haired princess, but stared at me for a moment with phosphoric eyes of a glow-worm green, and ran in at a door, where a porter was taking his siesta, for there is no fear in Spain of being robbed or murdered while you take your siesta; for this simple reason, that at this time in the day, every respectable murderer and decent thief is asleep too; so not waking the man, who slept the sleep of the just, and snored just like them too, I did not steal anything, but only stole quietly along the shady side of the large quadrangle I had entered, and admired the curious Moorish ornamentation on the walls—the old Alhambra kaleidoscope of delight, and the well-remembered wainscot of blue and brown and green tiles, in their rich vitrified enamel of unfading colour. I revelled in the Jonah gourds, swaying with pumpkins of coppery yellow, that clung round the pillars of the quadrangle; and having completed my inspection with the noiseless foot of Time, I repassed the sleeping curator, who gave a sort of staggering snore, as if I disturbed his dream, as I passed out, and got again into the street. This time I struck out bolder and more resolute; and passing through a street, where the little square projecting windows above my head look jealous and close as a nunnery, and where almost to whistle was dangerous, and passing several quiet, iron-gated doors, where men servants smoked and lounged, I passed through a pompous city gate, guarded from persons of angry good taste who would like to have pulled it down, by two bored-looking

sentinels, and got out into the dusty track leading to the river, towards which the rows of suffering-looking, jaded trees all pointed.

I had to pass the bridge—the new iron bridge—to get to my hotel. This is the bridge that the poorer Sevillians call the Devil's Bridge, partly because English heretics built it, and partly because it seems in their sluggish eyes so swift and wonderful a work. For a long time after it was erected, there was an insane objection to cross it. It was almost at first feared that there would be a dead set made against the unoffending, unpretending bridge, and that the people, en masse, would refuse to go over it. But the suspicion and dread passed away, unlike other national nightmares, and lo! now the bridge, whose approaches are still unfinished, was black with people. There were quiet chatting inoffensive groups on the iron seats at the side bays. There were types of all classes of Spaniards passing over in one long ebb and flow of a procession. First, the great ox waggon, with its yellow rush-matted sides and its ponderous oxen leaning towards each other, followed by the driver with his spear-goad slanting warningly across the horns of the off-beast. Then a gay mozo in a jacket and sash, riding with one hand stuck on his left thigh, trooper fashion. Then a postilion-driven barouche with four Spanish ladies in their gray evening dress. Then some woodmen's mules; then a charcoal crate, and a donkey laden with water jars. I look over the bridge, and see the lights in the barges starring up and down, and casting golden columns of reflection in the water beneath them. Here and there a fire in one of the charcoal barges casts a strange red and yellow light on the faces of the rough fishermen and watermen sitting round it eating their olla.

But all this I see very hastily, and am soon at my hotel. Monsieur Achille, the waiter says, has just gone up with some books under his arm. I am at the door of Number Twenty-one very quickly, and Monsieur Achille I find in ecstasies over a vile portrait of Napoleon hanging on the walls. This is one of his great topics. He talks of the great Emperor as a father, as a dear dead friend. The tears come into his eyes when he talks of the great Corsican, with whom he fought at Austerlitz. He is a brave, faithful old fellow, and a gentleman to the back-bone. I know he would rather cut off his thumbs and sell them to the surgeons than do a mean thing, much as I am afraid he wants money.

There he is now at the table drawn up to the window, with Turkish dictionary and grammar ready, and stories of Napoleon breaking out through the ironbound desert region of syntax. I feel lazy to-day, and shall draw him out about his old life, and let the Turkish mysteries alone: they will not hurt for keeping. I know the old soldier is

in a good mood for talking, for he is feeling the palm of his hand, which he glories in being hard as wood, and not dimpling on pressure any more than an oak plank would. He does not boast about this, but smiles, and says, "Dieu merci, I am very hearty for an old man who fought at Austerlitz, and saw Moscow burning."

"What, were you at Moscow, Monsieur Achille? I never heard that." (I trust I shall be forgiven this assertion, which was not strictly true.)

"Tête de diou, that was I, and should never have been here but for three pounds of chocolate Major Fourgeon shared with me, when the rest of us were living on birch bark, which is bad eating even for bears."

"And dreadfully, I suppose, those swarms of Cossacks stung and worried you?"

"Monsieur loves to hear an old man talk. We ought to be getting on with those irregular verbs. Those Cossacks? Bah! They were mere robbers—pou!—blow at them, and they are gone. I should not care with two dozen men for a hundred of them. You English always make such a—what you call fuss with these Cossacks. Bah! I have cut off the heads of dozens of them. What has a Cossack to fight with?—a lance—he thrusts—you pull your horse round—he misses you, and you cut the spear-head off with your sword as he rides by. What has he then left—this Cossack!—only a stick of the broom—a broom-steek."

Having nothing practical to reply to this, I covered my retreat by ringing for coffee.

"You served under Le Beau Sabreur, did not you, Monsieur Vielleroche?"

"I did, and under Vendamme. You should have seen Vendamme at Austerlitz. He was one of the old Republicans, and cared for nothing. The soldiers used to say nothing but a mine would kill him. Over and over again they sent to tell him to retire, but he would not. 'Every man might fall,' he said, 'but I remain—tell the Emperor so.'"

"Were you at the great military school?"

"I was. We slept on iron beds, ate ration bread, and drank out of iron jugs. Tête de Dieu, monsieur, we were tough as young lions. We would walk to Fontainebleau, play about in the forest, and then walk back. Our very games were building up redoubts, and then storming them; but then I had had bombshells for playthings before I could walk."

"As how, monsieur? Vous badinez?"

"No. I jest not. My father was mayor of Lille, and died on the walls there when Prince Coburg was driven back in the early revolution, for I am old now. My uncle died of fatigue in carrying on the same defence. The first thing I can remember is seeing the stones of our courtyard taken up, and the square strewn with dung to deaden the shells and shot. I remember on Easter Sunday, my mother taking us down into a bomb-

proof cellar out of the way of the rain of fire. I did not care much for a cannon-ball then, since then—bah!—well, at the military school we were divided into two strong parties, one in favour of Mademoiselle Mars, and the other in favour of Mademoiselle George, who then, with Talma, divided the stage between them. On special nights I used to scale the walls, to get to the theatre, and swell the ranks of my party. Ah! it is a long time since. It is so long a road to look back, that it is easier to look forward to the dark door through which I shall soon with a bow return into space."

Monsieur Achille was a sceptic. I said nothing; his reminiscences amused me so much.

"Ah! Talma, mon Dieu, what an actor!—what an enthusiast! He told me he would not wear a shirt as Pharamond, because at that age shirts were not known. I remember seeing him in Cinna, monsieur; in that celebrated speech of the great Corneille, where he draws so powerful yet horrible a picture of the miseries of the civil wars. He used to quietly take off his helmet and hold it behind him. Then, when he came to those terrific lines,

Le fils tout dégoûtant du meurtre de son père
Et sa tête à la main demandant son salaire,

he would suddenly thrust forward his hand, and shake the helmet in the face of Emile. At first, the ladies thought it was a real human head, and ma foi—they fainted by dozens. The boxes were like a field of battle."

"You seem in pain. I trust no—"

"O, it is only that English bullet I got in my hip when we took Capri from your Sir Hudson Lowe, who we caught napping. I was early on the ladders, and got an English bayonet, too, through the fleshy part of my left arm. I never cared much about wounds, but that terrible filvre de suppuration—"

"What is that monsieur?"

Monsieur Achille was too absorbed now in old recollections to hear what I was saying.

"I remember," he went on, "when I joined my regiment at Amsterdam, just after peace, the second day, a friend coming to tell me they were going to feel my pulse; it being then the custom to try the courage of a new comer by a duel. So out I went, but luckily ran my fellow through the arm, and after that they left me alone. Our great amusement at night there was to get hold of the old klappermichels, or watchmen, and tie them up in their watch-boxes; but if half-a-dozen got together, and sprang their rattles, we had a hard fight to escape the rasphaus. I think in all Europe I never knew so vicious a people as the Dutch were at that time."

I asked Vielleroche if he was at Waterloo. Vielleroche said he was not, he did not think much of that victory. He was with Grouchy, and broke his sword over his knee

when that old General refused to attempt to join Napoleon. The army then broke up, and he and some other officers skulked about till they could seize a fishing-boat and escape to Italy.

Had he ever spoken to Napoleon.

"Yes; he had been examined in mathematics by the Emperor when he was a boy at the military school; and after that in Champagne, where he helped to save the Emperor from the onset of a pulk of Cossacks. As aid-de-camp to Murat, he could assure me that Murat's outbreak in Italy was a pre-arranged thing with the Emperor; if he had wanted him at Waterloo he would have come, and his fiery storm of horse would soon have broken our squares."

"Where you ever taken prisoner, Monsieur Achille?"

"Twice: in Russia, by those barbares the Muscovites, who were mad enough to burn Moscow over our heads, and, by the help of a hard winter, compelled us to retire with some discomfiture into France—a repulse made too much of by your historians, but such is the way of your writers. Yes, three times was I taken prisoner: once in Austerlitz, when they sent me to the rear, and finding no Austrians there who cared to retain me, I quietly walked off and rejoined my regiment; then at Borodino, where they put me in a wagon with four Russian soldiers to be taken to the nearest town; but I gave them so much brandy at the first roadside inn that they forgot all about me, and in the night I gave some gold to a peasant to drive me back to the camp in the wagon that brought me."

"Difficult to trap an old fox."

"The next time was at the Beresina, where there certainly was some confusion; but, mon Dieu! nothing to the fuss you English make about it. This time I was fairly done, and was sent to the rear with a Russian dragoon, who was civil enough, but I could see had as many eyes as there are eyes in a peacock's tail. I think he must have had one in the back of his head, for I swear he seemed to guess my very thoughts all the time he pretended to talk about the genius of the Emperor and the good practice of Druot and his artillery. About Murat, too, my old master, he was very curious, and wanted to know why he liked fighting single-handed with those greasy beasts of Cossacks. Well, I was you may be sure not going to be behind him in gaiety, so I laughed and sung; and the more I saw him shrug his shoulders, the more I talked, of every country being the brave man's country, and my desire to see Saint Petersburg, the great city of our brave enemies. Gradually, as we rode on, I saw that his suspicions began to relax; he thought himself sure of me—he thought that I had relinquished all hope of escape or return to my own people. On we went, laughing and chatting, and telling our

mutual soldiers' stories. I soon saw that he let my bridle go, and said nothing when I gathered it up in my own hand. I then began talking of the sword exercise, and of the singular difference which existed between the way the French and Russians used it. Our cut number four was done in a way that they never seemed to understand, though they sometimes parried. Upon this, the fellow getting nettled for the military skill of his countrymen, drew my sword that hung at his side, and began throwing through the Russian cuts and parries, trying to imitate those our regiments use. Whatever he did I laughed to scorn, whether he cut right or left. At last, in a pet, the fool did just what I expected—I had laid the trap well. It was with difficulty I prevented my eyes glittering with delight, as in a pet he thrust my sword into my hand, and desired me to show him what I meant. Then I thrust my feet deep into the stirrups, adjusted my reins, drew my horse a little before him, and suddenly wheeling round, my arm at full swing, I gave him number four across the teeth, and he dropped. I did not look back to see if he was dead or not, but (here M. Achille's breath quickened, and his teeth clenched in a sardonic and almost cruel smile) I know HE NEVER ASKED FOR ANY MORE. Then I spurred my horse, and got back to the eagle of my regiment. I had a narrow escape too, after that, in Calabria, soon after I had seen Fra Diavolo and his gang executed at Naples."

"What was that?" I said; "never mind the verbs for to-day."

"Why, I and a brother officer were riding through a chestnut wood, followed by a small detachment, not suspecting ambuscade. I was a little way on, and my friend had stopped the other side of a brook to light his cigar. Suddenly I heard some shots, looked round, and saw the brigands break out and cut him literally to pieces. The men were all slain or taken prisoners, as the Calabrians were too many to render resistance possible. I, having no spurs, drew out my sword, and banged my horse with it, occasionally, if any impediment came, pricking him with the point, and so I escaped the wretches' hands."

"And had you never revenge on the brigands?"

"Surely, had I. I instantly got a handful of men, drove the murderers into a cave, and when they kept sallying out and robbing the neighbourhood, I did just what Pelissier was afterwards execrated for doing in Algiers. I rolled down gunpowder casks on them, with the fuses burning, and then stormed in directly the smoke had blown over. I will not tell you how many bodies we dug out of that cave, but this I will tell you, that the villains deserved their fate. Poor Strelitzki!"

"Was that your friend's name?"

"It was. We had been together at the

military school, and had there sworn that whoever died first should appear to the other. I used for months after his death to awake at night with a start, expecting to see him. His mother, a beautiful Polish lady, called upon me in Paris, to see if I had any memorial of her son I could give her. I had nothing but his sword, and that she took with thanks."

I do not know what more revelations I might not, at the expense of my Turkish lesson, have heard, had not at that moment the door flown open, and Spanker entered breathless.

"I say, old fellow!" he exclaimed.—"Beg pardon—good evening, Monsieur Achille. What, studying to try your memory with those gallews difficult books shut. Come along and take a hand at whist. There is Driver and I, and old Duberly from Xeres; you will just make up the contingent. Your hour's gone, and Monsieur Achille looks as much shut up as the books are."

So I bowed out Monsieur Achille, fixed an hour for my next lesson, and went a suffering victim to Spanker's whist party.

FROM FIRST TO LAST.

IN TEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE EIGHTH

MARY was sitting at the exhibition on a bench in the neighbourhood of the picture, on the watch as usual, when a little girl, elegantly dressed, who had escaped from the hand of an elderly one-armed gentleman came and perched herself beside her. There were not many persons in the room at the time, and the child's eyes, after roving about for some minutes, settled on the Sybil. They opened with surprise first, and then with delight; and, springing from her seat, she ran back to the gentleman, crying out, in glee, "Here is a picture like mamma; come and look at the picture like mamma." she drew him close to the place where Mary was, and held him by the hand while he looked at the picture. He seemed to regard it with an interest as painful as it was profound: and stayed before it, silent and motionless, until a lady and gentleman appeared in the doorway of the adjoining room. Mary immediately recognised Lady Maxwell; and glancing a second time at the one-armed officer, she recollected in him Sir Everard Maxwell. Lady Maxwell passed slowly round from picture to picture, conversing in an undertone with her companion, and Mary had ample opportunities for observing her. She was not less beautiful than formerly; but there was an expression of restlessness or discontent come into her face, as if some disturbing influence were acting on her life. Her dress and air were those of a woman of high fashion; and the gentleman who accompanied her, though distinguished and handsome in his appearance, still had in his manner a familiarity couched under his

deference, which ought to have offended her dignity, but which was submitted to, perhaps from mere carelessness.

When the little girl espied her mother, she ran to her, preferring the same loud request as she had made to Sir Everard: "Mamma, mamma! come and look at the picture like yourself!" and Lady Maxwell permitted herself to be placed opposite to where the Sybil hung. Mary saw the startled, almost frightened expression of countenance with which she looked at it, and heard the sigh with which she said, "That is more than mamma's possible, May; and a thousand times more than her actual."

Sir Everard turned and looked in his wife's face: "It is not more than you were meant to be, Rosa," said he gently.

She took her husband's arm, and the child in her other hand. Mary saw her countenance as they walked away from before the picture; and it seemed that a better spirit had come into her heart: the old frank, honest, kindly spirit that had given her such a charm in her maiden days. The other gentleman followed behind, his *débonnaire*, insolent visage darkened and crest-fallen. Rosamund's good genius walked invisible; but her evil one was obtrusive enough. I am afraid Mary's charity would have been shortened, if she could have known the thoughts smouldering in that gay gentleman's heart just then. When they were gone, Mary went home too, and told her brother whom she had seen admiring his picture. The next day it was marked, Sold, and Sir Everard Maxwell was the purchaser.

A few days after this incident, while Valentine was gone to negotiate the purchase of a canvas for another ideal picture, the dingy street resounded to as sonorous a knock as had ever awakened its echoes in its best days. Mary was up in the painting-room, and her heart bounded at the noise most pleasantly. She peeped out of the window, and saw a carriage standing; while the street brigands, routed from their fortress of the door-step by the footman's toe, stood aloof, contemplating it with admiring wonderment. It was a generation, at least, since a carriage had stopped at that shabby-genteel door, or such a party entered at it. First Sir Everard issued from the carriage, then Lady Maxwell, gay and resplendent, and, finally the gentleman who had been in her company at the Exhibition. The imperative, fashionable knock had brought Mrs. Bilton to the door in such a state of nervous flurry, that she let them all come in, and preceded them up the leaded staircase, striving vainly with a very grimy hand to conceal the discrepancies of her gown behind. From its approaches, Valentine Unwin's studio might have been expected to exhibit the most sordid appearance; but it did not do so, thanks to Mary's thrift and care; and the visitors were agreeably surprised, on entering it, to see a

clean room, papered with green, and covered with clever sketches and copies. Mary received them with more ease and comfort than she would have been able to do some years before, gave them chairs, and sat down herself, saying that her brother was only gone a short distance, and would return in a few moments.

"And you two live together here; 'tis quite a little romance of sisterly devotion!" said Lady Maxwell, regarding poor Mary with a glance that comprehended and appreciated all her toilsome days and careful nights. "I remembered your name directly I heard it; and I assure you, I was proud to see how amply Valentine had fulfilled all our predictions. You said you expected of him no less than perfection in his art, and he has attained to it, Sir Everard, has he not?"

"Mr. Unwin is a great artist. I saw that in his portrait of you before our marriage," replied Sir Everard, thus appealed to.

Lady Maxwell laughed.

"Perhaps he might be inclined now to disown that remarkable work," said she; "but Aunt Carry prizes it more and more daily; and if he is famous, she will show it about as his early phase of genius in art."

"Was his Sybil painted from one of the ordinary models?" asked Sir Everard. "It is a glorious picture!"

Mary's pale face coloured high with delight. "It is a glorious picture!" she said, with animation; "but it was not wrought from one of the models, it was inspired by memory and fancy."

"It is like my wife—so extraordinarily like my wife!" replied the baronet. "The likeness even struck our little girl."

"He was only a boy when he knew me and can scarcely have remembered me. It is a chance resemblance," said Lady Maxwell.

"He must have been a precocious boy, cousin Rosa," murmured the gentleman who came with Sir Everard and his wife, in a fine, insolent way.

Mary disliked his visage. There was an expression about it of assured power, borne half-contemptuously, that made the feminine instinct within her recoil. Lady Maxwell averted her face. Mary thought there was an angry sparkle in her eyes as she turned away.

At this moment Valentine's step was heard bounding up the stairs, three steps at a time, and he burst unceremoniously into the room, little thinking how he was to find it occupied; for the carriage had been ordered to go and return, and the ordinary body of infantry was in possession of the doorstep: all the more rampant because of their brief expulsion. He paused amazed, and then, with a deep flush staining his olive cheek, stammered out something about the unexpected honour and pleasure of the visit; so, incoherent as to give the younger gentleman, whose name was Mr. Percival Long, a

grotesque idea of the precocious boy who had idealised his cousin Rosa into the Sybil.

But Valentine was no fool; and the first shock of astonishment over, he quickly recovered his equanimity, and conversed fluently and sensibly with Sir Everard, who was rather stilted and haughty in manner; that is to say, he felt that he was talking with a person inferior to himself by birth, station, and wealth, and could not help betraying it. He seemed well-intentioned, kindly, and honourable; but, at the same time, proud and reserved, if not cold, in temper. Mr. Percival Long thought Mary far too plain to engage his civility, so he only condescended to whisper to cousin Rosa, and now and then to draw a scornful regard about the studio and its appointments. He afterwards said that he had no idea where that kind of people lived—meaning the young artists who have their fame and fortune yet to make.

"Have you tried portrait painting, Mr. Unwin?" asked Sir Everard. "You would have a great success in that department of art. I do not know a modern hand that pleases me so thoroughly as yours at a female face—delicate, expressive—"

"And flattering," added Lady Maxwell, laughing.

"Portrait-painting fellows would never get on unless they flattered. Nobody would sit to them," remarked Mr. Percival Long, with his air of saying something very new and very wise.

"I shall be very glad to execute an old commission that you promised me long ago, Sir Everard," said Valentine, turning from Mr. Percival Long with a grave self-command that astonished Mary; "perhaps you remember what it was?"

"Yes, perfectly; that was what I was coming to—Lady Maxwell's portrait; not that you will ever make it a more striking or beautiful picture of her than you have done accidentally in the Sybil; but I want her painted in a group with our little May."

Valentine bowed, but did not think it needful to explain how far the likeness to Lady Maxwell had been accidental.

"We are going down to the Abbey next week," Sir Everard added; "and if you will make your holiday there this summer, you shall have sittings during your visit. It will be a change for you from London heat and noise."

Valentine paid no heed to the patronising manner of the invitation, but expressed his willingness to accept it; and, after the interchange of a few more inquiries and replies, the Maxwells and Mr. Percival Long went their way.

"He is a very unassuming young man," said Sir Everard, as they drove off; "pleasing, and of evident genius."

Mr. Percival Long yawned.

"Great bore to live as he does, though," lisped he wearily; "Complete stagnation."

"Not such stagnation as an idle life, without any object, either worthy or unworthy," retorted Lady Maxwell, significantly.

"Cousin Rosa, you were always a hero-worshipper;" he said, with a glance at Sir Everard's empty sleeve; "but even heroes are made of common clay, and have their unpoetical side, like the rest of mankind."

She looked out from the window, and again that painful expression came into her face. Could she be unhappy in her marriage with that stately gentleman, old enough to be her father? Sir Everard was not the hero her youthful imagination had painted him. He was exacting, methodical, rigid, punctilious; he had little asperities of temper; he had many prejudices: he admired his wife and loved her; but still Rosamund's young imagination and feelings found him cold and reserved. Thus they had fallen gradually apart—she a true, warm-hearted woman: he an honest, worthy gentleman—because Fate, after throwing a glamour of romance over their eyes until they were inseparably united, had since done her best to dissipate it. Mr. Percival Long then appeared in the gap, with his insolent calm. Rosa, in the confidence of cousinship, told him more than she ought to have done.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

IN the picture-gallery of the Abbey there was assembled, about a fortnight later, the following group of people: Lady Maxwell, dressed in fair robes, jewelled and crowned matronwise; little May, soft and fairy-like in white muslin and curls of golden brown hair; Sir Everard Maxwell, solemn and precise, with a heated spot on his cheek, as if something had grated amiss on his temper; the idly elegant Mr. Percival Long, and Valentine Unwin. The easel was there, and the canvas upon it, and the picture of the mother and child was evidently to be commenced that morning. Any one, even the most careless observer, might have seen that an air of constraint and annoyance pervaded the whole party, and to admit the truth at once, Sir Everard was in a fume. He was easily chafed in temper, and an impertinent assumption of Mr. Percival Long's had put him out so greatly, that before his wife and Valentine Unwin he had told him at breakfast that he was a conceited, insincere young puppy, of whose company he was heartily weary—a true speech and not undeserved, perhaps, but violent and offensive in tone and manner. Rosamund was vexed for her cousin and took his part, whereupon ensued a combat of words which could not but be mutually aggravating—such combats were, unhappily, not rare between them, and of late Mr. Percival Long had generally been their cause. Valentine listened with sorrow and dismay. To see Rosamund's face crimsoned with anger pained and shocked him unutterably; it destroyed half the poetry of

her beautiful idea, and he was glad to escape the end of the uncomfortable scene by retreating to the gallery to prepare for his work.

The position of Lady Maxwell and her little daughter being settled to every one's satisfaction, the baronet left the gallery, and Valentine forthwith proceeded to sketch in the group. While he was thus occupied Mr. Percival Long sat by, and talked in his customary strain of believing in nothing and admiring nothing, which some persons nowadays seem to regard as a test of pure taste. Such conversation was not very refreshing to Valentine Unwin, who had most of his enthusiasms in his heart still fresh and warm; neither—to judge from the expression of Lady Maxwell's countenance—was it particularly agreeable to her; though when she had finished the morning's sitting, and he invited her to ride, she consented without any hesitation, and left the gallery with him. Little May chose to remain behind, to keep the painter company, as she said, and presently, the day being warm and the tiny maiden tired, she fell asleep on the floor where she had seated herself at his feet, with one of her fat white arms clasping his leg. Valentine bent over to look at the innocent, rosy, unconscious face, and took that favourable opportunity to sketch her features, for May, when wide awake, had so much quicksilver in her, that it was not an easy task to keep her quiet for five minutes together. While he was thus occupied, Sir Everard re-entered the gallery in search of his wife, and May woke up at his step.

"Mamma and cousin Percy have gone out to ride," said she, in answer to his question. He turned abruptly away with an angry word.

"I wish cousin Percy would go away to his own home; it is never nice when he is here," says little May, plaintively.

Valentine Unwin had been introduced accidentally to witness the last act in a domestic tragedy. Sir Everard went to the window at the end of the gallery, and looked across the park, beyond the boundary trees of which he saw the figures of his wife and her cousin disappearing. As he again faced Valentine Unwin, the young man saw a jealous light burning in the old man's eyes, and knew what it meant. Valentine had penetrated and loathed Mr. Percival Long from the first moment that he had seen him in Lady Maxwell's company. But he saw that the flippant cousin was but an easy resource, a refuge to her from her own repining thoughts; not an interest that was ever likely to grow into affection. He was habit to her; not necessity. A man of finer feeling than Mr. Percival Long would have understood that, and have left off his idle and hopeless pursuit.

It was towards dinner-time when Lady Maxwell and her companion returned from their ride. Valentine was in the library and

saw them approaching. Presently, they entered the room together; but, not perceiving that Valentine was standing in the curtained recess of a window, went on talking as if they were alone.

"Sir Everard will drive you to it," said Mr. Percival Long, with a weary yawn, as if he were tired of some argument that they had been holding together, and in which he could not gain the advantage.

"Don't speak of separation. Sir Everard suffers too: our marriage was a great mistake, but it cannot be mended now."

"'Tis a pity that you did not acknowledge that to yourself long ago, and keep your own counsel," replied Mr. Percival Long, with a sneer.

"Perhaps I should have done it, but for you, Percy," said Lady Maxwell, in a low, sad voice. "I ought to have done so."

She then slowly retired from the room, and her cousin followed. Valentine felt annoyed and angry at himself for having been thus accidentally betrayed into playing the part of the eavesdropper, but what he had heard unintentionally sent him back thoughtful to his room, to devise a means of averting the domestic misery that he saw preparing. While reflecting on what he had discovered with pain, such as he was sure to feel in the contemplation of wrong and treachery, he took a pencil and began to sketch in a woman's face and figure. Without design he gave her Rosamund's features; but into them he threw such an intensity of despair, of anguish; into the attitude such a weary, hopeless prostration as only come of the lost life, lost honour of a woman who yet cannot lose her sense of sin and shame—who is haunted by the ghost of her slain innocence, day and night remorsefully. Valentine looked at his cruel sketch, and a strange thought came into his mind.

The whole party met at dinner, and, when they separated afterwards, Valentine sought the picture-gallery, and placed his sketch on the easel; soon after Lady Maxwell came in alone; the young artist watched her as she approached it, with that languid, dispirited air which now seemed habitual to her; he saw her pause and take it up. Suddenly a crimson flush rose upon face and neck, to die into a deathly pallor; her proud head sank, and great tears rolled down her cheeks. Valentine looked away from her with a painful throbbing at his own heart; his picture parable had been understood.

"Are you coming, cousin Rosa?" asked Mr. Percival Long's voice from the garden; "Sir Everard has fallen asleep after his dinner." He was standing at the open window looking in with his cold, insolent eyes sparkling with wine and excitement. Valentine Unwin waited for the issue. "Are you coming, cousin Rosa?" was repeated rather impatiently.

"No, Percival," was the answer.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

VALENTINE UNWIN then went out, directing his steps down towards the river, along whose banks he strayed for a mile or two, until he got out of hearing of all the life-sounds and echoes that floated around the busy town of Burnham, and quite amongst rural scenes. As he followed the course of the stream, he had perceived a boat upon the water at some distance in advance, and conjectured rightly that it was Mr. Percival Long who was rowing it—he was in the habit of spending much of his day on the river, and was a vigorous swimmer and rower—an adept, indeed, in most manly exercises. Valentine, deeply buried in his own thoughts, saw, without taking much heed to his progress, and presently a little creek, whose brink was thickly planted with willows, hid the boat from his view. Having made a détour to avoid the shrub, and gained the open bank beyond, he had in front of him a quiet little village, and a mill, whose wheel was still for the time, and at this point he sat down to rest under the shade of an ancient elm. It was a great treat to Valentine to be in the country once more, amidst the beautiful sights and sounds of nature, and away from the turmoil of busy London; but he would have enjoyed it far more if his faithful Mary had been there to share it with him. To bring her as close to him as possible he took out his note-book and wrote her a letter on two or three of the blank leaves, full of those little details which are the charm of a familiar correspondence; but he said no single word of the subject so painfully thrust on his own attention in Sir Everard Maxwell's home.

As the shades of evening began to close over the landscape, he thought of returning to the Abbey; but it did not reach it until dark, and the first inquiry that met him was if he had seen Mr. Percival Long. It was Sir Everard who asked.

"I saw him rowing down the river; but as he did not repossess me in coming back, he is still out," replied Valentine.

"He is very fond of the water. Rosa, let us have a little music," said the baronet, cheerfully. Lady Maxwell went to the piano and sat down to sing. She never glanced towards the artist once; but her manner was easier than he had seen it before. There had been explanation and reconciliation between the young wife and her grave husband, and she was all the happier for the effort and confession she had made. Half an hour was easily wiled away over the music, and then Sir Everard again reverted to Mr. Percival Long's absence. "It is not like him to stay on the river after dark—and there is no moon. It is foolish of him."

Lady Maxwell said there was nothing to fear.

"Nothing to fear, of course not," replied

Sir Everard. "What should there be to fear?"

Another half hour went by, an hour—and still he did not appear. A servant was despatched to the boat-house to see if he was returned, and as he was absent until midnight, the household went to rest, Lady Maxwell having suggested that he had gone down the river to a place ten miles off, where the fishing was good, and where he had before remained all night without giving notice of his intentions. Not the slightest uneasiness was raised in any mind apparently, by his prolonged absence; but Valentine Unwin, recollecting the young man's excited air when he left the house, after his cousin's refusal to accompany him, felt several anxieties creeping over him; and after a restless night he was just about to set off on a second walk down by the river, when he saw a group of labouring men approaching the house. Before they spoke he guessed their tidings. The Abbey boat had been found upset near the mill, and a little way below the drowned body of Rosa's cousin. It was conjectured, that, returning in the dark, he had struck against some overstretching bough of a tree and upset the light boat, and had been drowned by getting entangled amongst the swift eddies of the river, where the mill stream rushed into it over the weir.

Old Sir Everard took his wife away from the Abbey immediately the funeral was over, and went abroad with her and little May. It was three years before Valentine Unwin saw them again. They met in Rome, whither he and Mary had gone at last on the proceeds of a royal commission for a picture which established his high reputation and directed a stream of popular patronage, and ultimately popular money into his hands. He is a great painter now, one of the greatest of living painters; Mary's dreams and ambition for him are fulfilled. It was at Rome that he painted the fine picture of Lady Maxwell and her daughter, which now hangs in the gallery at Burnham Abbey; it was at Rome also that he met the beautiful girl who succeeded in eclipsing the lingering memory of his First Love, and afterwards became his wife. Mary lives with them; and through the fine, generous adaptability of her character, is a treasure to their house—an especial treasure to their children. Valentine Unwin has no friend more steadfast than Sir Everard Maxwell, except Mary; whose love had stood by him from First to Last.

BRITISH FIRE-WORSHIP.

PAGANISM is, in all places, a worship of natural forces. The sun, fire, thunder, hoarfrost, wind, have been the universal gods of primitive heathenism. The similarity of rites has also been as striking as the identity

of the objects of worship. The same cruel and savage ritual has everywhere prevailed. Pliny correctly remarked, that there was so great resemblance between the religious ceremonies of the Persians and the Druids, that one might be induced to believe that Magia, or Magism, had passed from Britain into Persia. The Garrow Highlanders—a remnant of the aboriginal inhabitants of India, who have in their mountain retreats survived the successive tides of Hindoo, Mahomedan, and English conquest—are to this day primitive heathens, although they have imperfectly adopted some of the rites of their Hindoo neighbours. Upon the whole, they may be still described as uncorrupted worshippers of the sun, the moon, and the elements. Their temple is the open air. The chief place of their assembling for sacrifice and for religious worship is a mountain-pass, called Baunjaun. Like true worshippers of Baal—as were our own Druidical forefathers—they look to the hills for Divine assistance, believing that God's earthly dwelling is on the high places. Their mode of swearing is peculiarly solemn, and indicates the earnestness and primitive character of their belief. "The oath," says Mr. Elliot,* "is taken upon a stone, which they first salute; then, with their hands joined and uplifted, their eyes steadfastly fixed on the hills, they call upon Mahadeva in the most solemn manner, telling him to witness what they declare, as he only knows whether they speak true or false. They then again touch the stone with all the appearance of the utmost fear, and bow their heads to it, calling again upon Mahadeva. During their relation, they look steadfastly to the hills, and keep their right hand on the stone." Mr. Elliot states that his moherrir, or clerk, was so much affected by the solemnity of the proceeding, that for some time he could not sufficiently command his emotions so as to enable him to write down the evidence given: and Mr. Elliot was himself "struck with awe and reverence," when the first person swore before him to the truth of his statements. There is something profoundly touching in being thus confronted in our own age with the rude honesty of primitive Nature-worship. Though it is only Pagan ignorance, it is, we must admit, the offspring of natural religious sentiment, capable of bearing some wholesome fruit. The interest in these reflections is heightened, when we remember that it was this very Nature-worship which preceded Christianity in Great Britain, and which has still left in our language traditions, observances, and

*In September, seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, Mr. John Elliot was deputed by the Government of the East India Company to investigate the duties collected on the Garrow Hills (which bound the northern parts of Bengal), and to conciliate the good will of their inhabitants. We quote from Mr. Elliot's official report on an interesting people, who up to the date of his mission had no intercourse with Europeans.

manners, some most remarkable vestiges. Paganism has been Christianised, but not exterminated. The pure faith in essentials, but not in all popular observances, supplanted in Britain, Druidism and the Scandinavian Paganism. In the present, we read the past; and learn to appreciate how the present is destined to influence the remote future of our race.

The topic which, on this occasion we select as an illustration of the vestiges of Paganism in Great Britain, is probably the most important. It is Fire-worship. Of this there still exist, not only traces in the language and traditions of the island, particularly in that portion of it to the north of the Humber; but likewise material remains, hitherto little understood.

The "vitrified forts" of Scotland are now supposed to be material remains of British fire-worship. The May Day observances of England, and still more remarkably, the more primitive Beltane usages of Scotland, are modified fragments of the ancient creed. These statements open up interesting fields of social history.

About eighty years ago a controversy arose among the learned, as to the nature and history of certain more or less vitrified stones, found piled in definite forms in Scotland. Though in some districts they had previously been objects of local curiosity, yet it was not till seventeen hundred and seventy-three, that anything was published regarding them. In that year, Mr. Williams, a mineral surveyor of considerable scientific reputation, suggested that they had been originally constructed as places of strength and safety. To this theory they owe their misnomer of "vitrified forts," a term which in all probability has withdrawn many from an impartial study of their character and probable history.

The hypothesis which Mr. Williams propounded, as to the manner in which the vitrification was produced, was ingenious. In his day, it was impugned by Pennant and others, who held that the remains in question were of volcanic origin. In seventeen hundred and seventy-six, we find Mr. West, a member of the Royal Society, addressing a letter to the secretary of that learned body, in which he characterises as "lava," some specimens sent along with his communication. In a note to the paper, as published in the Transactions, it is stated that several members well acquainted with volcanic productions, expressed concurrence in the author's opinions, and suggested that the hill of Craig Phadrick, near Inverness, whence the supposed lava had been taken, owed its origin to a volcano. Both the fortress and the volcano theories are now thoroughly exploded.

In form and size, "vitrified forts," or fire-altars, as they ought to be designated, present great diversity. We can state, however, from a careful study of published descriptions,

and from personal visits of most of those known in Scotland, that in respect of situation they have all a common character. They are always found upon hills of moderate height, easy of access, and of commanding prospect. This fact is erroneously said by some to be equally in favour of the theory of their having been beacon-fire places, a notion first published in Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, and subsequently supported by Sir G. McKenzie and Dr. Hibbert. The vitrified remains have been discovered most abundantly in the northern districts of Scotland; but, in the New Statistical Account, they are noticed as also occurring in the counties of Berwick, Roxburg, and Dumfries. Some of these remains in the south of Scotland we have examined. They are fewer in number, and less distinct, than those in the north. This is probably explained by the circumstance that the plough has been able more easily to sweep over the "high-places" of the south than over those of the north of Scotland. In passing, we may parenthetically remark, that there are many vitrified remains in Norway; and that the Honourable Captain Keppel met with them on the banks of the Caspian. It is also noteworthy, that the celebrated "round towers" of Ireland have, with great appearance of reason, been argued to be fire-temples, or altars of Bel.

The vitrified remains which we have seen, or have read descriptions of have been very various in shape and size. They have been round, square, or elliptical, occupying, in some instances, only a few yards, and in others extending over a whole acre. The walls are sometimes several feet in height, but in general they rise very little above the ground, and modern antiquaries are diligently breaking up and carrying away the best parts of not a few of them. Some years ago, we found a party of ladies and gentlemen working with hammer and chisel at the fine remains of a vitrified circular mass on that eminence on the banks of Loch Etive, in Argyleshire, called Barregonium, the ancient capital of Caledonia, by fanciful antiquaries. The breadth of the walls of vitrified remains varies between two and twenty feet. The vitrification is, in some cases, irregular and imperfect; in others, the stones are fused into masses and joined, so as to show that they had been molten together in situ. Generally, the inside of the wall bears the strongest marks of vitrification. The instances in which there is perfect vitrification on the outside of the walls are not numerous. The intensity of the vitrification seems to have depended on the prevailing winds, the character of the stone, and other accidental circumstances. Danmore (or the Great Hill) Castle, or vitrified fort, for it bears both names, is well known to tourists. It is a large ring, greatly resembling an eques-

trian circus. It has been pretended that it was the famous stronghold in which the Caledonians defended themselves so gallantly from the Romans, as to prevent their farther progress towards the north. It is similar in the character of its situation to other vitrified remains, being placed on a view-commanding peak of the Grampians. It lies seven miles to the north-east of Crieff, immediately above the lovely glen of the Almond, where (as Wordsworth and others tell us) tradition has placed the grave of Ossian.

The beacon-fire theory deserves notice, as it paved the way for the correct interpretation of vitrified remains. It led to the observation of the two important facts, that they were always found on situations commanding a wide panoramic view, and that the vitrification was so destitute of uniformity as to preclude the idea of its being the result of design. An anonymous writer in a Scottish provincial newspaper first promulgated the fire-altar theory, about twenty years ago. It was advocated afterwards by Doctor Cormack, in a paper read before the Scottish Society of Antiquaries on the second of May, eighteen hundred and forty-two, but which, we believe, has never been published in extenso. From an abstract, given at the time in the Edinburgh Courant newspaper, we derive our information on this branch of the subject. The ingenious anonymous writer, after giving an account of what he shows to be vitrified remains upon the Black Hill of Cowlenknows near Earlston, in Berwickshire, propounds his theory in the following words:—"I believe, then, that these vitrified forts are nothing else than the mountain-altars of the ancient fire-worshippers. We know that in Persia, where that primitive and simple idolatry had its origin, the worshippers never confined the symbol of their deity in temples, till (in some countries) at a later and more idolatrous (or more civilised) age. In such an age, the mountain tower of Babylon was indeed converted into a temple or altar; and probably in all level countries the inhabitants had recourse to similar artificial elevations; but the fire-worshippers of Persia still prefer the open canopy of heaven to the most gorgeous dome, and the mountain height to the noblest temple." After showing that worship of the Sun, or Baal, or Fire, for they are all of the same divinity, was once the form of this country's idolatry, he thus continues:—"For the simple purpose of a fort, the vitrifying of the exterior of the wall would not be of the slightest use—which none we have seen is—against a hungry fox or wolf; and the occasions and circumstances in which they might possibly be used as beacon-lights must have been too few ever to produce such regular vitri-

faction. But conceive them to have been fire-altars, on which a constant fire was maintained, and on which, on the great annual Baal festivals, hundreds of animals and human beings were sacrificed, we have flames of sufficient intenseness to account for the effect. To test this, we tried a piece of the common rock of the hill in a blacksmith's fire, and in less than ten minutes it was completely fused, and, when cooled, it was much more blistered than the specimens we got, showing a more intense or rapid agency."

Though Doctor Cormack agrees with the anonymous writer in the general conclusion arrived at, he rejects the beacon-fire theory upon other grounds. He conceives that this hypothesis is most satisfactorily put out of court by the fact, that vitrified remains are often found in too close juxtaposition to sanction the belief that they were the sites of beacon-fires; and he also states that the situation of some of them—as, for example, the "burnt islands" near Arran—could never have been of the least use as stations for signals.

This new explanation of the origin of the vitrified remains found on our northern hills weakens that claim to a very remote antiquity, which they formerly kept without challenge. It was taken for granted that they were the relics of great works of masonry erected before the use of cement was known, and that, consequently, they were referable to a period anterior to the Roman invasion. There were fire-altars in Britain at a much later date. Indeed, long after Christianity was introduced into this country, the Sun, and his representative Fire, was worshipped and many a sacrifice offered to him on our hills. The obstinacy with which our forefathers clung to fire-worship was intense. Even after Druids were no more, and when Christianity had shed much of its soothing influence over the whole island, they, like the backsliding Jews of old, superstitiously sacrificed to Baal on the high places. Human beings were even then immolated on his devouring altars; and long after such horrors had ceased many superstitions connected with fire-worship remained. Cattle and children were made to pass through the fire to Moloch. To this day, in some remote places, there are curious remnants of these ancient rites. The people, though ignorant of their origin and meaning, still cling to them with fanatical fondness. The history of the beltane usages, as practised in Scotland and the North of England during the last hundred years, and which are not yet extinct, curiously link together the ancient Paganism with the modern Christianity of Britain.

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THE BROOKRUDDER BOOK-CLUB.

It was an agreeable neighbourhood, doubtless: no reasonable person could gainsay it. Albeit that it was to be reached by coaching process only; an effete vehicle of that order, which had once proudly taken the royal mail upon its back, and been tooled (such I believe, is the appropriate expression) rampant into the little market-town, now performing bi-weekly journeys, and degraded into a pair-horse stage, altogether a most inglorious show! Albeit, also, that the dwellings of the inhabitants (alluding, of course, to the persons of quality of the place) are shaken down in a loose, scattered fashion; much as are the dwellings of near and dear neighbours in the backwoods, whose squattings are within an easy morning's run of say from twenty to forty miles. Thus all our Brookrudder high-life, when purposing visit to brother swells, might fairly think of getting out the heavy wagon and yoking to the oxen, and regularly victualling the great machine just as squatting brethren must do. Thus, The Roost, residence of Major Whilkers and the Lady Diana Whilkers his wife, lay a good eight miles away from Berrystown; abode of the unmarried ladies Timbles; who, by a pleasing turn of speech, are supposed to devote their lives to the occupation of spinning. These abodes, with Tibblesbarn, which, as all the parish knows, is the residence of the Reverend Henry Caiphas, Vicar, as also of Mrs. Caiphas, who boils down annually whole caldrons of preserves, in the most surprising manner, and of the Misses Caiphas (3), who sing so ravishingly, form but the three apices of a triangle, distant each from the other, say from six to ten miles. Again, this sacerdotal homestead, taken with that of Galenio Smith, F.R.C.S.L., and the cottage, well-known sanctuary of a sprig of nobility, the Honourable Miss Begley, made up another triangle. In this fashion were the houses sprinkled over Brookrudder, very much after the procedure of the Honourable the Board of Ordnance. On the whole, therefore, this trigonometrical position necessitated a prodigious deal of Bush travelling. The family coach, by the way, which took about the Begley sprig on occasions of sumptuous banqueting, was indeed, with

propriety to be likened to those very Bush waggons groaning unmusically at every motion, and needing strong beeves to draw it. Why the great Berline, which that poor Louis lumbered off in, was to this a perambulator.

There was a town, to be sure, called market, much by the same title as Miss Begley wears her Honourable prefix, that is, by courtesy. It was customary to delude one's self with such pleasing figments as sending into the market-town—going for it to the market-town, without reaping substantial profit from such excursions. In was often bootless, the pure sending for meat even; that article being supplied in a fitful, spasmodic fashion, there being at one time a glut, at another quite a famine. But Brookrudder quality believed heartily in their market town.

At periodic intervals there was spread at the apex of one of the triangles, a sad and solemn banquet, cold and buckram-like, akin to those awful refectons spread for guests who have journeyed from a distance to assist at an interment. Starch seemed to overlay these dread solemnities plentifully; those furnished by Major and the Lady Diana Whilkers especially; the games of these noble persons being distinguished by a sadder flavour. The bier was garnished with a melancholy state; and men, attached to the waiting interest, with countenances composed to an expression of poignant grief, did their part of the ceremonial in a manner highly impressive. No wonder; for those mourners were brought down special, as it were, from a remote manufacturing city, at enormous charge; whence, too, came the monster turbot and the baked meats. At which distinguished board met together all the triangular apices, once in the year usually, excepting only some new settlers, whose papers were not properly countersigned, and who were justly suspected to be of the less—the sediment, you understand, of society. There was a talk of drawing a line somewhere; and it passed right under the nose of the new settlers: of which line the Lady Diana Whilkers, as was indeed only fitting, held one end, and the Honourable Miss Begley the other; contriving between them to give it a gentle, vibratory motion to

parties unmindful of their distance. Over the line were to be seen the simpering features of the Reverend Alfred Hoblush, curate to the Reverend Henry Caiphas; who found pastoral board and lodging at a real farmhouse, with practicable churns, tiles, and stirring platters; which had inside brisk, pippin-cheeked farmer's daughters, and fresh new milk and butter, and that sort of thing. The Reverend gentleman's lively sketches of Nomade, with which he was always well furnished, gave great entertainment to the noble persons who had time to sit at this board. In this agricultural life he found an exquisite pleasure; rising with the lark, and going abroad to the fields with the farmer and his men. But touching the books and the book-club all this while?

That idea was engendered in the brain of the Reverend Alfred Hoblush. It sprang armed and bristling, digested complete and nicely organised, from the cerebral pulp of that gentleman. It was his infant: of him begotten. Books did reach to this country through various channels; but they came only by way of dribblets, in a slow trickle. A new work of not older date than a double twelvemonth, has been found lying, like a meteoric stone in a field, at stray houses, folk wondering how it got there. But, on the whole, there was extensive drought in the land; the wells of light reading were all dried up; the country was athirst. The neighbourhood desired to be filled: so the Reverend Hoblush laid himself to the work. The whole neighbourhood at once gave in their adhesion, and moneys were voted enthusiastically. Was it not, indeed, enough that the Lady Diana Whilkers had given the royal assent? whose gentle but imperfectly furnished bosom this one motive insensibly swayed in the business; namely, that the Honourable Agnes Dewlap (at whose routs in London you may occasionally see the Lady Diana) writes the divinest novels; the most marvellous delineations of fashionable human nature; the most brilliant pothographs of Ton. Pressure of this sort, no doubt, influences the Lady Diana; especially, as to qualify for the routs, she has to pass searching competitive examination in the text books mentioned; and, on a late occasion, went nigh to being utterly turned back. Through a Dewlap cloud, then, she looked at the thing. Reverend Alfred Hoblush sits at the little walnut table of her ladyship's boudoir. There has been a committee appointed, so as to secure a small working body; and somehow everybody has gotten upon the committee. Reverend Alfred Hoblush, then, kindly consents to act as corresponding secretary, treasurer, committee-man, working-man; in short, will do everything. He is now drawing up the code Hoblush; the library pandects; and my Lady Diana overlooks the business from the sofa.

"Plenty of Miss Dewlap's charming things,"

calls my lady, very languidly from the sofa; "she is the only person worth reading now-a-days."

"I will take care of that, dear Lady Di," responds the Reverend Hoblush, from his walnut table.

He had put himself in communication with a famous metropolitan house—the well known Bowler's—who, as even street-children are aware, has near a half a million of volumes annually undergoing detrition or light-thumbing process. At the end of the year, you could get all manner of surplus copies from Bowler for the merest song (it must not be taken that he is such an ardent admirer of vocalisation that he will part with his volumes on the performance of an aria), and discourses unctuously, and in a rich manner of "fresh copies" being constantly supplied.

From Bowler's had been forwarded (gratuitously) a neat publication, entitled *Hints for the Formation of Book Societies*, in which were set out the strange advantages derivable from fortuitous concourse of atoms in this matter of book-clubs. Here, again, in this instance, it would seem, that the books were to be presented almost in return for a little more singing. You might elect to be first-class, second-class, or third-class, as though on a railway; but it was note-worthy that the literary aliment provided in the two last categories, was of that hard, deal-board, cushionless character which was to have the result, as in locomotive institutions, of driving passengers into the first-class. Intoxicating banquets were provided for such privileged mortals. They might gorge and swell themselves with the new and choicest works; they might riot, so to speak, in fresh uncut periodicals, and roll themselves, swine-like, in a rich mud of reviews. They had but to ask and to have.

Did not Bowler all but insinuate that these glorious customers should but fancy the most recent Coptic pamphlet; he would have a courier, spurring day and night, to fetch it! Our Brookrudder society became first-class, of course. Post-office order remitted and payable to J. C. Bowler and Company, Crescent Buildings, E.C., would oblige.

Reverend Alfred Hoblush forwards the amount enthusiastically; but, out of his own proper funds—Dun Lady Diana! Monstrous!

It was a beautiful evening, somewhere towards the close of the first half of the present century, when the settingsun was pouring down its departing glories aslant the trees, in a manner altogether Jacobinical or G. Prince Regent fashion, when there might have been observed—it is certain, moreover, that it was observed—a heavy-laden stagecoach entering the (market) town of Brookrudder. The person who might and did observe this curious phenomenon was a person who, from his peculiar garb, might have been securely written down as belonging to the sacerdotal

order. He is observed interrogating the coachman; who seems to re-assure him by a nod. Then is presently lifted down to the agitated priest, a small corded chest of a bright green complexion, with a conspicuous label pasted on it. He essays to lift it, but vainly. It is borne on men's shoulders to a conveyance that waits hard by. It was taken incontinently to the residence of my Lady Diana. It was laid upon the floor; it was unlocked; it was unlocked. A moment of terrible suspense succeeded. A delicious aroma, as of concentrated sweets sent down from Bond Street, essence more grateful than Frangipani or Patchouli, was exhaled from the square green—a sort of hot-pressed laundry flavour.

They were taken out one by one, those books sent by Bowler. Everything ordered had come—divine Bowler—duck of a man! But, strange to say, there was a deluge, as it were, of Honourable Mrs. Dewlap's works. Would it be putting the thing too broadly to say, that the whole chest overflowed with them—ran over its edges with these delicious products of the Honourable female's brain? No wonder, indeed, that dark suspicion entered into the minds of some that Bowler was exuberantly glad to have such a call; these noble productions crowding inconveniently, and needing airing sadly. There they were, however, by the yard measure; so many cubic feet, as it were, of the Honourable Mrs. Dewlap.

Which delighted most? "The Plebeian's Daughter," who, by the way, as all the world knows, proved not to be a plebeian's daughter, but a real off-shoot of one of the noblest, peerless families. Sweet things! Exquisitely handled! Than which, if there was a thing more sweetly done, it was surely Fashion and Feeling, in which there was a tenderness and a graceful treatment rarely compressed in handsome green cloth covers, with decent gilt lettering on the back!

Why dwell on others but the newest things of all—The Languishing of the Heart, by the author of Fashion and Feeling, The Plebeian's Daughter, &c. &c. &c. London: Bowler and Company, Universal Circulating Library? There was a review or two: a volume of Scientific Travels; a Memoir of the late Daniel Budge, some time minister of Zion Chapel; the very newest work on Electricity; a volume of Mr. Grote's History; the learned German's well-known Researches in Ethnology, together with the Remains (literary, of course) of the late Henry Bunter, M.D., F.R.S.

The Lady Diana was gratified by the selection, Bowler having looked to her specially; but the main point was behind. How were the treasures to be distributed? Was there not a by-law (number fourteen in the elaborate Code Hoblush) to the effect that "every member should have the right of selecting for him or herself one work, of

fiction or improving matter, as he (or she) shall think fit: the Secretary being empowered to choose a certain number—such as he thinks will, on the whole, suit the general taste of the members." Profoundest policy breathed through this proviso; and to its proper working came this hindrance at the very outset. For had not each member selected his or her work with all care? Miss Begley choosing *The Fighting Hopeful*; or, *Memorials of Captain E. C. Wigham* (twenty-fifth thousand), who fell, as we know, in the late war; and the Misses Caiphas that droll book (illustrated) which Captain Tilbury, R.H.A., had mentioned to them, entitled *Pumpkins and Melons*, with the caricatures of which a brother officer of Captain Tilbury's Own, had something to do? And did not Ciaphas, the Reverend, himself name *Barrabas* on the *Thessalonians*, really one of the profoundest things in that line; with lighter fry, in pamphlet shape, as Perry's *Second Letter to the Lord Bishop of Tweakminster*; *Fourth Letter on Tithes*, by Reverend E. Perry; Perry's *Reply to the Answer of the Reverend H. B. Wilson's to a Letter of the Reverend E. Perry: the Reverend Henry Caiphas* holding that there was no man in England who could write like Perry? Again, had not Whickers himself named *The Life and Letters of the Right Honourable Babington Ogle*, the well-known statesman, edited by his grandson, Edward Stoney Ogle, M.P., together with the speeches of another statesman? And had not Alfred Hoblush himself, in pursuance of the powers given him by the statute, selected *The Poems of Benison*; the newest four volumes of the clever *Political Baronet*; the *Diary of Miss Grace Todhunter*, who was conspicuous at the Court of the Prince Regent, and was a famous toast?

All these things had been chosen with the nicest care and acumen; and yet in the box they were—not!

A grievous disappointment at outset; scarcely soothed by an apologetic despatch from Bowler, to this tune, that in spite of "fresh copies added daily"—nay, hourly—the demand could not be kept down; and by one of those queer, ludicrous mischances that embarrass human wishes, the very works named in the list were precisely the works upon which the terrible run lay.

The stumbling-block now for the Reverend Alfred was the task of distribution. The Lady Diana, on her sofa, was deep already in *Fashion and Feeling*. But how was it to be with the others?

After a night of racking thought, this was his conclusion. To Miss Begley, who had required the *Memorials of the young soldier* (twenty-fifth thousand), went, instead, the *Memoir of the late Daniel Budge*, some time minister of Zion Chapel. To the Misses Caiphas, who had thirsted for the facetious *Pumpkins and Melons*, there arrived the

Ethnological Researches of the learned German: to their good parent was allowed the usor of the Remains of the admired Henry Bunter, M.D. (with anatomical plates), in lieu of the vigorous Perry Letters. The Scientific Travels, with meteorological tables, temperatures, age of the moon, &c. &c., it is well known reached a widow member of the society. While the great Mr. Whilkers was put off with light magazines! Wretched Hoblush! Well may you chant Ai! ai! from the Greek chorus, in the dead of the night.

For only conceive for an instant how it stood with that Honourable sprig, Miss Begley. Not so long before, there had been a tart discussion betwixt her and Reverend Hoblush on matters of religion, and with an antagonistic fury. That divine, it was whispered, fancied exceedingly the air of Saint Barnabas; was not disinclined to the burning of artificial light: but the Honourable Virgin! Was not her cousin the scriptural Bishop of Mull and Syke? Conceive, then, be it said again, when the Remains of Reverend Daniel Budge, some time minister of Zion Chapel—the wildest of dissenters, a straggler in doctrine, an unctuous open air divine—who before now had not grown dizzy upon a mild elevation of a tub—was sent to her, with Reverend Alfred Hoblush's compliments! Wretched man! Ai! ai! for thee again! Better thou hadst never been born!

It is almost superfluous to mention, that the name of the Honourable Virgin was at once peremptorily withdrawn. In her just excitement, she demanded restitution of moneys; forgetful, good soul! that she had omitted handing in to the Honorary Secretary the amount of her yearly subscription.

Again, how was it with the Misses Caiphas? Had not Captain Tilbury been bidden expressly to dinner, to give a lecture, as it were, upon Pumpkins and Melons, and to point out resemblances to brother officers in the illustration? Was it wonderful that the gloom and ill-humour of the Captain settled with interest upon the devoted head of Hoblush! Ai! ai! once more for the miserable curate! When he got alone among the infuriated damsels they went nigh to tearing him in pieces with those gentle tongues of theirs.

At the next committee meeting there was a storm—a riot. Hoblush was mobbed as at a railway meeting. In a strange absence of mind, every man and woman shrieked to have his or her money back. They had never paid; but the trusting Hoblush had paid a whole year in advance.

With time, things did not mend. With the second box came only more lumber.

But the result to Brookrudder society was the most disastrous part of the whole. That social system became of a sudden convulsed to its centre. It was shaken and broken into schism. Naturally enough, the Lady Diana

Whilkers espoused—figuratively, of course—the Reverend Alfred Hoblush. Naturally enough, too, the Honourable Virgin Begley, went into open hostility. The oriflamme was unfurled. There were two camps formed; to the one side or to the other, as they listed, men and women clove. Between the two stools, Reverend Alfred Hoblush fell to the ground and dislocated his back.

In this fashion, the Brookrudder Book Society became extinct, collapsing noisily, like a bursten wind-bag.

TEN ITALIAN WOMEN.

In thirteen hundred and forty-seven the wife of Giacomo Benincasa, a poor dyer of Siena, became a mother for the twenty-fifth time, bringing into the world, as her present and last contribution to the Sienese population, a pair of sickly little girls, one of whom died a few days after its birth; but the other lived and became diseased and famous. From an early age this diseased, cataleptic child showed signs and symptoms of the extraordinary grace that was in her; at seven devoting herself to perpetual maidenhood, beseeching the Blessed Virgin to give her son to her for a husband; and at twelve importuning the Mantellate di Santo Dominico—the Cloaked-Women of Saint Dominic—to receive her as one of them, so that she might more thoroughly carry out her vow. They, not being an inclosed order, but each living in her own house, had made it a strict rule to admit only widows and elderly persons among them; but, in consideration of the young Caterina's piety and ugliness, they relaxed this rule for her benefit, granted her prayer, admitted her as a Mantellata, and, from that hour, the fortune of the various Dominican orders was made. Her confessor, too, the Blessed Rainondo di Capua, was a Dominican, and in his clever hands young Caterina's cataleptic availabilities were developed to the utmost, and a blow struck at the supremacy of the Franciscans from which they have never quite recovered. For this exaltation of the Dominicans, and consequent depreciation of their rivals, the Franciscans, was the hidden political meaning of the saintship of Caterina Benincasa, the dyer's daughter of Siena.

Opening into what was formerly the living room of the family, but which is now a hallowed chapel with Virginea Domus engraved above it, ingenuous visitors are still shown a small dark closet nine feet long by six wide, wherein is neither window nor chimney, neither light nor air, but which served Caterina for her bed chamber all the years of her self-torturing life. Here, on the bare brick floor, resting her head on a stone pillow, the future saint indulged in her trances and her ecstasies, her catalepsy and her sufferings, her dreams, and her visions; and here she held her daily interviews with

her sacred husband, by which name her biographer and confessor designates the Christus Consolator of men.

Very early did Catherine begin the austerities and penances which afterwards made her so celebrated, and earned her canonisation by the church. At five years of age, in going up-stairs, she used to kneel at every step to the Virgin. At six she habitually flogged herself, and encouraged other children of her own age to do the same; at seven she deprived herself of the largest half of her food, secretly giving it to her brother, or flinging it out to the cats; and, "at the same age, she would watch from her window to see when a Dominican monk passed, and as soon as ever he had moved on, she used to run out and kiss the spot on the pavement on which he had placed his feet."

At twelve, being then marriageable and abominably dirty, her mother began to beg of her to comb her hair and wash her face oftener. This she refused to do, until a favourite married sister, one Bonaventura, took her in hand. To her entreaties the young saint yielded, a very little way; condescending sometimes to wash herself, and even to smooth her hair; but, soon repenting of her complaisance as of a deadly sin, she bemoaned her backsliding as bitterly as she might have bemoaned a murder. In punishment to Bonaventura for thus enticing the young saint to sin, the young saint declared that God had struck her with death in her next confinement, and was penetrated with the truth and justice of the sentence. For the future, Catherine was let alone in her dirt, and soon after joined the order of Cloaked Women. About this time she wholly abandoned the use of animal food; at fifteen she left off wine; at twenty she found bread a heavy sin, and lived on uncooked vegetables. She slept only one quarter of an hour in the twenty-four, thrice a day flogged herself till the blood streamed down the lash; remained for three years without speaking; wore a chain of iron round her, and let it gradually eat into her flesh. Finally, she remained without food altogether, living on the holy sacraments alone.

Very early, too, she began to have visions. At six years of age she saw in the sky a throne immediately over the Dominican Church with Christ sitting on it, dressed in Papal robes, accompanied by Saints Peter, Paul, and John. Later came her daily conferences with her eternal spouse, who made himself her tutor, and taught her reading and writing, as well as theology and doctrine, afterwards marrying her in the presence of the Virgin, Saint John, Paul, and Dominic, and of David, "who had a harp on which he played very sweetly." The marriage-ring had four great pearls set round a magnificent centre diamond, and never afterwards left Catherine's finger; though visible only to her, and invisible to all the world beside.

One day, being in a trance before the altar, she suddenly flung herself into the attitude of the cross, and there received the stigmata, or the Five Wounds which hitherto none but Saint Francis had received. But the wounds were no more visible than was the wedding-ring or the purple garment, to the better satisfaction of faith, if not of sight and reason. The Franciscans were so annoyed at this communising of their speciality, that they procured a decree whereby men were forbidden to assert the reception of the stigmata by Saint Catherine under pain of ecclesiastical censure. More than once the dyer's daughter strove with her eternal spouse for sinners,—he on the side of condemnation—she on that of love and mercy. She prayed against death in many instances when he was not wanted, and beat him by a full length; she wrote expostulatory letters to the Pope and the French Emperor, and induced the first-named—Pope Gregory the Eleventh—to quit Avignon and return to Holy Rome.

This was the life of Saint Catherine of Siena, the saint whose marriage Murillo, Coreggio, and others have painted with such marvellous beauty, but who was simply a diseased "sensitive," cataleptic, imaginative, not over-careful as to exactness, and an admirable tool in the hands of an unscrupulous body like the Dominicans, ravening for ecclesiastical power.

We will not follow Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope (whose "Decade of Italian Women" we are quoting) through the intricate mazes of adventure and intrigue which marked the career of Catherine Sforza, but pass at once to when Catherine Sforza was dying in the convent, Vittoria Colonna was celebrating her marriage with Ferdinand Pescara. Brought up under the care of Costanza d'Avolos, Duchess of Francaville, one of the most cultured women of her generation, the young Roman girl had full scope for the exercise of such intellectual faculties as she possessed, and was not likely to waste her powers for the want of proper training. She had the best the times could give; and the times were by no means poor or scant, so far as the Court of Naples went, under the political auspices of which she was reared by Costanza, on the rocky island of Ischian. The young Ferdinand Pescara was both handsome and accomplished, and Vittoria Colonna was matchlessly beautiful; and when each was nineteen, and their betrothal of fourteen years' standing was ended by marriage, the world said that a nobler pair never stood before the altar, than the two now wedded in the church at Ischia. Two happy years passed away, unchronicled and unnoted: Pescara was all that a young and gallant husband should be, and Vittoria was too peaceful and blessed to write poetry, which was the most noticeable fact in her career. Afterwards, when Pescara was away at the wars, she found her solace in the sonnets and odes which have made her

reputation. Her love for her husband was the only material passion of her life: when he was absent she consoled herself by thought and poetry. And as, during all the sixteen years of her married life, she was never again for long together in his company, she had plenty of time and occasion for the exercise of her speciality. After his death, this speciality took a wider range and bolder flights, and soon all Europe rung with the name of Vittoria Colonna, the intimate of Michael Angelo, and the friend and correspondent of all the celebrated men of the day. Since Sappho's time, no woman has earned such a poetic reputation as Vittoria Colonna; and few women have passed through life with a fame so unsullied and a fame so pure as hers. Beautiful, young, celebrated, and a widow, she went on her way without a stain falling on her: suspicion never dared to lift its eyes to her pure face, and slander forgot to fling its poisoned darts when she was by. Imaginative, rather than passionate, and sentimental rather than fervid, she was one of the true Platonists of the time, a Petrarchist, bemoaning her dead cavalry captain in rhymes almost as sweet and to the full as fanciful, as the great master whom she delighted to imitate. She was a perfect specimen of the Italian literary woman of the day, and Mr. Trollope, whose book we are endeavouring to condense into our small pages, was right in placing her side by side with Catherine Sforza, the woman of action and the embodiment of Italian politics, and in the section immediately preceding Tullia d'Aragona, the literary petite maitresse: also of true Italian growth.

An arrant coquette was this Tullia d'Aragon: as indeed she could scarce fail to be, seeing whence came the mystery of her life—from the unlawful loves of Giulia and Ferrara, the Laïs of her time, and Pietro Tagliavia d'Aragona, then a simple priest, but Afterwards Archbishop of Palermo. Tullia inherited richly from both her parents. Her mother gave her the beauty, the passion, the unlicensed thought, the hot blood, the daring immorality, which marked her own life; and her father the wit and learning, the courtly bearing, the scholastic subtlety, and the high-bred accomplishment, which made him one of the most noted of the whole Cardinal crew. And Tullia improved on her inheritance. One of the most celebrated of the poetesses then extant, and one of the most beautiful of the ladies light o' love who ruled the Pontiff's court and the Cardinal's council chamber, she added to the paternal characteristics of either side, the still further likeness of falling into devotion and mis-going as she fell into wrinkles and decay; churchman-like, forbidding cakes and ale to all the world as soon as her own juckings were over. Tullia d'Aragona, the protégée of the banker Strozzi, and a score more such Don Juans, the loudest laughter at

the broadest joke, and the boldest jester on unseemly themes—Tullia d'Aragona, when her lovers grew scarce and her hair turned grey, took up morality and modesty as a diversion of powers. For variety's sake, she made herself the patroness of the saints, and the enemy of Boccaccio, at whose abominable name she wishes all honest people to stop their ears, and sign themselves with the sign of the Holy Cross. So she spent the last days of her life, in the company of all sorts of virtuous and godly folks; and died, when full of years and sanctity, the very model of a reformed rake,—the Christian and Catholic Laïs of the Renaissance.

A far different person was Olympia Morata, the daughter of old Bookworm Morato, the friend of heresy, and that Curione who, one day, stripped the high altar of its trappings, and installed the bible in their stead. Born in Ferrara, in the year fifteen hundred and twenty-six, just at the close of the sway of Alphonse d'Este, who married Lucrezia Borgia, and, from a nameless infamy transformed her to a saint, Olympia was early trained to classic learning and courtly bearing. For Hercules, Alphonso's successor and eldest son, who had married pale, plain Renée, daughter of Louis the Twelfth of France, wanted a companion in study for his little daughter Anna; and who so fit as the old scholar's beautiful and learned child, the Tenth Muse, as poets called her in good terza rima? It was to a no very harmonious household that young Olympia was admitted. Duchess Renée, who had long been tepidly suspected of holding doctrines which Holy Church maintained to be utterly corrupt and damnable, and now openly displayed her backsliding. Calvin himself the arch enemy of the tiara and all that it crowned was discovered in her apartments, disguised under the name and state of Monsieur Charles d'Espeville; and from thenceforth Renée was "marked as infected," and her life reduced to little beyond a state of imprisonment, with worse than a state prison frowning gloomily beyond.

Morata was not suspected of having heretical tendencies, else assuredly no such place as companion to the Princess Anna would have been given to his child: for Hercules was strict as to orthodoxy, however lax in other matters and had a wholesome horror of the length of the Holy Father's arm. What his duchess, plain, pale Renée, knew, is quite another matter. However, Olympia was tolerably indifferent to all the theological subjects under discussion, and cared only to improve herself in her classical studies, to give lectures in Greek and Latin on the varous difficulties and characteristics of her authors, and to imbue and penetrate her mind so entirely with scholastic subtleties and classic erudition, as to become literally more Greek than Italian, more pagan than Christian. We may fancy the bright time

which this ardent, beautiful young creature had of it then. The idol of the court, the most popular lecturer of the city, the Tenth Muse of all the poets and scholars of her acquaintance, petted by Duchess Renée, and the familiar friend of young Anna—herself a famous scholar—life wore its rosiest colours to Olympia Morata, and failure, sadness, and sorrow were things unknown. This brilliant career lasted some eight years or so, until Olympia was twenty-two; when the sudden illness of her father, old Peregrino Morato, summoned her from her sunshiny existence at court, and hurried her to a sick room and poverty instead. But while Olympia was tending that poverty-haunted sick bed, her friend, companion, and pupil, the royal lady Anna d'Este, was being married to Francis of Lorraine; and when, old Peregrino being dead, and her sad home-duties at an end, the Tenth Muse would have retaken her former position at court, she was met by a blank refusal, and even the detention of her gala wardrobe left behind her. The blow nearly beat her down. She had not only to lament the death of the tender father whose pride and darling she had been, but the loss of all her worldly property, with the sudden burden of a helpless family flung upon her for their sole support. A sick mother, three young sisters, and an infant brother—she must toil for these now, instead of holding forth in purest Attic on the graces of Hellenic poetry, or the charms of the Hellenic gods: she must exchange her vivats of rapturous applause for the daily drudgery of domestic life, and the ignoble fight with the wolf that will prowl near the door.

While Olympia had been the tenth muse in courtly robes, a young German student, one Andreas Grünthler, had dared to love, but not to woo. Now, when she had fallen into poverty and disrepute, the love that had not sought to offer worldly declension, was bold to proffer protection. Andreas Grünthler opened his heart, and Olympia did not disdain the revelation. In fifteen hundred and fifty she married her Teutonic lover; and wrote an ode of eight Greek verses on the occasion. After an absence of some months, Grünthler returned to Ferrara to take his wife back with him to Germany and freedom of thought: and when some friendly visits were paid, Olympia was settled in a happy, humble home of her own at Schweinfurth. Here she discussed theology, wrote Latin letters to her friends, and refused to learn German; here she had various household troubles with her clumsy German maidens; and here she tasted, for the first time in her life, true and living happiness. From a Muse she had become a woman, and had gained incalculably by the change. But Schweinfurth was besieged in some quarrel, and soon pestilence broke out in the city. Grünthler was struck down, and nothing but such love and watchful care as Olympia's could have saved him. And then

the town was carried by assault, and the poor inhabitants had to shelter themselves as they best could. Andreas and his wife escaped across the country, she suffering from tertian fever, and almost naked; and when they reached Erbach, where the good Countess of Erbach received them like her own kindred, she sank into an illness which every one expected would be her last. She rallied, however, and for a time seemed even recovered; but her constitution had received a shock which was never overcome. They moved from Erbach to Heidelberg, where fortune began to smile on them again, in all but brave and beautiful Olympia's health. Gently, slowly, and surely the loving wife and heroic friend sank to the rest that knows no breaking, saying, "I can scarcely see you, my loved ones, but all round me there seem to be beautiful flowers," as she quietly closed her eyes, and, seeming to fall asleep, died. She was only in her twenty-ninth year, but she was held in honour by every learned man in Europe; and few biographers give us such a lovely picture of unselfish devotion, and of womanly tenderness and love as that of Olympia Morata. Her husband survived her only a very short time; and her young brother Emilio, whom she had taken with her to Germany to educate, also died soon after of the plague. Their lives seem to have been bound up in hers, and when she went—why should they stay?

Seven years after high-souled Olympia died, and two years before the birth of Shakespeare, namely, in fifteen hundred and sixty-two, was born Isabella Andreini—the Siddons, the Mars, the Rachel of her time, and its most noted dramatic author as well. Padua, her native city, enrolled her as one of the Intenti Academicians, where her name was *L'Accessa*, or the Inflamed One; while the company to which she and her husband Francesco belonged—for Francesco was a comedian as well—was called *I Gelosi*, or the Jealous Ones: not a very amiable title, by the way! Every one was eager to exalt Isabella. Torquato Tasso wrote a sonnet on her; Charles Emmanuel, of Savoy, spoke of her as the *Decoro delle Muse* and the *Ornamento dei Teatri*; Ventura, of Bergamo, among many other fine things, called her the absolute queen of Italy, and the padrona of its princes; and, most singular of all, her husband held her as high as the rest, and was neither jealous of her fame as a comedian, nor of the admiration she excited as a woman. When she died he was desolate, and utterly inconsolable; and she died when only forty-two years old, having carried safely through a brilliant life, thickly strewn with temptations, a name unsullied by slander, and a character unstained by even levity: which is much to say of a beautiful Italian actress in the days of the Medici and the Borgias!

It is a pity as much cannot be said for

Bianca Cappello, the daughter of a Venetian noble, whom Pietro Bonaventura, of Florence, a banker's clerk, first led astray and induced to fly with him to Florence—he under the belief that the fair Bianca had an inalienable fortune, she that he was one of the Salviati, a noble, and no plebeian as he afterwards proved to be. When Bianca was in hiding in Florence, under the ban of the Republic, and disowned by her angry father and his outraged peers, Francesco di Medici, Duke Cosimo's eldest son, and the heir-apparent to the throne of Tuscany, found means to see her; and very speedily consoled her for the mistake of her marriage, in the way most likely to banish all regard for that marriage from her heart and conscience. She was not long in deliberating on the offer made her; for it did not take even hours before she accepted the gloomy, fitful, violent, and half-mad savage for her lover; both soon after binding themselves by a vow made before a "sacred image," that they would, when and if ever they could, consolidate their present slippery and unsafe union by marriage. But for the present that was impossible; for Francesco was married to Joan of Austria; and we have seen Bianca's incumbrance in the shape of the young banker's clerk. However, she, on her side, soon became free. Pietro, having affixed himself as the notorious admirer of a certain notorious noble widow, Cassandra Ricci, was stabbed in the streets of Florence; while masked men entered the chamber of the too free and frail Cassandra, and strangled her in her bed. Thus the honour of the great Ricci family was satisfied, and Bianca a little more unfettered. Indeed, everyone knew that both Francesco and Bianca had had their hands in the matter, and that Pietro had not died only to avenge the honour of the Ricci, but also to deliver the prince and his mistress from the burden of his existence. Francesco, chiefly out of hatred to his brothers, who he knew would be his heirs, ardently desired a son. His wife, poor, proud, unlovely Joan of Austria, had only daughters, and his beautiful Bianca was childless.

This was an unfathomable grief to both prince and mistress; and Bianca went to all the cunning men, alchemists, magicians, and astrologers, in Europe, to try to remove this curse from her. To no good. Nature obstinately denied her the blessing of another child, and her despair knew no bounds. At last she bethought herself of long months of fraud, a false sick-bed, and a supposititious child. And she carried out her thought. Three women were bribed to promise to give up their coming children, should they prove to be sons; and from one of them was bought a certain boy, henceforth known as Don Antonio. Bianca did not accomplish her fraud without considerable trouble, and not a little danger: but at last Francesco was got out of the way; a small

bundle was hurried up the back-stairs; and when the doting doited prince returned, a new-born boy was shown him, and his whole being was filled with joy and gladness at the sight. He adopted the child as his own, lavished honours and dignities upon him, and publicly proclaimed him as his future heir, should not Joan present him with one more legitimately produced. Meanwhile Bianca became afraid of her accomplices. Two of the women with whom she had bargained were murdered; the third escaped by a warning. The go-between, a Bolognese woman, was sent back with honour and an escort to Bologna; but at a lonely turn of that Apennine road, when riding single file through a thick chestnut wood, she was fired at, but not killed. She lived long enough to reach Bologna, and make a judicial confession of the whole fraud; which was then immediately sent off to Cardinal Ferdinand, Francesco's brother, his heir—failing any male issue—and Bianca's steady and undying foe. The details of the plot were then transmitted to the Grand Duke, who refused to believe them: when Bianca, playing a bold game for a high stake, confessed all, but showed how all had been done for love of him, and out of regard for his honour, which his brothers and heirs disdained. The Duke pardoned her; even thanked her for her love so proved; accepted the alternative she offered him; and henceforth became her accomplice, maintaining the story of Antonio's birth, which now he knew to be a lie and a fraud, but preferring to make a base-born beggar's child his heir, to leaving his crown and throne to either of his brothers. At last a true son was born; Joan of Austria its mother; and for a moment Bianca's hateful mission seemed at an end. But Joan's triumph did not last long, and Bianca went back again to her post, as loved and as necessary as ever. Joan died soon after this: what else could she do?—and then Francesco married Bianca secretly, and, when openly confessed, the Republic crowned her as a loved and honoured daughter of Saint Mark, and forgot that it had ever cursed and banished her.

Still the brothers were no better friends to Bianca. Ferdinand especially was against her. Her disreputable life shocked the respectable churchman not a little, and her schemes for personal aggrandisement offended the family pride past redemption. Various feints and false alarms of maternity were given; and all Italy was kept upon the quiver to see if the Grand Duchess of Tuscany would, or would not, give an heir to the throne. At last, wearied with this kind of life, Ferdinand made friends with his brother and sister-in-law, and accepted an invitation to spend a few days with them at Poggio-a-Cajano. He came; was well received; hunted with the Grand Duke, chatted with the Duchess; when suddenly, on the nineteenth of October, in the evening, after two

or three days had passed thus, the Grand Duke died; and the next morning Bianca lay dead too. The Cardinal was proclaimed heir; and his brother with all possible princely honours, but that "wretch Bianca" he ordered to be sewn up in a sheet and flung into the common burial-place of the outcast poor.

Olympia Pamfili was not much more respectable than Bianca Cappello. Her time of flourishing was between fifteen hundred and ninety-four and sixteen hundred and fifty-six, and her mode of influence was by means of the old dotard Pope Innocent the Tenth, her brother-in-law. Him she governed with no light hand; living at the Vatican, selling places and powers at usurious rates; and comporting herself with so much cynical indifference to public opinion, as to make herself the butt of lampooning Rome, and the wonder and abhorrence of all Christian Europe. She was remarkable only for this unheard-of power and public position, and for the enormous amount of money amassed by her simoniacal practices. She used to carry to her own palace from the Vatican, by night, whole sacks of gold and precious jewels, leaving the Pope safely locked up in his own chamber during her absence. When he died, Olympia was sent for by the new Pope to Orvieto, to render an account, and probably to disgorge; but the pestilence struck her as soon as she got there, and so saved her from a more shameful and more painful death.

Beneath the same stone, in the church of the Dominicans at Bologna, lie Guido Reni, and Elizabetha Sirani; "he full of years and honours, at the ripe age of sixty-seven; she cut off untimely in the morning of her working-day, at twenty-six." Of Elizabetha's life, there is nothing singularly dramatic preserved: she was simply a thorough artist, living in and for her art alone, brave, cheerful and determined, as a working woman should be; painting more rapidly than anyone else could do, so that to see her work was one of the sights of Bologna, and with a more thorough and correct improvisation of pencil than falls to the lot of most to gain. Her death, however, was tragic enough in its suddenness, and the suspicion which it caused to fall on an innocent girl—one Lucia, the family servant, who had lately left her place, owing to the sharp tongue of the old mother Sirani. Modern science knows how that Elizabetha died of ulcer in the stomach, but Middle-Age ignorance and suspicion added that this ulcer was caused by poison. Whereupon Lucia Tolomelli, the dismissed servant, ran all the chance in the world of being tortured and put to death, on the charge of having poisoned her; all on the evidence of an old woman, whose basin of soup she had peppered somewhat too highly! Luckily, nothing came of the charge; and poor Elizabetha was followed to her grave by all Bologna, and her

pure and gentle memory was not polluted by any bloody sacrifice made to her manes.

The last of Mr. Trollope's *Decade* is La Corilla, a pastoral poetess, who was crowned with laurel at the Capitol in Rome, in the year seventeen hundred seventy-six. La Corilla was the actual Corinna of history; the flesh and blood reality of De Stael's delightful fiction: the last of the laurel-crowned in the old Capitol, which had seen so many kings and queens of the same dynasty in its time. And this crowning was the one noteworthy event of La Corilla's life: before and after comes nothing to record. She wrote poetry, lived respectably, was crowned, and died: and history adds no fifth stanza to the little life-ode so summed up.

Corilla worthily concludes a worthy and most charming book: one which will carry the Trollope fame both further and higher than it has yet reached: a book for which we may be all grateful, as for a literary treasury of noble thoughts.

BARON WALD.

WHAT led to the old gentleman's misfortune, said the old lady, who told me the story of Sir Henry Hayes,* that is to say, what crime he had committed, I am not quite sure; but I think my husband said the Baron's offence was following to England a countryman of his own, and shooting him in the Streets of London, in order to avenge the wrong which the victim had inflicted on a member of his ancient family. As the offence was committed on British soil, he became amenable to British laws, which punish murder with death, except in those cases where the sovereign exercises his prerogative—as George the Third did in the case of the Baron, who, immediately on his arrival, was provided with separate apartments in the prisoners' barracks, and informed that he might employ his time as he pleased. There could be no question that the Baron was a person of some importance in Germany; for I happen to know that special instructions were forwarded from home to the Colonial Government, and periodical reports required as to his state of health and the nature of his occupations. It was, in short, evident that, although the old Baron had grossly violated our laws, and had paid, or was paying, the modified penalty thereof, he was still regarded by some of the loftiest in the mother country, as an object of sympathy and commiseration.

My husband had a grant of land about seventeen or eighteen miles from Sydney. Through this land the river—called George's River—runs. There are several very pretty sites for houses; but there is one in particular, where the river bends itself very fantastically, and tall Australian oak-trees grow upon the very edge of the banks. The

river is not very broad, not broader, perhaps, than the Thames at Eton.

It was not my husband's intention to build on this property. He merely wanted it as a place where he might keep a few brood mares; and a few cows—just sufficient to supply us every week with butter. The land was fenced in, and a hut erected thereon; but nothing further was laid out upon this grant of three hundred and twenty acres, to which no name even had yet been given. It was usually alluded to as the George's River farm. You must know that in those days, officers connected with the administration of affairs had farms in all directions. Many were grants, many were purchases. Land was of very little value then. This very place of which I am speaking, was not worth more than sixty pounds. No one would have given fifty pounds for it. Why, four acres and a half in George Street, nearly opposite to the barrack gates, my husband sold to a man who had been a regimental tailor, for the following articles:

“Twelve dozens of port wine.
Six gallons of Hollands.
Two pieces of brandeloth.
Twenty-five pounds of American tobacco.
One cask of oil.
Two bags of sugar.
One set of harness for gig.
One saddle and bridle.
One single-barrelled fowling-piece.
Two canisters of powder, and
Four bags of shot.

And a noble bargain it was considered by every one: though I have lived to see that same allotment sold in little pieces, and realise upwards of fifty thousand pounds. Where the Post-Office now stands was the boundary of our paddock. But never mind these stupid statistics, which have really nothing to do with the old Baron.

One day the Major was driving out in his gig to visit this George's River farm, and give some instructions to the servant in charge of it, when he overtook the Baron, about four miles from Sydney walking along the Parramatta Road. The Major pulled-up, and inquired the destination of the old gentleman.

“I am going,” said he, “to George's River to see Colonel Johnstone, from whom I wish to ask a favour. I called at Annandale, and they told me that the Colonel had ridden to the farm, and I am now in pursuit of him.”

The Baron had made himself a perfect master of the English language, though he spoke with a foreign accent.

“Jump in, Baron,” said the Major; “I, too, am going to George's River.”

They had not driven far before they overtook the Colonel. He was talking to an elderly man in the Road—a man whom my husband recognised as one who had been a sergeant in the regiment when Colonel Johnstone marched it to Government House,

deposed Governor Bligh, and placed himself at the head of affairs.

“Did you know Colonel Johnstone?” I asked.

My husband, replied the old lady, was a captain in the regiment; but, fortunately for him, he was not at the head of his company when it proceeded to enforce that strong measure. Colonel Johnstone was the godfather of my eldest boy. I can remember his giving an account of what took place on that memorable occasion of his deposing Governor Bligh. ‘We could not find him for a long time,’ said he, ‘and at last discovered him under a bed. We had to pull him out by the legs, for he would not come out of his own accord, nor when I commanded him.’ The Colonel was sentenced by the court martial that was held upon him in England, to be shot. But his interest was too powerful to admit of the sentence being carried out, and he was suffered to return to and end his days in the colony.

My husband, who knew the Colonel's temperament so well, saw that he was in anything but a good humour; and, whispering to the Baron to forego his request for the present, they bade the Colonel “Good day!” and drove on at a rapid pace.

“The favour that I wished to ask Colonel Johnstone is this,” said the Baron, “to permit me to occupy a small piece of land on this farm of his; and in return I will take care that his fences shall not be destroyed, and his cattle stray away. I do not like the locality of Sydney. I care not for ocean scenery. I wish to be in a lonely place, and live on the banks of a pretty river.”

“I have just such a place on this farm of mine which we are approaching,” said the Major; “and if you approve of it, we shall have no difficulty in agreeing about the terms, Baron.”

A few minutes afterwards the Major and the Baron were standing on the site I have already described to you. The latter was in ecstasies; and, clasping his hands, exclaimed, “Wie herrlich! wie friedlich!” (How charming! how peaceful!)

The terms were very soon settled. The Baron was to rent that piece of land in the centre of the grant, containing in all about ten acres, and henceforward to be known as Waldsthal, on a lease for twenty-one years, at one dollar per year, paid quarterly. Spanish dollars and cents were the currency in those days.

There was an abundance of timber of all kinds, and available for building purposes, on the land; and the Major could at all times, command as much convict labour as he pleased, including artisans of every class. He drafted from the barracks, sawyers, carpenters, blacksmiths, plasterers, labourers, and subsequently painters and glaziers. These men were sent to the farm, and placed at the disposal of the Baron. They were previously

informed that any disobedience or disrespect towards the Baron, would be visited by summary corporal punishment at Liverpool (then a little out-settlement three miles from the farm), and a transfer to an iron-gang. Inasmuch as the Major, though far from being a cruel man or a hard master, invariably kept his word with the felony of the colony, there was not the least occasion for him to repeat the admonition; and at the end of three months there was erected on Waldsthal one of the prettiest little weather-boarded cottages that the imagination can conceive. The Baron was his own architect, and had combined comfort with good taste. There was his little dining-room, about thirteen feet by twelve; his little drawing-room, of the same dimensions; his little library; his store-room; and his cellar, and larder; and his hall. The bedroom and dressing-room were the only large rooms in the cottage. The flower and kitchen gardens were also very prettily laid out, and proportioned exactly in size to that of the cottage. On the whole, it was a perfect gem of a cottage residence; and it was furnished with a neatness and a simplicity which were really touching.

Now and then—say half a dozen times in the year—the Major and myself used to visit the Baron, and spend the day with him. Upon all occasions, while walking round the grounds with him, the old gentleman was to me very communicative. Amongst other things, he told me that he had never been married; but that he had a sister who was the mother of three sons and two daughters; that he had served in the army of his native country, and that the military decorations which were suspended over his fire-place in the drawing-room were the rewards for his services in various fields of battle. These little matters, together with his sword, he said, had been forwarded to him through the kindness and consideration of a distinguished military man of rank in the service of the King of England.

Generally, we gave the Baron notice of our intention to visit him; but on several occasions, when we had suddenly made up our minds for the excursion, we omitted this little formality, and took our chance of finding him ready to receive us. It would not have been strange had a gentleman living, like the Baron, in almost utter seclusion in the Bush, been negligent of his personal appearance. But it was not so. Go when we would—with notice or without notice—we found him invariably as cleanly in person, and as neat in his attire, as though he had been a resident of any capital in Europe, and in the habit of daily mixing in its society. One Saturday afternoon, when we invaded him unexpectedly, we found him in the farm-yard, superintending the feeding of his poultry; but dressed, as usual, à la Frederick the Great, in Hessian boots, a brown velvet coat, elaborate frills and ruffles, a pigtail

and a three-cornered hat. His establishment consisted of two men servants (convicts assigned to the Major) and an old woman who had been transported, but emancipated shortly after her arrival in the colony, for giving timely notice of an intended rise and general revolt amongst the convicts in Sydney and its vicinity. This old woman did the washing and the cooking, and kept the cottage in that very good order on which the Baron, doubtless, insisted. He was not a witty man by any means; but he had an unexhaustible stock of entertaining anecdotes, which he told remarkably well, and at the proper moment. He was, moreover, an excellent musician, and played upon the violin with the skill of a professor. Moreover, he took likenesses with a facility and faithfulness which were truly astonishing.

A few years after he had first taken up his abode in the cottage, the Baron was presented with a free pardon which bore the autograph of his Majesty George the Third; and he was informed that if he desired to return to Germany, the Colonial Government were instructed to provide him a passage in any vessel in which he might think proper to select a cabin. It was painful to witness, as I did, the emotion of the old Baron, when the Major communicated to him this piece of information. The king's pardon he was compelled to accept, and he did so in the most graceful manner; but he expressed a wish to remain at his 'little paradise' on the George's River farm, so long as he lived, and on his death that he might be buried there.

In all, the Baron lived at Waldsthal for eleven years; and, during that period, had several visits from those pests called Bush-rangers. On the first occasion they handcuffed the Baron and the old woman together, and locked them up in the stables, whence they were unable to effect an escape. The men servants they tied separately to trees, and bound them so tightly they could not extricate themselves. For upwards of forty hours they did not taste food or drink. When discovered by the merest accident, they were all nearly famished. The culprits were captured several months afterwards and were hanged in the jail at Sydney for a series of robberies on the highway. (The old Baron, by the bye, declined to give evidence against them.) The Major asked for the dead bodies, and they were given up to him. He caused them to be suspended in chains, from the bough of a large tree on the Liverpool Road, and nearly opposite, though half a mile distant from the old Baron's cottage. This, however, did not operate as an example or terror to the desperate criminals with whom we had to deal, for the next party, four in number, who went to rob the Baron, cut down the dead bodies; and, locking the Baron and his household up in the same room with them, rifled the premises and took their departure. These men were also cap-

tured and hanged. At the Baron's request the Major did not ask for their bodies. He (the Baron) said they were very disagreeable people to come in contact with, when living; but if possible, worse, when they had been dead some time.

The Major's turn came for doing duty at Norfolk Island as commandant, and we went to that terrestrial paradise, where the clinking of chains and the fall of the lash rang in the ear from daylight till dark—these sounds accompanied occasionally by the report of a discharged musket and the shriek of some wretch who had fallen mortally wounded. These shots became so frequent that, at last, they ceased to disturb us, even at our meals. Our house was behind a rampart, surmounted by a battery of guns, loaded to the muzzles with bullets, bits of iron, tenpenny-nails, and tenter-hooks. By day and night sentries guarded the doors with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. "Kill the Commandant!" was always the first article of the agreement these desperate monsters came to when they entertained an idea of escape. In the morning when they were brought out, heavily ironed, to go to work, the guard that had been on duty all night was drawn up opposite to them. The relieving guard then came from the barracks; and, in the presence of the Commandant, obeyed the order *Prime and load*. Then came the ringing of the iron ramrod in the barrel. Then the order *Fix bayonets*; followed by the flashing of the bright steel in the sun's rays. Many a time have I, from my window, seen these incorrigibles smile and grin during this ceremony, albeit they knew that, upon very slight provocation, they would receive the bullet or taste the steel.

During the twelve months that we were on the island one hundred and nine were shot by the sentries in self-defence, and sixty-three bayoneted to death, while the average number of lashes administered every day was six hundred. Yet, to my certain knowledge, almost every officer who acted as commandant at Norfolk Island tried to be as lenient as possible, but soon discovered that, instead of making matters better, they made them worse, and they were in consequence, compelled to resort, for security's sake, to the ready use of the bullet and bayonet, and the constant use of the lash. That part of the punishment which galled these wretched prisoners most was the perpetual silence that was insisted upon. They were not allowed to speak a word to each other. One day when the Major was inspecting them, they addressed him through a spokesman, who had been originally a surgeon, and who had been transported for a most diabolical offence. He was a very plausible man and made a most ingenious speech, which he finished thus:

"Double, if you will, the weight of our irons and our arm-chains, increase the weight

of the logs attached to our legs, reduce the scanty amount of the food we now receive by way of ration; but, in the name of humanity, permit us the use of our tongues and our ears, that we may have, at least, the consolation of confessing to each other the justice of the punishment we have to undergo!"

The Major turned a deaf ear to this harangue, and, when he related it to me, laughed at it. I, however, very foolishly took a very different view of the case, and teased him into trying the effect of such indulgence. What was the result? The use they made of their tongues was to concoct a plan for butchering the garrison and every free man, and seizing the next vessel that brought a fresh cargo of convicts to the island. The moment the expected vessel was signalled was to be the moment for the general rise and the desperate attack. There would have been a frightful encounter and awful bloodshed, and it is impossible to say which side would have gained the mastery. It was a Jew who betrayed his fellow criminals, and gave my husband the information just in time; for on the morning following the expected vessel hove in sight. The convicts, however, were all safely locked up, and had their bread and water handed in to them through the strong iron bars of the small windows of their cells. My husband called a council of war, and it was resolved that several of the ringleaders should be shot. For doing this, by the way, he received a severe reprimand from the Governor of New South Wales, who informed him that it was his duty to send them to Sydney to be tried and hanged. This, next to effecting an escape, would have been precisely what the culprits most desired. The Jew who gave the information was sent to Sydney (his life would have been taken on the island), a ticket-of-leave was granted to him, and he became a street hawker. Subsequently, he was emancipated, and became an innkeeper and money-lender. Eventually he obtained a free pardon, visited England, bought a ship and cargo, and became a merchant. He is now in possession of landed and other property of enormous worth. The first time I saw that man he was a manacled felon, working on Norfolk Island amongst his compeers in infamy. The last time I saw him he was lolling in a handsome carriage, dressed in what he conceived the *à-mê* of fashion, and was drawn by two thoroughbred horses. So that so far as he was concerned, the words which my husband's predecessor caused to be cut upon a piece of stone, and placed over the gate of the prison-yard, were not applicable—*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' intrate*.

In talking of Norfolk Island I have lost sight of the dear old Baron. While we were away, we received a letter from him in which he stated he had been visited for a third time by Bushrangers, but that they had not robbed

him, they had only been guilty of a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. They had merely made him and the old woman exchange garments, and dance for them while they drank some spirits and water and smoked their short clay pipes. It was very humiliating to him, he remarked, but to them it was, no doubt, very funny.

Eventually the old Baron became very ill. Several military surgeons went to see him; but they all declared to my husband that his case was a hopeless one. And so is proved to be; for he lingered on till he died. Amongst his papers was found a will—a very short one—by which he bequeathed to my husband (whom he appointed his sole executor) all that he might die possessed of in the colony of New South Wales. His effects, as may be supposed, were not very valuable intrinsically; but we prized them very highly in remembrance of the old gentleman. He was buried at Waldsthal, and his tombstone is still there. The cottage was accidentally burnt down, and the place has since become a ruin.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

All the year round: its changes but remind us,
Life hath its "must" and "may be" as of yore;
For the same hues that tinge the clouds behind us
Colour the shapings of the mists before.
The future year: it seems a golden glory
Between young faces and the morning light,
A tremulous dull haze before the hoary,
Through whose faint redness shine the stars of night.
All the year round go bridals forth, and hearses,
Love-troth and battle-cry, the curse, the prayer,
The slave's low moaning, and the poet's verses,
Together reach the undulating air;
Round the full household, here, one joyful mother
Wreathes her rich love, a bower of living bloom,
That Death hath never enter'd; there, another
Must plant hers, drooping o'er one little tomb.
All the year round: in dungeons deep and lonely,
Time's falling life-drops load the brain like lead,
That clear as wine to happy hearts seem only
One swift libation unto Laughter shed.
Millions of pleasant homes the land adorn,
While homeless Hunger, wearying for one,
Dies on the road and plants o' fields of care
Bright'ning like golden memories of the sun.
All the year round are little children roaming
Where the myrtles bloom, or the hawthorn blooms,
And more but know the summer by its coming
An awful visitant to loathsome rooms.
Yes, while the land hath fair and favour'd daughters,
Dwelling as in a beautiful calm dream,
Thousands, like roseleaves cast on surging waters,
Are lost amid the city's fierce life-stream.
All the year round is there no bold endeavour
To crush those ancient ills and errors sore?
While this new-breaking wave of God's forever
Sighs solemnly along the tide-worn shore.
There is, there is a noble grand aggression,
A stir among the nations that shall last
Till each time-honour'd wrong and old oppression
Be talked of with the ruins of the past.

All the year round: fresh knowledge lights the journey,
There is some forward step by Freedom made,
And knightly hearts as ever beat at tourney
Go forth to seek adventures undisarm'd,
Fight Prejudice and Pride, and leave them wounded,
Slay giant ills, set gentle mercies free;
Let the retreat of old Romance be sounded,—
Ours is a higher, holier chivalry.

All the year round a new crusade is preaching,
The Cross to rescue from hard hands that sought
To hide its light serene with sterner preaching,
Than pity to the friendless and untaught;
And gracious men seek out the city heathen,
The lost young children in each sinful haunt,
Touch like their Master, hearts that vice hath wreath'd
With life-long bonds, nor bid the worst avail.

All the year round the poets with more power
Catch up the lovely strain,—Goodwill to men!
And War, the gorgeous demon, learns to cower
Before the mighty wizards of the pen.
And the peer finds within his toiling neighbour
A soul no longer stinted with coarse food,
And, proud to join the brotherhood of labour,
Works in his order for the common good.

All the year round a clearer faith is shining,
And the long yearnings after rest increase;
Yet shall the world, her weary head reclining,
Dream a new poem on the lap of Peace;
For Truth is opening wide her bright Evangel,
And the felt darkness over nations spread
Is but the shadow of that hovering angel
Soon to descend with sunshine on its head.

All the year round the watchful Heaven is o'er us.
And Hope's melodious whisper floateth by
That the old poets' spring-day is before us,
A sacred bridal of the earth and sky.
When Heaven's pure spirit shall about us gather,
Its infinite calm and lovingness draw near,
Till thankful Earth shall feel its present Father,
His temple's outer court all round the year.

ANOTHER LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

THE merit of Gulliver would have been essentially what it is now, if Lucian had never written his *True History*; and Lucian would have mocked at folly and jested at pretension, if Aristophanes had never ridiculed presumption or laughed at absurdity. Difference in form there might have been; but given the genius and the circumstances, the man and the hour, and the same mental explosion would have occurred under the igniting spark of favourable occasion. In a secondary degree, however, the influence of predecessors can no more be overlooked in art than in science. There is, indeed, an inevitableness of discovery in the scientific world which finds no exact correspondent in that of fiction. If a Newton, as the legend goes, had not seen that accommodating apple fall, somebody else would have had his eye on it. If this horticultural astronomer had failed to reveal the most universal of material facts, the demand for revelation would have been no less

urgent; while the search would have become more ardent as the inquiries became more numerous and the instruments of inquiry more effective, till at length that golden fruit of the tree of knowledge would have dropped dead ripe into the expanded palm of watchful and educated observation. It is somewhat different in art. The spiritual world is infinitely mutable and various. Human society, it is true, often reproduces itself, in its essential phases, but rarely, perhaps never, in its superficial forms. Had Shakespeare never conceived his Hamlet, it is improbable that the requisite coincidence of rare genius and prepared circumstances would ever again have been repeated in the history of the human race. Yet, though the pedigree of fiction cannot be made out as accurately as that of science, it has its hereditary principle and rule of succession. In the case of the great masters of the laughing philosophy we have not only to take into account the influence of contact with the minds of their intellectual ancestors, through their literary works, but the re-action of that spirit of wit and humour, the emanation of an older comic literature, which floats on the common atmosphere of cotemporary thought and language—jesting with sunny mockery in Voltaire, laughing with great-hearted frolicsomeness in Aristophanes, and smiling with sweet-natured irony in Lucian.

The mantle of Aristophanes fell on one not unworthy to wear the poetic purple. Five hundred years after his fanciful creations ministered delight or rebuke to his lively countrymen, Lucian of Samosata succeeded to the throne of the merry monarch. From Aristophanes he borrowed the soul of wit; from Plato the form with which he clothed it. His dramatic dialogue and ingenious narrative entitle him to a foremost rank among those who have sought to reform the world by the laughable representation of its silliness, superstition and mischief-making. While he really succeeded in producing something fresh and new, he was not too proud to imitate the models of Greek antiquity. Though one of that small and exclusive class that take the trouble to think for themselves, he never set up for an original. He had no idea of being that admirable radical in literature, who, like his political counterpart in a mysterious modern philosopher, was to leap clean off the terra firma of hereditary thought right into Chaos, and in that promising and independent region commence business on his own account, with no possibility of incurring the servile obligation of borrowed capital. Lucian was far too sensible a man for that. He begged, borrowed, and stole whenever he had a chance, doing so with a frank nobleness that made the entreaty a compliment, the loan a pleasure, the larceny a heroism. His stealing carried a grace with it; for when he stole it he acknowledged it with a justifying courtesy;

"I am like a bee," he says, "in the bowers of the poets and philosophers. From their flowers I suck the most fragrant juices; and from their open gardens bear away a lapfull of buds and blossoms." All the better for us is it that Lucian thought every man's good things his own, and claimed his property wherever he found it. The bloom and beauty of the elder poesy revives in his poetic prose; and as you wander with him in many a fair landscape, you half see "the meadow grass grown over with aphodel, where they drink the water of oblivion; half inhale the odours of the rose and narcissus, the laurel and vine-blossom; or overhear the grove resound with melodious airs, as the trees are breathed on by the evening gales."

In our judgment Lucian had a distinct calling as a light-hearted though earnest moralist. To understand his purpose and position, we must take a glance at the age in which he lived. That age was the epoch of Hadrian and the Antonines. The last of the Antonines was that good emperor who, as Mr. Mill tells us in his recent essay on Liberty, embodied in his moral writings the Christian ideal, yet failed to see that Christianity was a good to the world. "Existing society was in a deplorable state. Belief and reverence of the received divinities still held it together, but the new religion openly aimed at dissolving these ties." Wise and virtuous as he was, Marcus Aurelius persecuted the Christians. On the other hand, Lucian, the witty and light-hearted, laughed at the gods of Olympus, and put paganism out of countenance. As the second century advanced, imposition and hypocrisy lengthened these black shadows in the setting sun of the old faith. True wisdom was rare: but would-be philosophers, with "knapsacks, long beards, long staves, voracity, impudence, syllogism, and avarice, everywhere declaimed on friendship, virtue, and moral beauty—winged words with which they played as with tennis-balls." It was the interregnum of genius. The Talents usurped the throne of the intellectual world; and finding plenty to get and nothing to do, were contented to play the part assigned to a modern king, and enjoyed the sincere function of reigning rather than fulfil the responsible but plebeian office of governing. Innocent mediocrity and gentleness were throned on the seven hills, the antichrists of wit. There seemed to be no touchstone of reality then, and tales of mystery and wonder were accepted as fast as they were made. There was an epidemic propensity to believe whatever was incredible; and no prodigy was too large for the swallow, or too tough for the digestion, of credulity. Oracles were then the order of the day; and ghosts then, as now, represented the night-side of nature. Witchcraft and necromancy were included among the exact sciences. Aristocratic oppression and popular suffering favoured the progress of superstition. The

empty mouths of the lower classes, and the empty heads of the higher, seemed to have entered into a conspiracy against the least common of all common things—common sense. Metaphysical sophists and charlatan priests carefully excluded the stray sunbeams of disenchanting truth from the temple of error. We need not boast of our intimacy with the world of spirits. If Venus and Bacchus, as we have been told, appear to the favoured neophytes of frapulant spiritualism now (and Bacchus, at any rate, may have more to do with this sort of second sight or seeing double than is thought for), the initiated of that day were equally favoured with visits from the deities of love and wine. It would be difficult to say whether we should give the preference to the old or new spirits. Your modern spirit lies uncommonly well, but your ancient spirit runs him very hard. In that age folly, juvenile and senile, ignorance, learned and unlearned, believed that it could call spirits from the vasty deep or from the starry sphere, and that they really did come when called. Superhuman agents were always ready, they thought, to do any fool's bidding. An old woman of Thessaly could suspend the course of nature. At the request of capricious dotage, the moon would descend or return to heaven without the slightest respect for the law of gravitation, and perfectly oblivious of the fact, that she "rules all the sea as well as half the land," would leave the tides to shift for themselves. Statues leapt from their pedestals with a light and airy step, and explored the premises in the witching hour of night. Demons issued, black and smoke-dried, from the bodies of the possessed, compelled to retire before the incantations of some oriental exorcist. Magical rings, made from the iron of a gibbet, were regarded with peculiar favour by the sympathising world of choice spirits. Even the gods shook in their divine sandals, and acknowledged the power that dwelt in the minatory charms of an Egyptian priest. The lingering faith in these tremulous divinities was accompanied with a thousand practical mischiefs. The fairest legends of the Hellenic past, glorified in Homer's epics, and moralised in Sophocles's tragedies, strengthened the tyranny of a fictitious and demoralising creed. Philosophy was as bad as poetry, or worse. Stoics, Epicureans, Academics, and Peripatetics carried on a thriving trade in logic and rhetoric; and the aspiration of Plato, the wisdom of Epicurus, or the moral grandeur of Zeno, became the capital of the salaried sophist, not the treasure of the disinterested teacher.

Such in Lucian's eyes was the intellectual and moral character of the second century. For the evils that afflicted society, a remedy was imperatively demanded, but it was not in Lucian's power to supply it. But if he could not create he could not destroy. If he had no religion to give mankind; if he was

even anti-scientific and hostile to physical investigation, he had an admirable common sense, a keen detective sagacity, a wit sharp as a Damascus blade and brilliant as a diamond, and he employed all the resources of his reason and fancy in the demolition of the gigantic fabric of imposture and falsehood. He brought the artillery of his mocking humour to play on the temples of the deities of classic Greece and Rome, in his imaginary conversations of the gods of heaven, earth and sea, and his conferences of the dead. He exposed the pretensions and dissimulation of the heathen priests and sophists in his dialogues entitled *The Runaway Slaves*; *Hermotimus and the Resuscitated Philosophers*. He ridiculed the morbid love of self-mortification and self-destruction in the *Death of Peregrinus*, and drew many a wild and witty portrait of the folly, vanity, and delusion of mankind.

In the *True History* the prototype of all the voyages imaginaires, including that of the renowned Gulliver, Lucian splendidly satirises the general tendency of the human mind to believe miraculous and impossible stories. It is a parody on travellers' tales. Lucian tries to make them ridiculous by telling tales twice as good as theirs. Shake your cap and bells, he says, you wonderful adventurers! I can jingle in harmony with you.

One Ctesias had told some creditable lies in his account of Persia, but Lucian undertook to lie him out of the field altogether. A certain Jambulus, too, was a pretty good hand at the long-bow, but if range of shot were the thing wanted, he was no match for Lucian. His *True History* may be considered as an illustrative *Essay on Lying made Easy*. Let us peep into its pages. His adventurers set sail from Cadiz. They enter the Hesperian ocean, and landing on a woody island, observe a pillar of brass with this inscription: Thus far came Bacchus and Hercules. Presently they arrive at a river which instead of water runs with wine. "Such an evident sign," remarks the narrator, "that Bacchus had once been there served not a little to confirm our faith in the inscription on the pillar."

Continuing his journey he passes near the clouds, describes the famous city of Cloud-Cuckootown and praises the wisdom and veracity of the poet Aristophanes, whose account of the city has been unjustly discredited. Filling their empty casks partly with common water and partly from the wine-stream, they weigh anchor in the morning with a moderate breeze. About noon they are overtaken by a whirlwind, twisted round and round, carried up miles into the air, drifting above the clouds with flowing sail. Here they encounter all kinds of strange and wondrous beings. Horse-vultures conduct them to the king, who turns out to be our old friend Endymion, translated in sleep

to a sort of earth in the air, resembling a large shiny circular island with a remarkably brilliant light. Of this island Endymion has been appointed king. It is he that appears to us as the moon; in fact, he is the real and only genuine man in the moon. The king of Moonites is in a sad way. The condition of the Moonland question is the grand political problem of the time. The population increases fast, but the meat diminishes as the mouths multiply. There is nothing for it but to emigrate. The morning-star happens to be lying waste and uninhabited, and King Endymion resolves to send a colony there. Phaeton, king of the sun, opposes the project, and as the emigrants are on their way to the star, he sends a troop of horse-emnets to meet them. The hero of the True History agrees to take part in the war. An army is raised. First, there are eighty thousand horse-vultures, then a troop of twenty thousand mounted on birds that have cabbages for feathers and lettuces for wings. Then there are bean-shooters, garlic-throwers, and wind-courers. Seventy thousand sparrow-acorns and five thousand horse-cranes are promised; but our adventurer does not see these for not a bad reason—they never came. The order of battle is as follows: The horse-vultures, led by the king, compose the right wing; the auxiliaries occupy the centre; the left wing consists of the cabbage-fowl. The foot soldiery amounts to sixty millions.

There is a species of spiders in the moon, the smallest bigger than a good-sized island. These spiders receive orders to fill up the whole tract of air between the moon and morning-star, with a web. In a few minutes the work is done, and serves as a floor for the foot-soldiers to form on. They are commanded by Nightbird, Fairweather's son, and two other generals.

In the enemy's left-wing stand the horse-emnets, led by Phaeton. The largest of them covers two acres; they fight with their horns.

In the right wing are the air-crows, the radish-darters, the dog-acorns, sent from Sirius. The slingers expected from the milky-way never came at all, and the blond centaurs arrive after the battle is over.

No sooner has the battle been joined than the Sunites turn their backs. The men of the Moon pursue them with great slaughter. On the other hand, the cabbage-fowl get the worst of it; but the infantry come to their assistance, and the enemy's forces are routed. But only see! The clouds are tinged with the blood spilt. Blood even trickles down from them to earth. And this is the true explanation of those crimson showers which Homer pretends that Jupiter rained for Sarpedon's death. As the Moonites are erecting trophies, one for the infantry, on the cobweb, the other in the clouds for those who had fought in the air, intelligence is brought that the blond centaurs are approaching. An army of cavalry, half men and half winged

horses, with the human half as big as the upper portion of the Colossus at Rhodes, and the equine half resembling a great ship of burthen, was an ugly customer. Led by Sagittarius from the Zodiac they rout the Moonites, pursue their king to the walls of his capital, kill the greater part of his birds, throw down the trophies, overrun the Field of the Cloth of Cobweb, and make our traveller and his companions prisoners of war, tying their hands behind them with a cord of the cobweb. After that, instead of besieging the capital, they carry up a double rampart of clouds between the sun and the moon. A total eclipse ensues, and the moment Endymion finds himself in the dark he cries for mercy. An embassy is deputed to the sun, and the entreater being humble and the proposals advantageous, that luminary does not make light of them, but concludes a treaty offensive and defensive with his benighted enemies. Endymion being under an eclipse consents to pay a yearly tribute of ten thousand casks of dew to the king of the sun. Both the contracting parties are to assist in establishing the colony in the morning-star. The treaty is engraved on a pillar of amber set up in the confines of the two kingdoms, being first solemnly signed by Fireman, Summerheat, and Flamington, on the part of the Sunites and Nightlove, Mooney and Chancelight on the part of the Moonites.

The wall is now pulled down, and the welcome day is restored to Endymion's silver island. On his return to that inconstant orb the king meets our hero and requests that he and his friends will be pleased to remain with them. They refuse, and after a sumptuous entertainment, which lasts a week, take their leave of Endymion and the Moonites.

"Once more upon the waters, yet once more," till a new adventure awaits them. They are sailing quietly along when they are swallowed up, ship and all, by a whale. To their surprise they find mountains, valleys, temples and gardens within. Gulls, halcyons, and other sea-birds flit about, as if they were quite used to it. Presently our travellers meet an old man who, with his son and servants, has lived twenty-seven years within this colossal prince of whales. Untractable creatures, of the most grotesque shape inhabit the cetaceous hills and valleys. Some of the ferocious beings are furnished with crab's-claws instead of hands, others instead of the orthodox human countenance, prefer the heresy of a crab's face, and even adopt the pleasing variety of eel's eyes. These very odd fishes our hero proposes to attack. The assault is successful. The crabbed originals are all put to the sword or driven into the sea. Our hero and his friends now make themselves at home, but after a two years' enjoyment of this new domestic bliss, they find the situation too retired and resolve to escape. To effect their purpose they set the

whale on fire, and when the animal is dead, haul up their vessel and launch it through the interstices of his teeth. Among other adventures they now visit the Island of the Blessed, and see the place where they assemble to eat lies (the appropriate food of Fool's Paradise), situated beyond the city, and called the Elysian Fields. Heroes and sages are seen in great abundance, but Plato, famous for his dreams of an ideal commonwealth, is not to be found with the other philosophers, but lives in a republic of his own contrivance, and under a constitution and laws of his own making.

Our voyager again embarks, and, favoured by fortune and the winds, ere long approaches the Island of Dreams, an island scarcely distinguishable, even at the shortest distance, and which possesses the amiable property of continually receding as you advance, so that it is almost itself a dream. At length with the last gleam of evening twilight, he runs into the Harbour of Sleep. He finds the city environed by a high wall displaying all the colours of the rainbow. He beholds also the dreams themselves. These visionary creatures are of various nature. Some are large, gay, and lovely; others little and ugly. Some look like fine gold; others seem of no value at all. Several of them have wings, and the most strange and fanciful shapes. Others are dressed and decorated as for a holiday procession, personating gods or kings. Many of them, says the narrator, reminded me of having seen the formerly at home. They came up to us, greeted us as old acquaintances, and after lulling us to sleep, entertained us in the most sumptuous manner, even promising to make us kings and great lords. Some of them conveyed us to our own country, showed us our relatives and friends and brought us back again in the same day. Thirty days glide away in luxurious dreams in this island, when suddenly the travellers are roused by a loud clap of thunder, spring up, provision their ship, and take to sea again. They make for the island of Calypso, our hero having undertaken to deliver a letter for the goddess from Ulysses. The forsaken fair one receives and feasts them magnificently, talks much of her old love, is curious about Penelope, asks how she looked, and whether she is really such a picture of virtue as Ulysses made out. Of course there are no Calypsos now, and female curiosity is as obsolete an article as female rivalry. Our adventurers leave the island of the enchantress, and visit that of the ox-headed people. Sailing further still, they observed a peculiar kind of water-locomotives. Men sit on large pieces of cork, drawn by a pair of harnessed dolphins, which they manage by bit and bridle, and so are charioteered

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea.

Next they land on an island inhabited only by women who "speak Greek and have

donkey's hoofs." Have we never had a vision of these forms of light and love in some blue oasis in the desert of the nineteenth century? If we have, let us remember that Zoë is yet young, and indulge the hope that when she is come to years of discretion, she will retain her linguistic felicity without exhibiting these somewhat objectionable extremities.

A storm now arises. The vessel, which has sailed through so many seas is dashed to pieces, and the pilots that have weathered the storm, swim to land, catching hold of whatever aid to self-navigation they can lay hands on. So ends the True History, not without a promise of being continued; a promise, however, that to use the words of an old friend in Don Quixote, Lucian "did not choose to remember."

Lucian's dialogues abound in wit, but it is difficult to convey Greek wit into English words. In one place he introduces the Scythian Anacharsis laughing covertly at Spartan severities and unnatural resignation to suffering. The satirist slyly remarks, on hearing of the whippings which were administered to the tingling boy-senators: "Your customs are very unlike ours. You are a much braver people than we. For we are so timid that we have not even the courage to let a man give us a slap in the face." In another place, Lucian ridicules the superstitious funeral ceremonies of the ancients, complaining that men put an obolus into the mouth of a friend, as soon as he expires, without having previously ascertained what species of currency is legal tender in the other world! They dress the body in beautiful clothes, he conjectures, for fear it should catch cold by the way, or be seen naked by Cerberus. Have we not heard of some modern country, where the inhabitants defer the payment of their debt of gratitude and honour to private friends or public benefactors while yet there is celestial beauty in the widow's mites, to discharge it with compound interest when the finest gold has lost its lustre. That amiable goddess Diana, is introduced to us by Lucian in another paper in a very unclassical state of mind, if repose be an essential characteristic of Greek divinity. King Æneus, it appears, has omitted to invite her to his grand sacrifice, and Diana—who may be a goddess, but who looks much more like a naughty child—is represented as fretting and fuming, and filling Olympus with her complaint, while the other deities are feasting and making merry below. Can such temper dwell in heavenly minds? Can unhappiness approach those higher circles where nectar takes the place of champagne, and ambrosia succeeds to tourte meringuée? Lucian tells us they can. He points to Jupiter reproving the insolence of philosophers, who, on the bare word of Homer, declare the upper ten thousand blessed, a certain *ag* that happiness is

nowhere to be found out of the Olympian Belgravia. "What are we the better," asks the father of gods and men, "for our nectar and ambrosia? See how hard we toil for mortals. Here's poor Helios for example, who has to get up early every morning, put his horses to, and gallop round the sky, wrapped all over in fire, and stuck full of rays. Then poor Selene can't close her eyes all night, but must take her everlasting nound, lighting tipsy, disorderly people to their homes. As to Apollo, it is a wonder he is not as deaf as a post, so many persons come to consult him about future events. Then there's Æsculapius, plagued to death with his patients; the Winds tired of wafting ships and winnowing corn! Sleep weary of hovering round all living creatures, and Dream obliged to watch the livelong night. But all that the other gods have to do is nothing compared to what I have to go through. For, First, I must take care that the rest of the deities who help me to govern the world do their work without bungling. Then I've a thou-and things to do for myself—one must mind one's own business sometimes—collecting rain, thunder, and lightning. Then I must be here, there, and everywhere; at Olympia to attend a hecatomb; at Babylon to survey a battle. I must hail on the Getæ, and feast with the Ethiopians. And, when all the other gods and mortals sleep, I must not close my eyes for a moment."

Lucian indulges in the same delightful banter in his *learmenippus*. Menippus, weary of the endless disputes about ideas, incorporealities, finites, and infinites, makes himself wings (like Icarus), and flies from Hymettus to Taygetus, then to Olympus, and then to the moon. Here he has an interview with Empedocles, who, having leapt into the crater of Ætna, in search of the platonic immortality, was carried up, he tells us, with the ascending smoke. As he prepares to resume his aerial flight, Luna calls after him in a delicate female voice, and troubles him with a commission to Jupiter. "I lose all patience," says the fair inconstant (that monthly changes in her circled orb), "at the treatment I receive from philosophers. One would think they had nothing else to do but to meddle with my affairs. They are always asking how I am? How big, long, and broad I am? Why I sometimes look like half a plate, and sometimes have horns? Some say I am inhabited. Some that I hang like a looking-glass over the sea. And some spread a report that my light is not genuine, and I steal it from the sun. Small thanks to them, if mischief is not made between my brother and me! Pray tell Jupiter all this, that he may break the heads of these naturalists, stop the mouths of logicians, blow up the Porch, set fire to the Academy, and put an end to the talk of the Peripatetics."

Thus Lucian shook Olympus with his

laughter, dethroned the gods with his railery, and took from the pagan sages and poets their ancient prestige and canonical authority. The sworn foe of all shams and cheats, and quakeries, of all the posture-makers of religion and philosophy, he worked conscientiously to undermine the temple of the old superstition, unconsciously to introduce a higher hope, a purer love, a nobler faith than Rome or Greece ever knew. The divine hierarchy faded. Jupiter dropped his thunder. Venus laid aside her cestus. Phœlus unstrung his bow. "They live no longer in the faith of reason." The time will come when even the youngest Englishman will practically disprove the unpleasant imputation "that the great system of facts with which the juvenile Briton is the most perfectly acquainted are the intrigues of the heathen gods."

ONLY A GOVERNESS.

If you look over the advertising columns of the Times, you are struck with the number of people in the world wanting to earn their daily bread. It is very rare indeed to see the same advertisement twice; so that it is evident that, for obtaining employment, advertising is the best medium. But do all succeed in gaining what they seek? Does the tradesman who advertises for a loan of thirty pounds for a few weeks to meet some pressing engagement, and who offers security to four times that amount, find some benevolent usurer to help him out of his difficulties? Does the nobleman's family find that combination of cook and housekeeper for the sixty pounds per annum, without perquisites, which it offers? Does the careful mother find the desired young person of ladylike manners and superior education to undertake the entire charge, not only of her six children, but of their wardrobes, for a fifth of that sum. I had formerly speculated during the hour I hired the Times upon what the result of such advertisements would be.

A time came when I found my curiosity gratified. Circumstances compelled me to have recourse to the advertising sheet. I drew up a neat advertisement, and it was inserted conspicuously after "Required a Family's Washing." I suppose washing is a higher art than teaching. For, the half-dozen advertisements setting forth the advantages of a good drying-ground, and that families' washing is done in the first style at moderate charges, are always placed first on the list. Mine stated that a lady of good education and manners, would be happy to devote several hours of the day to the cultivation and improvement of others.

On the morning my advertisement appeared, I waited with feverish anxiety for the messenger who was to bring the letters from the library at which, for a consideration, the

answers were to be received. The first that came I opened with a nervous trepidation. It was the printed circular of a magazine, with my own advertisement cut out and pasted therein, pointing out the great sale and circulation of that periodical both at home and abroad, and describing the benefit I should derive from using its columns to make my desires known amongst the nobility, clergy, gentry, and the public at large.

The course of the day brought other letters, almost as disappointing. One was from the friends of an invalid old gentleman, who resided almost beyond the limits of omnibus route. An appointment was made. I kept it, and was received by a formal-looking old lady, a friend of the advertiser, who had undertaken the task of looking out for a likely person. The house was large, well furnished, and everything about it bore unmistakable signs of comfort; of, indeed, affluence. The lady, notwithstanding her age, was dressed with some attention to the niceties of the toilette; her handsome black silk dress, lace collar, sleeves, and cap, being in perfect taste.

This lady made known, in stately accents, that my services would be required each evening at six o'clock to read to her friend until ten. For this the sum of six shillings a-week was offered, with other advantages. These had need, I thought, to be very great; but, on narrow investigation, they were reduced to one very slender privilege:

"If you are punctual," said my informant, "you can always have a cup of tea. Mr. Donnert, being a great invalid, is obliged to be regular with his meals, and his hour for tea is six exactly."

I asked if the omnibus fare would be paid; for otherwise it would be quite impossible for me to accept such terms. The lady was indignant.

"I never heard," she replied, "of such a preposterous idea! I thought all you ladies seeking your living by head work, were only too happy of a walk. It must be such a relief after the confinement of the day."

"True," I observed, very quietly, "but a walk of more than four miles out and four miles home, would be too much exercise even for health; not to speak of the time that would be lost; which, to people in my circumstances, is a consideration."

This ended the interview. Scarcely descending to speak another word, the old lady went slowly to the bell, rang it, and dismissed me with a cold "Good morning."

The writer of the next letter which led to an interview, had been neglected in her youth, and was anxious in mature age to repair in some degree her frequent errors against the laws of Lindley Murray. This lady admitted that she had not even availed herself, since her marriage, of the advantages her husband's position gave her to improve herself, as she might have done; but she was

now really anxious to learn, and to become acquainted with literature. She had heard much talk of three writers—Shakespeare, Bulwer, and Byron—but did not know which of them was still living. She had a desire to learn French, "a few words just to introduce into conversation. It looks clever; besides I visit Bullon in the season, and a phrase or two goes a long way there, I find." Her time, she added, was much taken up with her numerous friends; but, she was so anxious to get on and to surprise her husband on his return from one of the colonies (which would happen in few months) that she had determined to devote three hours a-day to this honourable task. She seemed so earnest and zealous for improvement, that I flattered myself I had now found the employment I had been seeking, for something above starvation pay. But, alas! I was again doomed to disappointment. On being asked to name my terms, and replying (modestly as I thought) that half-a-guinea a-week would not be too much, I so startled the lady by this exorbitant demand, that she required time to think it over; and eventually offered me the third of what I had asked. At last an arrangement was made, by which I agreed to give a little less time for a little less money; and, four times a-week, I made a lengthy call upon Mrs. Smith. Her desire for improvement was genuine; but she had considerable difficulty in the accomplishment of her purpose. Her fear of the servants discovering her secret, constantly interrupted our lessons; "if they did," she said, "they would lose all respect for me." She was confident that cook and housemaid could both beat her in reading and writing; but it would not do to let them know that. When either of them entered the room—which they did frequently with some message, or something to be known—the confusion in which grammar and spelling-book were thrust out of sight under the table, or scrambled under a newspaper, and the flustered manner in which we began a conversation about the opera, the fashions, or some other news of the day must have revealed to their quick sight that there was something more going on, than their mistress would have liked them to know.

Another lady offered me for four children, between the ages of five and ten, to instruct in English, music, and French (if dancing and Latin could be included, it would be more desirable) five mornings in the week from nine till one. For this a guinea per month was thought a reasonable remuneration. I objected that it was too little. The reply I got was, "I am sure one of those curious instances of perverted logic to which the framers of mean excuses are frequently driven. It was actually asserted that my task would be all the easier, and that my services ought, therefore, to be purchased at a cheaper rate, because mamma's little darling

had never before been placed under any kind of instruction. The lady proceeded, more consistently, to assure me that her children would give me "no" trouble; they being the quickest, most obedient, and lovable children I could possibly have to do with. She admitted that something less than five shillings per week was a small recompense for teaching and training four children four hours a-day five days in the week, but added that she thought she could put a little needlework in my way, to make up a better income. As my mornings only would be engaged, I could thus also turn the other hours to advantage. It would make a change from the teaching; which, she acknowledged, must be, as a constant employment, rather wearisome.

This experience differed very little in one respect from my other experiences. Almost every lady I waited upon spoke as one conferring a great favour, and seemed to put in a latent sort of claim upon the whole of my time, even when the hours mentioned in the negotiation were few, and the remuneration very niggardly.

A widow next replied to my advertisement. She wished me to take charge of two little girls, aged respectively ten and twelve. She secretly inquired from me my qualifications for the office of teacher; but laid greater stress on my capabilities for managing a household. She was, she said, absent from home during a great part of the year; for, when not travelling abroad, she visited her husband's relations with her maid, from whom she had expectations; and was therefore obliged to keep up appearances before them. Her desire was to find some clever and trustworthy person, who could teach her children, attend to all their wants, and manage her household while she was away. This lady had scarcely attained the middle age, and made the most—by expensive and well-chosen dress—of considerable personal attractions. Something struck me that I had seen her before; and, when she mentioned that each autumn I should have the privilege of taking her children with her for a little while into the country, I remembered that I had once seen this selfish woman at the South Eastern Railway-station, huddling her two children and servants into a second-class carriage, and then securing for herself, the best first-class seat she could find.

The widow approached the subject of terms with caution, but not without tact. Everything connected with the situation was (as usual) pointed out as an advantage to me; and, when all such "advantages" had been piled up to the highest point, and set against (so as to lessen) my claim for remuneration, the lady mentioned the amount of salary. for undertaking, not only the intellectual, but the moral training of her two little girls; for attending to their clothing; for managing the house and ser-

vants, and economising tradesmen's bills; for, in short, relieving this erratic widow of every responsibility as a mother and a mistress, I was offered the sum of ten pounds a-year and my board.

Another lady who, in the evening of her days, had been left in dreary solitude, wished to meet with a daily companion of agreeable manners and lively conversation. She must be musical, amiable, obliging, and well dressed. She must commence her duties every morning soon after nine, and remain till eight or nine in the evening. She would have to work, read, and play, and accompany the lady in her drives and visits. The appearance of this person was repellant. In her youth she might have been passable; but the cold grey eye and the stony-looking features seemed to indicate that she had never been capable of a kindly feeling. Yet I felt a kind of pity for her, thinking that hers must have always, been a joyless existence. She looked as if it were impossible for a smile ever to cross her marble features. She repeated again and again that her companion's dress must always be nice and ladylike. She had always been accustomed to have all around her in the best style. She had an intense horror of common things, and common people, and could not endure them about hers. The reason she preferred a daily to a resident companion was, that she knew, generally speaking, such people had friends; and she could not be troubled with her visitors. If we came to terms, therefore, it must be understood that I must provide a lodging of my own to receive my relatives or acquaintances in—of course before breakfast, or after supper. The statuesque old dame added the discouraging statement that she had tried many companions, but that they had all left her after a few weeks. I did not wonder at this, from the frigid, unsympathising manner she showed to all about her, and therefore declined the ten shillings a-week which she thought a sufficient income for a lady to dress well upon; beside, keeping some sort of a roof over her head.

Many similar letters came. The invariable reply I met with when I thought the remuneration too small to be accepted was, "That is your affair. You can do as you please about accepting or rejecting my terms; if you do not take them, there are hundreds of well-educated females who will only be too happy to do so." And this always was spoken in a kind of resentful tone, as if I had materially injured them by refusing their offers. But the argument is, alas, a just one. The circle of employment for women is too narrow, and the number of competitors too great; yet although the market-price (the proper term, I believe, to be used on this occasion) for such talents is so very low, why cannot there be a better feeling exhibited towards the governess? She is endowed

with feelings like the rest of humanity : why, then, should those feelings be so carelessly outraged as they often are, and she made to feel that she is a being quite apart from the rest of the world—a kind of Pariah ? Why should she be so often spoken of contemptuously as “only a Governess ?”

A MAY DAY IN THE PYRENEES.

OUR English May often recalls to me the days of a happy May spent in a valley of the Pyrenees ; and thither I should like, for a short time, to transport my readers.

The snowy mountains are tossed about on all sides, yet they do not chill us. They are the white-robed guardians of the vale ; but their awful presence is sufficiently removed from us ; gentle slopes and green hills lead us on so gradually that we lose all fear, and looking up at them, say only, “How beautiful !”

And then how exquisite are the meadows, enamelled with spring flowers, daffodils, narcissus, and the brilliant blue gentianella ! The foaming rills leap down the hill-side with impetuous speed, and with a happy babble of inarticulate sound which seems on the very eve of becoming inarticulate speech. I watch their last fall ; some join the broad stream that flows through the valley with an eager bound, others flow in gently, almost timidly, as if half-doubting what the new life may bring.

And then—for my picture is panoramic—I turn from the stream and look away over the fields to a house by the roadside. It is a half cottage, half farm-house, with no trees near it, and with the desolate, uncared-for look that such houses have in the south of France, and more especially in the valleys of the Pyrenees. In front of it a low stone wall encloses a courtyard, in which are pigs, geese, turkeys, fowls, and a donkey. The donkey stands with his neck stretched over the wall and his heavy head hanging down ; the pigs squeak and squabble and rattle in the straw ; and—although I cannot see them—I know by that simultaneous scream and flutter that the geese have taken an insane rush from one side of their domain to the other. One goose stretches out its neck, and, without uttering any sound, starts on an errand, the object of which no one can divine ; and then all the foolish fraternity stretch their necks and run, and fly, and cackle, and scream after it. The more dignified and ill-natured turkeys seem inclined, by the harsh tone of their remonstrance, to resent so uncalled-for and aimless a proceeding ; but eventually nothing comes of it, and in a few minutes the hens, who seem to look upon the laying of eggs as the one object of existence, resume their noisy self-gratulations at having achieved this object. There are some rough blocks of wood by the stone wall which form a convenient seat for five or six peasant women,

who are knitting, spinning, talking, and laughing in the sun.

They all have the Béarnaise head-dress—a bright-coloured handkerchief bound closely round the hair—and each, according to her own device, has some additional protection from the sunshine which streams down, flooding the bright meadows, and quivering round the exquisite green of the willows and poplars that skirt the stream.

One has a child's red petticoat thrown over her head. With the instinct of a Béarnaise, she caught up the nearest thing at hand. Another has a woollen handkerchief knotted loosely under her chin, and some have the blue, home-spun, linen apron, folded in four, and looking like a quaint device for a cap. There are two or three standing to gossip with the others, who, although it is not yet nine o'clock, have already done their day's washing. For five hours past you might have heard the splash of the shallow stream, and the dull thud thud of the heavy home-spun linen, which they wash, by striking it repeatedly on a short plank, one end of which is raised and supported by a leg, and the other rests in the water. They have dried the clothes on a neighbouring hedge, or bank, sitting crouched near it, and knitting the while ; and now, having folded the cumbersome articles and piled them one above another on their heads, they are on the way home.

All have discarded their most important item of winter clothing, namely stockings, and are barefooted, though some have huge wooden sabots lying by their side. The Béarnaise peasants seem to make a religious duty of carrying these ungainly canoes wherever they go, and although they do not wear them you may see them sticking out of baskets, among flowers, and vegetables, and bread, and meat, and poultry.

Some boys are playing at leap-frog near the women ; leap-frog, of course, in French fashion. One boy stoops, resting head and hands against the wall, a second boy takes a run, jumps on the back of the first, and from thence springs to his neck ; a third boy follows the second, and a fourth the third, and so on, until the first boy sinks beneath his burden, and there is a sprawling mass of arms and legs in the dusty path.

There are little barefooted girls skipping among the sharp flints of the road with as much comfort as on a boarded floor ; and by the side of a small dark-haired and dark-eyed girl, who talks less than any of her companions, there is one of the large, round, shallow wicker baskets, in which a Béarnaise will carry on her head to market enough vegetables, apples, *mêture* or maize bread, and poultry to fill a cart. This basket, however, is shaded by the favourite huge scarlet cotton umbrella ; and when the girl lifts it slyly from time to time, she is greeted by a shout from a baby beneath it of about fourteen months old.

The only clothing which the baby-boy can rightly be said to possess is a white linen cap, tied tightly round his chubby face. Certainly there is a something intended for a shirt, but this flimsy garment is twisted round his neck in the guise of a collar.

Every time the young mother—for such is the girl—peeps under the umbrella, baby makes an attempt to escape, and sometimes succeeds in scrambling out of his novel cradle, and having a little escapade in the road, and a neighbouring ditch; at which it would be difficult to say whether mother or child is most diverted. Whilst engaged in one of these mock eager pursuits, a peasant on horse-back comes riding up to whom the mother gives the child; and it is pretty to see him stroking the little bare soft limbs with his great brown hands, and trotting the laughing, crowing boy backwards and forwards along the road.

This is one of those bright pictures which the memory retains we don't know how or why, and which captivates us at first sight. And so I find myself returning again and again to watch the group; before long I am on friendly terms with the older women—always ready to gossip—and I have won the young mother's heart by admiring and playing with the baby. One day, whilst her boy slept under the great scarlet umbrella, she told me the story of her life.

I don't know whether it deserves to be called a story, for it possesses neither dramatic nor melo-dramatic incident. I can't help that, however; I tell it as I found it, the story of a young fresh life and love; the absorbing and life long interest of a sweet and simple nature.

Marie was the youngest of thirteen children, twelve of whom had died in early infancy. She, the thirteenth, though a small delicate child, had struggled through childhood to girlhood, and from thence to motherhood, in spite of all the prognostications of neighbours and the fears and forebodings of her parents.

These parents lived in the stone house in front of which we were sitting; her mother was the witch-like old woman with the scarlet petticoat over her head, and her father, bowed down more with infirmity than old age, was hobbling about the court-yard and rapping the pigs, which would get in his way, with his crutch.

These people, like all the other peasants, their neighbours, possessed a house and one or two fields, and a right of pasturing a few sheep on the hills belonging to their commune. They also, like all the peasants in the Pyrenees, lived hardly, fared badly, and grew old before their time.

Marie's mother had carried all the manure necessary for their land, tied up in large sheets, upon her head; because the path leading to the fields was too steep and inaccessible for the donkey. And when the hay was cut, you might have seen a short file of

what looked like huge walking bundles, tottering down the hill-side. Marie's mother and her neighbours were carrying the hay down as they had carried the manure up; and the neighbours were doing for her to-day what she would do for all of them in turns. Then there would be the maize to plant and to hoe and cut; the flax to grow and prepare; and, before the long winter set in, an adequate supply of wood to be procured. If towards evening you had been walking up any of the exquisite transverse valleys through which the noisy rills dash down to join the main stream, you might have seen a woman, bent almost double, supporting herself by a stick, and dragging after her a huge load of wood, attached to her by means of a broad band of leather fastened round her head. She will tell you that she has fetched it from the forest many miles away, and that she must make many more such journeys before the autumn sets in, and the wolves begin to prowling about.

Think of her hard life and scanty fare and insufficient clothing, you will scarcely wonder that fifteen years ago, when she was only thirty, she was not wrinkled but furrowed, hard featured, and hard favoured; that her babies died young; and that petite Marie (*La Petite*, as they call her) is so small and delicate.

Marie's father has lived an equally laborious life, and was a broken-down man at fifty, crippled by rheumatism contracted in the mountains, where he spends three months in the summer herding his sheep and goats; and suffering from all the maladies which poorness of blood and exposure to all weathers will engender.

When Marie was only three months old, one of those calamities happened so frequent in the Pyrenees. It was winter time, and three men, who had a large stone barn between them in a field at some little distance from the village, had driven in their sheep, and were giving them fodder for the night, when the relentless avalanche swept down and carried away barn and sheep and men, dashing them over the steep crags, hurling them on to the sharp stones beneath, and then covering all with the deep pure snow garment.

For many days the bodies were not found; but when at length they were carried home, the widow of one, who had long been ailing, lay dead of a broken heart. Husband and wife were buried together; and their one child, Gaston, a boy of twelve years old, was left to inherit the house of his fathers, a miserable cottage scantily furnished. All their other worldly possessions—namely, the sheep and the third share of the barn—had been destroyed by the avalanche.

Poor Gaston was an orphan and without relatives; and the wise old men of the village who met to discuss what could be done for him, advised, that as his mother had a custom

in Bordeaux or Paris or Lyons—for she always said he was *lâ-bas* in the great city—Gaston had better set out and find his mother's friends, and see if they would help him.

They are selfish, these poor people—want and hardship make them so. They would have given a day's work, or a week's work, or a month's work, and an occasional meal, gladly to Gaston and his parents; but they put away the thought which occurred to all of them, that some one ought to take the boy and feed and clothe him.

So the father of La Petite went home and told the arrangement to his wife, who sat with the crying baby in her arms, crying herself to think that on the morrow she must leave the little thing swathed and tied in a basket, and hung upon a nail in the wall, for many hours.

When she heard the plan, she said, "What will the people *lâ-bas* think of us when they see the poor boy walking through the streets? Depend on it, they will say hard things of us in the mountains when they hear that no one will take in a lad like that!"

Marie's father was moved; for the mountaineer is proud and touchy, anxious from the first to find out what a stranger thinks of him, and to stand well in the opinion of the grand people from Paris. Of course, he also believes that everything done in his village is known and talked about *lâ-bas*—a comprehensive term, including every place at a distance.

Marie's mother was always tender-hearted; and, seeing that her first speech had made an impression, she added:

"Jean, it won't be all trouble and expense to the people who take him. Why, he will soon earn his own living; and he is such a handy boy with sick people. He has been his mother's nurse since he was seven years old."

And here she began to soothe La Petite, who wailed piteously; and Jean and she both wept to think they must lose this youngest child also. And so it happened before long, that Jean had proposed taking Gaston, and the mother was already rejoicing at the thought of the merry-hearted boy carrying her baby about in the sunshine, and playing with it and nursing it as only a French boy can.

Jean was a very prudent man—the highest praise the villagers can give—and he had a reputation to keep up. He therefore warned his wife that she must not spoil the boy, and make him think himself an object of pity because his parents were dead; and all the village soon knew that Gaston slept on straw in a corner of the shed with the donkey and the poultry. This met with universal approbation; for they said the boy would learn that he was living on charity, and that this was a different thing from earning one's own living. He was a good lad, however, very

strong, very handy, very active, and very fond of the baby. This latter seems an attribute peculiar to French boys; all French boys like babies, and are better nurses than the girls.

Gaston carried La Petite about with him all day long, whether he was at work or play; and La Petite lived and grew, though she was always small and delicate. When he was a great strong fellow of twenty, she used to sit on his shoulder and go with him to the fields and to the mountains; and when the day came that he was to set out for Orthez and draw for the conscription, she accompanied him. He drew an unlucky number; for him there was no possibility of obtaining a substitute; and he must serve his time as a soldier. He said nothing, but lifted the child on his shoulder, and walked out of the town. When they were quite away from it, and in a lonely place, La Petite stroked his face and asked him to put her down, and then they sat by the road-side and wept.

In the evening, however, when they had reached the village, and the other conscripts had returned, he joined them, and they all marched arm-in-arm through the streets, singing *Partant pour La Syrie*, as if they liked it.

Poor fellows! they left home with a heavy heart and many tears. No recruiting officer had set before them the glory of war and its chances of success. They only knew that, year after year their comrades left the village, and no tidings were heard of them until the *maire* or the *préfet* received a melancholy list, which told that they would return no more.

Gaston, however, did return: he came back a bronzed and handsome fellow, with wonderful stories of his exploits and travels, which are still and will be for many years talked of in the village. Nothing was changed. Petite Marie was still La Petite; and although she walked by his side instead of riding on his shoulder, he was as fond as ever of having her with him. He would not let such a little thing drag down wood from the forest, and though they went together it was Gaston who did all the work.

For ten months they were as happy as loving brother and sister could be; and then came Easter time, when all the village went down to dance on the *Place* at Luz. Marie was the lightest and prettiest dancer in the whole canton, and she had promised to dance the whole day with Gaston, who was of course glad to monopolise a partner whom he found that all the other young men on the *Place* would wish to obtain. But one of the neighbours, *la mère Bassy*, when she heard of this arrangement, said:

"Marie, you are not acting wisely; you are now fifteen, and ought not to be treated like a child."

So La Petite refused to dance several times, and Gaston was angry, and said:

Why do you quarrel with me, Maria? All the neighbours will think you do not love me, when they see you treat me in this manner."

And Marie answered, all the hot blood flushing to her face and brow:

"Why should I love you? You are nothing to me. And I think you might treat me as you do other girls, now that I am grown up and old enough to be married."

La Petite turned away, and did not wait to hear what Gaston had to say. But, indeed, he only stood looking after her for a few minutes, and then he walked slowly away, and danced with Leontine, the black-eyed bright belle of the village.

La Petite was sorry, for Gaston did not forget her sharp speech all the summer; and although he was as kind and thoughtful as ever in saving her the laborious work which most peasant women have to do, yet everything, even her household duties, seemed harder when Gaston was not near.

And so the time passed on, and October came, and the maize was gathered in. This is always a time of rejoicing, for maize is the staple food of these peasants; and, as on that year there was a very full harvest, Marie's parents had to fix three nights for the neighbours to come in and help them rub the grains out of the ears. Of course they would also dance and sing, and eat roasted chestnuts; and what with this, and the work to be done, they would be up nearly all night.

Leontine was to be there—Leontine whom Gaston had danced with on the Place, and visited nearly every Sunday since. When La Petite heard this, she resolved that she would not go into the room except to carry round the large basket of chestnuts from time to time, and therefore she asked her mother to let her turn and roast and prepare them. It was very dreary to be all alone, and listen to the singing and dancing and laughing; yet not so bad as to see Gaston sitting there beside Leontine, and her great black eyes flashing on him.

Once there was a loud shout, and Marie knew that the pickers had found an ear with crimson grains, and that they would make a circle, standing hand in hand, and all the men would kiss the girls. She knew Gaston would kiss Leontine; and she listened for his voice, standing on tip-toe that she might hear the better.

Just then she saw him watching her from the door, and she flushed up and spoke angrily, and Gaston turned and went away.

On the third night the poor little heart was almost broken, for Gaston seemed angrier than ever. The small face looked so wan and thin, and the dark eyes had such large black circles round them, that the good-

natured Leontine was quite grieved, and insisted on giving up the pleasure of the party to help Marie in the kitchen; but La Petite drove her out indignantly, fearing lest Gaston should follow.

Once, as she was carrying in her basket of hot chestnuts, there was a shout for another crimson ear that had been found. She paused, and found herself standing close by her father and Gaston. Her father said, "Thou art pale and weary, ma petite, Gaston shall give thee a kiss, and carry thy basket round for thee." And then turning to Gaston, who seemed not very ready to comply with this command, he continued: "It seems to me that thou art angry with the child, mon brave. Now that is not well done; thou shouldst remember that if she is flighty and strange to thee sometimes, as I have seen her of late, she is but a young girl; and she is a good child to her father and mother; we have never heard an undutiful word from her. Kiss, therefore, and be friends."

Gaston took the basket from the trembling girl, and put his arms round her. He scarcely touched her cold cheek with his lips, but the pain of it went through her heart, so sharp, that for a moment she stood quite still, and then she turned and went back to the kitchen, and sat with her apron thrown over her face. She heard footsteps, and knew who was coming, but she could not get away.

Gaston stood beside her, but for some time she could not tell what he was saying, for at the first sound of his voice she began to cry. At last it seemed as if some voice kept saying, over and over again, that Gaston loved her, and was going far away because she did not love him, and because his petite Marie would not be his wife.

It was like the sudden clamour of church bells to one who stands beside a church tower, overwhelming, almost stupefying, and she sat with clasped hands, and the tears streaming down her face.

"Shake hands, ma petite, let us part friends; let me see thy sweet face once more."

But Marie was motionless; so he took her hand and drew away the apron. What was it in the large tearful eyes fixed on him that made him start and sit down by her side, and clasp her in his arms, and—yes, finish my story? For, at this point, Marie stooped and took up the boy from his basket, drew him tenderly forth from under the scarlet umbrella—the boy all flushed, rosy, and warm from his slumber. She kissed the little neck and arms, and bent over him, saying:

"He is like Gaston, he is like his father, is he not?"

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THREE CELEBRITIES.

Fox, Pitt, and Burke were (said the old lady,*) low London thieves, who were transported under the names of the three most celebrated orators and statesmen of their time. Their offence was picking pockets at a fair, and their sentences fourteen years. Charles James Fox was assigned to my husband, and we employed him in chopping wood, cleaning the knives, brushing clothes, and carrying messages in the absence of the orderly. He was a slight young man of about twenty-four years of age, and far from ill-looking, when he first came into our service. For a few months he conducted himself remarkably well, but subsequently he became idle, negligent, and addicted to speaking the most flagrant untruths: so much so, that the Major on several occasions had him flogged. On the last occasion he never returned to us. He watched his opportunity, and made his escape from the constable who had him in charge. He was, of course, gazetted as a runaway, and a reward of ten pounds offered for his apprehension. A few days afterwards the gazette contained the names of William Pitt and Edmund Burke. They, too (most probably at the instigation of Charles James Fox), had run away from their respective masters. It was rather droll to see those three great names placarded in all directions, and the persons who then bore them in the colony minutely described. Pitt's master was a Doctor Wyld whom we knew very intimately. He described Pitt to us as a short, thick-set, and rather determined character. Edmund Burke, having been originally a compositor, was employed in the government printing-office, which was then superintended by Mr. George Howe, who was afterwards permitted to publish a newspaper in Sydney, subject to the censorship of the Colonial Secretary. Burke, according to Mr. Howe's account, was a man of good natural ability, but of violent and, when excited, ferocious disposition.

The career of these men who took to the bush (considering that it extended over a period of eight years), was a very remarkable one. There was not a road in the

colony, not even a cross-road or bush-road, upon which they had not stopped and robbed travellers. And it is a mistake to suppose that the police was an inefficient body in those days. It was more efficient than they are very likely to be again. Some of the police had been highwaymen, poachers, game-keepers,—men who had been pardoned for capturing bushrangers guilty of great crimes, and who had received their appointments in consequence of the proofs they had given that confidence might be placed in them. Their pay was small, and the rewards for the apprehension of desperate characters were large. The pay of the great George Lewis, the most renowned of all Australian thief-takers and bushrangers, was only four dollars (one pound currency) per week, and, as he kept two horses, and maize was commonly two dollars a bushel, you may readily imagine that he had to look to the walls, and not to his pay, for a livelihood.

"What do you mean by looking to the walls, my dear madam?" I said.

All runaway convicts and bushrangers, she replied, were placarded on the walls and gate-posts, as well as advertised in the government gazette. I have seen the walls of the police-office in Sydney literally covered with these hand-bills, headed 10%. Reward! 25%. Reward! 50%. Reward! 100%. Reward! The great thief-takers men of George Lewis's stamp, and they were all men of prowess, courage, and sagacity—never hunted in couples. They always went forth alone. They were not only too greedy for the gain, but too jealous of each other, to admit of their combining, to effect the capture. They depended upon strategy and individual valor, rather than upon numbers, to accomplish the ends they had in view. It was a curious sight to see a group of these thief-takers (blood-hounds they were called coolly spelling a fresh placard on the walls of the police-office, and then observe the speculation which was stamped upon their various countenances. My husband of course knew all these men, and so did I for that matter; and when Charles James Fox became such a very distinguished man in his way, all of them, not in a body, but separately, came to make certain inquiries touching his habits and peculiarities. The Major was from home when Mr. Geo: g^o

Lewis called, and I received him in the breakfast parlour, and answered all the questions he put to me. "Did Charles James Fox drink? Could he read and write? Was he a talkative or a silent sort of a man?" I answered that Charles James Fox did *not* drink; he could *not* read or write, and that he *was* a silent sort of a person. "Burke can read," said Mr. Lewis, "but he is not much of a hand at writing; and as for Billy Pitt he doesn't know a pothook from a hanger." He then went on to say that he had had great hopes of taking, or bringing in dead, two out of the three lately, but that such hopes had been blighted: that he had hired a horse and cart and had gone up the Paramatta Road dressed as a farmer, in an old white top coat, leather leggings, and a round hat; that, on the first occasion, he went and returned unmolested; but that, on the second occasion, he was stopped by two men armed with fowling-pieces, near the Iron Cove Creek, Ashfield; that they demanded his money or his life; that he said they should have it; that dropping the reins, and putting his hands into the hind pockets of the old top-coat, he discharged, through the pockets, a brace of loaded pistols, within a yard of each man's breast, and brought them both down as dead as hammers; that what with the five pounds ten shillings ready money that he paid for the top-coat, the hire of the horse and cart at one pound a-day, the bother and trouble of bringing the corpses to Sydney, and the loss of time, the job did not pay him, for they had only been at large three weeks, and the reward for them was a paltry ten pounds a-head; that he felt quite sure at the time that they were two of the three he was angling after; and that he never felt so disgusted in the whole course of his life as when he had them looked at, at Hyde Park Barracks, and found out his mistake. Mr. Lewis spoke so very feelingly on the subject, that, horrible as was the theme, I could not help pitying him, albeit I was constrained to smile—specially when he remarked quietly and seriously, "It was a thousand pities that I shot the n. mum; for in six or seven months from this time they would have been really worth having."

One beautiful afternoon, in the month of October, I was on my way to the factory at Paramatta to select a female (convict) servant. I had a friend, a Mrs. Stelman, with me in the phaeton; and on the box was a groom as well as the coachman. My friend and myself were chattering away very cozily, and were approaching Homebush—an estate some ten or twelve miles from Sydney—when three voices called out "Stop!" and presently from the thick brushwood that skirted the road, there emerged three men, one of whom I immediately recognised as our late servant, Charles James Fox, who, at the same moment, recognised my features. The three men were all armed, and Pitt and

Burke had their fowling-pieces levelled at the men on the box. At first, Fox was startled, and I fancied I saw the man blush; but, speedily recovering himself, he hoped I was quite well, and that the Major and the children also had their health. Had I been alone I should certainly have read Mr. Fox a lecture, and have advised him to throw down his gun, and to give himself up to me. But as Mrs. Stelman was a good deal alarmed, I deemed it prudent to get away from the trio, as quickly as possible. Touching his straw hat, in the most respectful manner imaginable, Mr. Fox said, "I didn't know this turn-out, mum. It is new since I left, or I should never have thought of stopping you, mum. Be so good, mum, as to assure the Major that he has nothing to fear from me and my companions here." This speech was very pleasing to my ears; and, with a slight inclination of my head towards Mr. Fox, I ordered the coachman to proceed. Fox had then been a bushranger for upwards of twelve months. As soon as I arrived at Paramatta, I reported to Mr. Kherwin, the chief constable, all that had taken place, and he at once took horse, accompanied by several of his myrmidons, and went in pursuit of Fox, Pitt, and Burke. But, to no purpose. They had such secure hiding-places in the various localities they frequented, that they baffled every effort to discover them. And they were so cunning in their movements, that even the aborigines—the blacks—could not track them down. These strangely-gifted people—so far as sight is concerned—discovered several of their dens; but the birds had always flown. After a while, by the way, the blacks declined to track bush-rangers; and, if pressed to do so, would put the police on a wrong scent. The tribes in the vicinity of Sydney, Paramatta, and the other infant towns, had been intimidated, and several of their numbers shot by those lawless men.

As you appeared to take some interest in my friend, Mr. Barrington, I may mention that I met that illustrious personage on that afternoon at the factory in Paramatta, where he then held the situation of under-superintendent of convicts. He seemed very much amused when I recounted my adventure on the road, and observed, with his wonted humour and quaintness: "Well, madam, it was an act of gallantry and of generosity—considering how often the Major had caused him to be flogged—which could scarcely have been expected at the hands of a plebeian thief—a contemptible London pickpocket." Mr. Barrington did not even smile when he said this; but assumed an air of extreme seriousness—emphasising the words plebeian and contemptible with marvellous dexterity, so as to convey to me that he did not, at that moment, intend to lude to the eminent and aristocratic position which he had formerly held in his profession. Unintentionally, I

wounded his feelings; or else his look was a consummate piece of acting, when, in answer to the question I put to him, "Why do you not consult your ingenuity, and capture these three men?" he replied: "Ah, madam, in my leisure hours I pursue literature not bushrangers. I am, at this present time, writing a play—a comedy in five acts—and founded on an incident in my own life."

I could not help saying, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Barrington," and then expressed a hope that I should have an opportunity of seeing his piece performed.

"It is for the London boards," he replied; "but I shall be proud to submit it to your judgment, previously to transmitting it to the committee at Drury Lane."

"Did he keep his promise?" I inquired.

"Yes," said the old lady, "and a clever play it was. In some scenes it was very pathetic, in others comical in the extreme. There was not, however, a single coarse word in it, nor an allusion that could offend the most fastidious prude in Christendom. The title of the piece was, *All The World's A Swindle*."

"And the plot?"

"Of that I have only an indistinct recollection, but the story is something of this kind. On the Doncaster race-course, the great pickpocket, as Mr. Shenstone, meets a nobleman in the betting-ring, and loses to him a hundred guineas, which he pays in gold. Mr. Shenstone's manners and his dress are those of a gentleman, and his equipage that of a man of fashion and of fortune. The nobleman is charmed with Mr. Shenstone and the next day, when he meets him on the course, he greets him with a polite bow, which is returned by one equally polite. They speak; they make another bet, for another hundred guineas; Mr. Shenstone loses, and with very great good humor pays his money to the nobleman, partly in gold and partly in bank notes. That evening he calls at the hotel where the nobleman is staying, with his wife and daughter, a very handsome girl of eighteen years of age, and represents that a man from whom he had won a bet—a farmer-looking person, but evidently a sharper—had paid him in forged bank-notes, and, as he had parted with some of these notes before he was aware of the fraud that had been committed, he was anxious to discover into whose possession they had come, in order that he might receive them back, and give good notes or gold in return. The nobleman and Mr. Shenstone carefully examine the notes which the former received; but amongst them no forgeries are found; they are all genuine. This examination lasts for some time, and, during its continuance, the lady and her daughter enter the sitting-room. Mr. Shenstone rises from his chair, and is thereupon introduced to the ladies, who become as much fascinated by the polished manners and discourse of the

stranger as my lord is himself. Mr. Shenstone is invited to stay tea, which is about to be served. He accepts. And thus (what the great pickpocket desires) an acquaintance is established—an acquaintance which is renewed in London, some weeks afterwards, at the theatre, much to the great pickpocket's advantage, for he contrives to despoil his friend's friends of jewels worth five times the amount he lost on the race-course. When informed of this he observes, with great truth, 'That thief Barrington! Who else?' My lord gambles very deeply, falls into serious difficulties, secretly purloins his wife's diamond bracelets, has a paste set made to resemble them, and sells the real brilliants to a jeweller, who disposes of them to an old duchess, from whose person the great pickpocket steals them, and at once proceeds to the box of the lady, who is sitting decked out in her paste. He informs her that Barrington is in the house, and advises her to place her jewels in her pocket. She does so. He then abstracts the paste gems, places the real diamonds in their stead, revisits the old duchess, who, intent on the play, has not yet discovered her loss, and around her aged wrists clasps the mockeries! Partly love for the young girl, and partly respect for her mother, forms the motive for this action."

"Was the piece ever played?"

"The captain of the vessel, to whom Barrington had entrusted it, lost it on the voyage to England. But let me continue with my story of Fox, Pitt, and Burke. I was, on another occasion, doomed to see their faces. The Major and myself were returning from the farm at George's River. We had been on a visit to old Baron Wald, and had driven out in the gig. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and when we neared a place called the Iron-Bark Forest, some thirteen miles from Sydney, we were commanded to Stop! by three men, two of whom presented their fowling-pieces at us, whilst the third said:

"Now, then, what have you got?"

"Is that you, sir?" said my husband, who recognised the man's voice, for it was a fox who spoke.

"God bless me, Major!" was the response. "I beg you many pardons."

"Rob him!" cried out one of the others. "If he had been my master, and had fogged me, I'd shoot him!"

"No! no!" said Fox. "It was agreed that old masters were to go free, and when we wanted to rob old Howe, the other day, being very badly off for money, you reminded me of our agreement, and I now wish you to be reminded of it."

The Major parleyed with them for at least a quarter of an hour, and reproved them for shooting a constable a few weeks back. They replied that the constable had insisted on capturing them, and that they had acted only in self-defence. Their capture, eventually, was curiously effected.

During the fifth year they had been at large they suddenly disappeared from the roads. They had not been seen, or heard of, for so long that it was imagined they had either made their escape from the colony, by some extraordinary means, or that they had, like some other bushrangers whose remains were found, been lost in the bush, and perished of hunger. Such, however, was not the case. They had penetrated the interior to a distance of fifty miles from Sydney, and had located themselves at a place not very far distant from a lofty mountain called Razorback, in consequence of its peculiar shape. Here they established themselves, built a log-house, enclosed several acres of land, which they cropped, and made a rather extensive garden for the growth of vegetables. They also built stock-yards and outbuildings for the cattle and the horses of which they possessed themselves. The luxuries of convict life—such as tea, sugar, tobacco, spirits, et cetera—they had, previous to their retirement from business, stored up in very large quantities. They had, moreover, taken with them to their farm three convict women, whom they had (nothing loth) carried away from the services, respectively, of the persons to whom they paid marauding visits.

They had taken away with them, from the house of a settler whom they plundered, a large black Newfoundland dog. Three years and seven months after the dog was stolen, he, one morning, to the astonishment of his master, returned, jumped about, and barked in an ecstasy of delight. The master of the dog (i.e. Mr. Sutter) was afraid that the bushrangers, Fox, Pitt, and Burke, were about to pay him a second visit; and, summoning his servants, and arming them, he laid in wait and in ambush for their approach, determined to take them under any circumstances, dead or alive. But the bushrangers came not. From an examination of the dog's neck, it was quite evident that he had been kept continually on the chain, and that he must have broken his collar, and made his escape. Mr. Sutter, who lived within five or six miles of Paramatta, on the branch road to Liverpool, mounted his horse, and had an interview with Mr. Kherwin, the chief constable.

There could be no question that the dog had broken loose, and found his old master; but, then, by what road had he come back? There was then no regular road beyond Liverpool. Those who had settled further in the interior had only their own bush tracks as they were called. If the dog, they thought, could be put upon this track by his master no doubt he could be coaxed to show the way to the abode of the bushrangers. It suddenly occurred to Mr. Kherwin, that the blacks, having no idea of the end in view, would have no scruples in pointing out the direction whence the dog had come, and tracking him for five or six miles. This was

determined upon; and taking with him a strong force, well armed, Mr. Kherwin returned with Mr. Sutter to his farm, and early on the following morning the expedition set out. The blacks were not long in finding the foot-prints of the dog, at some distance from the house, and began to run down the track at the rate of three or four miles an hour. Mr. Sutter and the dog accompanied the expedition. At noon there was a halt for refreshment, and then the pursuit was continued till evening when the camp was formed, fires lighted, and the arms piled in readiness for any attack—not that there was any danger of such a thing in that lonely and untravelled region of the new world. The dog, strange to say, appeared to be very sulky, and showed no disposition to render the slightest assistance. On the following afternoon the blacks came upon the print of a man's boot. They now began to suspect the truth, but they had gone too far. It was now a matter of compulsion, and not of choice. Towards evening one of the blacks from a considerable eminence pointed to some smoke which was issuing from a valley in the distance—a valley which was completely shut in on three sides by small mountains, and bounded on the fourth side by a clear and broad stream of water. An enchanting nook, as Mr. Kherwin described it to me. After proceeding a few hundred yards in the direction of the smoke, the barking of dogs was audible and the lowing of cattle; and, ere long, a house and outbuildings became visible. Mr. Kherwin and Mr. Sutter then deliberated as to whether they should descend and commence the attack at once; or whether they should defer the operation until after nightfall, when they would most probably have retired to rest; or whether the attack should be delayed until the following morning just before daybreak. It was resolved, eventually, that while the daylight remained they should creep down to the edge of the valley, and there conceal themselves until ten or eleven o'clock, when they would march upon the abode, surround it, and call to the inmates to come out and surrender.

This resolution was acted upon; but the bushrangers' dogs had kept up such a loud and incessant barking during the advance of the invaders, that the trio had arisen from their beds, lighted a candle, armed themselves, and come outside the door. Fox, Pitt, and Burke could be seen by the light of the candle in the house; but they could not see their enemy; for the night was dark. Nothing could have been easier than for Mr. Kherwin and his party to have fired a volley and shot them as they stood; but the chief constable could not make up his mind to this; nor would Mr. Sutter have seconded such a proposal. At length Mr. Kherwin, when within only twenty yards of them, called out, in a very loud voice, "We are twelve in number: lay down

your arms this instant, or you are dead men. Our pieces are levelled at you." They threw down their arms, retired within the house, and barred the door. Fortunately for Mr. Kherwin's party they had no lantern or candle with them; for, had they shown a light, some of the party would have fallen to a certainty. What was now to be done?

The besiegers approached the door of the house and desired the bushrangers to come out; but they returned no answer. To break in upon them was impossible, for there were no crowbars, pickaxes, or other such weapons at hand; while the numerous dogs on the premises became so vehement and desperate, it was necessary to shoot and bayonet several of them. Matters remained thus until the morning, when the besiegers withdrew to a distance of about sixty yards from the house, and there took up a position in a stock-yard. The besieged, however, opened fire from loopholes, and in less than a quarter of a minute twelve rounds of ball-cartridges were discharged from as many firelocks. Fortunately none of the shots took effect. It was therefore deemed prudent to withdraw, for the present, to a distance of one hundred yards, and stand behind a clump of large gum-trees. Nevertheless, the besieged, whenever they saw a head, or a hand, or a foot, had a shot at it. From the number of shots with which they were simultaneously greeted, Mr. Kherwin believed that there were at least nine bushrangers in the house: and, as he was unprepared for an encounter of this character—each of his party having only twenty rounds of ammunition—he was compelled to reserve his fire. The house, thickly-coated as it was with mud, was bullet-proof. Mr. Sutter, therefore, at Mr. Kherwin's instigation, rode into Paramatta for reinforcements, taking with him several of the blacks as guides. The Commandant at Paramatta, sent a sergeant and ten private soldiers to Mr. Kherwin's aid.

It was not until the third day, however, that they arrived at the scene of action; for they had to take with them two light field-pieces, six-pounders, and a variety of implements for effecting an entrance in case the mud-casing to the house should resist the cannon-shot for any length of time. The news soon arrived in Sydney, and numbers of officers and gentlemen, many of whom had been robbed on the road by Fox, Pitt, and Burke, hastened to the spot.

On the morning of the second day, after the arrival of the military, one of the shots from a field-piece happened to strike the door of the stronghold, and shiver it to atoms; whereupon a woman, with her hair streaming down her back, and holding in her hand a large white rag at the end of a stick, came out of the house, and, approaching the besiegers, cried out, "We surrender!" The

firing ceased, and the woman was permitted to return and communicate to the bushrangers that only ten minutes would be allowed them to come out, unarmed, and give themselves up. This they did, and were forthwith ironed and handcuffed.

The women, it seemed, had aided them in firing at the authorities. Fox, Pitt, and Burke, having trained them to the use of fire arms, and made them expert markswomen. In the house were found no less than thirty fowling-pieces, twelve pairs of pistols, powder and shot in large quantities, lead for casting bullets, and several swords and cutlasses. The abode itself had been cleanly kept. Everything was in the neatest order; while the land, considering that the bushrangers were but amateur agriculturists, was very well tilled. In the dairy was found both butter and cheese of their own making; in the store-house salted beef and pickled pork of their own curing. In short, there were very few farms in the colony better stocked. They had abundance of poultry and pigeons.

Fox, Pitt, and Burke were all hanged in the Paramatta jail. The women pleaded that they had been taken away by force; and, as the plea was accepted they were placed in the factory. These women were all under sentence of transportation for life; but a few years afterwards they obtained tickets of leave, became the wives of expirées, and led tolerably respectable lives.

Several officers made application to the governor to have the bushrangers' farm granted to them, and one of them had the good fortune to obtain it.

BELTANE, OR MAY-DAY.

In the days of sun-worship in Britain,* the Druids kept up perpetual fires on the high-places of sacrifice. On the first of May (old style), the great festival of the god, it was a rule amongst the people to extinguish the fire on the hearth of every family, and to rekindle it by sacred embers obtained from the fire-altars. It is from this circumstance that May Day was and is still called Beltane by the peasantry in Lancashire, Northumberland, and many districts of Scotland. In Irish the first of May is called *La Bealtine*, or the day of Baul's fire. According to Jamieson, the Scottish Etymologist, the term Beltane is derived from Baul-tine, a word still extant in the Celtic dialects of Scotland and Ireland. It signifies Bel's-fire, being composed of Bel, or Belis, one of the names of the sun in Gaul, and *tein* or *teind*, signifying fire, or an ember. In the Angus district a spark of fire is still called a *teind*; and in the English language of the present day we have the same word preserved in the vocable tinder.

In the statistical account of the parish of Callender, in Stirlingshire, contained in Sir John Sinclair's work, and published between the years seventeen hundred and ninety-one and seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, an account is given of Beltane observances as they there and then prevailed. This narrative furnishes a link by which we can concisely connect the still more modified paganism of English May Day gambols with the grand and savage rites of our fire-worshipping fathers. The writer speaking of Callender, says: "The people of this district have two customs, which are fast wearing out, not only here but all over the highlands, and therefore ought to be taken notice of while they remain. Upon the first day of May, which is called Beltane or Baltein-day, all the boys in a township or hamlet meet on the moors. They cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by casting a trench in the ground of sue circumference as to hold the whole company. They kindle a fire, and dress a repast of eggs and milk in the consistence of a custard. They knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into so many portions, as similar as possible to one another in size and shape, as there are persons in the company. They daub one of these portions all over with charcoal until it be perfectly black. They then put all the bits of cake into a bonnet. Every one, blindfold, draws out a portion. He who holds the lonnet is entitled to the last bit. Whoever draws the black bit is the devoted person who is to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favour they mean to implore in rendering the year productive of the sustenance of man and beast. There is little doubt of these inhuman sacrifices having been once offered in this country as well as in the East, although they now pass from the act of sacrifice, and only compel the devoted person to leap three times through the flames, with which act the ceremonies of this festival are closed."

The round trench mentioned in the above description, is the representative of the stone circles or fire-altars within which the Druids kept fires perpetually blazing, and regarding the varied remains of which an account was given in Household Words for April sixteenth. The shadow of the propitiatory human sacrifice is distinctly seen in the doom of the drawer of the blackened cake.

Mr. Pennant, in his Tour in Scotland in seventeen hundred and sixty-five, gives a somewhat similar account of Beltane observances, but his description possesses some variations and additional particulars. The use of the square indicates either inaccuracy of description or ritual degeneracy beyond that narrated in the above extract. On the first of May, according to Mr. Pennant, the village herdsmen hold their Beltein.—a rural sacri-

fice. They cut a square trench on the ground, leaving the turf in the middle; on that they make a fire of wood, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk. They bring, besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of beer and whiskey, for it is required that each of the company contribute something to the offering. The rites begin with spilling some of the caudle upon the ground. Everyone then takes a cake of oatmeal, upon which are raised nine square knots, each of which is dedicated to some particular animal known to be the preserver or destroyer of their herds. Each then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knot, and flinging it over his shoulder, says, 'Tis I give to thee, preserve thou my horses; 'tis to thee, preserve thou my sheep; and so on. After that, they use the same ceremony in respect of the noxious animals, saying, 'Tis I give to thee, O fox! spare thou my lambs; 'tis to thee, O hooded crow! and this to thee, O eagle! When the sacrificial ceremony is concluded, the company dines upon the caudle. After the feast the remains are hid by two persons deputed for that purpose; and on the following Sunday there is another meeting to finish the left viands.

Slender traces of the observance of Beltane-day only now remain in any part of Scotland. In this respect the change has been very rapid within the last fifty years. The advance of agricultural pursuits, the increasing intelligence of the people, and the immense emigration which has been going on for many years from the highlands and islands, fully explain the rapidity of this change. Civilisation in the lowlands accomplished at an earlier period a more complete uprooting of paganism than has even yet been effected in some parts of the remote highlands of the northern kingdom. The pupil waged war with the remains of heathen rites in many Scottish parishes. 'Tis, no doubt, had its effect in bringing them into disrepute with many religious persons, who, in ignorance of their nature, had participated in them as innocent holiday occasions, but who recoiled from amusements which they were told were heathenish.

In the year eighteen hundred and twenty-six or twenty-seven, the writer heard a sermon against heathen observances preached in the parish church of Stow, a village twenty-four miles to the south of Edinburgh. The pastoral district of Gala-water, in which Stow is situated, was at that time much less occupied with agricultural and other active pursuits than it now is, and its inhabitants were then attached to the observance of several annual solemnities of pagan origin, regarding which, perhaps, they are now less enthusiastic. The special occasion of the sermon was the approach of Fasten's E'en, or Shrove Tuesday, as it is called south of the Tweed. The custom was on that day for the

married and unmarried men of the parish to play a match at hand-ball. The day, till within a few years of the date mentioned, had from time immemorial been ushered in by ringing the church-bell. This long persisted in, in defiance of the minister, was at last discontinued. The ball was the remaining feature of the festival. The first proceeding occurred at two o'clock in the afternoon, when the ball was thrown over the church. The contest then began; the one party striving to convey the ball to a given point about half a mile up the valley, and the other party trying to take it about a similar distance in the opposite direction. The down-water winning place was the Lady's Well, a famous spring, at or near which tradition says the Virgin Mary descended and left her foot-print on a large stone. In the sermon referred to, the preacher pointed out that the foot-ball sport of Eastern's E'en was a mongrel relic of paganism and Popery, in which it was sinful to participate. He also said that the superstitious practices of the districts, peculiar to the daft days, to Beltane, and to Candlemas, where equally to be eschewed.

Less than fifty years ago, the magistrates of Canongate, Edinburgh, used to walk in procession to church upon the first Sunday after Beltane, decorated with flowers, and carrying large nosegays. This observance was evidently a modified relic of the ancient festival of the sun; and the original meaning of the custom must have been an expression of gratitude to that luminary, deified under the name of Baal, for the first-fruits of his genial influence. We trace to a similar origin—to Baal worship—the dressing of the May-pole, and the various May-day gambols, May-day and Beltane being identical.

In Scotland during the reign of its sixth James, the season of Beltane was one of great merriment, as we learn from the royal poet himself. He thus opens his *Peblis to the Play*:

At Beltane, quhen ilk bodie bounis
To *Peblis* to the play,
To heir the singin and the sonndis,
The solace suth to say
Lo forth and forrest forth they found;
They grayth that thaim full gay.

The anxiety still manifested by many superstitious persons, especially of the female sex, in various parts of south as well as of north Britain, to see the sun rise on May Day or Beltane, clearly gives Britons some title to be still ranked in faith with the ancient Druids and the modern fire-worshippers of the East. Young ladies do not always bear this in mind when they confidently bathe their faces with dew at sun-rise on a May-day's morning, with a view to secure resistlessly blooming cheeks for at least twelve-months. But the May-morning frolics and superstitions are fast disappearing. We can

do little more now than speak of the past. When Fergusson the Scottish poet wrote, about seventeen hundred and seventy, the Edinburgh maidens met annually at day-break on the first of May at the well beside the ruined chapel of Saint Anthony, at the base of Arthur's seat; and then even the venerable grandfathers, in rear of the merry young groups of both sexes, ascended the hill to hail the first appearance of the May-sun.

The observances of May Day have been supposed by many to owe their origin exclusively to the festival of Flora, which was celebrated in most countries on the four last days of April. This belief has probably arisen from the dates being so near, and from garlands having been used in the worship of the Sun as well as in that of the Goddess of Flowers. It is exceedingly probable, however, that the most ancient portion of the May Day observances of Britain are a Christianised mixture of the rites both of the Sun and of Flora. In any case, it is very clear that some of the customs which we have noticed are peculiarly those of Sun-worship, and belong especially to Beltane, the chief day of Baal's fire. In the customs of Ireland, the remains of the pagan festivals are very striking. The great festival of the Sun in Ireland, seems to have been held, at least in latter times, on the twenty-first of June, to celebrate the summer solstice. The children and cattle of the peasantry are then made to pass through fires lighted in various districts. The Roman Catholics light these fires by the new, and the Protestants by the old style,—a fact clearly showing the custom to be pre-Christian. This diversity of date in the observance by the two sects is a curious circumstance in the history of the pagan rite, which has been engrafted upon a pliant Christianity. Here we may remark, that in the popular superstitious in which fire is used, the pagan element is strong. Among these observances may be particularly mentioned the Tindles of Derbyshire. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for seventeen hundred and eighty-three, seventeen hundred and eighty-four, and seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, there are some interesting notices regarding the custom of lighting fires upon the hills on All Souls' Eve. It is stated that at the village of Findern, in Derbyshire, the boys and girls go every year, on the second of November (All Souls' Eve), to the adjoining common, and light up a number of small fires among the furze growing there, calling them Tindles. The popular notion was, that the custom was a relic of Popery, and had originated in a belief that the Tindles lighted the souls out of purgatory. The commons have been enclosed, and the Tindles are now in consequence little more than a tradition. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for seventeen hundred and seventy-eight, speaks of "a custom observed

by papists in many parts of the kingdom," of illuminating some of their grounds upon the eve of All Souls, by bearing round them straw and other fit materials kindled into a blaze. He adds that the ceremony is called a Tinley, and that according to the vulgar opinion it is emblematical of a lighting of souls out of purgatory. Careful consideration of the subject shows that the custom is only one of the many which Christianity borrowed and modified from old British paganism. The Tindles on All Souls' Eve are vestiges of the great Druidical fires of the winter solstice. The early Christian priesthood of Britain found that it was easier to adapt than to abrogate a festival to which the people had been attached from remotest times. Rude Day, or the Invention of the Cross, has in some parts of Scotland observances unquestionably pagan. The proximity of dates enable the Christian and the pagan festival to be conveniently blended. Jamieson, in his *Scottish Dictionary*, points out that the superstitions peculiar to Rude Day, the third of May, are in some parts of Scotland similar to those of Beltane, the first of May, in other parts.

The chronicle changes which have gradually come over May Day is a social history which curiously illustrates times and manners long gone by, but which have left their marks impressed upon current usages. We have, first, dim vision of the horrid rites of Druidical times, when, upon the fires of Beltane, and the other festivals of the Sun, human beings were immolated in sacrifice. The Druidical epoch of May Day solemnities may be regarded as expiring Anno Domini one hundred and seventy-seven. The Druids practised their rites with great pomp and exactness in Britain till the reign of King Lucius, when Christianity was embraced by that sovereign and other princes of the island. Being deprived of the countenance of the civil government, they disappeared at the date referred to, though a semblance of their ceremonies and sacrifices were long afterwards clung to by the mass of the people, and were at last only got rid of, as distinct religious observances, either by being incorporated with ceremonies sanctioned by the Christian Church, or by being winked at, if they were not at variance with its doctrine and rules. Till about the close of the fifteenth century, May Day customs in the south had much more in them than afterwards, of the old Druidical leaven, which was visible at a later date in the less civilised regions to the north of the Humber. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, May Day observances became greatly altered in character. They were then in a great measure, merged into the popular honours enthusiastically paid to the famous outlaw, Robin Hood. The pageantry was at that period very elaborate, and the orgies as licentious as at any previous or subsequent time. Maying was first a

gay pastime, and then a scandal. Strutt quotes the following curious passage from an old romance called *The Death of Arthur*, which was translated from the French, and first printed in English, by Caxton, in fourteen hundred and eighty-one: "Now it befell in the moneth of lasty May that Queen Guenever called unto her the Knyghtes of the Round Table, and gave them warning that early in the morning she should ride on Maying into the woods and fields beside Westminster." Each knight was to be well horsed, to carry a lady behind him, and to be attended by an esquire and two metropolitan yeomen. Maypoles lost their grandeur when Westminster and other suburban woods failed to furnish boughs and garlands. In London, as well as in every part of the country, the erection of houses and enclosures have been the chief eradicators of rural saturnalia. In Chaucer's day, the Maypole at Cornhill was a social feature of the first mark. Stow, who describes this "great shaft" of Cornhill, calls it "a striking idol erected in every parish." He describes in a very graphic manner the excursions from town and village on May eve, or rather during the night preceding the dawn of May Day, in search of boughs wherewith to decorate this idol. He says: "I have heard it credibly reported by men of great credit, and reputation, that of fourtie, threescore, or a hundred maidens going to the wood, there have scarcely the third part of them returned as they went." The feasting, leaping, and dancing round the pole, he speaks of as resembling that of the heathens at the dedication of their idols. Cromwell and the Puritans, during their supremacy, entirely suppressed Maydayism; and it never recovered the shock which it thus received.

There are on record some choice specimens of Anti-May Day sermons, and tracts. Thomas Hall, the parish minister of King's Norton, in sixteen hundred and sixty, published a quaint pamphlet, called *Funckia Flore*, or the Downfall of May Games. He thus addressed the Roman goddess, in whose name he fancied all the gambols and iniquities of May Day were perpetrated. "Flora, hold up thy hand! Thou art here indicted by the name of Flora, of the city of Rome, in the county of Babylon, for that thou, contrary to the peace of her sovereign lord, his crown and dignity, hast brought in a pack of practical fanatics; viz., ignorants, atheists, papists, drunkards, swearers, swash-bucklers, maid-marrions, morrice-dancers, maskers, mummers, Maypole stealers, health-drinkers, gamesters, lewd men, light women, contemners of magistrates, affronters of ministers, rebellious to masters, and disobedient to parents."

In the present day, it is neither a sin nor a scandal to go a-Maying. Pity it is that Mr. Hall cannot look up from his resting-place to congratulate his countrymen upon

the modest merriment and shorn glories of the Feast of Flowers in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine!

JAPAN TRAITS.

THE position of women in Japan seems to be peculiar and contradictory, and, like everything else in the country, to combine in itself extremes of civilisation and barbarism. There is so much of this latter condition and of the Asiatic element in their relation towards men, that it seems that they are, during their whole lives, in a state of tutelage and complete dependence on husbands, sons, and other male relatives.

In Japan, a woman has no legal existence and no legal rights, and her evidence is inadmissible in a court of justice. A Japanese husband possesses unlimited power of divorce, or rather a power limited only by his means, as the divorced wife must be maintained according to the station of her husband, unless she happen to be childless, and then she has no claim upon him whatever; but a wife cannot demand a separation from her husband under any circumstances, or upon any plea. A wife in her own home is certainly superior to all other female members of the household, in rank, dignity, and domestic authority—in proof of which she alone can shave her eyebrows—but the husband may introduce as many subsidiary unwedded helpmates as he thinks proper.

Then, too, the wife is kept in profound ignorance of the public and private affairs of her husband, and he would resent any question relative to such matters as an act of unpardonable presumption and audacity.

All this and much more of the same kind, would seem to indicate that women in Japan occupy no higher social position than women in other oriental countries; and just as this conclusion has been forced upon us, we are startled by finding incidents related by travellers and stories by Japanese writers proving the respect in which married women are held, showing the careful cultivation and training that all women receive in early life, and relating what learned, fascinating, and elegant ladies they eventually become.

Boys and girls are for some time educated together, and on the same system; then, when they branch off, and the boys are initiated into the mystery of the Happy Despatch, the girls continue with assiduity the study of their own language so as to read, speak, and write it correctly—an undertaking of which no one can estimate the difficulty until he has attempted it. This is followed by the study of logic, eloquence, morals, poetry, and painting. Women are said to be among the most admired historians, moralists, and poets of Japan; and male authors choose stories of female presence of mind, courage, and heroism as the ground-work of their dramas and popular novels.

We find, in that distant land, an echo of many of the tales so well known in the western world. Take, for example, the story of the Japanese Lucretia. A man of rank went on a journey; and, during his absence, his wife was persecuted by a noble in authority whom she rejected with scorn and indignation: ultimately, however, the unhappy lady became a victim to the fraud and violence of the libertine.

When the husband returned, he was received by his wife with affection, but with a dignified reserve which surprised him greatly. He asked for an explanation; but his wife begged him to allow her to defer it until the morrow, when she had invited her relations and the chief people of the city to an entertainment, and would make known to him and to all of them the reason of her conduct. The husband acquiesced, and on the morrow her guests came, and the noble who had wronged her was one of them.

As is often done in Japan, the entertainment was given on the terraced roof of the house. When the repast was ended the lady rose, made known the outrage to which she had been subjected, and passionately demanded that her husband should slay her as she was unfit to live. But the guests, and the husband foremost, besought her to be calm; they strove to convince her that she had done no wrong, and was an innocent victim, though the author of the outrage—whom she had not named—merited death. She thanked them all. She wept in her husband's arms. She kissed him affectionately, and then, springing from him, she rushed to the edge of the terrace, and cast herself over the parapet. In the confusion that ensued, no one noticed that the guilty noble instantly sprang down the stairs; but when the husband and his guests had reached the crushed and dying lady, he was weltering in his blood by her side. He had executed the Happy Despatch, hoping to expiate his crime and appease his victim. ✓

If a Japanese gentleman wishes to bestow the highest possible praise on a lady for her judgment and resolution, he compares her to the wife of Tchouya. Now Tchouya was a great lord who entered into a conspiracy against the emperor; and his wife was a woman greatly celebrated for her wit and beauty. After many years of prudence, an act of indiscretion on the part of Tchouya betrayed the conspiracy, and orders were issued for his arrest and that of Zisitz, his most intimate friend. It was deemed desirable to seize both, if possible, or at least Tchouya—who lived at Yeddo—alive, in order to extort further disclosures. But this was no easy task, as Tchouya would have performed the Happy Despatch at the first sight of an officer of justice. It was therefore necessary to surprise him; so one day an alarm of fire was raised at his door,

and when he ran out to ascertain if his own house was in danger, he was surrounded and attacked. He fought bravely, killing two of his assailants, but was eventually overpowered and secured. Meanwhile, his wife heard that there was a conflict, and immediately guessing its cause, caught up all her husband's papers containing the names of the conspirators, many of them men of distinction and princes in the land, and burnt them.

She certainly must have been an exception to the Japanese rule, that wives should know nothing about their husbands' affairs, and it is to be hoped that her example has acted beneficially on the men as well as the women of Japan. But if the wife of Tchouya ranks highly in Japanese public opinion, a still more elevated position has been given to the wife of the Emperor, Tsouna-yosi, who saved Japan from a revolution.

Tsouna-yosi was a Siogoun, or temporal Emperor, in the early part of the eighteenth century, and his wife, the Empress, or Midia, was the daughter of the reigning Mihado, or Spiritual Emperor. The different functions of these two rulers have been explained in a previous number.

Tsouna-yosi and the Midia had an only son, who unfortunately died before his father. As the dignity of Siogoun had never been inherited by a daughter, Tsouna-yosi resolved to adopt a son; but, disregarding the established rule in Japan, which is to select the son of a brother, or of some very near relation, he chose an alien to his blood—the son of one of his favourites, who was a man of inferior birth. The prime minister, of the euphonious name of Ino-kamon-no-kami, remonstrated humbly but urgently, telling the Siogoun that he would exasperate, not only the princes of the blood, but all the princes of the empire, and the whole nation. His entreaties were, however, in vain; and he left his master to seek the Midia. To her he unfolded Tsouna-yosi's design, and its necessary consequence of insurrection and all the horrors of civil war. She listened calmly, meditated profoundly for a few minutes, and then, raising her head, bade the prime minister, Ino-kamon-no-kami, be calm, and have no fear, as she could avert the threatened danger. She did not tell him what means of prevention she possessed; but he left her, confident of her power.

On the day which was to precede the adoption of the new son, the Midia, who had long been neglected by her profligate husband, invited him to take saki (the national drink of Japan) with her. He signified his assent, and she prepared for him a sumptuous entertainment. Whilst he was drinking, she left the room for a few moments, wrote and despatched a note to the minister Ino-kamon-no-kami, placed in her girdle the dagger worn by women of high rank, and then returned to the banqueting-room. Soon after,

she requested a private conversation with the Siogoun, and dismissed her attendants.

When they were alone, she earnestly begged him to grant the request she was about to make; but he would give no promise until he knew the nature of the request. So she told her most dear and honoured lord, that she entreated him to renounce the design of adopting the son of his favourite, addressing him in tender and gentle, but very urgent tones. He, however, was exceedingly incensed at her interference, and asked how she, a mere woman, dared speak on state affairs. The empire, he said was his. He would rule it at his pleasure. He would not heed her counsels. He would never see or speak to her again. And in a rage he rose to leave her.

But the Midia followed, entreated still more humbly, bore with him still more patiently, and begged him to reflect that if he persisted in a resolution so hateful to all, on the morrow Japan would be in rebellion. The Siogoun was obstinate, inflexible, and violent; and the empress, finding argument and entreaty useless, and that the time for action had come, drew her dagger, plunged it into her husband's breast, and then withdrawing it repeated the blow.

He fell at her feet, dying; and the empress threw herself on her knees, and implored him to pardon her for having, at so critical a time, used the only means in her power to save the empire and the imperial dynasty. She assured him that she did not intend to survive him; and the moment that he had breathed his last, she stabbed herself with the same dagger, and fell lifeless upon his corpse.

Her ladies, alarmed at the noise of her fall, ran into the room, and found the Siogoun and the Midia both dead. Almost at the same moment the prime minister, Ino-kamon-no-kami, made his appearance. The note of the Midia had alarmed him, and he had hurried to the palace. He was at once ushered into the chamber of death, and stood for a time confounded, and in silence. But, after a while, he exclaimed: "Lo! a woman has saved the empire! But for her bold deed, Japan would to-morrow have been convulsed, perhaps destroyed!" Not only had the Midia very effectually prevented the Siogoun, her husband, from executing his illegal designs, but she had in her note given instructions to Ino-kamon-no-kami, by which the accession of the lawful heir, and the peace of the kingdom, were secured. With the Japanese, apparently, the end justifies the means, and the Midia is looked upon, not as the murderer of her husband, but as the deliverer of her country.

Kœmpfer, whose history of Japan, in seventeen hundred and twenty-seven, seems, from what recent travellers tell us, to be an equally accurate history of Japan in eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, gives an account of

the great yearly festivals of the Japanese, or rather of some of them; for he says that it would be almost endless to mention them all. One of these is the Saugatz Sannitz—a day of pleasure and diversion for young girls; for whose sake a great entertainment is commonly prepared by their parents, to which the nearest relations and friends are invited.

This festival is held in honour of a lady, who, for an act of extraordinary merit, was translated among the goddesses of the country, under the name of Bensaitree. She performed no less astonishing a feat than that of laying five hundred eggs; and in the happy regions of the gods she is waited on by the five hundred sons, who were all hatched out by a peasant and his wife.

But Koempfer tells the whole story: One Symmias Dai Miosin was married to a lady called Buodjo, who remained childless for many years; and, as in Japan the childless wife loses honour, and respect, and the love of her husband, she addressed herself very earnestly to the kamis, or gods, and that with so much success, that she shortly after became the mother of five hundred eggs. Terrified at this extraordinary accident, she sat gazing at the eggs, full of fear that if they were hatched they would produce monstrous animals. Under these circumstances, the maternal instinct was developed, and she packed all her eggs in a box, wrote on it the word Fos-joroo, and threw it into the river Rinsagava.

Soon after, an old fisherman, who lived some distance down the river, found the box floating, took it up, and seeing that it was full of eggs, carried them home as a present to his wife. She was of opinion that if all those eggs were found in the water, they had been thrown in for a good reason, and that her husband had much better take them back to where he found them. But he said: "We are both old, my dear, and just on the brink of the grave; it will be a matter of very little consequence to us what ever may come out of the eggs, therefore I have a mind to hatch them and see what they will produce." So he hatched them in an oven, in hot sand and between cushions; and afterwards, when he and his wife cracked the shells, in every egg they found a child. Now it was a very heavy burden for the old couple to keep such a large young family. However they made shift, and bred up the five hundred on minced mug-wort leaves and boiled rice. But after a time they grew so big, and required so much, that the old people could maintain them no longer; and it was decided that they must manage for themselves as well as they could. They took to highway robbery as the profession best suited to their numbers, and for some time it seems to have answered very well. At last it was proposed that they should go up the river to the house of a man who was famous through the country for his wealth. And,

as it turned out, this man's wife was the author of the eggs.

When the five hundred made application at the door, one of the servants asked their names; whereupon they answered that they were a brood of eggs, and mere want and necessity compelled them to rob, and that they would go about their business if anyone would be so charitable as to give them victuals. The servant took this message to his lady, and she, in great trepidation, and with joy and amazement, sent out to ask if they had really been eggs, whether something had not been written on the box in which they were found?

"Yes," said the five hundred, "the word Fos-joroo."

Upon this the lady could doubt no more: she received and acknowledged the five hundred for her children. She made a grand feast for them, and invited many guests; and every guest was presented with a dish of sokana, cakes of mug-wort, and rice, and a branch of the apricot-tree in blossom.

As we have said, she now ranks among the divinities of Japan, and is worshipped as the Goddess of Riches. The annual festival in her honour is held in the spring; the guests are waited on by young girls, and presented with saki, and cakes made of rice and the leaves of young mug-wort.

The Japanese have a pretty story as to the origin of music. They say, that once upon a time the Sun Goddess had been made angry by the violence of an evil disposed brother, and she retired into a cave, leaving the universe in anarchy and darkness. When all other means of appeasing her had been tried in vain, music was devised by the gods to lure her forth. It was successful, and the beautiful daylight broke again over the earth. The Japanese are passionately fond of music, and have a great variety of musical instruments; and yet they have no idea of harmony; and when there are several performers on various instruments, they always play in unison. They are said, also to know very little about melody, and to receive contentedly, as music, a monotonous chaunt, accompanied by the tum-tum of the syamsie, or national instrument, a kind of guitar with three strings, two in octave. It is played by touching the strings with a flat piece of horn held between the thumb and third finger. Every woman in Japan—except the very lowest born and bred—can accompany her own singing on the syamsie; and there are very few who cannot improvise a song whenever they are in company and an opportunity offers. They dance, too, keeping the feet nearly immovable, and concealed beneath long robes, and moving the arms and body only. The dance is pantomimic in character, and represents some scene of passion, of absurdity, or of every-day life. The dancers are always women, and the men gaze in rapturous admiration.

An enthusiastic traveller, describes the women of Japan as the most "fascinating elegant ladies he ever saw in any country in the world," and "having a natural grace which it would be impossible to describe, so that they would, at their first *début*, be admired at Saint James's or any other court in Europe." From this glowing eulogy we now turn to the rougher sex.

The Japanese, as well as, the Chinese, by some peculiar mode of culture, can increase or diminish the size of flowers and trees. A plum-tree in blossom, a fir-tree, and a bamboo have been seen growing in a box only one inch wide and three inches long. Whilst, on the other hand, the plum-trees, and cherry-trees that are planted about their temples and in their gardens and public walks have blossoms as large as roses. But this is not all: they have found a method for promoting the growth and development of the human body, which puts all their discoveries with regard to the vegetable kingdom in the shade.

They can produce men of barbaric proportions, of almost fabulous size and strength; and, with a due appreciation of the fitness of means to an end, they set these monsters apart, and train them for wrestlers. The Japanese wrestlers are described by an officer of the United States Japan Expedition at some length. It is quite possible that the tales of an American traveller should be received, to say the least, with as much reserve as we accord to the tales of ordinary travellers. But here is the story as we find it.

Five-and-twenty human monsters come tramping along like so many elephants. They are enormously tall in stature, and immense in weight of flesh. They are not encumbered by clothing; wearing round the loins a coloured cloth adorned with fringes, and emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the prince in whose service they may happen to be. This scant costume fully reveals their gigantic proportions, their bloated fulness of fat, and breadth of muscle. The princes, their proprietors, are proud of them, and lead them up to the astonished spectator, who is commanded to inspect them minutely, to feel the firmness of the well-rounded muscles, and to poke and pinch them as he would a prize animal. So he attempts to grab huge solid arms, and pass his hands over enormous necks which fall in folds of massive flesh like the dewlap of a prize ox; and when astonishment is expressed at this wonderful exhibition of animal development, the monsters give a grunt expressive of gratified vanity.

As a preliminary to the more serious duties of their calling, they exhibit feats of strength: they run about with heavy sacks of rice, which some pile on their shoulders, others lift with their teeth and carry in the mouth as a dog does a basket; while others again,

with sacks of rice in their arms, do a little ground and lofty tumbling.

When this part of the performance is at an end, attendants hurry forwards to cool the monsters with fans, and to clothe them in richly ornamented robes of the Japanese fashion.

No spectacle in Japan is complete, or even possible, in which both spectators and performers do not make several changes of costume. On the stage this is a matter of course with actors and actresses, but it is also extended to the audience. Ladies who go to the play are accompanied by numerous servants and a munificent wardrobe; and in the course of the spectacle, which begins in the morning and ends late at night, they retire several times, and when they return it is in new and gorgeous attire.

The wrestlers are dressed and led out for show, and then they are undressed again; and a space being prepared, and a ring formed, they are divided into two opposing parties. These two parties stand in the ring, glaring at one another; then they tramp heavily backward and forward so as to show their points, and enable the spectators to make up their betting books.

After this they retire; and all, with the exception of two, are again clothed in full dress, and take up their position on the front seats round the ring. The two who have been reserved now come forward, with the simple cloth bound round their loins, and walk with slow and deliberate steps into the centre of the ring. They stand eyeing each other with a wary look, glaring with a brutal ferocity, each watching a chance to catch his antagonist off his guard. And as the savage nature comes more and more to the surface, they assume the look and even the movements of two wild fierce bulls. As they continue to eye each other, they stamp heavily on the ground, pawing the earth, as it were, with impatience; and then they stoop, grasp handfuls of earth, and fling it with an angry toss over their backs. They crouch down low, still keeping their eyes fixed one on the other, and watching each movement; then in a moment there is a sudden spring; a great shock as the massive frames strike one another, a rebound; and then the two monsters become one monster, with many limbs heaving and struggling, with great muscles rising in distinct outline, with bloated faces, and gushes of purple blood.

Prize-fighting in Japan is very much like prize-fighting in England. But perhaps in Japan they recognise the nature of the exhibition more truly than we do, and it is quite in character with the rest of the scene, and a legitimate demonstration, when the next antagonist lowers his head and rushes at his opponent bellowing like a bull.

Let us leave the wrestlers, they will all struggle in succession, and with a like result,

and then the man who can give and take most will stand panting and victorious, and will be led off in triumph.

The spectators meanwhile, instead of talking slang and looking disreputable, like the frequenters of English prize-fights, will go home to music and poetry and water-parties. Perhaps in the evening of the same day we shall find them in the company of ladies, sitting by a cool running stream or in a shady grove, each with a book. The book may be of poetry, or containing religious and moral apophthegms.

Japanese literature is as yet almost unknown to us, and seems not to be of the highest order. Indeed, depth of thought, earnestness of purpose, or any large and general views of society and humanity, we could not expect to find among such a people. Their civilisation has, emphatically, the heart eaten out of it. It is external only, and has long ceased to have any reality of inward culture and development corresponding to it. And thus we find refinement and barbarity, consideration for others and the grossest cruelty, existing not only in members of the same nation, but in one and the same individual.

In the dramas which attract and fascinate them, they represent on the stage the most astoundingly cruel punishments by torture; and they take pleasure in witnessing not only the representation, but the punishments and tortures actually inflicted. Although theatres are the favourite resort of Japanese ladies and gentlemen, the actors are held in great contempt; as it is magnificently said, that "A man who will give up his own character to assume that of another for pay and profit, can have no sense of honour."

Indeed the Japanese can utter sentiments that sound well, as for example, the following:

Upright in heart be thou, and pure,
So shall the blessing of God
Through eternity be upon thee; I
Cherish my prayers shall not avail,
But truly a clear conscience,
That worships and fears in silence.

As a specimen of their light literature, take the following quaint passage from the preface to the Tale of the Six Folding Screens:

The reader will find in this book nothing about fighting with enemies, or about conjurors, or magical works, or fairy discourses, or jackalls, or wolves, or toads; nothing about pedigrees, or jewels, or any other lost property.

Here are no stories of confusion between the names of father and son, or elder and younger brother [such confusion seems very natural when we remember the numbers of times every Japanese may, and does, change his name]; no sealed-up boxes, or hair-pins, or mysterious revelations of the gods and Buddhas by means of dreams; no mortal swords pointed against each other; nothing

which makes the blood run cold can at all be found in it. Convinced of the incorrectness of the adage, that "Men and folding screens cannot stand unless they be bent," we have here hastily put together upon this perishable paper, covered with figures, the brief notes of good counsel, as a border, or frame, to the tale of six such folding screens, under the new forms of this transitory world, who have wholly disdained to bend; and we publish the same to the world.

And so for the present we leave Japanese literature, referring the reader curious for further information to the interesting compilation, to which we are much indebted, entitled, *Japan and her People*, by Mr. Andrew Steinmetz, and to the works quoted and consulted by him.

MY SPANISH KALEIDOSCOPE.

It is my certain belief that all the old talismans mentioned so pleasantly in the *Arabian Nights*, and other fairy books—to wit, the purse of Fortunatus, the seven-league boots of Hop o' my Thumb, the Sultan's carpet that conveyed him wherever he wished: in fact, the invisible cap, the sword that could cut through stone, and other supernatural trifles—are to be found in some of the marine-store shops that one meets with in the Moorish cities of Spain. No man of sense for a moment can think, therefore, that I was at all imaginative or too sanguine in spending several days in Cordova, looking for these invaluable curiosities, among heaps of rusty bits, notched rapiers, dented breast and back pieces of soiled steel, Moorish cushions worked with embroidery, old cocked hats, ragged pack-saddles, cracked muskets, and dagger-knives big as scythe-blades. I turned over a great many greasy religious books: such as *The Garden of the Soul*, and *The Ecstasies of Saint Barabbas*; piles of prints of victories won by the Spanish against the French, cigar-cases without number, but all in vain. The boots, the carpet, the purse, the cap, it was not mine to find, though my greedy and too sanguine hand literally leaped at every old pair of jack-boots, piece of faded matting, worn out nightcap, and soiled money-bag I saw in the vaults of faded vanity.

But one thing I did bring home was a treasure scarcely less magical than those which I in vain searched for in the dusty marine store-shops and curiosity warehouses of Cordova. This was a simple kaleidoscope. Yes, a simple telescope-looking tube, covered with a sort of Indian orange mottle of paper, with the usual tin peep-hole, the black valves inside, and the little dark jeweller's shop of jingling glass tumbling about inside in a sort of harlequin puzzle of dazzling colours, just as if a magician, reduced in old age to go about in crimson robe and yellow slippers, and to keep a stall in the Lowther Arcade, had manufactured a

new toy by cutting up half a dozen rainbows into a salad, seasoning the dish by slicing in a sunset cloud, two dozens of Rowney's best water-colours, and serving up with a garnish of fricasseed summer-flowers, particularly tulips, adding a sprinkle of jewel-dust and some layers of butterflies cut small "to liking."

Now why I bought a kaleidoscope, it would puzzle a Dutchman to tell. I suppose, for the same reason I sent my maiden aunt a caricature of herself, and got "scratched" out of her will the same evening. The fact is, I am still boy at my heart, and like what I liked as a boy, particularly cricket, hardbake, foxhunting, the Times, marbles, and kaleidoscopes. So, seeing at an English store in Cordova, that ancient Moorish city—the city of Cordova—a kaleidoscope stuck up, looking low and forlorn, like a deserted and orphan obelisk, among a row of pink hair-oil bottles with some fairy-like French name on them, some bootjacks, and white Spanish slippers—for black boots, or, indeed, leather boots at all, are seldom worn in burning Andalusia—I bought it, because on those wet days in London, when as a child I used to rummage my toy cupboard in the back parlour, and after dismembering the musical cart, unmaking the toy carpenter's tools, and beating my pasteboard shield with the great vermilion cross to a jelly, I used to always fall back to that untiring, delicious, magical kaleidoscope—the optical wonder that did not set me to dissect light, or settle scientific laws, but made me an artist's colour-man till death do us part.

But this Spanish kaleidoscope is not the old toy quite; no, it has a spice of magic and the black art about it. The old London toy was a mere shake-up of geometric flowers, of rainbow crystals, jostling and shuffling with regimental haste into budding stars and radiant mosaic wheels, a sort of angelic pattern book in fact, such as an artificial-flower maker might use in Elysium—a catalogue of fossil flowers of the first suggestions, skeletons of the blossoms that broke out with purified beauty after the Deluge. That was the London toy. But that is a kaleidoscope of Spanish scenes and Spanish people, painted on glass with the juice of liquorice root and of orange fruit. Every time I shake it when I am in the mood, and have taken my medicinal sherry tonic, by some singular inner machinery, a hidden spring clicks and clicks, and a new scene and a new province meets the introspective eye applied to the touch-hole. I shake, and they change. How many slides there are I know not; but this I know, that I have not yet seen them all. The old toy may have suggested, as it is said, new patterns to the feeble imaginations of carpet weavers and ribbon designers; but there, mine has suggested to me a whole volume of travels, think of that, Master Brooke. I want you to run round the

dark bins of my little diorama kaleidoscope with me, and look in at the little doorway every time I shake it. It will show you in a bright, illuminated coup d'œil, all at once, better than I could describe to you, Spain with all its varieties, plain, mountain, sea, and river, the contrasting dress of the peasantry, and the varieties of hot and cold, light and dark, temperament and climate.

Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, stand aside, and don't breathe upon the glasses; walk up, walk up, we're just going to begin. I shake the instrument lightly in my right hand, thus; you hear the glass jingle—there is no deception, no deception—look in, and tell me what you see.

FIRST SHAKE.

A REGION of sheep and swine—it is Estremadura; those silver threads drawn across its slate and granite rocks, its turfy sheep walks and aromatic wastes, are the two great rivers, the Tagus and the Guadiana; in other countries they would be peopled with ships, here they serve but as ditches for draining. Once a land of corn and oil under Moor and Roman, Estremadura is now a sheep walk, desert of grass and thyme. That man you see under the cork-tree sounding his horn is a swineherd; that horseman wrapped in a sheep-skin a smuggler, in winter a wild duck shooter, in the oozy swamps on the banks of the Guadiana. No fear of robbing here, the people are too poor, and the travellers are scarce. That dull city on the hill above the river yonder, close to the Portuguese frontier, is Badajoz, where much English blood, and French, too, was once shed. That white ring of road winds from Badajoz to Madrid, and from there to Seville. Here in that heap of grey ruins, where the wild fig grows, the frog croaks, and the stork snaps his bill, is the once famous Roman city of Merida: and not far off is Medellin, where Cortes was born. You may know it, though it is but a speck in the kaleidoscope, by the castle on the hill and the bridge below. You can only see you cannot hear, through the kaleidoscope; it is no ear trumpet, or you might hear from the wild olives of the desert tracks there to the right the perpetual soft cooing of the Barbary turtle doves, who dispute the sovereignty of the woods with the crested hoopoe, the bee-eater and the blue pie.

Observe the shepherds who pass across our picture chamber, they wear leather jerkins open at the arms, and the women short green, red, and yellow serge petticoats, with cloth mantillas and silver clasps; there are sandals on their pretty ballet-dancing feet. They all wear crosses; and under chestnut-trees covered with white flowers, or tripping about at vintage time, look very romantic, pleasant, and unnatural. But you must not expect this small kaleidoscope circle, though it does seem to widen and widen, will show you all

Estremadura, the old Duke of Alba's palace, for instance—the oak-wood where Pizarro drove his swine, or the white belfry and cypresses of the Carmelite convent: no; what I see is two sorts of country, both desert, lonely, and barren; one sheep-track, thyme, cistus, and crop-eared grass; another oak-woods and swine walks.

If your eye could pierce those beech woods there to the right, you would see the countless herds of swine that at night thunder back to the dirty villages of the kind-hearted, lazy, pork-loving, sausage-eating Estremadurans. As for the lower plains out of sight, they are noisy with the incessant droning-chirping of the locust and cicada, which the peasant burns in heaps and even institutes religious processions with bell, book, and candle to exorcise. And as the kaleidoscope can only play its own set of tunes, can only show you one aspect of the year, I tell you that in April all the country is dusty, and alive with thousands of sheep returning in flocks of enormous extent to the cool hills, from whence in October they had come with great bands of shepherds and dogs to seek the warmer plains. The great festivals of Estremadura are the sheep-shearing in May, and the pig-killing in November, always something to do, in winter the lambing; in March, the marking and tail cutting, and in September, the daubing the sheep with red ochre, to make the wool fine. But I must not stop all day basking in the purple thyme of the Estremaduran sheep-walks, that plague and the sword have since the Moor left all but returned to desert. I shake the kaleidoscope again, and the scene changes to Leon.

SECOND SHAKE.

I AM staring on the green wooded hills and fiery dusty plains of Leon. Those little toy towns of stone are the Leonese cities. Leon, Salamanca, and Valladolid. Recollections of Moorish and French storming forays, of horse and foot rise around me, I see the great whirlpools of corn, and the slopes where the sour wine grows. I see the pastures where the herdsmen direct the cattle with stones from their slings, just such as knocked out Don Quixote's jaw-teeth when he mistook a flock of sheep for an army of infidels, and rode down among them lance in rest. I see the tepid trout-streams, hot enough to boil the fish, and the great golden seas of corn, that roll in summer round Zamora. Again I hear the creaking wooden wheels, and see the mules toil at the simple plough. Shall I forget the simple, hospitable Leonese, who still talk of Wellington as "the great Lord," and love Englishmen for his sake. Shall I forget their clean, comfortable farm-houses, where the herdsmen were centaurs, and the cattle-branding was a feast of good things, where castanets, and fifes, and drums, set the peasant feet dancing. Shall I forget the strange dress of the charro, or country beau,

that is to be seen about Ciudad Rodrigo—the low, broad-brimmed hat, large as an umbrella, the rich embroidered shirt, with the gold bossy brooch; the low, square waistcoat of pounced and figured velvet, cut low to show the wonderful shirt even below the waist; the square silver buttons, too, of that marvellous waistcoat, and the quaint cross ribbons; the jacket open like a South American's at the elbow, and edged with black velvet, rich and soft; the broad belt instead of the red webby sash, long, dark cloth gaiters, embroidered below the knee, large silver buckles in his shoes, a javelin, patriarchal stick, in his right hand, and a cloak over his shoulder; and here, too, even in the mud hovels, in the plains near Valladolid, we see that enchanted creature, the charra, or Leonese belle, the caramba in her black shining hair, which is covered by the square cloth mantilla, fastened by a silver brooch; the hood richly embroidered. As for the little red velvet bodice that clasps her round, it is adorned with a patch-work of patterned bugles, which run about in flowery knots all round her bosom; her wrist-cuffs are worked with gold thread; her sash ties behind; her petticoat is scarlet as a geranium, if it is not purple as a pansy; her apron is like an old-fashioned sampler, starred with quaint birds and flowers: her handkerchief is embroidered with gold; and she wears chains of coloured stones, which have come down to her as heir-looms. For all that, he and she are honest and simple as heart could wish them; and if you sleep in the charro's cottage, though it be but of unbaked brick, and you are weary of the dusty plains and dreary bare hills of Leon, and long to pass over even to the cold damp Asturias, still you will not easily forget the good people's hospitality, their towers of four-post beds, the clean, fringed sheets, and the regal pillows, embroidered with lions and castles. Again I fancy myself riding through the salt, dust-smoke of the Leon plains, and see the herds tossing their horns, and bellowing as the stones from the herdsmen's slings turn them left or right. But I must on to Galicia, the rainy coast country of Galicia, whose ports, Vigo and Coruña, have often listened to the voice of English cannon.

THIRD SHAKE.

YES, this is Galicia, the country that the Minho divides from Portugal, and whose shores run down to the Bay of Biscay. It is from the snowy mountains, green meadows, and chestnut forests, which bears and wolves still haunt, that the Madrid porters and the Lisbon water-carriers come. Here you see the women ploughing or turning the distaff under a hedge, hard, rugged, and ugly; the men, strong, hardy, boorish, and rude, you meet in every coasting vessel with bundle in red handkerchief and green umbrella, returning home with their Portuguese earnings. This is the country of contrasts—from the

wretched inns without chimneys, where no one but a muleteer can get anything to eat, to the smiling valleys and rich farms of the lower Minho. Here the cottages are mere stables, their gojas run over with corn and wine.

No one who has ever been to Spain will forget the stolid, litigious, stubborn groups of emigrant Gallicians whom he meets on the decks of the coasting steamers—whom he sees land at Corunna, or disembark at Vigo. They look like Irishmen without their sparkle, fire, or wit—Irishmen with the soul out—Irishmen stupified to helots—Irishmen grown prudent, churchish, and industrious. There they sit silent and absorbed, leaning on their great black-handled umbrellas, the crooks under their beardless chins, wrapped in their heavy great coats: they sit dismal and forlorn, their penury and hard frugality not unalloyed with selfishness, the black shadow of prudence. How glad we were to clear the decks at Vigo and cart them off—blankets, bedding, and all—in that little green bay of Vigo. Now for the Asturias, the Wales of Spain, leaving Compostella, the shrine of Saint James, Corunna and its fertile coast, even the old thin egg merchant from that city, who told me he helped to bury Sir John Moore, and, hey presto, with my kaleidoscope to the Asturias.

FOURTH SHAKE.

I SEE a tract of cloudy mountains, where once the Goths took shelter from the Moors, high up among the eagles. I see the barrier of hills that divide it from Leon, and the northern range that borders the Bay of Biscay, and serves these Asturias for another frontier. I see fir woods and green turf, and breathe again after those dusty plains of Leon, those fiery hot valleys clogged with orange trees of Galicia. I see hill and dale, meadow, wood, and river, spread out as on a map. I see mountains ten thousand feet high, helmeted with perpetual clouds that make the country mild and damp as England.

No turbans of Andalusia, or open jackets here, but white felt caps, turned up with green, and close, warm jerkins. No Gallician clumsy sabots, but leather shoes. No Gallician ponies, but stout, hardy cobs. No red velvet bodices for the women, but yellow and green ones; dark serge and black mantles, with garnishings of coral necklaces and gold lacings. No hull-fighting here; but sturds, skittles and single-stick, more cider too, than wine. These are the kind, civil people, who emigrate to become the cooks and valets, and penurious, cheating small traders of Spain. They are active, hardy, honest, industrious, and mercenary as the Swiss. Like them, they have the goitre and home-sickness. Like the Welsh, they are proud of their cheese and their pedigrees. There is no road in the Asturias, and there is not one

good one in Galicia. Here you can fish and shoot till you are satisfied; for there are no game preserves, and no gentlemen poulterers.

But I long for another shake of my toy, and want to get to Castille, where all the bluest blood of Spain is, and must leave the chestnut woods, maize-fields, babbling torrents and stormy sierras of the Asturias. What we want is the mountain-girt table-land of the Castille.

FIFTH SHAKE.

I AM aware of mountains, and barren, dusty treeless table-lands. All Castille is like the bit the kaleidoscope shows you, for I am not going to shake the toy again, to bring up Madrid. The hamlets are all mud houses. Nowhere do you see hedges, enclosures, or landmarks. You hear no bird. You see no crops, but patches of corn, peas, and saffron. The men wrapped in rugged brown cloaks, are proud, unobliging, not so chatty and witty as the quick Andalusian or crafty Valencian, less stern, but less wrathful and treacherous. As one who knew them well said: "The Castilian is not addicted to low degrading vices, although proud, ignorant, prejudiced, superstitious, and uncommercial. He is true to his God and king, his religion running often into bigotry, his loyalty into subserviency."

SIXTH SHAKE.

I AM in the Basque Provinces. Here is Bilbao; yonder San Sebastian; and I see over there the mountains where neither Goth, Moor, nor Roman could ever keep foothold. These Basques are poor, proud, fiery people; intensely national, and quaint enough, with their strange hats, their sandals and brogues, cudgels, curious dances, and strange Tartarian language. Whether on mountain, valley, or seacoast; whether on the slopes, where the oak and chestnut woods are, or in the orchards and maize-fields of the lower plains; whether in the green hills above their town, or the castle fortress-looking barred-up houses with shields over the doorways, I observe as I give the glass just the suspicion of a shake those blue-capped men with queer bandages round their legs and rude sandals, fresh from the iron mine perhaps, wending up to that little village with the domed belfry and whitewashed houses, half hid in green copses and groves of chestnut. "Going home from work, I suppose?" say you. O, no; I see it is Sunday, and there is going to be a wedding and a feast. Here comes a man with the national bagpipe, and here others with fifes, tambourines, and flageolets. Jubilant will be the harmony, hideous the clamour. There will be street dances and firing off of guns as the Moors used to do. There will be offerings of corn and bread (in a pagan way) to the bride's ancestors' manes. Here come the men in

brogues: here the women with the hoods and long plaited hair. To-morrow there will be hill pilgrimage; and to-night much sour wine will be drunk. There go the guns—bang, bang. O, my poor ears! let's get out of this.

SEVENTH SHAKE.

WHAT do you see? Don't be all day—What do you see? I see a troop of stubborn-looking men in knee-breeches and broad-brimmed, slouching brigand hats. They wear wide silk sashes, and the colours they most affect seem to be red and blue. They look as they wind up that snowy pass of the Pyrenees, vigorous, brave and hardy, simple men, but obstinate enough to realise the old proverb against them, which says that they knock nails into walls with their heads. They hate the French and the Castillians; and though slow to learn a new idea, never forget it when it becomes an old one. It is a wind-swept, craggy, rock-girt country is Aragon. Its hills full of game, its hill streams of trout, its deserts of gnawing barrenness; in spite of the Ebro and Saragossa, I had sooner be out of it. Eight thousand feet high in the Aragon Pyrenees there is perpetual snow. Land of the bear and wild goat, of the wolf and eagle, again I look at thy crags and glaciers. I hear the shepherd's whistle, or the smugglers' song as his loaded mules come feeling their way down the crumbling path. Again I see thy royal Maladita, the sky-pinnacle battlements that divided two kingdoms, thy passes, thy beds, thy torrents, thy valleys, thy basins, thy amphitheatres of rock, thy dens of guerillas and smugglers.

EIGHTH SHAKE.

I KNOW now, by the long red caps, jackets hung over the shoulder, and long dark breeches, that I am in harsh saturnine Catalonia. I see by the large ugly women, neither graceful as the Andalusian, or sumptuously beautiful as the Valencians, by their immense amethyst Moorish earrings, supported by threads, by their tight bodices, handkerchiefs and serge mantillas. I know their rough, independent manner. They are frugal, honest, brave, and obstinate, but not courteous or lazy, like the Castilian. Sailors and democrats half of them; traders and smugglers the other half,—rough and ready. I see now its wooded hills and snowy peaks; its ever-green valleys and smugglers' roads, its plains and harbours. Why that city on the sea is surely Barcelona, city of nuts, and yonder is Tarragona. What are those mountains? Why Montserrat to be sure, rent as the monks say, the night of the Crucifixion. The throne of the Virgin as the Catalanian thinks; a nest of hermitages and lies, where you may hear the gun-fire from the next fortress-tower, break through the intended

monotony of the vesper-bell. Adieu to Catalonia. The horses beat their feet for us at the door.

NINTH SHAKE.

WE are in fertile, damp, melody-bearing Valencia—the Moor's lost Paradise, the Cid's country, the wet region of canals and rice that sallow men dig and dung—and where mulberry stains every thing purple. These men you see in hempen sandals and footless stockings, white lined drawers, gaudy jackets, with open shirt-sleeves, plaids, and gay sashes, are the muleteers of Spain and the hackney-coachmen of Madrid. Observe their lank black hair bound with a silk handkerchief. As for these women who, at Madrid, would be selling iced drinks in the streets, and here are washing in the doorways, they have their rolls of hair pierced with huge silver pins, big as daggers, and wear silver gilt combs with the Virgin's image upon them. Those ornaments and little silver idol-saints that they wear are talismans against the Evil Eye. I cannot say much for the Valencians; they are sullen, cruel, cunning, and revengeful; gay, yet treacherous; plausible, but suspicious. Region of balmy air and tropical fertility, with thy low sandy shore, from which the Mediterranean shrinks away like a wearied lover, with thy watch-towers, and thy perpetual carob-trees, thy water-wheels strung with jars, and thy vine-dressers and silk-winders. Shake!

TENTH SHAKE.

IN vain I shake the glass, for smuggling Ronda, still I look through, and find Andalusia. Here is real Spain again. Yes, there is the brown Guadalquivir, and the tower of Seville, the desert banks, the purple mountains, the orange grove, the bull-ring, the sugar-canes, the land of the gay, buzzing, witty, strutting Andalusian in his velvet jacket, knee-breeches, turban cap, tags, and tassels, his coloured sash, and frilled shirt, land of the bolero and the castanet, of Moorish rivers, and wild goats. Like all Spain, a land of contrasts; of beggars in blankets cowering at church doors, and of bull-fighters, gay in opera silks, sweeping by, the very kings of the causeway, of black-eyed beauties, hidden in lace mantillas, and of half-naked gipsy-women fighting with knives for half a prickly pear. This is the hot land of the nolen-eater, mule-driver, and water-seller, the land of priests and asses (I mean mules), of desert and ruin, of orange grove and maize field, of aloe hedges, and prickly pear walks.

Now once more I shake the kaleidoscope, and to my horror, whether my brain is affected or my eyes tired, I see nothing but a rubbish heap of broken glass—fragments of yellow, blues, and reds, of purple, browns, and red oranges, of greens, &c. No trees now; no hills, no shape.

"Why, the fact is, old fellow," says my

friend Fluker, snatching up the kaleidoscope, "you've been and done it. The thing is shaken to pieces."

RENCONTRES.

IN these days of rapid travelling by steam and rail, you are continually meeting with the same persons in different parts of the world. One day you shake hands on the top of the Alps with an acquaintance whom you last met at the coronation at Moscow; or exchange a few hurried words at the Manchester station with the friend you met at a dinner party in Peru. You can hardly ever enter into conversation, either in a steamer or in a railway-carriage, without finding that he or she knows somebody whom you either know or have met before. I am often travelling by sea and land, and such rencontres with me are not scarce.

Not long since I got into a Hampstead omnibus; its only other occupant was a gentleman, who, after a few moments, said: "Pardon me, but I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before: were you ever in Russia?"

I replied, I had only returned a few weeks from that country.

"Then," said he, "I am not mistaken. I once experienced a kindness from you, which I have not forgotten. Do you remember on the Empress's fête-day, some five years since, on returning from Peterhoff, overtaking a gentleman on the road who was in much distress, occasioned by the break-down of his droshky, and the incapability of the intoxicated driver, who would insist upon lying down in the road, beside his shattered vehicle, and there take his rest?"

I assented with a laugh.

"Intreaties, promises, and threats were of no avail; neither ishvoteschik nor I understanding one word of the other's language," continued the gentleman. "I was in despair, not knowing the country, nor which road to pursue; so I had the pleasing prospect of passing the night under the canopy of heaven, with a drizzling rain coming on. My only consolation was, that the road being very narrow, the broken droshky of course would be an impediment to other carriages passing quickly, so that I might perhaps beg a lift; but, from the lateness of the hour, and knowing also there was another road to town, my hopes of the probability of such an occurrence were but small. However, I lighted my cigar, and could only chafe at the unfortunate accident that had placed me in such an uncomfortable position. In about a quarter of an hour I heard wheels approaching."

"The carriage I was in," I mentioned.

"I called out lustily, the carriage stopped, the coachman dismounted from his seat to remove the droshky to one side of the road to enable his own vehicle to pass. A gentleman

in uniform also alighted, and accosted me in his own language. Finding I did not understand him, he addressed me in French; and, on hearing my story, politely offered me a seat in his carriage. He was returning to town from the fête with an English friend, who, if I mistake not greatly, is now before me."

I repeated that I remembered the circumstance very well, and that we left the gentleman at his own hotel in the Moskowa, whence he was to start the next day on his return to England. Five years had not effaced this little courtesy from his mind, and he was exceedingly desirous of showing me some civility in return. But a Hampstead omnibus is not the best possible place for an exchange of courtesies, and we parted with the hope mutually expressed that we should meet again.

Several years ago, arriving late at night at one of the station-houses in Sweden, where I had to wait an hour while horses were being brought from the fields, I found a gentleman similarly situated, pacing up and down the room whistling for want of thought. We commenced conversation, and found that some years before we had met at a picnic a few miles from Saint Omer, and had visited in company the ruined towers of Saint Bertin. We renewed again with pleasure an old acquaintance; and, when our respective vehicles were ready we parted most friendly, he pursuing his journey to Stockholm, and we to England; never, perhaps, to meet again. It is thus with travellers. They often become bosom friends for a few hours, and are then separated for ever.

Coming down the Rhine last year, I met a gentleman on board who had recently returned from India. He had passed through all the horrors of Lucknow, and could not recall its scenes without a shudder. Having lost relations there, I naturally inquired if he knew any of them, and found that he had not only been with my first cousin in his last moments, but that he had brought his wife to England, helping her to escape to Calcutta, and passing with her through many dangers in evading the enemy. We had both heard of each other; but could never have contemplated the introducing ourselves on board a Rhine steamer.

Another time, on the railway from Brussels, we met a gentleman who had passed some years in China. We also had a friend who had not long returned thence. I mentioned his name, and it appeared the stranger and he were intimately acquainted. In fact, he said, they were brothers in heart, and he was now on his way to Baden, where, he understood, my and his friend was staying, on purpose to see him; looking forward to the meeting with a lively pleasure. I informed him that I thought his journey would be useless, as I knew he had been expected in Scotland on a visit, and believed that he was now in that country. Alas! we were both

mistaken; he was in that land where sorrow and care are unknown: having died suddenly, the previous week, of disease of the heart.

About five years ago, I had the misfortune to be shipwrecked on the coast of Sweden when three of the passengers and five of the crew unhappily lost their lives. The body of one of the passengers only was recovered a few days afterwards, thirty miles from the spot where the lamentable accident occurred. It was brought to the town where the survivors were, and it was considered necessary by those in authority that the body should be seen by some one of us for the purpose of identifying it previous to interment. The captain was absent a few miles down the coast on the affairs of the wreck, the other two passengers were ill, and the evidence of the crew not being thought sufficient (they rarely having been in contact with the deceased) the sad office fell upon me. I not only spoke to his identity; but, two days after, attended his funeral with the captain, crew, and the rest of the passengers, who all wept over the stranger's grave, regretting his loss, but thankful that they had been spared the same sad fate.

Last year, in crossing from Hull to Cronstadt, there was a gentleman on board who seemed to be very nervous and agitated at the idea of the journey before him. Rallying him upon his apparent want of courage, he owned that nothing but business of very great importance should have induced him to undertake this journey; that, though he had no general dislike to the sea, he had a special dread of this voyage; for, five years previously he had lost a cousin and two friends who were making the voyage, and that the body only of his cousin had been found and buried by strangers in a foreign land. I at once felt that I was one of those strangers, and gave my new fellow-passenger such particulars of the last moments of his relative as interested, and, at some points of my narrative, powerfully affected him.

A few days ago returning from Richmond, I met a lady and her daughter to whom, some years since, I had shown a slight civility in helping them out of their difficulties at the custom-house at Cologne; they not understanding one word of any language besides their own English, which the officials there were not sufficiently acquainted with to make them understand what articles were allowed to pass free. I not only assisted them out of their embarrassment, but put them into a fiacre and recommended them to an hotel, where I knew the waiters understood English, and where they would not be much imposed upon. This trifling kindness they had treasured up, and, though some three years had passed, they greeted me as though the circumstance had happened yesterday. I believe they were very sorry there were no laws or regulations on

English railways that I might unwittingly infringe, that they might have the pleasure of assisting me out of the difficulty. However, they insisted upon my spending the evening with them at their lodgings in town, and made me promise never to go to Brighton, where they lived, without paying them a visit.

One of the strangest coincidences I ever experienced, I have however yet to tell:

In the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-four, while returning to England from Saint-Petersburg, I, and a travelling companion, found we were compelled to remain the night in Cologne, as the last train for Ostend had left some two hours before our arrival. Disappointed at this (as we were anxious to be once more in England), we took up our temporary abode at the hotel we had been recommended to, in no very agreeable mood. After supper one of the obliging waiters brought the visitor's book for us to inscribe our names in, and I added my name to the rest for the benefit of future visitors. The next morning early we visited the Cathedral, heard service, and returned to the hotel to leave in its omnibus for the railway station. Finding we had a few minutes to spare, we entered the travellers' room. It was very full. Some reading, some smoking, some taking an early cup of coffee. We had hardly been in the room a minute, before a strange gentleman came up to us, and requested to know if my name was (say) Beaumont. Taken by surprise, to hear myself accurately named by a perfect stranger, I hardly knew how to answer; for, having left Russia on account of the war, and not feeling sure whether I had given vent to any expression that might have been taken umbrage at, I could only see in the individual before us, a spy or agent of the Prussian police; which was, at that time, occasionally doing Russian work. Perhaps my manner gave the stranger an idea of what was passing in my mind, for he quickly added, "My name is Manlay."

I knew the gentleman at once; although I had never seen him; it was for his name that an intimate friend of mine had recently changed her own. He continued: "I also am on my way to England, and shall be happy if I can be of any service to you. I saw your name, last night, on my arrival in the visitors' book: and, on asking for you this morning, was told you had already left, but am glad to find it was not so."

During our journey we entered into familiar conversation, as if, indeed, we were old friends. I had much to hear of things and people since I had left England; and, also, very much to relate. I found my new friend not only an intelligent, but also a kind, thoughtful man, accustomed to travelling, and who had the happy knack of making everything appear in the most agreeable light. The journey to London was very swiftly performed, and, on passing

Forest Hill, he asked; "What hotel do you stop at in London?" I replied that I was going to stay with a friend. He offered to set me down at that friend's door. "But," I said, "you may be destined for quite another part of London;" and mentioned my destination. Strangely enough he was going to the same neighbourhood. Then after a few more words of explanation, the coincidence became perfect. He and I were actually invited, and were unconsciously on our road to the *same house*. When we arrived, our hostess was amazed to see that her two guests) only one of whom she had expected that day) had arrived together.

A FRENCH PEPYS.

At the close of the seventeenth century, a young, sharp-witted, pragmatical nobleman, entered on his career at the court of the Grand Monarque. He was the Duc de Saint Simon, son of a favourite of Louis the Thirteenth, and the Samuel Pepys of his time. He made himself the chronicler and general portrait-painter of the court: thus bequeathing a gallery of likenesses, and a bead-roll of events, which graver history would not have preserved; but we cannot say that they increase our respect for the boasted Augustan era of France.

One of Louis the Fourteenth's great desires was, to provide brilliantly for his natural children. The only daughter of Mademoiselle de la Vallière he had married to the Prince de Conti. His eldest daughter by Madame de Montespan, he had given to Louis de Bourbon, son of the Prince de Condé grandson of the Great Condé, and, like the Prince de Conti, one of the Royal Princes of France. His second daughter, by the same mother, he now determined to marry to his nephew the young Duc de Chartres, son of Monsieur, his brother, and the future famous Regent Duc d'Orléans. The mother of the young De Chartres—a proud, rigid, and violent woman, holding in horror all unauthorised relations—received the proposition with fury. The young Duc, influenced by his tutor, the celebrated Cardinal Dubois, and awed by the terrifying majesty of the king, gave way; although he hated this projected marriage with Mademoiselle Dubois, as she was called, quite as much as his mother herself. But the king knew what a set of slaves he had to deal with, and cared nothing for private prejudices. One evening, therefore, all these personages were sent for to the king's private cabinet; the court on the tip-toe of expectation to know what was afoot. When they returned, the marriage was announced as a settled thing. Madame was furious, Monsieur was oppressed with shame, the young Duc was miserable, and Mademoiselle Dubois embarrassed and trembling. Madame strode in the gallery with her handkerchief in her hand, gesticulating

vehemently and weeping passionately as she spoke, for all to hear, of the insult and wrong done to them. At supper she and her son ate nothing. The son's eyes were red, the father's downcast, while indignant tears fell hot and heavy from Madame's. The king was oppressively polite to Madame. He offered her every dish before him, all of which she refused with rudeness. When they rose from table his Majesty made the indignant mother a low bow, during which she performed so complete a pirouette, that the king, on raising his head, found nothing but her back before him. The next day, when the court was assembled in the gallery, waiting for the breaking up of the council, the Duc de Chartres went as usual to kiss his mother's hand; but she gave him such a sounding box on the ear that he was sent reeling backward. This was one of the courtly amenities of that age of bows and forms.

The household of the new Duchesse is next declared; and, to the scandal of all the right-minded—Saint Simon of the number—certain offices are created in it, hitherto reserved for the lawful daughters of France. That innovation was worse than a thousand regal crimes. The marriage day arrives. After a ball, a supper, and the midnight marriage ceremony, the young couple are conducted to their apartment, and there, in the midst of the full court, receive their respective night-garments by a fixed succession of hands; she, from the banished Queen of England (James the Second's Queen), he from Louis himself. And then the massive state bed—with its plumes and its gilded Cupids, its velvet hangings, laced sheets, and gold embroidered counterpane—is solemnly blessed by the Cardinal de Bouillon, who keeps them shivering in their scanty clothing a full quarter of an hour before he deigns to make his appearance. Then the courtly crowd bows and trips and minces back to the ball-room, there to dance minuets and branles until the morning.

The Princesse de Conti is in love with Clermont, a subaltern of the guards. Monseigneur (his Majesty's) is in love with La Choin, one of the Princesse's maids of honour, "a great, ugly, brown, thick-set girl." Clermont is De Luxembourg's creature, and De Luxembourg desires to govern Monseigneur. He therefore proposes to Clermont that he should abandon the princess and marry La Choin, by this time the acknowledged mistress of Monseigneur; whereby she, by her unlimited power over the future king, might make Clermont's fortune and further De Luxembourg's designs. But the king finds out the whole affair, and the bombshell bursts. Clermont has sent to La Choin all the love-letters written to him by the princess. That, together with those of the two plotters to each other (wherein Monseigneur is always called "our fat friend"),

fall into the king's hands. His Majesty sends for La Conti; and, to cure her for the future of indulging in intrigues with men below her station, makes her read aloud both her own impassioned letters to Clermont, and his still warmer ones to La Choin, filled with every kind of ridicule and insolence against herself. La Conti is then dismissed with a severe reprimand; La Choin is banished; Clermont cashiered; but Monsieur de Luxembourg is let off.

To conclude at once with La Choin. Monseigneur was too deeply smitten to be thrown off the scent so easily. He discovers her retreat, and takes her to live with him at Meudon, publicly, à la Maintenon, whereby the whole court is at her feet. Her power is second only to that of the Maintenon herself. She is courted and caressed; gives herself airs of embryonic sovereignty; sits in an arm-chair before Monseigneur, while the Duchesse de Bourgogne, wife to Monseigneur's eldest son and heir presumptive of the throne, dares sit only on a foot-stool; never rises for said Duchesse; speaks of her familiarly, and is so highly placed that "every one—even the Duchesse de Bourgogne—crawled before this creature, the favourite of the heir to the throne," as Saint Simon says.

Monsieur du Maine, the king's eldest illegitimate son by Madame de Montespan, wishes to marry. He is given the choice of the Prince de Condé's three miniature daughters, who are all so small, that the prince, a tall and powerful man himself, used to say, his race would soon dwindle down to nothing, if it continued to decrease as it had done. An inch of height settles the question. Monsieur du Maine chooses the second daughter, and the eldest is so bitterly wounded at not being married before her sister, that she falls ill and dies.

The Duchesse of Hanover is sister to the Princesse de Condé. She wanted the illegitimate Du Maine for one of her own daughters, and quarrels with her sister for cutting the grass from under her feet. She is the wife of that same Hanoverian Duke who shut up his wife's lover in an oven. Monsieur du Maine was Louis' darling. He made him general of the forces then in action. He lost an engagement, drew back from a victory, acted like a poltroon, and became the jest of all France. When news of his disgrace and incapacity came to the king he said nothing, but was in so irritable a state, that he caned a wretched footman who pocketed a biscuit while clearing the dessert, and broke his stick across his back. That evening, coming out from Madame de Maintenon's apartment, he met the Père la Chaise.

"My father," says the king, excitedly, and in a loud voice, "I have beaten a knave, and broken my cane across his shoulders; but I do not think I have offended Heaven." The whole court quailed before that august con-

fession: it was Jove condescending to a mortal: and the father hastened to assure him that he had not offended Heaven.

The king's excessive enmity to the Prince of Orange, was owing to his having offered him one of his daughters in marriage; when the prince returned for answer, that "the House of Orange was accustomed to marry the legitimate daughters of great kings, and not their bastards." Louis never forgave that blunt refusal, and nearly died from vexation when forced to recognise the prince as King of England.

Saint Simon will also marry. He is only twenty: but he is without family connection at Court, and he thinks that a father-in-law of standing will advance his interests. He addresses himself to the Duc de Beauvilliers, whose daughters he has never seen; but "it is of Monsieur and Madame," he tells them, "he is enamoured, not of the young ladies." The Duc refuses him. The eldest daughter inclines to a convent, the second is deformed, and the third must not be married until her eldest sister has professed, or is married herself. Saint Simon is in despair, but Beauvilliers is inflexible to his views of right; and finally they separate, after many harassing interviews—Beauvilliers retreating to his "lands," Saint Simon to his secret friend and confidant, La Trappe. His friends then wish to marry him to a Mademoiselle de Royau, young, rich, and noble; but an orphan. And, as Saint Simon wants family connection rather than a wife, he declines. At last he settles with the Maréchal de Lorges, for his eldest daughter: and, on the eighth of April, sixteen hundred and ninety-five, they are married, at midnight, at the Hotel de Lorges, after the usual state supper. The next day, after dinner, the bride goes to bed, and there receives her visitors. The day after, they are at Court, where they are received by Madame de Maintenon and the king with marked distinction; and the day following, Madame de Saint Simon again goes to bed,—this time, for convenience, in the ground-floor apartment of the Duchesse d'Arpajou, and there and thus receives the Court.

Shortly after this, Madame de Saint Simon's young sister of fifteen is married, without a dowry, to Monsieur de Lauzun, of sixty-three. De Lauzun thought, that to marry the daughter of the Maréchal de Lorges would give him the command of an army; and De Lorges was so well pleased to get a daughter off his hands without paying for a husband with a dowry, that he made no scruple of such a husband as De Lauzun. The young bride received all her company in bed, as her sister had done; but, on the wedding-night, De Lauzun caused great scandal by his obstinate rejection of the public disrobing. He would have no one with him but his valet, and he would be in his own private dressing-room. The Court was scandalised, and thought him very indelicate. He bore

a very bad character, and everyone predicted evil to his young bride. Those predictions were fulfilled; for the poor child suffered a slow martyrdom from his jealous and brutal temper.

The Duc of Mantua, a noted old profligate, came to Paris, intent on marrying the beautiful young widow, Madame de Lesdiguières; with whose portrait, set in a ring and worn by her husband, he had fallen desperately in love. Madame de Lesdiguières was in the first year of her widowhood, and had loved her husband. She pertinaciously rejected the match; though all her friends, Saint Simon of the number, urged her to marry this ugly, unhealthy, and infamous old man, because he was rich. The young widow refused, sometimes angrily, sometimes tearfully; but always refused; and, in time, the Duc dropped his suit. He then addressed himself to another young and beautiful reluctant, Mademoiselle d'Elbœuf, of the House of Lorraine; whom her family had thrust into his way, and who, notwithstanding all her tears, was at last fairly forced upon him as his wife. When he left Paris for Italy, Madame d'Elbœuf, taking with her Madame de Pompadour, her married daughter, and Mademoiselle herself, pursued him, overtaking him at Nevers, where they partly cajoled and partly obliged him to marry on the spot. The newly married couple then parted; the Duc entering Italy by one way, the ladies by another. In Italy the marriage was re-solemnised, and the Lorraines were satisfied with the result of this bold intrigue. But the Duc punished them by keeping his wife in a kind of imprisonment; suffering her to see no one but her women; walling up her windows so high that she could not look out of them; and allowing only her mother to visit her—and she but for one hour during the day.

"The great, ugly, idle, mischievous" Prince de Leon was in despair. His father, the Duc de Rohan, had torn him from La Florence, an actress, and the mother of his children. The Duc de Rohan cared nothing for his son's despair. He was afraid that De Leon's infatuation would one day make La Florence the lawful Duchesse de Rohan, so parted the lovers effectually before the mischief of a marriage could be accomplished. To console him, he was promised the eldest daughter of the Duc de Roquelaure; ugly, humpbacked, but to be fabulously dowried. Negotiations began. Madame de Roquelaure was avaricious, and demanded impossible settlements. De Rohan refused them, and the young couple were frantic; he, lest he should lose his promised fortune; she, lest she should lose her promised husband, and so he left to wither in the convent where they had placed her. De Leon managed to see her in this convent, and they agreed to marry without paternal consent on either side. De Leon then set to work to deliver his princess.

He procured a carriage exactly similar to that of a friend who often called to take Mademoiselle out for a drive. This he sent, one day, with a counterfeit letter—writing and seal both forged—asking permission of the Lady Superiress, from Madame de Vieuville, to take Mademoiselle for a drive. Permission granted, unhesitatingly; and Mademoiselle, aged twenty-four, entered the carriage with her governess. At the first turning, De Leon jumped in, gagged the screaming governess, and drove off to the country house of our father-in-law, De Lorges. There, a wandering and interdicted priest married them; they went through the usual ceremonies of public disrobing, &c., and, after two or three hours, drove back to the convent; when Mademoiselle de Roquelaure, going straight to the room of the Lady Superiress, told her minutely all that had happened. After much rage and despair, and frantic demands for lettres de cachet, and the like, the marriage ceremony was re-enacted, and the young couple—both ugly, and one humpbacked—reaped a sorry fruit from their romantic audacity. Their parents outlived them on both sides, and neither dowry nor allowance lightened their crushing poverty.

The marriage of the Duc de Berri was to take place. He was Monseigneur's third son, his favourite, and a "catch." La Conde, of drinking memory, by this time had marriageable daughters; so had the Duchesse d'Orleans, our old acquaintance De Chartres. The friends of these two ladies divided themselves into two factions, each intriguing manfully for the hand of the young Duc. Saint Simon was busiest of all. He was on the Orleans side, and worked night and day to rouse the energy and ambition of his patrons. But the Duc was passionately fond of his daughter, and did not wish to marry her to any one, and Madame was frightened at the future. Intrigue prevailed over liking and disliking. After unheard-of efforts, and the regular organisation of a cabal by Saint Simon, he and his party triumphed; and the Duc de Berri married a reckless, debauched, shameless drunkard, of immense use in pulling down the whole fabric of French royalty, by destroying public respect for its members.

Everyone gamed. Not only laymen and women, but priests, abbes, and cardinals. That the courtier's lace and embroidery would cover sins, seemed but natural and fitting; but the priest's soutane, the nun's veil, the coif of the lady abbess? Here was, indeed, a contrast! The priests of that day were notoriously bad. They lived profligate lives than even the laity. They drank harder, gamed deeper, swore more lustily, and paraded their vices with greater hardihood. Who, too, such servile flatterers as they? When the soft-spoken and dangerous Abbe de Polignac—whose seductive wiles damaged the fair fame of even the beautiful and love-

able De Bourgogne—lisped out in a shower, in answer to the King's "fear he would get wet." "Sire, the rain of Marly does not wet,"—he expressed in one phrase the whole of that lying, servile, court-priest world. That phrase stuck to the wily abbé for life.

The learning of the court was on a par with its morality. Ignorance was no disgrace; success without birth was an infinitely worse fault. The brave Cavoye was a thorn in Saint Simon's aristocratic side; for he had made himself a place at Court by his talents, impudence, and good looks alone, and had neither money nor friends; neither birth nor services to back him. An ugly but very good creature, Mademoiselle de Coetlogon, one of the Queen's waiting women, fell in love with this brave Cavoye; who repulsed her advances and even treated her with brutality. Everyone pitied La Coetlogon; and Cavoye was ordered by the king to behave with more tenderness towards her. He joined the army, and the waiting woman was in tears till he returned. The next year he was second in a duel, and sent to the Bastille in consequence. Coetlogon's despair knew no bounds. She threw aside her ornaments, clad herself as meanly as possible, then went to supplicate the king for his release. The king refused, and she quarrelled with him so violently, that "she would have used her nails had he not been too wise to expose himself to them." She then refused to perform her duties, and grew so ill that she was allowed to visit her lover at the Bastille to keep her alive. By and bye Cavoye was released, and when the office of Grand Maréchal des Logis was vacant it was offered to him on the condition of his marrying La Coetlogon. "He sniffed a little longer," but submitted to his fate: and Coetlogon, as his wife, continued her love making and caresses in public, while he could bring himself to nothing more responsive than acquiescent non-resistance.

There was a Madame Panache at court; "a little and very old creature, with eyes and lips so disfigured that they were painful to look upon; a species of beggar, who had obtained a footing at court from being half-witted, who was now at the supper of the king and now at the dinner of Monseigneur, or at other places, where everybody amused themselves by tormenting her. The princes and princesses emptied into her pockets meats and ragouts, the sauces of which ran all down her petticoats. At these parties some gave her a pistole, or a crown, and others a flip or a smack in the face, which put her in a fury, because, with her bleared eyes not being able to see to the end of her nose, she could not tell who had struck her." This was one of the elegant pastimes of the courtly household of Louis the Fourteenth. Then there was the Princesse d'Harcourt, on whom also many pleasant tricks were played. "A tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk porridge,

great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings out;" dirty, slatternly, intriguing, mendacious, even in that most mendacious court; "a blonde fury, nay a harpy;" avaricious, gluttonous, and with unheard-of effrontery and indecency. She yet was the favourite of Madame de Maintenon and the butt of everyone else. Her servants played her tricks; so did the courtiers. Once they pelted her with snow-balls in bed: of which sport hear Saint Simon, in Mr. Saint John's Translation of his Memoirs: "The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled in snow, with which even her ears were filled; with dishevelled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, and wriggling like an eel, without knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour; so that, at last, the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed everywhere, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter," says Saint Simon. On the morrow she sulked, and was more than ever laughed at.

Another practical joke of the same courtly character had a more tragical ending. Monsieur le Duc de Condé had a supper party. Among the guests was Santeuil, canon of Saint Victor, a famous Latin poet, good-humoured, jovial, and a general favourite. Monsieur le Duc diverted himself by making Santeuil drink immoderately of champagne; when, to finish the joke, he emptied his snuff-box full of Spanish snuff, into his glass to see what would happen. He drank it off; and in twenty-four hours poor Santeuil was dead, after suffering frightful torments; but no one troubled the Duc about it.

Madame Pelot, in jest, called Monsieur la Vauguyon a poltroon for refusing a certain stake at brelan. After the rest of the company had gone, La Vauguyon "bolted the door, clapped his hat on his head, drove her up against the chimney, and, holding her head between his two fists, said he knew no reason why he should not pound it into a jelly to teach her to call him poltroon again. The poor woman was horribly frightened, and made perpendicular curtsies between his fists and all sorts of excuses." La Vauguyon was half mad then. Eventually he became wholly so: and, after doing many wild and dangerous things, died by his own hand.

The king's brother falls ill. He has been twice or thrice before on the verge of death from his excessive gluttony. But, this time, the blow really falls. The king, who has been estranged from him for some months, hears the news with great composure; but, at midnight, orders his carriage to be ready to take him to Saint Cloud, should worse news arrive. In the meantime, he goes to bed, but is roused by two messengers, the one of whom reports that Monsieur has just asked for some Schaffhausen-water, the other that

he is worse, and all the medicines given are powerless. At this the king sets out, the Court following as it best can, huddled into any coach that comes first to hand, and careless, for the moment, of precedence or etiquette. The king waited during the night at Saint Cloud, his brother slowly sinking; when, finding that all hope was at an end, he quitted the palace and returned to Marly, the Court scrambling after him. And then the dying man was deserted by all. Stretched on a couch in his cabinet, he was left only to the scullions and footmen, who filled the air with their cries, "the women running here and there, crying with dishevelled hair, like bacchantes." The Duchesse de la Ferte, who had married her daughter to one of Monsieur's minions, came back to look at him as he lay yet palpitating, "Pardi! here is a daughter well married!" said she, bitterly, turning on her heel. The next day, all traces of sorrow were banished. Songs, games, cards, dice, gay dresses, laughter: all was just the same at Marly as before.

Monseigneur, the king's eldest son, heir to the throne, father of the Duc de Bourgogne, and slave to La Choin, takes the small-pox. The king and Madame de Maintenon go to him at his own place, Meudon, and Monsieur and Madame de Bourgogne hold their court at Versailles. Saint Simon, absent from court on business, hears of Monseigneur's illness, and hurries back—torn between the hope that he will die and the fear that, though a fat man of fifty, he may recover. Things seem to go well for Monseigneur. The small-pox declares itself, and progresses favourably. The Dames de la Halle, who are very fond of him, come in procession to congratulate him on his recovery, kiss the foot of his bed, and say they will order a *Te Deum* to be sung. Monseigneur thanks them, says the *Te Deum* would be premature, gives them money and a dinner and sends them away. The Duchesse d'Orleans and Saint Simon bewail together their evil fate, and wonder how so gross a man can survive so sharp an illness. But Monseigneur's recovery was factitious. In a few days he becomes unconscious, sinks rapidly, and dies. As Madame de Saint Simon is undressing, and just ready to get into bed, rumours of the event reach Versailles, Saint Simon rushes off to the Duc de Berri's, but finds that everyone has gathered round the heirs—the Bourgognes. It was a curious sight. The whole Court, scarcely dressed, was huddled into Madame de Bourgogne's chamber.

The two sons (De Bourgogne and De Berri) and their wives sat side by side, on a sofa in the midst of the saloon, the Court ranged around them. The Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne were calm and gently sorrowful, not unmindful that they were

advanced a step nearer to the throne by a father's death; but the Duc de Berri, the youngest and the favourite son, wept and howled like some wild animal. They were not sobs, but appalling yells, that burst from him. His wife, who had lost her protector, was as bad. The decorous sympathy of the poor Duchesse de Bourgogne was lost in such a tumult of grief. "She found extreme difficulty in keeping up appearances. When the prince her brother-in-law howled, she blew her nose. She had brought some tears along with her, and kept them up with care; and these, combined with the art of the handkerchief, enabled her to redder her eyes and make them swell, and smudge her face." In the midst of all this, in wandered Madame, Monsieur's widow—"in full-dress she knew not why, howling she knew not why, and furnishing the odd spectacle of a princess putting on her robes of ceremony in the dead of night to come and cry among a crowd of women with but little on except their night-dresses; almost as masqueraders." In the gallery, a few ladies—notably the Duchesses d'Orleans and Saint Simon—sat near a tent-bed, talking confidentially, and confessing their joy at the event. These tent-beds were placed in the gallery every night for the Swiss Guards. In the midst of the conversation, one of the ladies touched the bed, when a sturdy arm reared itself up, undrew the curtains, and showed them a brawny Swiss under the sheets half awake and wholly bewildered. When he made out his position, and understood that these undraped women were princesses or peeresses, he dived back beneath the sheets and the curtains; and the ladies had much trouble not to laugh too loudly for a Court supposed to be in deep affliction.

At last the Duc de Berri was obliged to be carried off howling to bed; where he lay all night in a state of hysterical delirium. Monsieur and Madame de Bourgogne invited a number of ladies to pass the night in their bedroom. They slept, with unclosed curtains, a calm and unbroken sleep, and the next morning rose early, "their tears quietly dried up."

Monseigneur had been very popular with the Parisians, and his death was much lamented; but, if Saint Simon's portrait is a faithful one, he was no great loss to the country. Idle, credulous, and prejudiced, "absorbed in his fat and his ignorance," avaricious even to penury, obstinate and stupid, "without any desire to do ill, he would have made a pernicious king." So that though his death wrought some grief and a little state perplexity, France, under the regency of the Duc d'Orleans, was in better keeping than she would have been if she had ever passed into the hands of La Choin's fat friend.

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STREET MINSTRELSY.

The harp, fiddle, and cornet which ply their trade at my window, although they annoy me while I am writing, are disseminating among the populace, the politest strains of the Opera. Whenever they commence, we know who inspired their open-air music—whether it be Donizetti, Verdi, Mercandanti, or Bellini. Nothing is too high for them; and if, like the jolly guest at the three Pigeons in *She Stoops to Conquer*, they had bears to dance, they would dance them to the gentlest of tunes—much more genteel ones than *Water Parted from the Sea* or the minut in *Ariadne*. They convey fashionable melodies to the ears of the cook as she ends her gossip with the grocer's man at the area steps; Mario and the glorious Royal Italian Opera band float the same notes more thrillingly and exquisitely, it is true, under the bandeaux of the beauties in the grand tier: but they are the same. We will not enter into the question of comparative merit of execution, for perhaps even that street orchestra is beyond cook's musical education, and the superiority of Mario and the Royal Italian Opera band would be simply lost upon her. There is a point in every education beyond which degrees of excellence are blurred and blotted into one, like distant forms to the short sighted.

Although the best composers are known and popular, the strains of the classical and fashionable poets never permeate down among the masses. These have an *Anthology* and *Parnassus* of their own. When you see a few hundreds of penny ballads stuck against a boarding, and a few more hundreds boiling over the edges of a huge basket in some half-finished street, you wonder who the authors are. Do they live in garrets, after the fashion of the good old Grub Street days, and spin their brains into rhymes for the milkwoman's score and the dinner bill? Who write the people's ballads? What manner of men? of what status in society? and of what, or how much sympathy with their audiences? We might almost prove the Grub Street theory from some of the songs in that osier cauldron; songs with evident power and education in them, but slipshod and hurried, as if written

while the dun stood threatening at the door, or the sheriff's officer was pacing before it. In the days (which have passed away for all except the retained of advertising tailors) when the Puff Poets were in fashion, and every razor-strop vendor, lottery-office keeper, and blacking maker kept a lunist on his premises, the emoluments of the profession could not have been very high. Indeed, only recently, a printer and publisher of halfpenny ballads complained to a friend of mine that his principal poet—on whom he depended for the versification of lattles, murders, and sudden deaths reported in the newspapers—"wouldn't put pen to paper under five shillings."

It is, however, good to know that, at this day, the songs and ballads which take firmest hold of the people's heart and voice are written by the most refined masters of their art. Barry Cornwall, whose verses charm the most critical taste and delight the finest ear, is one of the worshipped of the million for his song of *The Sea*. Such men, having the strongest sympathy for the people, are enabled to understand their needs and to elevate their tastes. They are the real reformers of street songs, and have driven the coarse ballad into the obscure corner: they have staked it out into nooks and angles. This is no small gain, when we consider that once, almost all street ballads, were morally objectionable, and that now there is a rich collection of pure and singularly beautiful songs written for, and enjoyed by, the people. When we compare even the least unworthy of the former favourites with the poems of Barry Cornwall, Charles Mackay, William Allingham, Gerald Massey, W. C. Bennett, and others, we cannot fail to be struck by the difference lying between the two classes.

On a queer-looking sheet before me, with dull woodcut headings, and type and paper so very bad that they are only just within the pale of legibility, are pasted some two dozen popular ballads. Most of them are Irish; some with the Irish grace scattered here and there, like dew-drops on the grass; very few with any real Irish fan, and one or two simply barbarous jangles on passing stories or events. For instance, we have a—

LAMENTATION

ON THE BARBAROUS AND INHUMAN

MURDER OF MRS. KIRWAN,

WHO WAS BRUTALLY MURDERED BY HER
OWN HUSBAND.

—a doggerel narrative of a recent cause, celebre, with paper, printing, style, and spelling all of a piece, and headed by a tremendous representation of Blue Beard and Fatima, flanked by two sideway vignettes, pourtraying black, smeared, and therefore incomprehensible tragedies.

On the same sheet is a new song in praise of Bishop M'Hale; which sounds very strange to Anglo-Saxon and Protestant ears. He is designated "A pious prelate of wit sublime," and a brilliant star in his church. He is the great M'Hale from the rock of Natin; the bright star of Erin; and the pride of Mayo. Dr. Cabill also comes in for his laudation, in an appeal to all true Romans to unite in combination against England, and a vile heretic tribe, and clear heresy out of the land. O'Connell, typified as Erin's Green Linnet (not so very green, we should have thought) is not forgotten. "I hope that the Lord for his pains will reward him, for seeking the rights of old Erin-go-bragh," says the songster, piously, after praising the Linnet's lovely green wings with which he hovered so brisk and airy. Brave, bluff, obese, old Daniel O'Connell, green, brisk, and airy!

Side by side with these are pasted some really attractive street music; dulcet, simple, as belongs to true ballad poetry; love songs, with the delicate shadings and tender tones, characteristic of love poetry; telling the old, sad story of desertion and heart-break, or the brighter tale of successful, if marauding love: songs that would do no one any harm to heart, which cannot be said of the eroticisms that flowed from the tavern poets of the old time. Nanny's Sailor Lad, the Abbey of Assaroe, Among the Heather, and the Girl's Lamentation, have seldom been exceeded for pathos and simplicity, especially the last. The Winding Banks of Erne is an established street favourite in the Ballyshannon district: especially among departing emigrants. All these songs, sung constantly in the highways and byeways of Ireland, are, it appears, written by an Irish poet whose muse has long been recognised by critics of the highest rank, for tenderness, grace and polish—Mr. William Allingham.

Here is a natural bit of peasant portraiture representing Lovely Mary Donnelly:

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give
me many a shock.

Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a shower,
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its
power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted
up,
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china
cup;
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so
fine;
It's rolling down upon her neck and gather'd in a
twine.

The dance of Whitsun Monday exceeded all before,
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the
floor;
But Mary kept the belt o' love, and O but she was gay!
She danced a jig, she sang a song, that took my heart
away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so com-
plete,
The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;
The fiddler moan'd his blind'ss, he heard her so much
praised,
But bless'd himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice
she raised.

The quaint inconsistency of all street ballad illustrations is not absent from the halfpenny print in which Mr. Allingham's popular works are inscribed. Our sentiments for the milkmaid who is wooed and won by a young squireen, are stimulated by the figure of an elephant at the head, and by a cut of a goat nibbling chopped sticks on the edge of a precipice, at the foot.

On this side of the Irish Channel, no one has ever touched the people more deeply than our own thoroughly British (for he is half Scotch) Charles Mackay. His are really the people's songs; and he has made himself heard and appreciated throughout the length and breadth not only of this land, but of every other land over which Englishmen are spread. "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," took the very nation by storm. It shared in the honours given to such confessed master-pieces as Dibdin's sailor songs; which, however, had the additional chance of gaining popular favour by having been written for a purpose, and of expressing a deep national sentiment which they neither created nor directed. The man who can originate the thought or feeling to which he addresses himself, is a more profound master of his art, than one who merely takes advantage of a general enthusiasm. There's a Good Time Coming is the epitome of political forbearance and manly patience. Less passionate than the Marseillaise, it is yet as heart-searching, and in the trial would, perhaps, be found as powerful to restrain, as the other has been to excite. It is not a song of action; but it is one full of quiet heroism and the patient hope, which is not supineness, but rather an act of distinct mental energy. For is there not an energy that represses, as well as one that incites, the passions of men? "Cheer Boys, Cheer"—one of the emigrant series—is another most popular song by Doctor Mackay. It is the song of the emigrants.

Several of the later writers on our colonies, detailing their voyages, and the incidents of ship-board and coast-life, mention the thrilling effect of this song, as it bursts with passionate force from the crowded decks of the outward bound; or rises almost like a prayer, as the new comers rush forward to the new land. It is a great gift, that of stirring, and swaying, the hearts of the masses; and Charles Mackay has had this gift lavishly dealt out to him. "The Souls of the Children," again, is a poem which met with great success. It was reprinted in a separate form by desire of certain friends of popular education, and above fifty thousand copies of it were sold, or distributed, among the people.

Charles Mackay is the poet of common sense; the idealiser of those homely, everyday truths which go so near to the essential wisdom. He amplifies with ballads the same wise, good axioms that other people condense into proverbs. He is not in the least degree sentimental, though with abundance of healthy sentiment; but the words have different meanings, and most of my readers can understand the difference. The tone of all his poetry is manly; his grasp is like the grasp of a man with muscles hardened by honourable work. His John Brown is the type of the ideal working Englishman. He impersonates the brave, frank, loving, but insensitive and anti-sentimental Anglo Saxon. We cannot do better than read him once again:

A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

I.

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;
I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown;
I can sit at my door,
By my shady Sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate, John Brown;
So come and drain a glass
In my arbour as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown;

II.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's soul, low and sweet, John Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John Brown;
I love the meadow flowers,
And the brier in the bowers,
And I love an open face without guile, John Brown;
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud, contented slave,

And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd lend, John Brown.

III.

I love a simple song
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;
And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown;
But even when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above, John Brown;
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human-kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

IV.

So if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I will tell you how I live so unvex'd, John Brown;
I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown;
I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;
I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a-year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown

Is not this a better song for our working-men than the unseemly parodies, and something worse, which are not yet wholly exorcised from the repertory of street songs? Doctor Mackay has done his part towards raising the taste of the humbler public, and elevating and purifying the thoughts which find expression in song; and so have many other poets who rank high in the courtliest drawing-rooms. But it has been given to Charles Mackay and to Barry Cornwall (who cannot be too often mentioned in this connection), to strike deeper down into the hearts of the people than others have done.

Turning back to street-music—properly so called—what a run the Ethiopian Serenaders had! But the "darkies," like everything else, have had their day: there is a night for every noon, a nadir for every zenith. I confess to never having shared in the horror which it was thought drawing-room good taste to affect against those poor soot-begrimed artists, with their striped cottons and huge linen collars, knocking their tambourines on their heads, and worn out elbows, and rattling their bones with fifty-horse power. The soot I shall not enlarge upon; but the melodies themselves, and the genuine songs, are very taking and spirited. Lucy Neil and Mary Blane may stand side by side with any love laments in the language; and Old Uncle Ned, too, who went where the

good niggers go, was by no means a disreputable old "chattel." The livelier songs were nothing worse than shapely comic, and not half so vulgar as the ditties which divided the favour of the town some years ago. The Ohio Boatman, who dances all night, and goes home with the pretty girls in the morning, is a right good fellow, only with less sentiment and vastly more fun in him than his Canadian brother, who used to sing nightly to our fathers of how the rapids were won and the danger was pasted. The Buffalo Girls who are incited to come out to-night, are no whit worse than Moore's lady who desired to take advantage of the young May Moon which is beaming love, or than Lillian, who is awakened at untimely hours, and bidden to be lovingly cognisant of the fact. What a marked peculiarity about lovers in books and poems it is, that they have the most extraordinary ideas of time, and never trouble themselves with proprieties in hours, or the natural divisions of the day and night! It is always full-moon with them, and a perpetual summer, rendering night walks in muslin dresses practicable to a degree unheard of in the bills of health. The Buffalo Girls are of this kind: but then the summers of Ole Virginny have nights of which we know nothing.

The negro melodies are childish, certainly; they belong to a childish race, and naturally follow the national bent: if, indeed, we may say that a race of slaves has anything national at all about it! But, although they show very little intellectual culture, they are never coarse nor indelicate, and have a natural and unaffected tone, which I presume contains the secret of their success. The world is so overlaid with cant in various forms, that anything genuine stands out with double force and lustre.

THE SPAIN OF CERVANTES AND THE SPAIN OF GIL BLAS.

There is a Castilian proverb full of Iberian humility, declaring that when you have said "Spain" you have said everything; that monosyllable, Spain, including all others within its periphery. I can scarcely go so far as this; although I think that, when you have said Spain, you have said also in understood brackets—nuts, oranges, chestnuts, garlic, pride, bull-fights, and superstition.

To the general mind, Spain is a matter of mountains and orange-trees, castanets, dancing veils, black lace fans, and those filigreed laced jackets blazoned on plum-boxes, which are said to be the work of the Spanish Royal Academicians who contribute all sorts of clever illustrations to promote the sale of figs. Add to this, a scrap of Cervantes, a scene from Gil Blas, some Gipsies by Murillo, a Battle or two, a few Moors, Pedro the Cruel, the Black Prince, Columbus, Philip

and the Armada, a Bull Fight, a good deal of cigar-smoke, and you have the popular English notion of Spanish associations.

The popular mind has always some way of reducing nations to a type. To some all Italy is represented by a brigand in a salt breeches and crimson cross garters, leaning persistently on his musket under a Salvator Rosa tree that has been split up for firewood by the lightning. To others, the Russian is always in a sledge being chased into Moscow by wolves. As children, we got hold of these types from juvenile books, and cannot get rid of them (if our minds are not elastic) till we drive off the spectres by reading, travel, or an enlarged habit of thought. Every one, in fact, has some unclaimed foret or waste in his head which he has from time to time to clear, plough, and restore to cultivation and daylight. Some of us, unfortunately, never drain our brain-swamps all our lives long, and we pay for it on the drop or on the hulks. Some of us partially cultivate, and then leave the crop to come up as it likes. These are prejudiced men: our mental petrifications, our Tories, our finality men, our fogies and our bores.

Now, since that evening that Doctor Johnson in a tremendous voice, and giving a shake of self-conviction to his frizzled and secreted wig, told that intolerable faithful excomb, Boswell, that Spain should be visited, Spain has been visited. It has been so Murrayed and Forded and inspected, that there is no reason why reading and thinking Englishmen should not know all they want to know about Spain from its highest alp to its deepest river. There is no reason that we should not toss for ever into the dust-hole of oblivion that spectre Spaniard, with ready knife and black brows, who has been so long dancing the Fandango in the popular mind; for be sure that men as brave and wise, and constant and faithful, and pure-hearted as any in England, may be found on the Asturian hills and on the Castilian plains. All apples came originally from the bitter crab; and, because we are at present the golden pippins of the world, we have no right to crow over the winter russets or the leather jackets of that unfortunate orchard over the blue water.

It is true that Spain had a short reign of it. No empire ever fell to pieces so quickly, or was more splendid a luminary while it shone the very centre of the spheres. In history it is the old story of the hare and tortoise, the flower and the oak-tree. It is the same all through the world—slow to grow, long to last; quick to grow, quick to pass. But then what a sun-burst of mind and body it was! Columbus to find out half the world that had been playing hide and seek with us for thousands of years. Charles the Fifth, to reign over half the globe, coming like a man always rich. Cervantes to make the world laugh till the last day dawns. Don John to crush the Turk

for ever, the very time that the last Moor was driven from Spain. Don John (with Cervantes, first of the boarders) to drive back those threatening and terrible Turks that had hung so long like a thunder-cloud ready to burst over Europe, endangering not merely this or that empire (which, whether it were red or blue on the map mattered not much) but, what was more terrible, even the very life of Christianity itself. Call you this no work done by the short-lived labourer in the great field of nations? Have we not to thank Spain for scotching the snake of Mohammedanism; for discovering the New World, for writing *Don Quixote*; for giving us, in long wars against the Moor and Frenchman, a grand standard of heroic chivalry, armed religion, and lion-like endurance of fire and steel? And if we do think rather harshly of the Inquisition and of South American cruelties, let us review these doings with kind pity, remembering the stubborn and unforgiving bigotry that ages of struggles with armed Mohammedanism had produced, hundreds of years after our paganism lay forgotten in its grave under Stonehenge: let us learn from it to be ourselves tolerant in small surplice matters, and to treat with forbearance the Red Indian, the Caffre, and the Australian aborigine. Why Spain maintained her power so short a time none can tell, except he who gave that power and who took it away. Let it check the national pride of the student of history to reflect, that perhaps Spain's time may come again when ours is over. It is as a rich mine that greedy Fortune has worked hastily for the surface gold, passing on to richer fields; she may again return, and drive down the shafts to new lodes and wider and more lasting veins.

The neglect of Spain is peculiarly disgraceful to Englishmen, because the fortunes of Spain and England have so often been interwoven, and their manners and customs (peculiarly in Shakespeare's time) have very much influenced and coloured our own. Except at Trafalgar, when they dearly paid for it, and during the peddling War of Succession, Spain has generally been our ally—cold, jealous and distrustful—but still liking us, because we feared and hated what they feared and therefore hated—the French. Our Crusaders (I am not going to be heavy) helped them to pound the Moors even before Chaucer's time, down to the taking of Grenada, when a Scotch knight (ready for the post of danger if he could not get any other post) was the first to ascend the Giralda. Then our Black Prince, aided that blackguard (the word is rather below the dignity of the historic style, but then it is antithetical) Pedro the Cruel, who was eventually killed by his own brother, whose throat he had striven so hard to slit. Then the Duke of Lancaster gave his fair daughter Constance to the Prince of the Asturias, son

of Juan the First (not Don Juan of the operas). Then we go down step by step of alliance, and interchange of presents, till we come to the great ante-Mormon King Henry the Eighth; who, after a short trial of single-blessedness, had his double and treble and quadruple blessedness; who married the unhappy daughter of the great Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus's friends. And, lastly, we come to *the Duke*, and that waiting game of war beginning with shame and ending with a certain sulphurous glory, in which we fought, not because we cared much for Spain, but because it gave us a pretext for bleeding Napoleon, the great enemy of our trade and of our threatening naval greatness.

And now we know Spain as a sluggish garden of a country, where men dance a good deal, stab a good deal, and do a good deal on the guitar; and from which we get our sherry (some of it), our nuts, oranges, melons, and chestnuts. We turn up our noses when we talk of it, and lament with insolent pity its undeveloped resources, its bigoted religious queen, its pride and its laziness in its hopeless poverty.

O, if kings at the great day of account, shall have to relate with downcast eyes, the history of their buried talents, what scourges and what shame shall not be for those crowned fools who have let that bright land become a prey to the wild goat and to the locust; that drove its vices to herd together in convents, and its virtues to starve on the barren sheep-walks; that let its chivalry decay into knavery, and its religion into the very dotage of old men's mumbling!

It might make the thoughtful man weep to take now the map of Spain, and look at its choked-up harbours, and forsaken sea; its ruined cities; its sluggish people, eager only for vice and folly, slow to work, and swift to stab. To see its plains of Paradise mouldering away into deserts, its pastures cankering into barrenness, its mines unheeded, its ports unused; the very limbs of this great country festering from the trunk; the land that could produce all the treasures of east and west, the wheat of Europe, the rice of Asia, the sugar-cane of South America, the palm tree of Africa, now lying the dust-heap of the nations; the beggared, despised, neglected, sightless country, ready, like a sick sheep, to be torn in pieces by the first eagle that pounces on it from the peak of the Pyrenees.

But I am losing myself in the labyrinths of historical metaphysics. What I want, if I can once get my horses well in hand, is to contrast the Spain of Cervantes's time with the *Gil Blas* Spain, that is to say, the Spain of Elizabeth's and Shakespeare's time, with the Spain of Philip the Fourth. Now, after all, history is not to be sought for amongst historians. It is to be found—at least the history of manners; which is the real

history of a nation, what is now called history being the mere dull narrative of the crimes of royal puppets—it is to be found in pamphlets, chap-books, songs, novels, dramas. There was no real history, no means, that is, of knowing what a nation thought, intended, did; of how it lived, and moved, and died, till novels were written; and of these, one of the earliest and best is *Don Quixote*, written in Shakespear's life-time; and one of the next best is *Gil Blas*, written before we had any novel worth mentioning, except *Robinson Crusoe*. We had really no novelist in England till Fielding wrote, and set the world ever since writing. The great misfortune of the Greek dramatists, except Aristophanes, is, that they give us no sense of the times that they lived in. Every man must feel strongest the times he lives in, and though imagination disliking the severity of facts, may fly easier in the thick and cloudy air of past times, the greatest men always write best of their own times, their own hopes, joys, fears, and sorrows.

People not knowing the Elizabethan times, do not yet see clearly how entirely, except in his great idealisms—as *Lear*, *Macbeth* and *Othello* (which are of no time) how entirely Shakespeare deals with the life he lived, in town and country, Stratford and London; its impish pages (*Moths*); its punctilious courtiers (*Sir Armados*); its bewildering wit-quibbling *Beatrices*; its twaddling foggy *Shallows*; its tavern oracles, *Sir John Falstaff*; its wild-blood *Mercutios*; its introspective *Falklands* (*Hamlets*); its bullying *Pistols*—all these characters because we find them more fully portrayed in him than in all the other playwrights, many of whom never attempt or pretend to rise beyond the *Mermaid* and *Bow Steeple*—we know to have been photographs of Elizabethan men. Abstractions of human passions like *Milton's Satan* and *Belial* may arise from reading and thinking, but Shakespeare's men arise only from seeing.

In the same vein of reasoning, I would assure you from long (I am not ashamed to assert it) study of contemporaneous literature that the Spain of *Don Quixote* is the true unexaggerated Spain of the time of Cervantes!—why should he who knows all his own country invent another? For the human mind rejoices to see in book or picture what it never cared to see in nature—being forced and led to see in the book or picture what it never could see in nature, having the faculty of observation either not at all, or cultivated to a limited degree; being too hasty or too purblind, or indifferent.

Cervantes was imprisoned in La Mancha, whose brown bare mountains I have seen from Gibraltar with a start and knidle of delight. It was a lucky and sunny day for the world when, on a certain afternoon, a Spanish gentleman, with chestnut hair and aquiline nose (slightly awry), pale complexion, silver beard, and large moustachios, shut up in the

sordid gaol of Argamasilla de Alba, laid his left hand, crippled by an arquebus-shot at the great battle of Lepanto, on a piece of paper (duly paged) and wrote upon its upper half those memorable words:

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I.—BOOK I.—CHAP. I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE QUALITY AND MANNER OF
LIFE OF THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA
MANCHA.

And goes on to tell us that his chief worldly possessions were a lance, a target, a ran horse, and a thin greyhound; and how his diet was boiled meat, chitterlings, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon on Sundays.

It is to me, at least (not being of the grand ideal school) a most comforting and rejoicing thought that all world-wide books are, after all, but memories. Shakespeare sketeles a poor village suicide, or a London tavern character, and they become the types recognised and current of all the world's suicides and tavern wits. He paints a streamlet or a cedar-tree, and they stand for all streamlets and all cedar-trees. So *Don Quixote* is really a purely local *la Manchian* book—a parochial and entirely Spanish book—and yet it will be read through all countries and lands as long as men have eyes and printing-presses. Enter the table-land, thirsty country of *La Mancha*—with its seven thousand square miles, and its two hundred and fifty thousand, thick heads—through the mountain gateway of *Throw-the-Moors Over*, explore its treeless, wind-swept wastes, dry and tawny; talk to its perpetual brown cloaks and honest faces peering out of mud-huts, and you will see everywhere *Cervantes* and *Sancho*. Here, by a rare streamlet, or under a spongy-barked cork-tree, you find the *Pedro* and *Andrews* that the lantern-jawed knight spoke to. There are the hemp sandals; here you see the last palm tree of *Andalusia*, lingering like a reluctant Moor, and the place where for the only time the intrepid but fleet-footed *Spaniards* defeated the French, much to their own astonishment. Here the salt-petre dust almost blinds you as you pull out your *Don Quixote* from a chosen side-pocket. Everywhere in *La Mancha* is *Cervantes*; the *Don* with bandaged head follows you, as you watch the strings of sturdy mules driven by some girl or sturdy grandchild of *Sancho*, or watch the corn crops, or the saffron, or the stubby vines, wristling up their grapes with dwarf boughs and red, scorched porous leaves. Here you see the true *Sancho*, fond of his master and of his own stomach; not quick at quarrel, but simple, trusty, and affectionate; honest, enduring, industrious, and temperate; and not (unlike *Sancho* in this) “attached and confiding” when honourably and kindly treated. Here the *Biscayan* merchants, with their horse-litters and umbrellas, no longer pass; nor the linked galley slaves; but you meet the muleteers still, and the flocks of sheep driven by

men with slings and looming through clouds of dust. At this venta stopped Cardenio, Dorothea, and the Don. Near Torre Nueva he liberated the galley slaves. To the right is the venta where the generous enthusiast was knighted by the knavish landlord, as we all remember. To the left is the wise village of Valdepenas, where you see the wine gurgling in great swollen pigskins, such as the Don slashed open, mistaking for giants. How do you think of the shepherd's feast of acorns, and the misadventure and blunders of the Don as you enter the cave of Montesinos, the mouth of a deserted mine, still the haunt of bats and birds, and used as a refuge in rough weather by shepherds and hunters; or at Toboso, the village where the water-jars are made, where Dulcinea of the red-brown cheeks lived; or in the pass between the olives where the mill was that the don recklessly rode a tilt at, and which felled him with their imperturbable arms. We must always, in reading Don Quixote, to thoroughly enjoy him, associate him with that gloomy king, Philip the Second, with the false eyes, guilty brow, and projecting under-jaw; who married our Mary, murdered his own son, and let loose the Armada at us. We must associate the lean Don, and beautiful Dorothea, and the shrewd barber, and the condescending duchess so fond of a joke, with the padded doublets of Shakespeare's men—with his Armado, spruce and debonair, and stormy Pistol, Nym, "that's the humour of it," and with rings, and ruffs and fardingales, and swords, and roses in the shoe, with ruffs white, starched, and tubular, with stately speeches, and plumed hats and cloaks. Shakespeare and Cervantes died within ten days of each other, breathed the same air and looked at the same sun. There may have been men who had seen both; and, although Cervantes does not rail at England, nor Shakespeare at Spain, there are glimpses in both of strong national predilections. When Shakespeare wrote of Othello, and Cervantes of the renegades and Moorish dignitaries, these two gigantic minds were not far apart.

To visit Gil Blas, we must pass on to Vandyrke's world—to Charles the First and Louis the Fourteenth—and get to the Asturias, where that ingenious French translator, adapter (I believe that is our modern word for literary thief), and compiler laid the scene of his delicious but shallow story. Who will know now whether Le Sage stole the manuscript from a Spanish one in his patron's library, or merely pilfered it from Espinel and others? It was not the first or the last thing the French have stolen from Spain. The knavish, unprincipled, sly, nimble-footed, half-French valet, Gil Blas, is no gentleman like the real Spaniard Don Quixote. But what could one expect of a needy and unprincipled French appropriator, living in a bad age, when Spain had sunk and France was corrupt? Still for a hand-

book of the times of Philip the Fourth, Gil Blas, the son of the old soldier of Oviedo, in the Asturias, is still the best guide-book. Now one can ever now go to Oviedo and watch the rude Asturians, with their blue caps and yellow jackets, without thinking of the green students of Salamanca, and Gil Perez, the fat Canon of Oviedo: "Three feet and a half high, prodigiously fat, with a head buried between his shoulders—that was my uncle." You would not recall much of the old novel by seeing the single-stick players and sturdy smugglers of the Asturian city. Their curious maize-picking and spinning feasts have no more in common with Gil Blas' epigrammatic friends, than Louis the Fourteenth and Versailles had with the projecting roofs and relic chests of the Asturian city. The fact is that Gil Blas is a true Louis the Fourteenth book, flavoured with Spanish liquorice. His robbers, doctors, and lawyers are Frenchmen in Spanish dresses. His licentiates and valets and canons are mere Parisian phantoms, speaking a shrewd, not very worthy, man of the world's thoughts. Le Sage has never even been in Spain, so never could have seen the aqueducts and convents of the city of Santillana. And we must remember that while Don Quixote is a true and complete guide-book to the country gentleman and shepherd and student-life of the times of Elizabeth and Philip the Second, Gil Blas is but a second-hand introduction to the far less heroic and interesting Spain of Philip the Fourth—Spain viewed afar off by a French plagiarist, who had spent his life in translating and rifling Spanish books, which then and afterwards, as our Dryden and early comedy-writers learned, were the source of all dramatic intrigue and constructive combination.

Let the student then of manners well ransack these books to become acquainted with the contemporaries of Elizabeth and Charles the First: the Dorotheas and Drakes, the Hídalgos and Sanchos, the Don Raphaels and Gil Blas, that filled the palaces and cottages of the one and the other Spain. Such lean enthusiasts as the Don manned the Armada, and stared at Drake through smoke and fire. Such lean, velvet-footed regnes as Gil Blas landed the Canary to Prince Charles at Madrid, or laughed with the Duke of Buckingham; such Captain Rolandos were to be seen by Puritans in the crowd round the whitehall scaffold. Such men as the great Duke, of Cervantes, were listening as ambassadors when Hamlet was played for the first time at Nonsuch or at Greenwich. History deals with shadows, smoked on the wall of a vault by dead men's candles. These are living eternal beings of real flesh and blood. Oviedo and Segovia echo for ever with the name of Gil Blas just as Toboso and other sober La Mancha villages do with that of Cervantes. But as the one was

a brave-hearted Spanish gentleman, who spread his bosom to the Turkish bullet, and thought all lost if honour was lost, and the other was a clever appropriator of other men's thoughts, the fame of the one will make an Eden of the La Manchian deserts, the other will not delay for a moment the decay of the Asturian cities.

FRIENDS IN AUSTRALIA.

I HAD been pronounced by the doctor to be consumptive, and was ordered a sea-voyage—to India or to Australia. I chose the latter. I went with no other object than the search for health; but the listlessness with which I had started wore away as months passed, and I found myself arrived at Sydney in such good spirits, and with so much inclination for enjoyment, that I scarcely recognised myself. Everything was so strange and yet so familiar. With English sights and sounds around the feeling was un-English. I did not intend remaining in the city, I wished to see the country; but I shrunk from starting on my solitary journey, and put it off from day to day. I never yet could enjoy myself alone; so sitting one afternoon in luxurious idleness at the Australian Club in Bent Street, I saw a familiar face. O joy! in a strange land. I could not remember who it was I saw, but the features were well known. With an exclamation I started to my feet and the recognition was mutual.

"What brings you here?" he exclaimed, surveying me from head to foot. "I thought you were a quiet-going sort of fellow who would never think of starting for a new world."

I told him all. I remembered him perfectly well now. He had been at school with me, and his name was Harrington.

"I tell you what," he said, after we had sat talking far above half-an-hour, "you had better come home with me."

"Home!" I exclaimed, for I had no other meaning for the word than England.

"Yes, home," said Harrington, "to my place, beyond the plains of New England. I start the day after to-morrow. I promise you you shall see enough of the country. You ride, of course?"

"I have not ridden for years almost," replied I; "in fact, my lungs—"

"Will be the better for the expedition, I'll warrant. One condition I must make with you, if we join company; you must forget your lungs."

I sailed weekly, and was inclined to demur; but before the evening closed in I was over-ruled. I dare say it was very foolhardy. I do not know what the doctor would have said to it. Two days afterwards Harrington and I stood on the deck of a steamer bound for Maitland.

"What is that?" asked my friend, moving a piece of my property with his foot.

"That is my medicine-chest," I replied.

"Your what?" asked he, almost in a howl.

I repeated my information, and he answered me with a long whistle. I was much annoyed, when we landed at Maitland, late in the evening, to find that my medicine-chest had fallen overboard. I could not imagine what I should do without it. I hastened to Harrington and informed him of the fact; but he expressed himself as being not in the least surprised; people are so careless on board packet-boats.

It was the month of August, winter time out there: but bright, clear, and pleasant. Harrington had horses and servants waiting for him at Maitland; a white man and an Australian. We mounted, left the town, and rode over the plains. As I had said, I had not been on horseback for a long while, and it seemed like a renewal of youth and hope to me, as if I passed over like a fancy or a dream the interval of disease and suffering and anxiety. Besides, Harrington's mind seemed buoyant as the air, as he conversed on subjects so new and interesting to me. So several days we rode, and at night we rested at the houses of farmers or gentlemen to whom my friend was well known, and who received me warmly, as an intimate acquaintance. Then we entered upon wilder country where we had to depend upon our own resources. The native servant, or attendant, or whatever he called himself, carried before him a bag of provisions, besides various other things for which we had not yet found a use. Harrington commented as we passed, upon the changed state of the country in this region of Dartbrook, laying the neglected state of the land to the discovery of gold-mines. I made some moral reflections in return upon the general evil effects of the love of money; but my friend cut me short with—

"Talking, my dear fellow, is waste of breath. Seeing is believing. Look round you on all sides; take all this neglect and poverty and waste to heart: but don't talk about it. Facts are more significant than words. However," he added, with a sigh, "I suppose everything will right itself in time."

The aboriginal tribes of this district appear to have gradually dwindled away, I believe principally from the effects of ardent spirits. You meet with the natives scattered about singly tending sheep generally; but they are but a miserable remnant of what were once gallant tribes. My friend Harrington seemed on intimate terms with most of them, and they would walk by the side of his horse conversing for a short distance, or join us in the evening at our campfire, and tell tales of by-gone days.

I had forgotten my lungs for the last few days, and had lost the various pains and aches which I was accustomed to, for I was each night so tired with our day's

march that I slept soundly—through the valley of the Hunter. If this was winter weather, I could have gladly exchanged some of our English spring days for it. And at night, as we halted, and the servants unpacked the provisions and lighted our camp-fire, I sat down in wonderment at the amount of exertion I could go through. I sat looking at the blazing, crackling wood, and striving to recollect my thoughts. I could not help contrasting my present position with that of so few months ago—the coughing, blood-spitting, coal-liver oil drinking—being now seated in the free, genial, open night air, by Harrington's directions, mixing up what he termed a "leather jacket," a sort of cake of flour and water, to be presently baked upon the embers.

"Come, confess this is better than acting invalid, is it not?" observed that rascal, interrupting my reverie. I readily assented. "Then," added he, "you ought to heartily thank me for kicking that medicine-chest of yours overboard the steamer."

The next day we were startled early from our sleep by the chattering of our attendants. We had, upon the previous evening, turned the horses loose to graze, as was our nightly custom; they were always easily caught when wanted. Whether seduced by the richness of the pasture or alarmed by some object they had met with, I know not. The Englishman, in his native tongue, and the Australian in some mixed gibberish, informed us they were no where to be found. Here were our cooking-utensils, our warmer clothing, our stores of provisions lying upon the ground as we had unpacked or unloaded them, without the possibility of our proceeding on our way. The two servants after breakfast and a short consultation, started in opposite directions in search of marks whereby to trace the horses. I offered my services also, but was answered by Harrington:

"No; you will lose your way as sure as a gun, and then we shall have to look for you; better keep with me."

I could not combat the probability, and could only regret my want of knowledge of the country, and Harrington and I set off together in search of footprints. Several times we started and returned to the place whence the horses had been left at night: the marks crossed each other in so many directions. We must have slept soundly indeed, not to have heard the games the horses must have carried on in the moonlight. At length Harrington fixed upon what he deemed the right track, and we were about to start afresh when we were joined by the servants, returned from their unsuccessful search for footmarks. We all continued on together for about a mile when the horses' paths evidently diverged, and parting company, Harrington and I were once more alone. It was wondrous to me how my

companion could trace the animals; at times the footprints were so lightly pressed upon the turf, that I should never have perceived them; but nothing escaped him. At the close of the day I felt very knocked up, but my friend appeared as fresh as ever. He turned to me and said:

"It is of no use going any further, now; we had better return."

"Why so?" I asked. "Had we not better sleep here; could we not signal to the others to join us, they are probably not far off. You have your gun with you."

"How are we to get any supper?" asked he.

"Ah, to be sure," I answered, "I forgot that. But it seems a pity to have come so far for nothing."

"We could not, even without that objection, go much further as we are," answered Harrington. "We are coming shortly to a cold region, and should be frozen without our winter clothing."

I stared, but was silent, for the day was as warm as summer, and we retraced our steps slowly towards the camp. There we found the other men already comfortably seated by the fire, having had the precaution to set a kettle of water on to boil, awaiting our arrival. We discovered that our camp had had visitors during our absence. Some wild dogs of the plain had helped themselves rather too freely for our comfort. All the dried meat had been devoured, the animals having torn the bags which contained it to pieces: most of the flour was scattered about the ground, and fouled, so that we had scarcely sufficient to make leather jackets for our supper. We collected the tea which the brutes had strewn upon the grass as well as we could; but I fear it was more adulterated with sticks and dead herbage than even a grocer would have presumed to sell it. We felt very savage; but forgot this new misfortune and the loss of the horses before long in sleep. In the morning, we packed, portably, the winter clothing which we had brought with us, and which the quacones had not attempted to devour, and again walked on the track of the horses, hungry from the morning air. We each carried a gun, and the servants followed with the cooking utensils, &c. Harrington kept constantly looking for some game; but without success. I felt desperately hungry, and more so every hour, and I have no doubt so did my companions also, but we none of us said so. Towards dusk, we had advanced almost as far as the spot where Harrington and I had turned on the previous night. The trees were thick above our heads. Suddenly the Australian, whose eyes seemed always on the alert, advanced, and teaching Harrington upon the arm, pointed to a projecting bough of a tree. The next moment the man, active as a monkey, sprang up the stem, and was about to clamber along the branches, when

Harrington called to him to stop, and aiming at a small dark object, he fired, and an animal fell to the ground. I took it up to look at it, as I had never seen one before.

"Is it good to eat?" I asked.

"Wait till you try," answered Harrington.

"It's an opossum."

We halted at once, collected wood, and lighted a fire; then roasted the little beast. It was a very young one. I thought it would never be cooked. We went no further that night, for by the time our dinner was over, it had become too dark to trace the foot-prints of the horses.

Next day we had nothing but some tea for breakfast before we started. We followed the tracks of the horses, not always so steadily as before, for we were all anxiously looking for some object of food. We shot several birds at intervals, but did not cook them until night. When it was dark we sat down, without having come upon the horses. We had now entered the plains of New England, and the sudden change of climate was very severe. I no longer felt disposed to glory in an Australian winter. We clothed ourselves in warm garments; but the night was still bitterly cold, and we had to sleep close to the fire to keep ourselves warm. Harrington was becoming extremely vexed about the horses; for on the previous day we appeared to have lost all traces of them, and he feared that we must have inadvertently passed them in the forest, where the trees and locust-wood were very thick. He sat gloomily musing by the fire instead of going to sleep, and was the first on the following morning to renew the search. We had not advanced many yards from our sleeping ground, when an apparition suddenly stood in our path. It was that of an Australian native: although not attired in what would generally be supposed native costume, for his only garment was a pair of civilised inexpressibles, worn in a fashion entirely his own—that is, tied by the two legs round his throat, so that the seat of them hung down his back as a mantle. I suppose the poor fellow had found that the usual way of wearing them restrained his movements, so had adopted a more novel and less appropriate mode. He stood, as I said, in our path, and exclaimed upon seeing us: "How you do, Harrington?" then having, I presumed, exhausted his stock of English, he continued the conversation in his native tongue. Presently, Harrington turned to me, and observed:

"He has found the horses, it seems—we must have passed them yesterday, as I thought, and he has come in search of us. By the bye, I will introduce you. He is the chief of his tribe, and as you may see by his dress a man of distinction: besides, a friend and ally of mine."

Then speaking in Australian to the darky, that gentleman, with a great deal of unstudied grace, notwithstanding the grotesqueness of

his appearance, made me a short speech which I presumed to be a compliment, and to which I raised my hat, and then stretched out his hand to me in token of friendship. I quite regretted that I could not understand the fellow, for he spoke with such animation, and his eyes and face were so bright: he was by no means unhandsome and not very dark. After he had talked with Harrington for half an hour, he nodded, and moved away; and I understood that he had gone for the horses. We therefore sat down to await his return. The sight of the horses was a welcome one; but scarcely less so the present of a dead opossum, which the chief, whose name I forgot, brought to Harrington. We were also pleased to be relieved of the weights which we had hitherto carried; and mounting, we shook hands again with the Australian, and pressed forward on our way.

We were not above two days' journey now from Harrington's home. We stopped during the following day at the Guy Fawkes Falls, as they are called; and notwithstanding the cold, I could not help pausing to admire them. Harrington gazed with apparent indifference. During the winter, the falls are considerably swollen from the rains, and the turbid angry stream and foaming rush of waters over the double fall—for there are two precipices over which the Guy Fawkes tumbles—makes a complete contrast to the gentle scenery around. The noise of the roaring waters pursued me long after we had lost sight of them, and still sounded in my ears when I went to sleep at night spectrally, for we were miles away out of hearing.

On that night I woke from my sleep, while yet quite dark, and rising to stir up the fire into a blaze, and to rouse myself, Harrington followed me thither for the same purpose. It was a clear frosty night, and I felt disinclined for sleep. We had re-provisioned ourselves at a friendly house by the way, so we were neither hungry nor anxious; but drawing near the close of our journey, Harrington seemed thoughtful and grave. We could hear the snoring of the servants as we sat; and the occasional movement of the horses, which, since our misadventure, we had taken care to hobble at night.

"You will stay with me some time, I hope," said Harrington, after a time, breaking the silence.

I said, thank you; and presently he asked:

"What about the lungs?" I laughed.

"I have strictly followed your directions in not mentioning them," said I; "and I believe I have forgotten them myself. I shall certainly advise all people afflicted in that way to—"

"Kick their medicine chest overboard," he suggested. "I tell you what, you had better come and settle out here. Now you would do so under every advantage: not as I did years ago."

"You seem to be on very friendly terms with your neighbours, if I may judge from the gentleman with or without the trousers," observed I.

"Yes, now: it was not always so," said Harrington, musingly.

"Tell me about it," said I, as I stirred the fire into a blaze.

"I will tell you beforehand," he replied, "that I shall relate some things which will sound strangely to your English ears. Recollect, that I make no excuse for them: whether circumstances excused them, or not, you may judge. I merely tell my story as it happened."

And I will tell it as Harrington did; but avoiding real dates and places, for the incidents of this narrative are for the most part true.

"It was twenty years ago, less or more," my friend commenced, "that I left England, simply because when my father died, I found a difficulty in making a livelihood. It was then a serious matter to come to Australia. There was no law, and no magistrates in the country. I came to the spot where I now live, and pitched my tent in uncertainty from day to day how long I might be left alive to dwell in it. I knew nothing of the native Australians, and naturally looked upon them as enemies. I never moved or slept without my gun; and to that fact I believe I chiefly owe my life. The natives of this district were terrified and astonished at firearms. From time to time, as I advanced in prosperity, I increased my stock of cattle, for the pasturage was perfect. I built a log-house. I hired servants until my establishment became important: but during all this time I remained ignorant of my neighbours, and they did not often come near me. At length, after I had been settled here for two years, and had begun to feel secure, one night several of my cattle were stolen. It was the first theft I had ever heard of; and it so completely threw me at fault, exposed as I was on all sides, that I was determined to act decisively. The man who had been in charge of the cattle had seen an Australian lurking about the place on the day before the theft, and was prepared to identify him. We therefore, together, set off upon the trail of the cattle and the thief. After two days we came up with him, and notwithstanding his utmost endeavours to escape seized him—for I was on horseback, and I literally hunted him down. As soon as I had taken him I hanged him up on the most prominent tree I could find, according to Lynch-law. It was mere justice, for he had the cattle in his possession at the time I caught him. We then re-possessed ourselves of the beasts and returned home. I was aware that after the line of conduct I had adopted, I could not expect to remain unmolested. My more peaceful companions were in a dreadful state of anxiety for our safety, and would scarcely

go a mile from home. Their anxiety was before long verified. Not a week had passed since my enacting the part of hangman, when one day the shepherd rushed breathless to inform me that the whole neighbouring tribe was coming down the valley towards our house. I knew that the only course would be decision.

I had no fancy for remaining quietly to be murdered or hanged, after the example I had given them in their friend; so I loaded my rifle, mounted my horse, and rode out to meet them. There they were, sure enough, pouring onward in a dark mass, yelling and screaming and flourishing their weapons over their heads. I had some difficulty in spurring my horse onward towards them—the poor brute was so startled at the horrid din they made. At length I rode within spear-shot of them, and as I did so they stopped, and every man amongst them discharged his boomerang at my devoted head. I shall never forget the hissing of the weapons, as they cut the air close to my ears. There were hundreds of them, which poured like a hail round me; for each man carried several, which he flung as fast one after the other, as we should fire the barrels of a revolver. Strange to say they none of them hit me, which fact, I believe, somewhat startled my enemies, for they stood staring at me after they had finished their discharge without advancing further. It was now my turn. I could easily distinguish who was the leader of the expedition, for he was rather more clothed than the others, and was otherwise prominent: so, levelling my rifle, I shot him through the heart, and he fell dead, with a requiem of silence and awe from his followers. I really believe they were too much astonished to howl in the usual manner. I then dismounted, and laying my gun down upon the grass, I drew near to them and held out my hand. This is a language understood all over the universe. They hesitated, looked at each other, at their dead chief, spoke a few hasty sentences together, and then one of them, more open to reason or more noble than the rest, stepped forward and stretched out his hand in return. I could not speak a word of their language, but knowing they understood my actions best, I offered the chief my watch, but he started back in terror, lest, I suppose, it should explode and kill him. I therefore presented to him my neck-handkerchief as a token of peace, and he immediately tied it round his throat.

Thenceforth the whole tribe and I were the best of friends. I was no longer in fear of losing my property, for any one of them would have assisted me in pursuing and punishing the thief. My newly-made friend at once became chief of the tribe, for he was brother to the man I had shot. That is he whom we met on our travels and who recovered for us the horses. He is really, as

you may have seen, a very gentlemanly fellow, notwithstanding that his dress would not do for Regent Street."

Here Harrington paused, and I made no remark. His story seemed an odd mode of cementing friendship; and it was, as he had warned me, strange to English ears. In fact, I did not half like it.

NICHOLAS THE ROPE-DANCER.

ABOUT eighty years ago, Nicholas Fleming died at Stafford. He was a Master shoemaker. He left his widow very comfortably provided for, and a son called Nicholas, after himself. The neighbours said that widow Fleming ought to take a partner and keep her husband's business together for the benefit of her son. But Mrs. Fleming had a certain pride of heart, and intended her son to be something better than a shoemaker. She sold the shop, fixtures, and good-will of the business, and sent Nicholas to school. She took a pretty cottage and garden a little on the outskirts of the town, and set up as a Jaundress of fine linen and lace. She was a good hand at clear starching, as all ladies round well knew, and she had no lack of custom. She was a very comely woman, much younger than her late husband, and had a great spice of coquetry. When her days of mourning were ended, she threw off her weeds, and appeared at church in a flowered silk gown and a black hood cloak trimmed with real lace. Her dress was always drawn up through the pocket-hole, and displayed a handsome quilted petticoat, as well as an extremely pretty foot and ankle. She wore high heeled shoes of Spanish leather, with silver buckles; and there was a legend, that when her husband brought her home married, he gave her a pair of shoes that he had made himself without taking her measure: "going," as he said, "according to symmetry." As they chanced to fit her in the naggiest way possible, it may be judged whether she was not proud of them.

Nicholas used to walk beside his mother, carrying her prayer-book and Bible. In those days it was the fashion to dress the children like little men and women; and Nicholas used to wear a blue broad-skirted coat, knee-breeches tied with ribbons, and a scarlet waistcoat. He had buckles to his shoes; his fair hair fell in curls over his lace collar; and one day when his mother went to the fair she bought him a little cocked hat. When he was about six years old, a large travelling caravan, with a troop of equestrians and mountebanks, came to Stafford, and took up their station in the market-place. They erected a large tent of tarpaulin, and blew trumpets and beat drums, and promised mountains and marvels to all who should come to see them. The mayor gave them his countenance, and all the people for miles round came flocking to see them.

Nicholas heard wonders of the circus from some of his schoolfellows, and gave his mother no peace until she promised to take him. She made solemn preparations for the event. She invited two of her neighbours to drink tea—Miss Dobson, the dressmaker, and Mr. Talboys, the grocer. She dressed herself and Nicholas in their Sunday best. After tea the ladies put on their hoods and pattens, and Mr. Talboys took a lantern against they should return, as there was no moon, and they set off.

When they reached the market-place, the band was playing, the clown was tumbling and talking nonsense to the crowd; two or three ladies and gentlemen, looking very beautiful in velvet and spangles, were walking up and down the platform, and sometimes dancing a few steps to quicken the curiosity of the spectators. Mrs. Fleming and her party obtained good places. When a sufficient number had assembled, the curtain drew up; it was a play about Queen Eleanor, and Fair Rosamond. When that was over, then came the performances of Don Prosper Saltero on the tight-rope. He was a tall, athletic Hercules of a man, over six feet high, with magnificent whiskers, and a pair of audacious looking eyes. He was dressed in a sky-blue Spanish doublet spangled with silver, red silk breeches and stockings, and black velvet shoes with scarlet roses on them. He held in his hand a hat with an immense plume of feathers, fastened by a glittering brooch, which the clown assured the company was real diamond, the gift of an unfortunate princess, whose father had shut her up in a convent because she had fallen in love with him. This tale was devoutly believed by the audience. Don Saltero having by this time chalked the soles of his shoes, sprang upon the rope. It was a clever performance, and his bounds and leaps and somersaults thrown backward were the admiration of beholders. But when he sprang through a hoop set round with daggers, and took a flying leap over the heads of three men with fixed bayonets, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Mrs. Fleming and her party went home in a high state of excitement, talking over all they had seen. Mrs. Fleming said very little indeed, but allowed her head to run upon the handsome mountebank when she ought to have been minding her ironing.

No doubt, however, the recollection would have passed away but for an unlucky incident. Nicholas, after seeing Don Prosper, had taken to climbing and posturing, and risking his bones in trying feats of agility; and one day, seeing a ladder against the church, which the workmen who were repairing it had left whilst they went to dinner, he took the opportunity of climbing to the roof, thence he mounted to the steeple; and at length he got up so high that he dared neither get up or down, but stood screaming pitifully, like a kitten in a poplar-tree. A crowd gathered

below to see him dashed to pieces. Don Saltero chanced to be passing, and seeing what was the matter, he scrambled up, and brought Nicholas safely down, who trembled too much to stand. The Don crowned his good deed by carrying him home, the crowd, of course, following. Mrs. Fleming gratefully invited him to tea. The acquaintance thus begun, continued; though the appearance of the Don by daylight was by no means so radiant as might have been expected; indeed, to impartial eyes, he had a drunken, dissipated look; also, he was much addicted to profane swearing. The neighbours began to talk of his frequent visits, but it was all gossip, and nobody seriously believed anything, until they were astounded by the widow's announcement, that she intended to marry him!

If good advice could have saved a woman, she had a good chance of salvation, for every body remonstrated. The clergyman called; her best customers declared they would withdraw their patronage; the clerk of the parish, who had only lost his wife six months, considered the case so urgent, that waiving decorum, he came and precipitately offered himself as a substitute for Don Saltero; but Mrs. Fleming was bewitched. And indeed it must be owned, that the clerk was an ugly little old man, with a red scratch wig, and bandy legs; so the poor clerk had only his good intentions for his pains; and was moreover obliged, in virtue of his office, to say "Amen" to the marriage he had tried so much to prevent.

Mrs. Fleming discovered that her husband's name was Timothy Salt, instead of Don Prosper Saltero. The day after the wedding, the circus went away, carrying off the Spanish dress, and the diamond brooch likewise. Timothy Salt had been a vagabond all his life: his original calling having been that of a travelling tinker. His wife was rather shocked when she heard this, for tinkers and thieves were synonymous to her mind; but she consoled herself by thinking that he was not a common tinker. He showed, however, no disposition to work, of any sort: he spent his days in the public-house, drinking and playing at cards, and making the most of the ease and plenty into which he had fallen. At first, he was tolerably good-natured to his wife; and, though his habits were a terrible innovation on her orderly ways, she tried hard to be blind and contented. But after a while the good humour wore off; and when he came home drunk he took to ill-using his wife both by word and deed.

Nicholas came in for a full share of his step-father's brutalities; but the blows he took with Spartan fortitude, and the curses, which frightened him far more, he heard in silence. This state of things at home wrought a great change in Nicholas. He was passionately fond of his mother, and his one

idea was to become her protector. He had heard the neighbours talk, and he knew that his mother had lost all their consideration by her foolish marriage; but this only made him care for her the more. In those days, children who minded their books, were considered on the high road to fortune; and Nicholas worked very hard at his lessons, to be able the sooner to help his mother. He became her companion, and endeavoured to console her by the promise of all he would do when he grew older. In the meanwhile, the neighbours held aloof; the chief ladies for whom Mrs. Salt worked, removed their custom, as they had threatened; the clergyman looked stiff when he met her; and the poor woman was made to feel what it was to get down in the world. Her husband's demands had eaten up nearly all her savings, and it became a question of how much longer she would be able to hold things together.

One day, Timothy announced suddenly that he was going to look for work. The truth was, he had wearied of his prosperity, and a desire to ramble seized him. She made no objection, but began to prepare his clothes, that he might go respectably. The man had a devilish vein of irony running through his character. Coming home about half-drunk, and seeing her busy ironing his shirts, he looked on for a while, lounging on the doorstep, with a pipe in his mouth.

"I tell you what, missus," said he, at last, "I am not going to be made fine for the sake of your pride. I don't care what the neighbours think of me, or of you either—so here goes."

With this he flung the shirts, the ironing-blankets, and the board into the midst of the road. He then seized hold of Nicholas, who had looked too delighted when he talked of going, gave him a savage beating; and then, going to an old box he had brought with him, he took out an old velvet suit, in which he dressed himself, and slouching a battered hat over his face, he took out a tin pot and some other articles, which he slung over his shoulder; and then, with a stout stick in his hand, he stood before his wife as sturdy and ill-looking a ruffian as one would wish *xor* to meet at dusk in a lonely road!

"Ah, missus, you may look, but this is the way I travel when I go to look for work. Give me some money, and let me be off."

The poor woman meekly yielded the last of her hoarded guineas, and saw her husband pass out in the sunshine of a sultry August afternoon. He went up the principal street, and a villainous broken-haired terrier, which seemed to have risen out of the ground, followed at his heels. What a contrast to the man whom she fancied she had married! Then she reflected that it was all her own fault, and she covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly. Nicholas, sore from his recent beating, limped across the

room, and flung his arms round her, and begged her not to cry, "as now that man was gone away, they should do very well." That was the worst sting to his mother's self-reproach.

Mrs. Salt had committed one grievous error—an error that swamped the comfort and respectability of her whole life; but, like many other women in a similar case, she endeavoured to atone for it by showing all manner of patience and good sense in bearing the consequences. But many small things do not make up a great one.

As Timothy had taken the last of his wife's savings, it was necessary to make some provision for the future, especially as in a few months she was expecting to become a mother. She took a little cottage on the skirts of the common—a mere hovel—and sold most of her furniture. It cost her a terrible pang to part with the household gods which she had worshipped for so many years with daily offerings of bees'-wax and turpentine, and kept so bright and shining; but she was past complaining. She took Nicholas by the hand, and walked dry-eyed after the cart, drawn by an ass, which contained the remnant of her worldly goods. But worse than all was the fact, that Nicholas must give up school, and take to some handicraft. The man who had purchased his father's business, demanded a fee quite beyond Mrs. Salt's means; he had himself had a predilection for being a carpenter, but that was beyond her, too; he had not the strength for a day labourer; so at last he was put with an old basket-maker. He worked hard, and tried to keep at his lessons as well as he could. Now that Timothy was fairly gone, many of the ladies who had withdrawn their countenance from Mrs. Salt allowed themselves to be mollified, and sent her their fine things to wash again. She was able to keep out of debt, and to lay by a little money against the time when she should be under the doctor's hands; which she expected soon to be.

Opposite to the cottage, but standing afar off in a stately garden and embowered in trees, there was a fine old brick mansion, raised upon a terrace. Here lived an old lady and her grand-daughter who might be about thirteen. She was always dressed in white, with a blue sash, summer and winter, and her fair hair curled to her waist. Every Sunday she and her grandmother went to church in a chariot and four, driven by an old coachman with grey hair, that served him instead of powder; an old serving man stood behind the chariot, and always stood at the door to give his arm to the lady, who was somewhat lame. She passed up the aisle with a stately step notwithstanding. She always wore rich black silk garments of a bygone-fashion. Her grand-daughter followed, holding her prayer-book. The old lady and young lady had each taken a

strong hold upon the imagination of Nicholas. He thought the old lady must be a queen, and the young lady looked like an angel. Once, in coming out of church, he had tried to touch the white dress, but unluckily he trod on the skirt of the old lady's black robe, and the tone in which she said, "Keep back, little boy!" had effectually checked any such attempt for the future. It was one great compensation to him, when he and his mother had come to live on the common, that he should be able to see the little lady every day walking with her grandmother up and down the terrace. It was seldom they went beyond their own gates, except on Sunday.

No sooner had Mrs. Salt and Nicholas settled in the cottage, than the old lady sent her own maid to say, that so long as Mrs. Salt deserved her countenance she should have it, and all her fine lawns and laces to wash. Also, she and Nicholas, after a while, received gracious permission to walk on Sunday afternoon in the garden. Sometimes the old lady condescended to speak to them; and once her grand daughter gave Nicholas a little girl book of her own.

So matters went on till one night in November, when Nicholas was trying to read by fire-light after his day's work, and Mrs. Salt was putting up a basket of finery belonging to the great house, the door was pushed violently open, and Timothy Salt stood before them, with the wiry dog at his heels, which directly began to scuffle with the cat. Nicholas slunk into a corner, and his mother looked ready to faint; but Timothy took no notice. He sat down in his wife's elbow chair by the fire, took out a short pipe, and after a surly, "Well, you see I am come back!" he began to smoke; the dog crept between his legs, and Mrs. Salt hastily cleared away her ironing, and began to get ready something to eat. Nicholas crept off to bed and cried himself to sleep. Everything that was dreadful seemed to have come into the house with his step-father. He was off to his work before Timothy was astir the next morning. At night Timothy asked him roughly where he had been. Nicholas told him. "Well, then, you will stop at home and learn what I teach you, I have other work for you." Nicholas looked at his mother, who said nothing, but leaned sadly over her ironing.

Nicholas did not speak.

"What do you mean by sitting there, and never speaking? If you had any spirit, you would have gone to see the world long since, and not stopped there in the chimney corner, getting lazier and longer every day; but now I am come back, I will make you do something, or know why."

Nicholas chinked further back in the dim corner: he trembled at the unknown evil held over him.

"I mean to make a dancer of you, and take you round to fairs and wakes, and make a

man of you; it will be rare fun holiday making, for other folks, all the year round."

"I hate fairs, and I won't be made a Merry Andrew of. I will be a chimney-sweep first," said Nicholas, passionately.

"O, you won't, won't you—you shall see which is master—you or me."

Poor Nicholas looked at his mother; but she was powerless to help him; his blue eyes grew large with terror, but he tried hard not to cry.

"O, you are sulky, are you—come across to me this minute—"

"Nay, Timothy, don't touch him; let me try to persuade him," said his wife, placing herself between her husband and son. She contrived to get Nicholas out of the room; but Timothy's brutality was roused: he would not be disappointed of having somebody to beat. So, baffled with Nicholas, he seized his wife and beat her savagely. When he was tired, he gave her a push, which flung her against the door, and then he sat down to light his pipe. The poor woman contrived to crawl away, thankful that she had saved her son by bearing the blows herself.

In the middle of the night Nicholas was sent for a doctor. His mother was ill, and, before morning, a new, miserable little life was cut mercifully short.

Poor Nicholas lay on the ground outside the house in an agony of fear and grief. It was too terrible to think of, the possibility that his mother might die. His self-reproach was great—it was all through him she had received that beating; if he had not angered his step-father it would never have happened. He knelt down and said his prayers, and then said to himself, that if his mother might only get well, he would be a mountebank, or a beggar, or anything his step-father bade him.

At last the doctor came out of the cottage, and looked compassionately at Nicholas.

"Come, little man, cheer up; your mother will do well now if she be kept quiet. Don't cry, but be a good boy, and comfort her."

The doctor buttoned his coat and strode away. He was too much accustomed to scenes of wretchedness to bestow more than casual sympathy on Nicholas and his mother. Nicholas crept back to the cottage. Timothy was smoking his pipe: he did not swear at Nicholas when he saw him, but quietly bade him go up-stairs and see if his mother wanted anything, and to be sure and make no noise.

When Nicholas entered the bedroom, he saw an old woman sitting at the foot of the bed rocking herself to and fro; in a corner on the table there was something covered with a white cloth. The old woman signed to him to move softly, and going to the table she lifted the cloth, and there he saw his poor little baby-brother. He touched one of the little hands timidly, but dropped it as he felt the chill. The old woman replaced the

covering. Nicholas moved to the bedside where his mother lay, looking so white and sleeping so heavily, that he feared she was dead too, and began to cry again. His mother moved uneasily. The old woman made him an angry sign to go away.

When Nicholas reached the kitchen, he went up to Timothy, and said, humbly: "If you please, I will do as you bid me, if you only won't beat mother any more."

"O," said Timothy, gruffly, "you have come to your senses, have you? It is well so, or else I would have made you find them by a road you would not have liked. Never you mind about your mother: if you are a good chap, she will get well—it is all along of you she is so badly now."

The next day the poor baby was buried, and Timothy having got some money on account of his wife from the parish, went off drinking; so there were a few days of peace at the cottage.

Timothy Salt had a great idea. Whilst on his travels he had met with an old acquaintance who had once belonged to the same travelling company, and who had made him an offer to join a caravan to travel on their own account. Timothy, in his capacity of tinker, tumbler, and rope-dancer, would be a great card; for though a great brute, he had plenty of cleverness, and might have got on in the world if he had not been a drunken blackguard. His notion was, by teaching Nicholas to dance and making him one of the company, he might draw an extra share of the profits.

Nicholas was ten years old, but small and slight of his age, and as active as a monkey.

Timothy set up two strong posts before the cottage, and stretched his wife's clothes-line from one to the other, and bade Nicholas balance himself upon it. At first the child was fearful, and got many falls; but Timothy kept him hard at work, eking out his instructions with blows and curses. Nicholas strove hard to learn, for whenever he flagged, Timothy turned savagely on his wife and threatened her. This was an effectual hold on Nicholas.

The poor woman regained her strength very slowly, and was unable to go on with her work for a long time, so that they were very ill off—for of course, Timothy brought nothing in.

The little lady at the big house took great interest in Nicholas and his lessons. She could see quite well all that passed from the windows of her room. One day Nicholas lost his balance and fell from a considerable height, and then she saw Timothy kick him as he lay on the ground: his mother came out and expostulated, and Timothy gave her a blow which sent her staggering against the wall.

This sad sight greatly distressed May Trevor (the little lady), and the next day she came over with her nurse, bringing her

money-box with all its treasure, which she innocently poured out into Timothy's hands, begging him not to beat his little boy any more. Of course neither Nicholas nor his mother were any the better for this gift, though Nicholas would gladly have taken half-a-dozen beatings for the pleasure it gave him to know that his "little lady," as he called her, had thought of him.

Madam Trevor, the old lady, on hearing what had been done, gave orders that Mrs. Salt should come every day for any broken meat there might be, an order which the old cook translated into making the decent woman sit down and have a comfortable meal with something to take home besides.

At length Timothy pronounced Nicholas to be worth looking at. The caravan scheme had fallen through; but Timothy made a bargain with the manager of a circus company who were come into the neighbourhood. Nicholas and his father went through a full-dress performance for the amusement of the little lady, who looked on from her window. It had cost him so much pains to learn, that Nicholas had lost all sense of the shame with which he had at first regarded being made a Merry Andrew.

His mother parted from Nicholas with a heavy heart. She had no more tears to shed. Her sense that it was her own folly and her own fault which had brought him to it, was a sharp burning remorse which left her silent and tearless. She got Nicholas to make her a promise to touch nothing stronger than water, and saw him depart on his very questionable calling.

The company which Nicholas and Timothy joined were not worse than the average of people in their class of life. Timothy was the only ruffian amongst them, and even his fierce temper was under some control, for all stood in awe of the manager. The wife of the clown, who was the leading performer in the various lines of dancing, riding, and acting, was very good to Nicholas; and, under her protection, no one ventured to molest him. There were two caravans, in one of which the company lived and transacted their natural lives; in the other, they performed and appeared to the world in all the splendour of velvet, and spangles, and hats, and with feathers. Nicholas made his first appearance attired in tight flesh-coloured hose and blue velvet tunic covered with silver, and his head bound with a gilt circlet, under the name of the Young Darcull, and met with great success, whilst Timothy, attired in a dress similar to that in which he won the heart of poor Mrs. Fleming, resumed his old name of Don Prosper Saltero.

Nicholas by no means disliked this sort of life. The excitement of the performances, and the dangerous charm that lurks in vagabondism and vagrancy began to work on him. The sense of adventure and the con-

stant change of scene had great fascinations for a boy, and it is doubtful whether he would ever have been able to quit it for a more respectable career if it had lasted long. His one great drawback was the difficulty he had to secrete any of the extra gifts which were bestowed on him for his good looks and tender years, by good-natured mothers or admiring youngsters, to whom he seemed little less than supernatural. His father called him to strict account for all the pence he suspected him of receiving.

The caravan and company extended their circuit. The poor mother wept bitterly to receive a letter instead of seeing her son at the time appointed for his return; but Nicholas, though he tried to console her, was, in his heart, rejoiced that he was going to see more of the world. At last the engagement was concluded. Nicholas and his father were both free to return home. Nicholas shouldered his bundle, and set off to find his way home on foot. Timothy lingered behind to drink, having been for him wonderfully sober during their travels.

When Nicholas reached the cottage, his heart failed him. He stopped to look through the window before he dared to enter. His mother was sitting over the embers of the fire in a deep reverie. She looked worn and aged since he left. The cottage had a more desolate look than ever. All the furniture except the chair she sat on was gone, and there was a great dilapidated mark against the wall showing where the corner cupboard had been roughly removed. Nicholas knocked at the door, but his mother did not hear him, so he entered, and roused her by flinging his arms round her neck. She cried. She was grown so weak and helpless that joy frightened her. She had been reduced to great distress; for, in addition to everything else, she had fallen down and broken her wrist. If it had not been for the ladies of the great house she must have starved or gone to the workhouse, which, in her ideas, was many degrees worse. Nicholas had brought home a trifle in money, and for a few days mother and son were left in peace. But it was too good to last. Timothy did not make his appearance for a week, and they had begun to hope he had taken himself off on another journey; but one morning when Mrs. Salt was gone up to the great house and Nicholas was trying to mend the door of the cottage, he felt himself suddenly seized as in the grip of a wild beast. His father had entered unperceived. Unable to extricate himself, or even to struggle, Nicholas was beaten, kicked, and flung on the ground, where he lay like one dead; but Timothy did not desist from beating and kicking; he was in a state of furious delirium tremens, and seemed to possess the strength of a legion of devils. He, however, desisted from his work as suddenly as he had begun. He seemed to catch sight of some object, and darted off

across the common at full speed, making the most wonderful bounds and leaps, and howling like a demoniac.

Some servant of the great house had seen the attack, and came to the rescue of Nicholas, but found him lying, to all appearance, dead in a pool of blood. He rushed back to the house to report the murder. Mrs. Salt fainted. Madam Trevor applied restoratives with her own hands, sent off a man on horse-back for a doctor, and gave orders that Nicholas should be brought to the house. By the time the doctor arrived he had begun to give slight signs of life; but the doctor gave slender hopes of his recovery. However, Madam Trevor, who was an amateur in doctoring, and who had distilled waters of wondrous powers, in which she had unlimited faith, attended on him herself, and administered her own remedies, and whether the credit was due to them or to the doctor, or to the good constitution of the patient, was a disputable point—but Nicholas began to get well, though it was clear he would not be able to move about or do any sort of work for a long time. And in the meantime what was to become of him and his mother, who, with her broken wrist, was almost as helpless as her son?

The fortunes of Nicholas hung on a hair. There seemed nothing left for them but to go to the workhouse.

Little did Mr. Joshua Trevor, of Clifton House, Highgate, and of Mincing Lane in the City, and a confirmed old bachelor, dream that his apparently sudden and entirely spontaneous determination to pay his great aunt, Madam Trevor, of Stafford, a visit on his way to Harrogate, was destined to be the turning point in the life and fortunes of poor Nicholas, the little vagabond and mountebank! If ever a man hated beggars and vagrants, Joshua Trevor was that man: if ever a man considered stage-playing and Bartholomew Fair a shame and nuisance to a Christian land—again we say that Joshua Trevor, Turkey merchant and member of the Society of Friends, was the man; and never was there a man more firmly purposed to have no dealings with the Devil or any of his works (except making money), nor with any of his servants, and he always looked suspiciously on all poor people who had no substantial ostensible trade or calling. Public charities he patronised—they were organised institutions, and somehow the list of portly wealthy patrons kept the objects of charity out of sight, besides reducing them to a puny official existence. Yet this Joshua Trevor, little as he dreamed of it or intended, was travelling in his own coach from London to Stafford to—become the benefactor to a little mountebank.

Madam Trevor was thrown into a flutter at the prospect of receiving a visit from her nephew, whom she believed to be as great a man as he believed himself. In her eyes he

represented all the fortunes of all the Greshams and Whittingtons, and all the Lord Mayors of London who ever had been or were to be. It was fortunate she had no long time to spend in expectation—the letter announcing his advent only arrived a few hours before his coach and four horses drove up the avenue to the great house.

Joshua Trevor having arrived at the great house, proceeded to fulfil his destiny. He saw Nicholas, and felt sorry for the pale, patient, intelligent-looking little fellow. He heard his story, and felt still more sorry for him. His horror of the workhouse and his mother's decent, hard-working appearance softened his prejudices, and finally the bright idea suggested itself of ending all difficulties by taking Nicholas himself and putting him to some trade. It was pleasant to him to see how easily he could perform what to these poor people looked like a miracle of power and goodness. So he announced to Madam Trevor that he would take Nicholas and put him in a way of earning an honest living. The commotion, gratitude, and joy, and the great relief of mind that this gracious ukase caused throughout the great house, flattered all the sensibilities of Joshua Trevor's heart. He was not a metaphysician; and, no doubt, confounded gratified vanity with the voice of an approving conscience, but that did not much signify to other people. So Nicholas bade adieu for ever to caravans and fairs, and was taken away to seek his fortune under better auspices. His mother remained an inmate of the great house, to make herself generally useful.

Joshua Trevor reaped the reward of his good deed sooner than he expected. It came sharp on the heels of it. At Harrogate he fell ill, and Nicholas nursed him as he would have done his mother. When Joshua Trevor began to get better Nicholas could read to him, and talk to him, and amuse him as he never had been amused in his life before. When, at last, he was able to return to London, Nicholas was inducted into all the honours and prospects of a high stool in Joshua Trevor's counting-house, and every body knew all the possibilities that lay in that fact. From that time Nicholas never looked behind him: he went on steadily from one step to another. When Joshua Trevor died, he left the bulk of his fortune to public charities, a share of his business to Nicholas and ten thousand pounds.

Nicholas was a prosperous man: he had always been a good son, and his mother might have lived like a lady and had a carriage to go about in if she would have come to live with Nicholas; but she preferred stopping with Madam Trevor as long as the old lady lived. May Trevor had married and gone abroad, and when her mother did pretty little gentle May Trevor had found out that she had made a mistake in her marriage, and that her fine gentleman husband

was as great a blackguard in his way as Timothy Salt had been in his. So Mrs. Salt went to live with her at Boulogne, and took care of her till she died of consumption the doctors said—of a broken heart as she and Mrs. Salt knew. With her last breath she besought her kind friend to keep her child out of the father's hands. Nicholas had a home to offer his mother, and May Trevor's child came to him. He was married quite happily: he was a prosperous man and a good man. The only further incident connected with this story is, that Timothy Salt died in the insane ward of a distant workhouse.

OVER THE WAY.

At a time when I lived high up in Paris—perhaps it was on the fifth story—I could look up from my window along the roof of a house opposite and see two or three small apertures that evidently belonged to inhabited chambers. Counting the ground-floor, there were then eight layers of human dwellings piled one above the other opposite; and I used often to amuse myself by wondering how many different classes of persons must enjoy the same street-door in common. The first reflection that occurs to a stranger is that this apparently promiscuous style of living must be the means of bringing about a kindly feeling between the humble and the proud. One cannot, it would seem, shoulder a man year after year upon a staircase without learning in some sort to sympathise with him. Practically, however, this is not so. Relations rarely spring up even between neighbours on the same floor. I have never seen the man who lived for two years in the room over my head, though I did once send him a request not to dance about with heavy boots at two o'clock in the morning. People go out at different hours. The workmen who occupy the upper story are always away before others have opened their eyes; and come in at dusk whilst we have gone to the Palais Royal to dinner.

I knew, therefore, that the inhabitants of the garrets that excited my attention might be as much cut off from the rest of the world as if they dwelt out upon a moor. For some time I did not catch a sight of the faces of any of them; but I knew that the little room to the right was occupied by a woman—and a young woman too—for on one side was hung a rather dilapidated cage containing a canary that probably sung sometimes, whilst on the other, supported by a hoop of wire, was a single flower-pot. A hand sometimes appeared coming from below to stick chickweed between the bars of the cage or to pour water on the flower-pot, so that I knew the window was very high placed up, so that the lodger must be remarkably small.

The opening exactly opposite me for a long time gave no sign of life. Like the

others, it was scarcely eighteen inches square, and being placed on a slanting roof, stood out like a little house with the gable end turned towards the street. One afternoon, when the sun was shining full upon it, a man's face, surrounded by an immense shock of red hair and a prodigious beard of the same colour, appeared and nearly filled it. The idea of criminality at once entered my mind. I had seen a similar face staring out of a kind of loop-hole in the life-prison at Louisiana—out upon the sunny world which its owner more than twenty years before had desecrated by murder. That was when I was a child; but the impression produced was so strong that even now I can never see a person looking fixedly forth from a small window without having to struggle with the idea that he must be a child of guilt. My neighbour over the way seemed to be looking at nothing in particular—but straight forward over my head—perhaps at the sky beyond, perhaps at some distant steeple-tower. I looked back two or three times mechanically into my own room, as if my glances were compelled to obey the direction of his. Each time I turned towards him there he was, his beard resting on the sill, gazing forward, as if he took some peculiar power in tormenting me. Decidedly, there could be no doubt that he was immoral or insane.

For several days after this I rarely went to my window without seeing that hairy face, wearing precisely the same expression; and a certain amount of painful sympathy was by degrees excited. As it was, in a time of political commotion, I might have charitably imagined the man to be some popular chief compelled by circumstances to keep out of the way. The idea never entered my mind. He must be at the very least an escaped convict, waiting in that retirement until the vigilance of the police should relax. We do not like to bring even such individuals into trouble unnecessarily. I refrained therefore from asking any questions on the subject, for fear of drawing attention to the unfortunate fellow who might possibly repent of his evil ways in his self-imposed solitary confinement.

I spent a good deal of time watching those two windows, and remember feeling a vast amount of satisfaction when, one day between the cage and the flower-pot, appeared a very bright-looking face that continued to work its chin over the sill and to look around. The man with the red beard was at his post, and I could not help contrasting those two countenances, and making all sorts of moral reflections on the extent to which even the humblest dwelling could be made a Paradise or otherwise by the personal characters of those who inhabit it. What a gloomy den must the chamber of the escaped convict appear—everything in disorder; the bed never made; the furniture broken; the door carefully locked and bolted; a crevice con-

trived as a loophole from which to command the landing. As to the young girl's little nest, I was quite sure that must be a charming place. Indeed there could be no doubt of it. If I had never come to conclusions less hastily, my wisdom could be great. Birds and hovers are the companions only of the innocent; and, besides, even at a distance, I could see the sparkle of a pair of delightful eyes and the bloom of a wholesome cheek.

She did not look fixedly in one direction, not she. She looked up and down—at the sky and at the house opposite—the street must have been invisible, and at last her glance came in my direction, and passed demurely on. I knew from all these symptoms a great deal about her. She was a working-girl, living by herself, industrious and virtuous; and she had placed a table or a chair beneath a window in order to be able to enjoy the prospect. No wonder: the day was so bright, the heavens were so blue. How she had resisted the temptation of a stroll to the Luxembourg I could not imagine. It was absolutely Sunday; and there she was putting her head out into the sunshine from a little garret, instead of fluttering in gay ribbons and thin indienne out under the trees, where handsome young men would be sure to admire her. In the enthusiasm of the moment, if I had had my hat upon my head, I should have taken it off.

Suddenly I heard a slight scream: and she and the bearded man, who no doubt had heard her, put their heads as far as they could out of the window and looked to the right and left, up and down. I could not make out what they were at; but my opinion of the escaped convict was somewhat raised, for his actions, incomprehensible as they were to me, seemed excited by sympathy. Whilst I was trying to understand this little incident, something dashed past over my head into my room, and fell with a small struggle on the floor. It was a canary bird, which I soon succeeded in catching with my hands. The prisoner of the cage opposite had escaped and taken refuge with me. Such an opportunity was not to be lost. I should soon receive an embassy; and take nothing but thanks. I resolved to satisfy my curiosity, took up my hat, and soon found myself on the staircase of the house opposite. Having taken some hundred and thirty steps, I reached a landing-place, which would have been pitch dark had not two open doors given a dim light. The man with the red beard had left his den, and was trying to console his pretty neighbour for the loss of her canary bird.

With what delight I was welcomed may easily be conceived. The young girl took the little fugitive and pretended to beat it, as mothers do their children when they have escaped a great danger, and then tormented it with kisses. The cage was unhooked, and Mr. Canary placed therein, with many threats if he ever took such liberty again. I pre-

tended to be very interested in all this; and, indeed, was so to a certain extent. But the chief part of my attention was absorbed in examining the personal appearance of the escaped convict, who seemed by his manner determined to take this opportunity of striking up an acquaintance with his pretty neighbour. He it was who took down the cage, and carefully twisted a piece of wire to prevent the door opening, and suggested that too much sugar should not be given it, and pretended that he had often been deliciously pleased by its songs, and, in short, contrived to occupy the time during which, under any other circumstances, we should have been compelled to retire. In about half an hour we both said adieu, and I was about to descend with my curiosity half satisfied, when the man with red beard politely asked me if I would not step into his petit requit—his little nook.

I had already observed that he was a tall manly-looking young fellow, dressed in a blouse—quite different from what I had fancied him to be at a distance. There was even something very benevolent in the expression of his eyes; his mouth was entirely concealed. His right hand was bound up partially with a piece of black silk, and he appeared to move it with difficulty. Although my imagination tried to suggest that he must have received a wound in effecting his escape from the hulks, it was a total failure. I felt that all my surmises must be wrong, and could not make up my mind even to hesitate at accepting his invitation.

The room was quite as neat as its neighbour: at any rate considering that it was inhabited by a man. Little furniture, but nicely arranged, a portrait or two on the walls, some shelves with tools of various kinds, an old flute leaning in a corner, a place where a gun had evidently once hung up before it was hidden or seized or thrown away at the June insurrection.

All these items I rapidly noticed. Monsieur Armand soon knocked to pieces all my speculations. He was a watchmaker; but, having severely burnt his hand in putting out a fire some time before, had been incapable of work. This was the real explanation of the fact of his suddenly occupying the chamber during the day. I asked him why he looked so often out of the window: and he told me that it was because he could see the hill of Montmartre and a fine prospect of Paris, which turned out to be true. I did not mention my absurd suspicions, for they would have hurt his feelings, suggesting the idea that I thought he looked like a brigand. He evidently thought far otherwise: and when we afterwards began to talk of the charming girl in the other room, he parted the moustache from his lips, and said, with an evident allusion to himself, that a handsome fellow, un jeune homme bien, could not have a better opportunity of beginning a

courtship. Properly speaking, I suggested, as I had restored the bird, in the nature of things my footing was better than his. He admitted it. If Monsieur had any intentions, of course he should consider himself bound, as an honourable man, not to interfere with them. He would even keep out of the girl's way, not to distract her attention. I was bound to be grateful for so much politeness; but announced that I left the field perfectly open for him. That was better, he said, much more appropriate; and if the result of this little incident was the turning of the two garrets into an apartment, he should know to whom he owed this happiness.

I could see that the poor fellow was enormously smitten with the young girl; and, as he induced me to smoke a pipe with him, I soon learned that he had often met Mademoiselle Clemence on the stairs, but had never until then been able to say more than Good day to her. She was a maker of artificial flowers—quite a genteel occupation, he said. So was his for that matter, and a lucrative one, too. He could have afforded better lodgings, but he was saving; had scraped together several hundred francs, which might be useful one of these days; for example, if he should marry. "Why don't you take Mademoiselle Clemence?" said I.

"If she would have me," replied he, "I don't say no."

I recommended him to try, and went away quite pleased with my new acquaintance. Still better pleased was I when, about two months afterwards, I received in an elegant envelope a formal invitation to witness the nuptial benediction which was to be pronounced, after a visit to Saint Marie, of course, on the two neighbours at the church of Saint Germain des Prés.

CHIP.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

WE present from a correspondent, the following addendum to the paper on Fossil Geography, which appeared in No. 473. It was stated in that article that the flame of beacon fires lives in the name Flamborough Head.

"The following, however seems," says our commentator, "the more probable and correct interpretation. Fleam is in Anglo-Saxon, flight; Burh, or Buruh, is in Anglo-Saxon, a fortified city, town, or hill. Flamborough Castle, and the Dane's Dike—a deep, wide ditch and high embankment on the inner side, running north and south right across the headland from sea to sea—actually remain to this day, although the former is in ruins; and some ten or fifteen miles inland is a place, near Kilkham and Great Driffield, called the Dane's Graves, and large mounds now or lately planted with fir-trees, where bones, old ar-

mour, and other relics may still be found. The tradition of the neighbourhood is, that at or near the Graves a great battle was fought between the Saxons and Danes, and that the latter were beaten and fled to Flamborough Head, which they fortified and held for some time. Note also the local pronunciation of the word is still Fleam-borough."

KATE CRAWFORD.

"We had several female Specials," said the old lady;† "but the most remarkable of them was Kate Crawford, or beautiful Kitty, as she used to be called. She was very handsome, certainly, and not more than nineteen when she arrived in the colony."

"What had been her condition in life?" I asked.

"She was the daughter of a Yorkshire squire. In short, she was a lady by birth," was the reply, "and had received the education of persons in her father's position and circumstances, and she was accomplished, according to the standard of that day."

"And what was her crime?"

"Horse-stealing!"

"Horse-stealing?"

"Yes. That was the offence of which she was convicted, and, in those barbaric days, sentenced to be hanged. That sentence, however, was commuted to transportation for fourteen years."

"Rather a strange offence for a young lady to commit," I remarked.

"Very true; but you must hear the particulars, just as she related them to me and to several other ladies who took a very great interest in her. And remember that all she told us—I mean all the facts she stated—corresponded exactly with those detailed in the report of her trial, which was subsequently, at her request, obtained from England. In one sense of the word, Kate was a very bold girl; in another sense, she was the very reverse of bold. Her manners were in perfect harmony with her person—soft, gentle, and feminine; but, if she were resolved upon carrying out any project, great indeed must have been the obstacle she would not surmount. Her story, as she told it, was this:

"My father, Squire Crawford and one Squire Pack lived within a mile of each other. Their estates adjoined. Squire Pack had a son, John Pack, of about twenty-four years of age. I was then between seventeen and eighteen. John Pack was an only son, and I was an only daughter. Both Squire Pack and my father were widowers, and had housekeepers. The old people, over their bowls of Punch one night, settled that John Pack should be my husband. Now, it so happened that John Pack—whom I liked

† See page 563 of the last Number.

very much, he was such a good-natured goose—was already in love, and secretly engaged to a farmer's daughter, a stout, tall, red-haired girl, with blue eyes, and a very florid, but clear, complexion. Just the girl, in short, to captivate poor John, whose taste was not particularly refined. She had, besides, the exact amount of learning to suit poor John, who was not an erudite person by any means. I, too, had a secret engagement with a younger son of Sir Francis Bowman, and who was a lieutenant in a regiment of foot. Squire Pack and my father were both great tyrants, and to have offered the slightest opposition to their plans would possibly have led to their putting into execution, respectively, that threat which was constantly on the lips of either of them: 'I'll turn you out of doors, and cut you off with a shilling! John Pack and I therefore came to an understanding. We were to be lovers in the presence of the old people; but to every other intent and purpose, we were to assist each other in corresponding with our true loves—trusting as we did, to some accident or some quarrel between our fathers to annul the marriage contract they had entered into on our behalf. Matters went on this way for several months, and nothing could be more satisfactory to us young people. John Pack frequently carried letters and messages for me, and I as frequently did the same for him. Squire Pack and my father used to quarrel once in every year, and for a month or two were the most implacable enemies; but, at the end of such term, the one or the other would give way, make an advance (which was always met), shake hands, and become as good friends as ever. The truth was, that when the evenings drew in, they missed their game of cribbage; for John Pack was a very sleepy person over cards, and, as for myself, I could never play at any game except beggar-my-neighbour.

"One morning in the month of December the hounds met a few miles from our house. Squire Pack and my father rode to cover together. John Pack, who had brought me a letter from my lover, accompanied them and joined the meet. The moment they were out of the gate I broke the seal and read as follows:

"DEAREST KATE,—If you possibly can, meet me on the Halifax road, near The Hen and Chickens. I will be there at eleven, and I will wait till two in the hope of seeing you. I have something very important to communicate. My father intends having an interview with *your* father, the day after to-morrow. I would have ridden over to the Hatch, only you gave me such good reasons for not doing so, or even coming near the place at present. In haste.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"GEORGE BOWMAN."

"The Hen and Chickens, a roadside inn, was distant from the Hatch (the name of my

father's house) about six miles; and when I received my lover's letter it was nearly half-past ten o'clock. I flew to the stables, and ordered the groom to saddle my horse. To my disgust, he informed me that the animal was as lame as a cat. I then ordered him to put my saddle on Marlborough, a second hunter of my father's. The groom told me that the horse had been taken to a point called Milebush, where the Squire expected to pick him up fresh. I then said 'Saddle the old mare,' and was given to understand that she had gone to the farrier's to be shod. What was to be done? I deliberated for a few minutes, and then ordered the groom to take my side-saddle and bridle and follow me to Squire Pack's, and hastily attiring myself in my riding-habit and hat, I ran across the fields as fast as I could, and made for the stables of our neighbour. The only saddle-horse in the Squire's stables at the time was a magnificent thorough-bred colt, which had just been broken in; and this colt the Squire's groom was not disposed to saddle for me without the Squire's personal order. Becoming very impatient, for it then wanted only three minutes to eleven, I shook my whip at the groom, and said: 'Saddle him this instant! Refuse at your peril! You shall be discharged this very night!' All Squire Pack's servants as well as our own believed that I was to be John Pack's wife, and the groom, fearful of that gentleman's wrath, no longer hesitated to obey my instructions. The colt was saddled and brought out. I mounted him, and laid him along the road at the very top of his speed, perfectly satisfied that John Pack would take care that my father never heard of my adventure, and that his father would say nothing about it—determined as I was to have a note for John, to be delivered on his return from the chase.

"It was exactly nineteen minutes past eleven when I arrived at the Hen and Chickens, and found George Bowman waiting for me. He had walked over from his father's house. The colt I had ridden was so bathed in perspiration that I alighted, and caused him to be taken into a shed and rubbed down. While the stable-boys were so engaged, George and I walked along the road, and discoursed intently on our affairs for more than an hour and a-half. We then returned to the inn, and I gave orders for the colt to be saddled. But, alas! the colt was not in the stable wherein he had been placed after he had been rubbed down, nor was a traveller, who was dressed like a gentleman, and who had come to the inn to bait his jaded horse, shortly after my arrival, to be found on the premises, though his horse was in one of the stalls—a horse that must have been a very swift and valuable creature in his day, but then rather old and broken-winded. There could be no doubt that this person, whoever he might be, had made the

exchange, and ridden away unseen while the stable-boys were taking their dinner. A well-dressed man had ridden swiftly past George and myself whilst we were walking on the road; but we were far too much engrossed in conversation to take any particular notice of himself or the steed he was riding. Under these awkward and distressing circumstances, I scarcely knew what to do. It was now past two o'clock, and I was anxious to return to my home. I, therefore (accompanied by George Bowman to the very edge of our grounds), proceeded on foot. As soon as I was in my own room I divested myself of my riding-habit, and wrote a letter to John Pack, requesting him to see me at the earliest moment possible. It was past four o'clock when my father returned, and the moment I saw him I discovered that he was much the worse for the refreshment he had taken while absent from home. He told me, and it was quite true, that John Pack had had a bad fall in the field, had broken his thigh and smashed his head, and that he was then lying in a dangerous state at a public-house not far from Bradford. I begged of him to let me go and see the sufferer. But he said No! and then informed me that he had had such a violent quarrel with Squire Pack, that they could never be on speaking terms again. It was all about the settlements, he said; that the old thief wanted to hold off coming down with any money till his death; that he (Squire Pack) had broken his word; that he (my father) had given him a good bellyful of his mind; that he told the Squire that neither he, nor his father before him, were born in wedlock; and that, after all, it would be a disgrace for a Crawford to have a Pack for a husband. All this distressed me very much; but I still hoped that this, like their other quarrels, would be made up ere long, and that, in the meantime, poor John Pack would recover, and Sir Francis Bowman tempt my father to listen to the liberal proposals he was about to make to him with respect to my union with George. It was, however, a frightfully anxious night that which I passed. My sleep, when it at last stole over me, was a troubled one, and my dreams a succession of horror upon horror. When I awoke, I fancied that all was a dream—the accident to John Pack, the quarrel between my father and the Squire, the meeting between myself and George Bowman, and the loss of the colt at the Hen and Chickens. But, alas! I was speedily awakened to the reality, by my father calling out 'Kate! Kate! Come here! What have you been about? Here are the officers of justice come to take you before the Magistrate! I ran down-stairs, confessed everything, and entreated him to forgive me. Like most of the old squires, he was a very violent and headstrong man, and on this occasion his anger was terrific. 'Take her!' he cried to the officers. 'Take her

away! Let her be hanged, for all I care! She deserves it for deceiving me.'

"It seems that as soon as Squire Pack heard of my taking the colt away, he vowed that he would have me tried for horse-stealing, and thus would he disgrace the man who had called him such vile names and said such bitter things to him. And, in fulfilment of this vow, he went to the nearest magistrate, accompanied by his groom and another servant, and made a deposition upon oath. The magistrate was an old clergyman, to whom Squire Pack had given the 'living,' and who was in the habit of responding the words 'of course,' to every sentence the Squire uttered. A warrant for my apprehension was immediately issued, and I was taken into custody. What happened before the clerical magistrate I cannot recollect; but I can remember being asked several times, 'What has become of the colt?' and replying, 'I don't know.' The consequence was, I was committed to take my trial at the forthcoming assizes, and was meanwhile sent to prison.

"Whilst I was in those cold and dismal cells, my father never came near me; nor did he write to me, or even send me a message. The only person whom I saw—and that was in the presence of the jailor—was George Bowman, who did all in his power to console me, although, poor boy, his face and shrunken form plainly betrayed that he was bordering on insanity, caused by grief. George told me that Sir Francis Bowman had spoken to Squire Pack; but the Squire would not listen to him, and that he had declined to receive the value, or double the value, of the colt which had been 'stolen' by me—swearing, that 'the law should take its course.'

"The day of trial came, and I was arraigned. George Bowman had retained an able lawyer to defend me, but his advocacy was of no avail. He urged that I had not taken the colt with the intention of stealing it, but of returning it, after I had ridden it. To this the other counsel replied, 'Why didn't she return it?' 'Because it was stolen from her at the inn,' was the rejoinder. This the jury regarded as a very fond (foolish) tale, and found me guilty; whereupon the judge put on the black cap, and sentenced me to be hanged by the neck until I was dead!

"What happened afterwards—whom I saw or what they said—I knew not. I was in a perfect lethargy, and did not recover my senses until more than half of the voyage to the colony was completed."

Here the old lady paused for a brief while, and then resumed.

"What Kate's sufferings must have been, when she was conscious of what was passing around her, it would, indeed, be difficult to describe. She had not only to bear the companionship of the three hundred degraded wretches who were her fellow-passengers:

but to withstand the unseemly attentions of the Navy surgeon, who had charge of the convicts, and who had become enamoured of her extreme beauty. The captain of the vessel, also, fell desperately in love with her, and on several occasions proposed to marry her, abandon the sea, and settle in the colony. The surgeon having heard of this, quarrelled with the captain, and threatened Kate that if she ever spoke or listened to the captain again, he would have her hair cut off, and that she should be publicly flogged. (He had the power, you know, of inflicting such punishment upon any female convict who incurred his displeasure.) The captain being informed by one of his officers of this threat, thrashed the surgeon on the quarter-deck, to the delight of the women who looked on and cried 'Bravo!' The surgeon called the guard—fifty soldiers (recruits). But as each man had his sweetheart on board, and as the cause was regarded as the 'woman's cause,' the guard declined to interfere in the matter. This was a sad state of affairs, no doubt, so far as discipline was concerned; but it tended very materially to Kate Crawford's advantage. Amidst the strife and contending passions of the two men, she was safe in that sense of the word most desirable to herself. When the ship arrived in the harbour, the surgeon preferred a complaint against the captain and his officers. There was an investigation, which resulted in a manner rather prejudicial to the surgeon, and the Governor gave an order that he was not to be permitted to depart the colony until the pleasure of his Majesty's Government was known. Such pleasure was known about a year afterwards. It was to the effect that the surgeon was to be sent to England, under an arrest, in the first man-of-war that touched at Port Jackson. He had made several statements and admissions at the investigation, to warrant and insure his dismissal from the service of the state.

"Soon after her arrival, Kate had to undergo fresh persecutions. She was 'applied for' by at least twenty unmarried officers, each of whom was anxious to have her 'assigned' to him as a servant. It was not uncommon in those days for officers to marry their assigned servants, and make them sell rum at the back doors of their private houses, or quarters, to private soldiers and convicts at a dump (fifteen pence) a glass. It was by these means that many of them amassed their large wealth in ready money."

"Did the Government know of this?" I asked.

"That is a question I decline to answer," replied the old lady. "But this I know, that when the duty was taken off rum imported to the colony, very few people were licensed to keep public houses. However, none of these gentlemen were destined to be the master of Kate Crawford. The statement she made at the investigation aroused the

sympathy of Mrs. Macquarie (the Governor's wife), who enlisted the respect and affection of all who knew her. Mrs. Macquarie was driven in her private carriage to the Factory at Paramatta—an institution to which all unassigned convicts were taken on their arrival in Sydney—and had an interview with the unfortunate girl. I accompanied Mrs. Macquarie on that occasion.

"When Kate was brought by the matron superintendent into the little room in which Mrs. Macquarie and myself were seated, she was dressed in the uniform garb of females under sentence of transportation; the commonest calico print gown, a white apron, white cap without ribbons or strings, thickly-soled shoes, and no stockings. The dresses were made short, so that the ankles and the lower part of the legs were visible, while the arms were perfectly bare from the elbow joint. Nevertheless, in those hideous garments, Kate still preserved the bearing of a well-bred gentlewoman. There was no low curtsy—no 'May it please your ladyship'—no folding of the hands; but there was a gentle inclination of the head and of the body, and an honest, modest look, which would at once have satisfied the most suspicious person in the world that the girl was incapable of committing any crime. And when Mrs. Macquarie, with a graceful movement of the hand, requested her to be seated, she thanked, and obliged the old lady, simultaneously.

"I have not come to see you out of mere curiosity," said Mrs. Macquarie, "nor have I come to gloat over the sight of a young lady in such a position as that in which you are now placed. I simply come, armed with the authority of the Governor, to know by what means your sojourn in this colony may be rendered the least painful."

"On hearing these words of unexpected kindness, the poor girl burst into passionate tears, and Mrs. Macquarie and myself followed her example.

"When she was calmed, and in a condition to listen, Mrs. Macquarie again put the question to her, and the poor girl replied, in broken accents: 'Do with me, or for me, whatever your kind heart may dictate.'

"Then you shall live," said Mrs. Macquarie, "in private apartments, in the house of Mr. Kherwin, the chief constable of Paramatta, whose wife shall make you as comfortable as circumstances will admit of. Under that roof you will be perfectly safe, and protected from every species of annoyance. And if you will allow me, I will send you the means of providing yourself with more suitable apparel than that you are now wearing."

"Poor Kate expressed her gratitude in becoming terms, and we took our departure. Mrs. Macquarie then ordered the coachman to drive to the house of the chief constable, and expressed to that functionary her wishes, which were tantamount to orders; and that

very night Kate Crawford occupied a room in the small but cleanly cottage of the Kherwins. They were very respectable people, the Kherwins; and Mrs. Macquarie arranged that Kate was to board with them. I don't know whether Kherwin and his wife were recompensed by a payment of money, or a grant of land, but I am quite satisfied that they lost nothing by the attentions they showed to their unhappy charge.

"Whenever the Major and myself went to Paramatta, we never failed to pay Kate a visit, and have a long chat with her. On one occasion she told us that she had received a reply to a letter she had written to a friend in England. Her old lover, George Bowman, she said, had, shortly after her conviction, become insane, and was a hopeless lunatic in an asylum. Her father had married a young damsel, and had by her an infant son. John Pack, when he recovered, and came to know of the cruel course of conduct his father had pursued, quarrelled with the old man, flogged him in his passion, and then married Peggy, and became a farmer on his own account. Squire Pack, too, had married a young maiden, and had made up his quarrel with Squire Crawford.

"Kate was only three years a prisoner of the Crown, or (to speak in the coarser phrase) a convict. General Macquarie, one morning, accompanied by Mrs. Macquarie, all the chief officials, and their wives, journeyed from Sydney to Paramatta. The cortège drew up opposite to the chief constable's cottage. The General and Mrs. Macquarie were the only persons who alighted. After a brief absence they returned, bringing with them poor Kate Crawford, whom the General handed into his carriage, and then ordered the postilion to go to Government House. (There is a Government House in Paramatta.) There, in the presence of all assembled, the dear old General presented Kate with the King's pardon, and at the same time handed to her a piece of parchment, sealed with the seal of the colony, and bearing the General's own signature. It was the title-deed of a grant of land, of two thousand acres, within forty miles of Sydney, and situated in one of the best and most alluvial districts. This ceremony over, the old General led her to the dining-room, where luncheon was ready. The poor girl—she was then only twenty-three—was evidently much overcome by her feelings; but she struggled hard to subdue them, and succeeded."

"And what became of her?" I asked.

"You shall hear," said the old lady. "While she was under the protection of the chief constable, Kate was not idle. She assisted Mrs. Kherwin in all matters connected with the household. The cows, the

pigs, the poultry, &c., had each and all some share of her attention. And she kept the accounts—for the Kherwins sold the product of the animals which they reared. In short, although she did not cease to be what the vulgar call 'a fine lady,' she made herself a woman of business, and a shrewd one too,—not that she ever took an advantage of those with whom she dealt.

"Now free to do what she pleased, and with a grant of land in her possession, Kate resolved upon remaining in the colony, and devoting herself to farming and the rearing of cattle. Both the General and Mrs. Macquarie were so fond of her, that any favour she asked was at once accorded. She applied for fifteen convicts; they were assigned to her. She then engaged a very respectable overseer—a man of firmness and integrity. She borrowed three hundred pounds, wherewith to commence operations, and build a house. At the end of two years she paid off this debt, and had a considerable balance in hand. The wheat and the Indian maize grown upon her farm always brought the highest prices in the market, and she was equally fortunate with her live stock. Many offers of marriage were made to her, year after year, by persons in eligible positions and circumstances; but Mrs. Crawford, as she now called herself, had determined on remaining single. She had built for herself a vehicle called a sulky, a gig which had a seat for the accommodation of one person only, and in this she used to drive to Sydney once in every year. Upon all these occasions she was a guest at Government House. In eighteen hundred and twenty-three, she was the owner of twelve thousand pounds in money, which was invested on mortgage of landed property in the town of Sydney; and in eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, when I last saw her, and laughingly said, 'You must be frightfully rich by this time, Kitty,' she replied, 'Well, if I were to die now, there would be about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds to be divided amongst those who are mentioned in my will. Your boys are down for a few pounds—not that I fancy they will ever want them.'"

"Is she still alive?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the old lady, "and likely to live for the next twenty years; for although she had many days of sorrow, she never had one of sickness, to my knowledge."

[Since the history of Mrs. Crawford was related to me, she has departed this life. The gentleman who gave me this information lived many years in Australia. On asking him what she died possessed of, he answered: "The value of her estate, real and personal, was as nearly as possible half a million sterling."]

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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Price
6 Cents.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

AFTER the appearance of the present concluding Number of *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*, this publication will merge into the new weekly publication, *ALL THE YEAR ROUND*, and the title, *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*, will form a part of the title-page of *ALL THE YEAR ROUND*.

The Prospectus of the latter Journal described it in these words:

"ADDRESS.

"Nine years of *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*, are the best practical assurance that can be offered to the public, of the spirit and objects of *ALL THE YEAR ROUND*.

"In transferring myself, and my strongest energies, from the publication that is about to be discontinued, to the publication that is about to be begun, I have the happiness of taking with me the staff of writers with whom I have laboured, and all the literary and business co-operation that can make my work a pleasure. In some important respects, I am now free greatly to advance on past arrangements. Those, I leave to testify for themselves in due course.

"That fusion of the graces of the imagination with the realities of life, which is vital to the welfare of any community, and for which I have striven from week to week as honestly as I could during the last nine years, will continue to be striven for 'all the year round.' The old weekly cares and duties become things of the Past, merely to be assumed, with an increased love for them and brighter hopes springing out of them, in the Present and the Future.

"I look, and plan, for a very much wider circle of readers, and yet again for a steadily expanding circle of readers, in the project I hope to carry through 'all the year round.' And I feel confident that this expectation will be realised, if it deserve realisation.

"The task of my new journal is set, and it will steadily try to work the task out. Its pages shall show to what good purpose their motto is remembered in them, and with how much of fidelity and earnestness they tell

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Since this was issued, the Journal itself has come into existence, and has spoken for itself five weeks. Its fifth Number is published to-day, and its circulation, moderately stated, trebles that now relinquished in *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*.

In referring our readers, henceforth, to *ALL THE YEAR ROUND*, we can but assure them afresh, of our unwearied and faithful service, in what is at once the work and the chief pleasure of our life. Through all that we are doing, and through all that we design to do, our aim is to do our best in sincerity of purpose, and true devotion of spirit.

We do not for a moment suppose that we may lean on the character of these pages, and rest contented at the point where they stop. We see in that point but a starting-place for our new journey; and on that journey, with new prospects opening out before us everywhere, we joyfully proceed, entreating our readers—without any of the pain of leave-taking incidental to most journeys—to bear us company All the year round.

MY FAREWELL DINNER AT GIB.

I NEED not say that "Gib" is the fretful name—half of weariness, half of fondness—given to Gibraltar by its British garrison.

The Tegos was to sail on the Thursday: and it was the Tuesday before that, as I was putting on my white Spanish canvas slippers, that that good fellow Spanker broke in, waving the white horse-tail fan which the harder British officers generally carry when, riding, and delivered his winged words thus to me, as I sat hot and puffing with the exertion of shaving, reclining on a black stony horse-hair sofa in an upper room of the Club House Hotel:

"I say, old fellow, you're in a hole."

I looked down on the floor, and saw nothing to corroborate the gallant subaltern's friendly alarm.

"You've put your foot in it nicely."

I looked at my boot.

"O! don't be so doosed literal. We are all in a hole."

"What? Have the Spaniards undermined us?"

"O! I say, old fellow, none of your nonsense. It is so infernal hot. Have you got any bitter beer?"

Here Spanker, fixing his glass in his eye as one would push a cap on a gun-nipple, and abruptly rushing to the head of the stairs roared with a ten-pounder voice. "Now then, look alive with that beer, will you!"—the "will you" twisting up in the way a whip-lash laps round an urchin's legs.

The beer was looked alive with; and a waiter, pinching the indispensable napkin under his arm, entered with such haste that you would have thought he had just brewed the beer, and was serving it up before the bloom was off.

I was uneasy, because Spanker was decidedly so; his glass kept dropping out like a ripe nut out of its husk. First he would look at one spur, then at the other; then he brushed the dust off his boots with a clean white handkerchief; then he got up, and looked out between the window-blinds at the sun and the fortifications, as if he had just landed; or, like a merchant who was anxious for his argosies. Then he sat down, looked at me, brushed the white bitter froth off his moustachios, and then flicked off, with a Brummel particularly foreign to his nature, a pin's-head of dust from the left knee of his his red-striped un-nameds.

At length he said, uneasily, "I must bring it up at once, for I never can keep a secret—you're so popular at Gib, that we are all intending to give a doosed good dinner at the Club House the night you sail. Now don't say no. Dinner ordered: twenty covers, and claret by the bucket. The Hundred-and-Fortieth band is engaged; and it will be a bang-up feed, I can tell you. One word:

don't ask me to return thanks for Army and Navy; I'm no hand at speechifying."

"Who will be there?"

"Why, Driver and the Doctor, and Forbes and Thompson, and all the fellows you travelled with in Spain, and who are going back in the Tegos with you. The Major will wig me for letting the cat out of the bag, but I can't help it; and you might, you know, want to draw up, you know, some speech or some—"

"Spanker, you are a good fellow. I shall need some preparation; but don't make me notorious and ridiculous by sending off a paragraph to the Times about the dinner."

Five minutes after Spanker had left, in came the Major on heavy tip-toe to tell me the secret also. I coloured, started, and did the bashful and grateful. My acting would have been worth pounds on the hustings. No M.P. who has just received a rotten egg in his eye could have bowed more magnificently than I did. The Major kindly said that Gib would be as dull the day after I sailed as a doctor's shop in a healthy season. I bowed again.

There were all my old friends, I found, to be at the farewell dinner. Fortywinks, the great traveller, still intent on his book about Spain, and devoting his generous life to correcting the prejudices and aberrations of men he met at table d'hotes. There was to be Spanker and Driver, of course; the very Orestes and Pylades of subalterns—always reckless, frank, noisy, kind, and inconsequential. There was the grave mentor of Granada, the immortal guide Bensaken, who had just luckily come from that Moorish city he so much adorns, with Lady Pentweazle and her five daughters—snub, port, squat, smart, and reddish. There would be Mr. Doolan, our Xeres wine-merchant, now at Gib on business, and Don Sanchez Balthazar, the chivalrous enthusiast of pictures and ballads, whom Spanker had written to from Seville on purpose. Rose, too, was now in Gib, fresh from an excursion to Ronda; where he had extorted much money from a party of tourists by pretending to bribe off a sham band of brigands, got up with a true artistic sense of costume—all dirt and ribbons. Fluker, who accompanied me to Barbary, has been staying to paint a portrait of the town-major; the hair of whose head seems all to have run down into whiskers. He was waiting, like me, for the Tegos, and will not be forgotten as an honoured guest. Major Hodgins, the voluble and demonstrative, who let me ride over the Raisin mountains alone, will be in the chair, be ause, as Spanker flatteringly tells him he is "such a jolly good fellow;" but, really, because he has a good voice and no modesty. To these I must add Niggle, the north-country lawyer, who querulously contradicts almost everything, in a cracked tip-toe voice from Murray. Spry, the American tourist, who

has just left his rooms at the Alhambra on his way back to Bawstun. Laspin, the admiralty agent, a languid official, who never speaks if he can shrug his shoulders instead. The Reverend Walter Monoculus, travelling tutor, with the Honourable Sidney Lumpet, would not fail, I knew, though now at Tarifa; because the Honourable Sidney was on his way back, post haste, to take a place in the war office, kept for him by a noble relative; and to which, I am sure, he will stick as long as England remains a mummy swaddled up in red tape. Then there was Herr Schwarzenlicht, the German picture collector with the Judas beard, who tormented me before my time at the Murillo Gallery.

The excitement was beginning. It was four o'clock, and Club House Hotel was like one immense boiling pot. The roof seemed actually to shake with the agitated motion of touters, old men, and waiters. The roof shook like the lid of a pot when the potatoes are jogging up and bumping to get out. The uncarpeted stairs were being played upon by feet, as if they were the key-boards of some perpendicular piano. Herr Schwarzenlicht, whom I met going to dress, said:

"I should laike to baint your bordrait, but, mein Gott! dere is naow too much egitement."

Every now and then came from the momentarily opened door of the kitchen an angry hiss and bubble, as if the Furies were stewing their snakes for a private dinner-party for Pluto. Then there was now and then a tremendous smash of crockery, as if some great altar of plates had been collected and upset in sacrifice to the cook's deity. Waiters with white cravats ran about, giving one the impression of some clerical Low-Church convent being sacked by Papist troops. The landlord, too, shouts orders as if he were addressing the soldiers relieving guard in the square outside. I see, as I go up-stairs to dress, solemn processions of waiters, with melons, figs, peaches, and small funeral piles of biscuits, filing into the dining-room on the ground floor. The smell is as of a Paradise of kitchens, and the shirt-sleeved Spanish hangers-on grin and quote proverbs about it. The telegraph at the flag-staff now may toss its arms and fling up its coloured pills as much as it likes, no one in the Club House Hotel cares even to consult the great Club House Hotel telescope, and make out what all its fuss means.

I am dressing. Black. That curious coat with bird-like tails; white waistcoat, purer than the snow that never has been driven over; tie, a masterpiece of spotless intricacy. I was half way down stairs, and just opposite the clock-case (one of those curious collins of dead time and cradles of the future and the present that are still to be seen on end, grave and sentinel-like in your English unadulterated farmhouse).

Spanker, when reconnoitering me calmly through his stony eye-glass, exclaimed, "Do you know we are all assembled, and waiting for you below? Look alive!"

I go down the long white tables, loaded with plates and flowers and bottles. Ranks of men in black guarded by waiters enfilade the table. Major Hodgins is tremendous and sublime; Herr Schwarzenlicht peery and intent; Spanker serene; Driver merry; Fortywinks regal; Niggle punctilious; Fluker discursive; Doolan quiet and serene; Naggle patient. They rise as I enter, and a buzz of delight welcomes me through the steam of the soup that is smoking like a sacrifice of old Rome. The fish was a wonderful study for the ichthyologist; it was an epitome of all Adam named in Eden. To look down on the table and see the heads taking wine across small thickets of epergnes and flowers was a wonderful sight. The waiters were electrified. The noise of corks popping out with a reluctant bang was as of perpetual assassination at an Irish public dinner, where they used to shoot a chairman at the end of every course.

I parry the entrées, nod my head at the patées, am cheered as I make allusions to Old England, and am helped lazily to the roast beef of Albion. There is incessant taking wine: I take it even with Fluker, who is vexed because I will not sit for a second portrait, and who has a slight spot of vermilion on his nose, which makes every one smile, which he attributes to his amusing conversation about the scholastic theology of Dante, and the proofs of his having known of the existence of America. Bensaken is quietly suggestive and deferential in his whispers. Fortywinks is taking notes in a red-bound book. He says to me, when we have nodded together and taken wine:

"My book gets on, though slow, sir: it grows—it grows. I shall enlighten the people at home: Spain is quite a new field. Suggestive country—very suggestive."

"That's what Ford says," says Niggle. "You'll find that in Murray. I say, waiter, run up for my Murray, Number Twenty-two."

The Spanish waiter looks round distressed and surprised.

"You know, I suppose, what he says about Gibraltar, that it is—"

"Here is a traveller who swears by Murray!" says Fortywinks, gravely. "To think of men going by an old prejudiced Toxy, like Ford! What you quote was altered after he left Spain twenty years ago."

"Well, but Murray says—"

"Mr. Niggle," says Major Hodgins, with a tremendous voice, "I must remind you that it is the custom with us military men at Gib, when we go tours in Spain, to fire any man who quotes Murray one bottle of sherry."

"Murray's all rot," says Driver.

"We want a new book on Spain, my gentlemen," Rose remarks.

"And you will have one," said Fortywinks, shutting his note-book. "People don't know the Spanish character. They travel in cliques; they do not mix with the people; they—"

"Fortywinks, a glass of wine," said Spanker trying to put him out.

It was of no use.

"They mistake the Spaniard's religion for bigotry; his courage for cruelty. They go in beer-drinking parties from Gibraltar with English officers who ought—"

"No side winds," said a voice.

"There are men who go into Spain, tossing bonbons through gratings, kissing hands to jealously-guarded beauties, insulting every prejudice of the natives, and when they—"

Spanker here caught up a wine-glass with angry intent, when a tremendous knock on the table with a wooden hammer from Major Hodgins, interrupted the conflict, and lulled us one by one to silence. The Major stood like Cæsar on the Capitol, one hand in the breast of his regimentals, the other knuckling down on the table.

"Gentlemen,—You are all, I am sure, aware that we are met together this evening to discharge a painful, yet pleasant duty, of bidding farewell to an honoured friend. (Cheers.) I need not dilate on his urbanity. (Cheers.) I need not waste my weak (No, no!) words in dilating on his social qualities, on the merriment which hovers round him like a—like a—(Hear, hear!) Gentlemen, I am selected from among you, not for my eloquence (Yes, yes!), but for my age and experience in such social matters (ironical cries of No, no!)—Shouts of 'Thirty-one last glass,' from Spanker), to express the regret with which Gib—I think I may venture to say, I think I am in a POSITION to say *old* Gib—looks upon the vessel—upon the departure of our esteemed friend, Blank. (Cheers.) (Bensaken, who has been asleep, awakes and cheers when everyone else has finished.) We have known him as a delightful friend—as a kind host—as an entertaining and laughter-moving companion. Henceforth he must be for us only a pleasant memory, and what I believe Tom Moore eloquently calls 'a phantom of delight.' (Rapturous applause. Niggles shakes his head, and says, 'Wordsworth.') I, therefore, gentlemen, call on you to fill your glasses, and drink the health of our honoured friend, Blank, with three times three. Take the time from me. Gentlemen, charge your glasses."

"Bumpers," cries Spanker; and looks at the bottle with radiant triumph.

"Kentish Fire," suggests Driver.

The toast was drunk up-standing with tremendous applause, and Kentish fire, till the glasses hopped for joy upon the table. Then came "For he's a jolly good fellow," and "It's a way we have in the Army," till everybody was red, smiling, and out of breath.

The silence then became painful, and the constraint evident. The bottle began to stick in its orbit as if no one would take any more till I had spoken, I rose.

"Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen,—'A full bottle needs no squeezing,' is a true observation, though not a Spanish proverb. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. As marriage is the consummation of love, and ripe manhood, childhood perfected, so are thanks the flowers of gratitude. To quote the poet Firdusi, man is like the soldier on the march, he gets into snug quarters, hugs the fire, laughs at his meals, prattles with the children, is charmed with the landlady, grows friends with the host. He could live at his billet forever. Just such a village as he had dreamt of for his age. Bang goes a gun; the trumpet blows; his comrades' horses pay the ground; he must mount. The order to march is given, and he must ride away. (Cheers—Spanker is affected.) He presses this one's lips and that one's hand; he mounts, and, by that happy village, is never more seen. All parting is a type of that last march, when Death blows the trumpet for our moving. (Fortywinks makes a note, and Schwardzenlicht sobs, not quite understanding the allusion, but observing the earnest 'expression' of my face.) Yet, with these friendly faces before me smiling approval, how can I be sad? Let me recal some of the pleasant scenes of the strange land, half-orange grove, half desert, we have traversed together, dividing our vexations, and doubling our joys. We have all gazed on the Giralda and the Alhambra, the Arab river, and the Moorish tower. We have together beheld those strange groups and scenes that previously had been to us mere dreams, mere vapours from books and pictures, themselves, however beautiful, mere idols and dreams of dreams. (Cheers.) Aided by the learning of Herr Schwardzenlicht, and the critical acumen of Mr. Niggles, the energy of Mr. Naggles, the chivalrous ardour of Lieutenant Spanker, (deprecatory cries of 'No, no!' from Spanker), the experience of Major Hodgins, the talent of Mr. Fortywinks, the artistic taste of Mr. Flucker, the zeal of Mr. Rose, and the fidelity of Señor Bensaken, I have returned from Spain thin, brown, footsore, and dusty, but otherwise sound in wind and limb. (Applause.) With you, friends of my heart, I have watched the bloodshed of the bull-fight, the industry of the wine districts, the hardy poverty of the raisin country, the rough endurance of the fishermen, the beauty of the black eyed Donnas, the chivalry of the Dons, the sterility of the sand-plains, and the green lavishness of the vineyards. With you I have laughed over Don Quixote's generous craziness and unsuccessful attempts to put an old civilisation right, by means of the ideal laws of an exploded chivalry. With you, I have rambled over Gil Blas, and studied

Lope and Calderon. With you, I have shared my delight in Spanish art and Moorish architecture. With you, I have watched the roadside water-wheel and listened to the insatiate cicalas. We have been burnt by the same sun and shared the same bitter beer (Hear, hear! from Spanker). We have slept under the same roof, and sat at the same tables, picked at the same grape-bunches and divided the same loaf. With your names will ever be associated my sunny recollections of Spain. I never shall part an orange's sections, or hear a guitar speak, but I shall think, kind friends, of you; and, when I reach in old age the inevitable regions of Fogiedom, and pass on querulously to that dark country of Twaddledom, which is bisected by the great black river of Oblivion, I shall bore my delighted children with stories in which your friendly names will be intertwined. Gentlemen—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I shall now sit down, expressing once more my fervent and grateful sense of the honour you have done me." (Tremendous cheering.)

"I suppose it's too late to get the old trump a piece of plate?" says Spanker. "I shan't care how soon I leave Gib now he's going."

"Don't forget me," I said, "Spanker."

"Not I," said Spanker.

"Not likely," said Driver.

"Gentlemen," said Rose, coming in, "the luggage is gone down. It is time to be moving, my gentlemen."

Pressing cigars on me, small bull-terriers, Barbary monkeys, Crimean swords, fishing-rods, accordions, merschaums, and other trifles, Spanker and Driver followed me to the Waterport Gate, where we took boat.

It was a delicious sunset as we glided from the land, and Schwartzlicht said, referring to Spanker, now fading to a mere scarlet speck on the shore, "Dat is a fine young mans. I should like to have taken his board-trait."

"By Jove, so should I," said Flaker.

Old Gib grew smaller and smaller; but, as long as I could distinguish objects on the shore, I could still see two scarlet specks of exactly the same size standing there—the one was Spanker and the other was Driver. I kept the glass up till they grew no larger than house flies—the blue bottle behind waving a handkerchief, was, I presume, Major Hodgins of the Mounted Bombardiers.

NOBODY'S PHILANTHROPIST.

A CERTAIN philanthropist took a notorious young pickpocket by the hand, and introduced the little criminal to his wife and children; bidding them look upon him as a servant of the family.

And when young Nobody (the subject of the experiment), after a sermon from the Philanthropist on the inestimable advantages

of honesty, and the losing game of theft; told him to go into the kitchen, eat his dinner, and learn the household duties he had to perform: when Nobody, in short, was fairly ensconced in his new home, he began to reflect seriously on the step, which, in a moment of honest enthusiasm, under the fire of the Philanthropist's eloquence, he had determined upon trying.

He remembered, possibly, the days in the native court, when his kind old protector had soothed and comforted him, after his father had thrashed him: the days when he walked boldly about the streets in no fear of the police. He remembered, also, that while he was risking his liberty by thieving, he was enduring all kinds of hardships. He did not, probably, weigh these advantages and disadvantages, clearly and methodically; but he held a confused conclusion that there was something better in the plan of life proposed to him by the Philanthropist, than he could find in the career of a thief. The sympathy of a good man touched him, and helped to win him over. He was startled by the appearance of a strange friend, who really and truly did not wish to do him harm. For it had been poor little Nobody's creed, as it had unhappily been his experience, that simple, pure selfishness was the mainspring of every human action. So that cunning, to him, was the admirable quality. It was an art by which the artist could obtain the greatest advantages from others with the least exertion to himself. His life had been almost exclusively devoted to the development of this cunning. His caution was remarkably precocious. He would have been a clever lad, who had played a successful trick upon astute little Nobody. Strangely, doubtfully, did the boy look up into the Philanthropist's face, endeavouring to read the teacher's heart. Nobody found it hard to believe that there was really and truly an unselfish person in the world. Might not the old fellow be trying on some game? What could his design be? Why should an elderly party, who had got a good house of his own, run into slums and low lodging-houses, and pick out the like of him? Could it be for amusement? or was he soft-headed, with a little money about him that he didn't exactly know how to get rid of? For some time, Nobody was sorely puzzled. The man who did anything without having a selfish object in view, was, to his unhappy judgment, an idiot. Nobody could not respect any passer-by who happened to give him a few pence. The donor was simply a very shallow man of the world. This state of feeling was natural to him and his companions. They lived in a permanent state of suspicion. It was their business to be on their guard against everybody; for, on all sides, they had something to fear. A little, ragged army in a great enemy's country, vigilant scouts, and a strong vanguard, protecting outposts, were as necessary to them, as are these precautions to the French

in the wild fastnesses of Kabylia. It was natural to these lawless lads, it was good generalship in them, to look with profound suspicion upon every person who approached them from the direction of the enemy. The Philanthropist was, therefore, received with misgivings; and his professions of friendship, and his offers of assistance were entertained with distrust. Nobody was the only lad whom he won. And, when Nobody entered the Philanthropist's kitchen, warm, and plentifully provided as it was, he endeavoured to look pleased. He threw his flat, greasy little cap upon the dresser.

"Hang it up, young man," said the cook, sharply, pointing to some pegs. It must be confessed that when young Nobody was uncovered, he was not a prepossessing object. His face had a greasy paleness. His hair was matted over his brow, and brought to two curls upon his cheeks. His throat had something of the bull quality about it; but his hands might have belonged to one of the royal princes. There was a strange, flat, corduroy odour about him, also, that fairly offended Mrs. Tantrums' olfactory nerves.

Tantrums was a warm-hearted Irishwoman, who appeared to regard her master as an amiable monomaniac. And Nobody was received by Tantrums as the most recent evidence of the Philanthropist's insanity. The poor boy saw, at once, the kind of welcome he had to expect in the kitchen; and he was inclined to give his views on tempers generally to his new fellow-servant, in a peculiar language that would have astonished this dignified and compassionate lady. But for the moment he restrained himself, and took a seat near the fire, having been warned to remain at a respectful distance from the muffins upon the fender. Tantrums was suspicious of the new-comer. By continually blowing as she passed near him, she intimated that the peculiar flat, corduroy odour, to which we have already referred, was not unnoticed by her sagacious nostrils. By banging the tea-tray upon the table; and again, the teapot upon the tea-tray, she wished to convey to Nobody her displeasure generally at his presence. Women are doubly armed. Not only has their tongue an agility which the masculine organ seeks in vain to rival, but they enjoy a fund of pantomime, more especially for the expression of displeasure, that makes masculine gesture appear tame and beggarly.

Nobody perceived that he was committed to the tender mercies of a tartar. He winced; for he saw that it would be impossible to mollify her. The assumption of cool, deliberate indifference marked Master Nobody's behaviour henceforth. Tantrums went through those somewhat trying evolutions which would have been described in suburban tea-parties as giving herself airs. But cool Nobody responded only with a sub-

dued whistle. He sate, gazing into the fire, till supper-time came, when he ate his bread and cheese in silence, and in due time went to bed. He had remarked the care with which Tantrums had locked up every scrap of bread, every candle-end. He saw that she knew his story, and shared only a moderate proportion of the Philanthropist's enthusiasm.

Well, after years spent in the streets; after nights in dark arches and foul lodging-houses; after sad hours of moonlight, when no roof stood between that young head and heaven; after times of sore want, and soaking rains and in stifling fog; after tramping over bleak downs till the face was numbed, and the bones ached to the marrow; after weeks of dreary drill in silent prisons—here was the wanderer snugly hived at last. Now the world lies fair before him. A generous soul under that comfortable roof guards him, and will see justice done to him by the world. For to-morrow's dinner he need have no care. A few not irksome duties and his bread, and more than his bread, is earned. As his wicked head presses, for the first time, a clean white pillow, and as his poor limbs refuse to be still, but wander in unquiet delight about the soft bed, what thoughts are eddying in the young brain of most fortunate Nobody?

We may be sure that they are confused. The boy has wandered back to his old haunts; his companions are possibly enjoying the fruit of a successful robbery, and are alluding to his "softness" in unmeasured terms of contempt. He cannot tell why he should wish himself among them. The truth is obvious: he has friends there. He has predilections and affections of which the world knows nothing, and consequently never takes into the account when judging him. The comfortable bed is hugely enjoyed; the supper was a welcome luxury; still there is the vision of the tramp's lodging—and there, grinning round the rusty iron stove, sit the Bouncer, One-eyed Joe, and other choice spirits. Almost unaccountable does it appear to respectability that has lived for fifteen years in Grove Street, and never once permitted a tax-gatherer to call twice, that a boy raked, like some rotting leaf from the road-side, should lie in his first snug bed only to dream with envy of other refuse leaves still lying unregarded in the foul ditches of the earth! Yet be assured of this, Respectability, the World has sown upon the soft soil of this creature's heart the deadly poison that is now within it, where might have been grown sweetest honey-bearing flowers.

The Philanthropist enjoys his profound sleep of quiet conscience over the gipsy head of Nobody. Does the good man understand his charge? We shall see.

Our hero was speedily set to work. To work, the Philanthropist justly admonished

him, was the human lot. To avoid this common necessity was rank cowardice. Yet the good man allowed labour was irksome to folk who had been in the habit of leading a gipsy life, and Nobody should not be sorely tried. He should have easy jobs, and unlimited confidence should be reposed in him.

"See," said the boy's generous patron, "I leave all my property about the house. It would be easy for you to rob me, and safe, for I should not prosecute you. But I rely upon your honour. I appeal to your honour; and I know that my property is safe."

Nobody was impressed, bewildered, by this confidence in him: in him! in him—a confessed thief! He was pleased also. The dim light of something better and brighter in the world than low cunning played for a moment a curious jack-o'-lantern in his brain. He went to clean boots and knives with some heart; he bore the home-thrust and more poignant gestures of Tantrums with something very like good-nature. Despatched on an errand by his master, he walked through London streets with a proud step for the first time in his life, and returned to his new home with the requested answer. He had not wandered a step from his duty. He was proud of the achievement, and was grateful for the confidence with which his master had received him.

"The old gent," muttered Nobody to himself, as he went to the kitchen, "seemed to think it just a matter o'course that I should bring back the letter all right."

This faith did appear wonderful to the youth who, from the hour when he could first run alone, had seen every human action hedged about by snares to catch the transgressor; who had been governed in all things by fear. The Philanthropist determined to try what the law of kindness would do; and, in fulfilment determined to put Nobody to school. He therefore calls on Mr. Hartopp, the neighbouring pedagogue. He has, he says a boy whom he wishes to place under Mr. Hartopp's care. He has been recommended to Mr. Hartopp as a gentleman who is not unwilling to try an experiment in education. The Philanthropist is very good. Mr. Hartopp smiles, folds his lean arms, and waits with resignation for any further compliments that may be heaped, we may say, on his unworthy head. The boy whom the Philanthropist is anxious to place under Mr. Hartopp's care had gone wrong. Mr. Hartopp's face lengthens. The boy, indeed, has been in prison. Mr. Hartopp shakes his head. If Mr. Hartopp would undertake, under his (the Philanthropist's) responsibility, to try the boy as a scholar—

"De-ci-ded-ly nor!" exclaims Mr. Hartopp: determination being written in the broadest hand upon his features.

"It would be an act of high Christian charity," the Philanthropist urged. Here

is a poor boy who had never had a chance in life—who is now eager to reform—who wishes to learn—and whom he (the Philanthropist) has taken into his own family: such is his faith in the boy's sincerity.

Possibly. Very unfortunate. But his scholars are all highly respectable children, and he could not think of such a thing—was Mr. Hartopp's verdict.

"There," said the Philanthropist to himself, as he bowed to Mr. Hartopp, "there is the difficulty. To turn a boy back from a prison into society involves a fight, of which you outsiders have no adequate idea."

Disappointed by Mr. Hartopp, the Philanthropist threaded his way up two or three damp and dark courts. He saw pale, clammy preceptors, who obviously made but a poor account of teaching, yet who stoutly declined to permit Nobody to associate with their pupils. There was one teacher, it is true (he was a very young man) who appeared touched by our story of the poor forlorn boy, his weakness and his sorrows, and for a moment he seemed willing to receive the outcast. But, after a few minutes spent in a hesitating mood, he turned suddenly upon us, and peremptorily declined our proposition.

And thus the Philanthropist went home, and reported to unhappy Nobody the result of his endeavours among the schoolmasters. He said to him:

"See, my boy, all that you have lost, how heavy is the penalty, how deep the detestation, honest people put upon a life like yours. You have had but the slenderest chances; a bad parent and no one to care for you. Your education has been of the gutter: and, if you have been dishonest, society, let me own candidly to you, has been to blame with yourself. Else might I not have that sympathy for you which I feel. But, if we cannot find a school just now, we may get you a situation. What could you do?"

Nobody, during this lecture, twirled his fingers, and looked sheepish, if not sulky. He and Tantrums had just had a scene. She desired him to perform some work, to which he stoutly objected, as beyond the province of his allotted duties. The truth was, he was very lonely in that kitchen. Everything was new to him, and he was ill at ease. He—a London gipsy—suddenly caged, in a warm and snug cage, it is true; but still, to him, a fretful confinement! So that he bluntly answered the Philanthropist.

"I'm tired of this!"

"Tired! Tired of what?" asked the astonished Philanthropist.

"The cook bullies me; and I'm tired of it," replied Nobody.

The Philanthropist understood the boy at once, and spoke again kindly to him.

"Now, this will not do, my boy. You

have been used to a roving life. You have never been accustomed to live by rule. But you must have courage. You must do something. And then think what a man you'll be, when you have learned to earn your living honestly. Isn't it worth trying? As it is you are hated by the world; because you live a cowardly life, being afraid to do work yourself, and meanly stealing the work of other people."

Nobody finally consented to allow the Philanthropist to find a situation for him.

The situation was found, after much trouble. A good-hearted joiner consented to take Nobody to teach him his trade, and to give him a few shillings per week, to begin with. The boy was to sleep still in the Philanthropist's house, that some control might be kept over him after his work-hours. And, well-dressed for his work, young Nobody left his patron's house, cheerfully, during a few mornings, to serve his new master. The Philanthropist was delighted with the success of his benevolent experiment.

"Here, at least, said he, triumphantly, "is one young creature, snatched from the unholy ways of me."

The Philanthropist awaited the result patiently: and in less than a quarter of a year a result was worked out and explained by the following letter.

LABURNUM COTTAGE, May 15th.

MY DEAR SIR,—You were kind enough to recommend to me, about three months ago, a little boy, who had been a crossing-sweeper, or something of that description, and who had been very good, out of his scanty earnings, to his poor mother. I told him, as I promised. He had two good suits of clothes, my wife arranged a box of good linen for him, and he lived from our own table. He went on very well during three or four weeks, when he began to sulk. Presently he made excuses for neglecting his work, and then he feigned illness. My wife petted him; and the more he was petted, the more exacting he became. The crisis came only yesterday, when he and the cook quarrelled desperately because the young rogue would eat nothing but muffins for his breakfast. Because and better, said he, did not agree with him. I saw how clearly through the boy's character, and I have just sent him back to you. Regretting that our little experiment has not had a happier termination, I am, my dear sir,

Very truly yours,

ALFRED JOYST.

The Philanthropist explained the motives of the particular lad, by attributing them to his gipsy spirit. He had grown up near a wild man in the woods; and he had been suddenly cured. He had been touched, too, by the Philanthropist's kindness; but he could not stand the bars.

Young Nobody came back to his Philanthropist, but only out of a grateful impulse to say, "How d'ye do, sir?" He never meant to stay. The Philanthropist does not at this time know what has become

of him; but he does not despair. Perhaps Nobody will end in her Majesty's service, as possibly not the worst member in her Majesty's fleet.

CHIPS.

A SMOCK-FROCK PARLIAMENT.

THERE are a great many Parliaments in England. A philosopher would say, that the Anglo-Saxon is a representative creating animal. The truth is, that with all our reserves and all our conflicts of opinion, we Englishmen do, on the whole, know how to pull together. There are associations forming national, municipal, parochial and social parliaments; and, although dukes and earls meet in parliament, so also do ploughmen and carters. Very orderly assemblies are the business meetings of men in smock-frocks. I believe we may find an uneducated class at each end of the social scale, and a blockhead in cambric is not a bit less formidable than a blockhead in brown holland.

Let any one who is daintily afraid of what he calls the masses go and attend a business meeting of the Chorleywood Association. Chorleywood is near Watford, Herts, and there by help of the Reverend A. Scrivenor, incumbent of the parish, and Mr. William Longman, its most active friend, an association of the labourers was formed about four years ago, at first meaning no more than a provision of allotment gardens. Owners of gardens became members. Subscribers of three shillings a-year, whatever their position in life, became members,—rich and poor subscribed and met together as associates when prizes were given for the famous gooseberries, and for the best kept gardens. After the annual distribution of these prizes, rich and poor supped together, and the labourer's wives sat with their husbands, giving the right home charm to the festival.

From cultivating cabbage-beds the association passed on to the digging—without prejudice to the cabbages—into members' heads with monthly lectures in the winter months. There are but a thousand people scattered over the three miles length of country known as Chorleywood, yet two hundred will come to a lecture. There now lies before us in fair print one of these lectures, the first of a series on the History of England by Mr. William Longman. Addressed to the simplest understanding and so rapid that it passes in an hour's talk from the earliest times to the end of the reign of King John, it yet gives a right general idea of the beginnings of our country, and is full of attractive and amusing detail.

Of such lectures students in smock-frocks make some effort to carry away notes. Prizes are offered for reports of them. Of some lectures there may have been twenty

reports sent in, varying in length from a leaf of note-paper to six or eight folio pages. We should like to see the History of England from the days of Ancient Britons to the death of John, epitomised by Lubin, ploughboy, on a page of note-paper. The Chorleywood reporters are nine men, seven women, five school-boys, and a dozen school-girls.

The association now proposes to get up a Rent Fund, Savings Bank and a Flower Show, combined with a Tea-party.

A correspondent sends us, with his comment on it, this announcement:

CHORLEY WOOD ASSOCIATION.

A General Meeting of the Members will be held in the School-room on Wednesday, April 27, at 5.15 o'clock in the evening, to consider the best method of protecting the Members' gardens from Robbery, and the course which should be adopted in reference to the case of two young men, sons of Members, found trespassing on the gardens on the night of Saturday, April 24th.

The following subjects will also be brought under consideration: The establishment of a CRICKET CLUB in connection with the Association, and the proposed FLOWER SHOW.

All Members are particularly requested to attend.

The chief subject of debate our correspondent thus explains: On a certain night, he tells us, the allotment-gardens were robbed. Some of the men therefore resolved to watch. At midnight the watches saw two persons coming over the hedge and imprudently seized them at once, instead of waiting to detect them in the act of theft. The trespassers, thus punishable only as trespassers, were sons of two allotment holders. It was for the members of the association to say how they would act in such a case.

At the appointed meeting the fathers of two lads who had been caught gave their own and their sons' story in exculpation. After some conversation, the personal part of the question was entirely dropped. The point in debate then became, What measures of precaution shall be taken for the future? Upon this point there was maintained a strictly parliamentary discussion. It was suggested that it would be desirable to fix the hours during which members might or might not enter their gardens. The labourers got up one after another in the most orderly manner to deliver and support their several opinions. Motions were made, amendments proposed,—men spoke on the amendments, and these were successively put to the vote. It was then moved by one member of the corduroy parliament that a committee be appointed to consider and report on any measures that might seem to it desirable. There was a debate and vote upon this motion; the names of members to serve on committee being finally selected and put to the meeting. The orderly discussion lasted two hours, and led to the most sensible conclusion.

Terrible masses these! How shall we keep them in order?

A DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

Does the public indifference towards the stage, at the present day, extend, also, even to books which take the stage for a subject? The question is suggested by a work recently published, under the title of *Thirty-Five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life*, which makes no pretension to any high literary character, but which, as a record of personal experience, contains many interesting particulars in connection with the past history of the English Stage; and, more especially with those curious wild-flowers of the dramatic garden which were cultivated during the last half-century, by the managers, authors, and actors attached to the minor theatres of the metropolis.

The work in question is an autobiography, and the writer of it is Mr. Edward Fitzball. To the younger generation of readers, this gentleman's name may, not improbably, recall the remembrance of much conventional jesting of the periodical sort, which never had a large infusion of the Attic salt of wit to recommend it; and which, in course of time, became intolerably wearisome to all but the jesters themselves by dint of perpetual repetition. To us, it has always appeared a little unjust towards Mr. Fitzball to have mischievously paved the way, in his case, for the passage of ridicule, by representing him as filled to overflowing with literary pretensions to which judging by his own words, in his own book, now under review—he has never made any claim. As we understand it—having no personal knowledge of Mr. Fitzball, and no object in writing, but the desire to treat him with all fair consideration—he has never pretended to anything more than the possession of a natural dramatic instinct in the shaping of plots, and the placing of situations, and the acquisition of considerable experience in studying the tastes of the public of his time, as well as of great facility in making that experience tell for what it was fairly worth on the stage. He has claimed to have done this successively, and the record of facts in his autobiography fairly establishes his claim. It may be an excellent joke against Mr. Fitzball that he has written plays which have run, in more cases than one, for two hundred nights, and have put thousands of pounds into the pockets of the managers—but we are not sharp enough to see it ourselves. When a man starts as a dramatist, he fails, no matter what his style as a writer may be, if he empties the theatre; and he succeeds, no matter what his style as a writer may be, if he fills it whether it be a large theatre, or a small one, a theatre on this side of the Thames, or a theatre on the other side of the Thames, whether he be a Sympetris whose tragedy in the blindest possible verse no human being has ever yet

read, or whether he be Mr. Fitzball, whose melodramas in the plainest possible prose, thousands and thousands of his countrymen have been glad to go and see. A man who can really accomplish what he has undertaken to do is such a rarity, especially on the English stage, that he deserves civil recognition at the very least. We are so inveterately comic now-a-days, that we must always laugh, even at the wrong man; and, in the mean time, the quack who deserves our ridicule, too often escapes scot-free.

We find, from Fitzball's autobiography, that his first attempt at stage composition was made on the boards of the Norwich Theatre. He there produced the Innkeeper of Abbeville, which succeeded well enough in the country to be reproduced at the Surrey Theatre, where it ran upwards of one hundred nights. His next attempts were Joan of Arc and The Floating Beacon, which were played together, nearly, if not more than four hundred consecutive nights. To our thinking this was not a bad beginning for a young man. Where are the dramatists, great or little, who begin, in that way, now?

As he gained in experience, he got on to wider success. His Devil's Elixir was a great hit, even with a critical Covent-Garden audience. His Pilot, Flying Dutchman, and Jonathan Bradford (this last melodrama running two hundred and sixty-four consecutive nights), were reported to have brought nearly twenty thousand pounds to the theatres in which they were produced. Besides writing these plays, he dramatised some of Scott's and Bulwer's novels; and, later in his career, he varied his exertions by writing the words (or by adapting them from foreign librettos) of some of the most popular operas that have ever appeared on the English stage. His poetry, taken by itself, was easy enough to ridicule, in these cases. But who, in the instances of other men, looks for fine poetry in opera-books? Who wants anything of an opera-book, but that it should be an easy and intelligible medium for conveying music to the public ear? If Mr. Fitzball accomplished this object, he did enough for the purpose for which he was employed. And, if he had written the verses, who, of all the listeners to the music, would have found them out?

Excepting the cases of the operas, Mr. Fitzball's adaptations from the French seem to have been commendably few in number. He took his plots from English stories, or from romantic events recorded in the newspapers. If a man cannot absolutely invent for himself, it is certainly more creditable to him as a dramatist, that he should take his materials from widely known national sources than from foreign originals disguised on the play-bills. As no serial novels were published at that time, he anticipated no author's stories, and committed no graver offence than that of attempting, generally with unmistakable suc-

cess, to present the dramatic side of a popular novel, to an audience, for the most part, well acquainted with it already in its original narrative form.

We have indicated the outline of Mr. Fitzball's dramatic career, as exhibited in his autobiography, and we may now leave the reader who is interested in the matter to refer to the work itself for all details, and for a plentiful supply of anecdotes in connection with the actors, managers, and dramatists of the last fifty years. It would be easy enough to take exception to the execution of these volumes, if it were at all desirable to do so. But we see no necessity for trying a book which makes no literary pretence, by a high literary standard. We are willing to accept the fruits of Mr. Fitzball's dramatic experience good-humouredly, when they are worth gathering; and when they are not, we can easily accept the alternative of leaving them on the tree.

BAD BARGAINS.

I KNOW I was a bad bargain; one of the worst the East India Company ever had, and that is saying a good deal. I am not ashamed of it—never was. On the contrary, I always gloried in the reflection. My talents and energies were sold to the East India Company, and, if they were not worth the price, that was the Company's look out. I repeat that I was, and am, proud of being a bad bargain. But, for the matter of that, was not the Court of Directors, for more than one generation a bad bargain to the British nation?

I did not want to become a Bengal civilian. Not I. I would have preferred serving behind the counter of my father's shop in the West End, rather than go abroad, especially to a hot country. But my father had made up his mind, and so I was forced to accept the writership which one of the directors bestowed upon me. What my father gave for it I don't know, as I didn't care I never asked. My father had tremendous influence with nearly all the directors, and got more cadetships for ambitious tradesmen's sons than any man of his day, although he was only the keeper of a large oil and Italian warehouse.

I could not pass an examination at Haileybury, for I was only master of a very, very small quantity of Latin, and knew not a word of Greek. I was always very dull at languages. Nor can I say that I was well read in the literature of my own country. I mean, I had never dipped into heavy books, such as Gibbon or Jeremy Bentham, Smith's Wealth of Nations, and the like, though I often marvelled how other people could get through them. I could write a good hand of course, but it was more like that of a mercantile clerk than a gentleman. So

far as figures were concerned, if I were not a Cocker exactly, I was very well acquainted with his system of ciphering.

When I went to Calcutta it was understood that I was to remain in India for twenty-one years, and then retire on a pension of a thousand pounds a-year for the rest of my life.

While I was "in college in Fort William"—(by the way there was, and is, no college whatever. A young civilian lived where he liked, and how he liked—spent as much money as he liked—ran in debt as much as he liked, and read as much or as little as he liked)—I employed a Moonshee to teach me Hindoostanee and Persian. Poor wretch! he tried very hard, but to no purpose; for I was alike deficient in capacity and perseverance.

However, what I wanted in ability I compensated for by good-nature, and became exceedingly popular, with all persons in and out of the service. Even as a youngster I was known as and called Old Swivel.

My year "in college" having expired, I was "passed." That was managed for me, as well as for several others, who could not stand the Moonshee. My first appointment was in the Customs' Department, where I never did anything but sign my name to a variety of Hindoostanee documents, which I never read, and did not understand. This work occupied me about twenty minutes every day, for I did not write my name in full, but only my initials. The pay was five hundred rupees a month (six hundred pounds a year). Billiards whist, and other pastimes were the business of my life, for we never played for love, but for money. From the Customs, after two years' "service," I was promoted into the Salt Department. This was easier for me; for my seniors were both zealous men, and did all the work themselves. My pay was now seven hundred rupees a month, eight hundred and forty pounds a year. From the Salt Department I went into the Treasury on an increase of pay. Here I did absolutely nothing, nor did any of the European officials do much. The natives—the Baboos, very clever fellows—managed the affairs capitally for us and for themselves. They were, it is true, once detected in a fraud. But what was it, after all? Only to the extent of a paltry three lacs—thirty thousand pounds; a mere flea-bite, considering the sums that they fingered annually.

When I had been seven years in Calcutta, I was qualified, as far as standing in the service was concerned, for a magistracy in the Mofussil (interior) and the first one that became vacant I applied for and obtained. It was a station called Moughyr, on the Ganges, a charming station for a sportsman, as I always was in India. There were lots of panthers and bears in the hills, and very fair snipe shooting on the opposite side of the

river. I was now my own master, on eighteen hundred pounds a-year, and with a noble fellow as my assistant. Bless him! He loved work as much as I hated it, and his heart was as much in the service as mine was out of it. If, however, I had wished to do anything for my pay, I could not; for, beyond giving orders to my personal servants, most of whom understood English, I could hold no conversation with the natives, and could not understand any document that was read out to me in court. What a delightful life, to be sure, was that I led when magistrate at Moughyr. But further blessings still were in store for me. When I was ripe for a judgeship, I applied for one then vacant in Tirhoot, the garden of India. Here I was in clover. The majority of the planters in the district were gentlemen by birth and education, and the most hospitable set of men imaginable. My brother civilians, the magistrate, collector and assistants, and the civil surgeon were also delightful companions. We kept between us a pack of hounds to hunt jackalls. We had excellent shooting. We gave dinner and evening parties continually. I lived in a large house, a palace in fact, which belonged to the Rajah of Durbungah, who could never be prevailed upon to send in a bill for the rent—one hundred and fifty pounds a-year. Whenever I wanted a change of air and scene, there was Dinapore, not more than three hours' ride, and where there were also quartered a regiment of European Foot, and a regiment of Native Infantry. Then every cold season, at the Kajeepore fair, we had races, where some hundred and fifty gentlemen and ladies from the adjacent districts would assemble and form a large camp. It was a charming sight, those scores of snow-white tents pitched under the shade of huge mango trees, and peopled by English men, women, and children, while the countless myriads of Asiatics came from far and near to bathe in the holy waters of the Ganges and the Gunduk, which rivers there mingle their waters.

But what about my work? Do you ask me that, reader? Well to be candid, I had a nazir, head native official, who did it all for me. I had nothing to do but to sign the decrees he handed to me. People said this man grew very rich; but what was that to me? I was not such a fool as to pry into his private affairs; and I would not have parted with him for the whole world (comparatively speaking), so completely that he identified himself with my tastes, wishes, and habits. I was obliged, of course, to sit in court for a few hours every day. This was a great bore at first; but as I had a large punkah placed over the bench, and beneath it a spring couch, on which I used to recline and read a novel, whilst I smoked my hookah. The natives, I doubt not, thought the novel some law book—not that I cared for native opinion. Whenever I pulled my handkerchief over my face

and dozed, the clients and their native advocates most probably laboured under the impression that I was thinking profoundly. Some of the sweetest moments of repose that I ever enjoyed in my life were on that couch, on that bench, in that court-house in Mozuterpore, Tirhoot, in the province of Behar; and whilst I was so enjoying it, there was my pay running on to the tune of three thousand pounds a-year, and the pleasant reflection, when I awoke, that I was the Burra Sahib (great man) of the district. Not that I ever gave myself any airs. Such a course of conduct would not only have been repugnant to the feelings of Old Swivel, but positively detrimental to his interests. For Old Swivel's incapacity as a judicial functionary was so well known, that it would have been sheer madness to have made an enemy who might have blazoned it forth to the world through the medium of the newspapers to which I subscribed. By the way, it was a part and parcel of my policy, during my career in the East, to conciliate the editors of every journal. I not only subscribed to periodicals which I never read, but sent advertisements to the printers of them. I used to advertise for sale a horse, or a buggy, or a carriage, or a piano—none of which I intended to part with—and I invariably said, "Apply to the Printer." Of course, when the printer communicated with me, I invariably wrote to him and regretted that the property had been sold. I did not do this to wheedle the press into seizing an opportunity of praising so good a constituent (that is the Indian word for subscriber), but simply to make them cautious how they offended so warm a supporter, by inserting any letters to his disparagement. During the whole of my stay in the East, my name never appeared in print, except in the most complimentary, if not flattering, terms. As a magistrate, I was always "that zealous and indefatigable officer." As a judge, "that prudent, cautious, and impartial functionary." So that the beauty of my being "an awful bad bargain" was this, that the Government knew nothing at all about it, and the consequence was, that whatever I applied for (I was rather slimy in my letters to men in power), I was almost sure to get.

I had been four years a judge, and had saved money, which I invested, not in Joint Stock Banks or other companies, but in Government Securities, when an opening in Calcutta presented itself. There was a seat vacant in one of the Boards—the Revenue Board. I went my claim, and out came my appointment in the Gazette. I was told that numbers of persons asked the question, What on earth can Old Swivel know about finance? and very well they might do so. However, as I used to say, that was my affair. The secretary of the board was an amazingly clever fellow, and I went down to Calcutta predetermined to be, in every sense of the

word, a sleeping partner in the concern. I had only four more years to serve the East India Company, and I made up my mind that they should pass away as pleasantly as possible. There were two other members of the Board, and these men were continually differing with each other and with the secretary, whom I invariably supported, not upon any fixed principle, but simply because it saved me a great deal of trouble, and dispensed with the necessity of my joining in the debates of the colleagues. For this support the secretary used to write all my minutes for me; and as he really knew a great deal of what he was doing, and I knew nothing, this was a mighty convenient arrangement to both of us. I must do my colleagues the justice to say, that, although they understood perfectly well the motives which actuated me in my line of conduct, they never gave me much or any trouble by talking about it. Sometimes they were not a little annoyed when I backed up the secretary; but their anger was invariably drowned in a laugh, not at me, but with me.

I was only nine months in the Board, for there happened to be a death vacancy in the Sudder Adawlut (the high court of appeal in judicial cases); and as the salary was close upon four thousand pounds a year, and as I was bent upon taking as much money out of the Company as I could fairly—if I may use the word—I exerted all my interest (including the good-will of my colleagues, who hated the secretary, and wanted to get rid of me, his protector and defender), and was the successful candidate. When I sat alone in the Sudder Court, I was guided by the nazir (heal native official), who only troubled me to sign the decrees, which he drafted and had copied. When I sat in banco with the other judges, who never agreed upon any case, I concurred with either the one or the other; but never, by any chance, gave the reasons for my judgment. Dividing as I did my favours equally between them, and giving first one and then the other a victory, I secured in the end not only the good-will of both, but the expression of their joint opinion that I was uncommonly well up in my work. Once, by the way, in the Sudder Court, I made a little mistake, which provoked the merriment of my colleagues. There came on for hearing an appeal against a decision of the judge Sahib Bahadoor of Mozuterpore—no other person than Swivel Sahib Bahadoor, my veritable self. I knew nothing about the case; and as I did not listen (what would have been the use of listening, since I did not understand the documents in the vernacular, which were read aloud?) I was as innocent as a newborn baby that I was sitting in judgment on one of my own decrees, or, at all events, a decree for which I was responsible; and the casting vote which I gave was all the wrong way as it happened. And what made the

proceeding even more absurd still, was this: the case was appealed to the Privy Council in England, and there the decree of the Sudder Court was reversed with costs; and the judgment of Mr. Swivel, the judge of Mozutterpore, who was complimented for his admirable reasoning, upheld. Lord Brougham said it was a luminous judgment, and I have not the least doubt of it; not that I ever read it, but because my nazir at Mozutterpore was one of the ablest natives I ever encountered. This was the only piece of ill-luck that ever happened to me during my stay in India.

If I could have gone up to the Governor-General with that volume of Moore's Reports (Moore, I think, was the name of the barrister who reported to the world what the Privy Council thought of our Indian decrees), and if I could have said, "Look at that, my lord; this was a case to which I devoted my best energies," I should have got the Residency at Katmandoo in Nepaul, which was then vacant, and where I should have had the best sporting in all India (the Terai is full of tigers), a noble climate, nothing to do, and something like six thousand pounds a year, no house-rent to pay, table allowance. Ah, well! it could not be helped; it was in my destiny to lose this glorious prize; and Lord Chalkland gave it to somebody else. The newspapers paid me a somewhat oblique but prettily-turned compliment on this occasion. They said, "We hope that in future Mr. Swivel will adhere to his first impressions, the offspring of a sagacious mind schooled by experience and hard study of the regulations of government and of native character. Mr. Swivel's original interpretation of Act seventeen, of eighteen hundred and nine, was all that the great Lord Brougham has described; while his summing-up, as to the credibility or otherwise of the various witnesses, was as masterly as that of any judge who ever adorned the Bench in Great Britain. Deference to the opinion of a senior judge in the Sudder Court may be all very well: but a functionary of Mr. Swivel's well-merited reputation should always bear in mind, *Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines.*" What these Latin words mean I really don't know. I have simply copied them, as I have done the entire paragraph, from my common-place book, in which I always pasted every paragraph that had allusion to myself.

When I was ripe for my pension, I retired on my one thousand pounds a year and the interest of my savings. My account with the East India Company stands thus: I served them for twenty-one years, received in pay thirty-two thousand one hundred and fifty pounds, and a pension of one thousand pounds per annum. What I did for them the reader knows. It might have been worse. But if it had not been for that unfortunate little mistake in the Sudder, it would have been decidedly better. However, I

ought not to complain, and I do not complain. I am now enjoying myself at home on my pension, &c. and am never so happy as when I am looking into the shop-windows in London or Paris. I am only fifty-four, and look much younger I fancy; and whenever any one, either seriously or in jest, asks me, "How's your liver?" I can reply with all truthfulness, "Quite well, thank you." I fully expected to be appointed one of the Council for India; but I regret extremely to say, the minister for our Eastern dominions takes no pains to seek out and reward unsoliciting merit; and I am too proud and too comfortable to think of putting myself forward, notwithstanding my great qualification for the office; namely, that as I never gave myself any trouble about India, her finance, the language, habits, customs, and religions of her people, I should be the last man in the world to trouble his lordship with any opinions there anent; and that is more than some who have seats, and who are as ignorant and as listless as myself, can conscientiously declare.

What a lucky dog I was to have got my appointment to the Bengal Civil Service before these competitive examinations were brought into fashion. In the forcible but not very classical phraseology of the late Baron Alderson, when he alluded to the probable amount of damages a plaintiff would receive, I should have got as many marks as I could have put in my eye and not see any the worse out of it.

MISS SAINT FELIX.

SHE was not handsome; but she was very very pretty—the prettiest little Irish girl that I ever beheld! (said the old lady. † She had golden hair and dark blue eyes, a compact and elastic figure, and the tiniest feet and hands. She was not more than eighteen when she landed in Sydney as a convict, under sentence of transportation for life. She did not arrive till eighteen hundred and twenty-seven or eighteen hundred and twenty-eight; and during the administration of Sir Ralph Darling. The Special System was now utterly defunct, and all convicts were to be treated alike, without the least reference to what had been their former condition.

In point of strictness that was no doubt, very proper and very just; but to those who remembered the lenient administration of General Macquarie and Sir Thomas Brisbane, it appeared harsh in the extreme.

The Major and myself left Sydney shortly after the departure of General Macquarie from the colony, and went to live on an estate, which had been granted to us, in the vicinity of Campbell Town. The Major sold his commission, and had now nothing further to do with public life. He was still in the Commission of the Peace; but that was all.

† See page 596 of the last volume.

The girl, Annie Saint Felix, whom I have mentioned, was assigned to some neighbours of ours (our nearest neighbours, for they lived only six miles off), the Prestons, and very nice people they were. Captain Preston early in life had held a commission in the Foot Guards, and inherited a considerable fortune; but having run through his money, he sold his commission and retired, with the proceeds, to the wilds of Australia, and became a settler. Mrs. Preston, who was a lady of aristocratic birth and breeding, was one of the kindest-hearted beings in existence, and their son's and daughters, a goodly number of each, ranging from fourteen to three years of age, were without any exception, remarkably fine and well-behaved children. The eldest was a daughter.

One morning I had a visit from Mrs. Preston. She wanted to ask my advice, she said, on a very delicate matter, that she scarcely liked to act upon her own judgment, and Captain Preston had declared himself incompetent to assist her. On asking her what was her difficulty, the following dialogue took place between us:

"You are aware," she began, "that I applied for a needlewoman?"

"Yes," I replied. "Have you got one?"

"No; but a young girl has been assigned to us who can do needlework."

"Then, that is all you require of her?"

"True. But she happens to be a young lady by birth, and is, moreover, a highly educated girl."

"Well, she is none the worse for those qualities, as you only want her for needlework. What was her crime? Did you ask her?"

"Yes, and she replied, 'Murder, madam! My brother was hanged; but I am sorry to say they spared my life!'"

"Murder? Dear me. Did you question her further?"

"No," said Mrs. Preston. "When she pronounced the word murder, my blood ran cold, and I trembled from head to foot. Now, what I wish to ask you is, would you keep a girl under your roof who had been guilty of such a crime?"

"What sort of a disposition has she?"

"She is as gentle, seemingly, as she is pretty and graceful. It was, indeed, her kind and gentle manner towards the children, and her well-selected language that induced me to say to her, on the third day she had been with us—yesterday, in fact—when we were alone in the nursery, 'Dear me, Annie, what could have brought a girl of your stamp and education to this colony? Of course, as soon as she pronounced the word murder, I lost all power of speech, and have scarcely spoken to her since. To tell you the truth I feel rather afraid of her.'"

"Pretty girls have often a wicked expression of countenance. It is she or no?"

"On the contrary, she has a voice like

that of a bird. I wish you would come over, see her, talk to her, and tell me what you think of her. You can stay the night, you know."

Mrs. Preston had aroused my curiosity. When I was one of the lady visiting-matrons of the factory at Paramatta, I had discoursed with several women who had committed murder in England, Ireland, or Scotland; but they were all women of a very inferior station in life. I agreed to accompany my friend, and as soon as the Major had completed his (unpaid) magisterial duties on the bench, and had returned home, we all three set out together; Mrs. Preston driving me in her gig, and the Major riding, on the right-hand side, on horseback.

When I first saw the girl I was very much struck with her appearance. Her hair was brushed back off her forehead, and arranged as plainly as possible. On her head was a little white three-cornered cap, such as all maid-servants wore in those days; her dress was of common druggot of a dark chocolate colour, and around her slender waist was tied a gingham apron, which Mrs. Preston had given to her. She was then sewing and talking to the little children, who were playing around her knees. When we left the nursery, I exclaimed to Mrs. Preston:

"That a murderess! I do not believe her."

"But," urged Mrs. Preston, "she says she is; and why should she confess to having committed so diabolical a crime, if it be untrue?"

While Captain Preston and the Major were drinking their claret after dinner, and were talking about their crops and their cattle, Mrs. Preston and myself paid another visit to the nursery. By the light of the wood fire and the candle, the girl looked even prettier than by daylight. After Mrs. Preston had put several questions to her, concerning the children and the work she had in hand, and had received the girl's replies, I said:

"Your mistress has told me that which I can scarcely credit. She tells me you were convicted of murder."

"It is quite true, madam," said the girl, blushing almost crimson.

"What could have prompted a girl like you," I said, "to think, even, of taking the life of a fellow-creature?"

"I will tell you, madame," she sighed.

"Sit down, Annie; you must be tired after your day's labours," said Mrs. Preston, taking a chair near the fire (an example which I followed).

The girl obeyed—sat down opposite to us, and, gazing steadfastly at the blazing logs on the hearth, in the following words told her story:

"My brother (who was five years my senior) and myself were orphans, and were living under the roof of an uncle (my father's

eldest brother), on an island in the north of Ireland. We had a cousin, one of the loveliest and most amiable girls that ever lived, and she was engaged to be married to a Mr. Kennedy, a gentleman of large property, who lived on the same island, and within a few miles of my uncle's house. When all was prepared for the wedding, this gentleman— if he deserves the title of gentleman—broke off the match. That was cruel enough, seeing that our cousin loved him devotedly; but he had the wickedness to express, as a reason for his baseness, a suspicion which, if true, would have blasted not only my cousin's character, but that also of my brother. The horrible nature of this accusation, and its utter falsity, added to her disappointment, so preyed upon the girl's mind, that, after pining in hopeless grief for a month, she sunk into her grave: dying of a broken heart. On the night of her burial, my brother, frantic with rage and grief, vowed that, on the first opportunity that presented itself, he would take Mr. Kennedy's life. I knelt beside him, and vowed that I would share in his revenge.

For weeks and months Mr. Kennedy, who knew the determined character of my brother, and of the vow that he had made, kept within the boundaries of his own estate. This, however, did not calm our passionate feelings. On the contrary, it exasperated them, and our purpose had become the more settled. Often and often would my brother say to me, and I to him, 'Are you staidist in your vow?' And the answer we invariably gave each other was 'Yes.' One afternoon—about four months after the death of our cousin—one of the servants informed my brother that Mr. Kennedy had been seen riding in the direction of a little fishing town. He immediately ordered his own horse and mine to be saddled; and, arming himself with a brace of pistols, we both galloped in pursuit of Mr. Kennedy. We had not ridden more than three miles when we saw him. As we galloped on the turf, and not on the hard road, he did not hear the sound of our horses' hoofs, and we were close upon him. As soon as he recognised us, he put spurs to his horse; but his steed was not so swift of foot as were ours, and, just as he was entering the town, we overtook him. He then became deadly pale, and begged for mercy. But in vain. I seized his horse's bridle, and said, 'Now, Francis,' whereupon my brother put his pistol to Mr. Kennedy's left breast, and drew the trigger. Mr. Kennedy fell from his horse—a dead man! Such was the crime for which my brother lost his life on the scaffold, and for which I was sent to this colony for the term of my natural life. I wished to die with my brother; but it was walled otherwise."

"And do you not repent?" I asked.

"Yes," the girl sighed. "I try to think of

my cousin's sufferings, and of her death, and of the pain, the agony of mind, which my uncle and every member of our family endured, when Mr. Kennedy falsely branded us with dishonour; but the deep awe of my crime weakens even those recollections, and my life is a life of remorse and mental expansion." Here she paused; and, hiding her face with her hands, she shed tears.

At this moment Mrs. Preston's eldest son, a boy of twelve years of age, came into the nursery, and said, "Papa was in some more wine, mamma. Will you send him the keys of the cellarette?" On observing the girl shedding tears, he approached her; and, placing his hand gently on her shoulder, he said, in a very gentle tone of voice which touched both his mother and myself:

"What is the matter, Annie? I hope mamma has not been scolding you?"

"No, Master Charles," she replied. "Your mamma has been very kind to me."

"Then why do you cry?" the boy demanded.

Mrs. Preston and myself rejoiced our husbands, leaving Master Charles with the girl, to whom, in common with all his brothers and sisters, he was already very much attached. Even before we left the room, he patted her upon the head, and begged her to dry her eyes.

Captain Preston and the Major were both much moved, when we recounted to them what we had just heard. Had it been previous to eighteen hundred and twenty, which was about the date of General Macquarie's departure from Sydney, we should have had very little difficulty in doing for Annie Saint Felix what had been done for Kate Crawford; or, at all events, we could have obtained for her a conditional pardon, which would have rendered her a free woman in the colony and its dependencies. But, with the then governor, so far from having any interest, the Major and Captain Preston were such objects of dislike, that they were never invited to the government-house. This was in consequence of the opinions they had openly expressed of the governor's conduct, in having two private soldiers flogged in the barrack-square, and drummed out of the regiment, after they had been sentenced to be transported by the Civil Tribunal. The fact was that the men died of the severe flogging they had received—the one in the jail, and the other in the general hospital, to which institution he was removed in his last moments. The names of these men were Sadds and Thompson.

So far as my husband was concerned, an order was secretly passed that no more convict-servants were to be assigned to him; but to Captain Preston this order had not yet been extended, inasmuch as he had been less emphatic in his denunciations. Into the merits of this question I have no wish to enter. No doubt too much leniency had been

shown during the two preceding administrations; but I am, nevertheless, disposed to think that Sir Ralph Darling rushed into the opposite extreme, and by the adoption of so severe a code led to those dissensions between the governed and the governing, which convulsed the colony till the arrival of his successor, Sir Richard Bourke.

"But what became of Annie Saint Felix?" I asked.

She remained with the Prestons for five years. She was to them a perfect treasure—acting, as she did, as housekeeper, nurse, and governess. Go whenever you would into the house, you found Annie always busily engaged, and yet always in demand. From morning till night, from one quarter or the other, there was a call for Annie! So patiently, and so quietly, too, did she perform her multitudinous duties, that it was really a pleasure to watch her movements. Captain and Mrs. Preston respected her; their children loved her tenderly; the male convicts on the estate obeyed her orders with cheerfulness, and the female convicts (this was, perhaps, the highest testimonial in her favour) abstained from reminding her that she was only their equal. As for the guests who were entertained by the Prestons, they not only admired Annie's pretty person and most decorous demeanor, but they envied the lady of the house and her extraordinary good fortunes. I need scarcely say that she was treated as a gentlewoman, who, when a young girl, had assisted in the commission of the greatest of all crimes under very peculiar if not extenuating circumstances, and whose conduct, apart from her crime, was entirely blameless. She did not, of course, sit at the same table with her employers (I cannot speak of them as master and mistress), but she had a room to herself, and seemingly comprehended her position so completely, that she was never guilty of the slightest encroachments.

After the birth of her eleventh child, Mrs. Preston had a very serious and painful illness. Annie tended her with all that care and affection of which her gentle nature was so capable; and, at the same time, kept the house quiet, the establishment in order, and Captain Preston's wants—he was selfish and exacting, though a well-bred man, and a perfect gentleman—ministered unto in every respect. But Mrs. Preston sank under her grievous malady—and died, to the great sorrow of every one who had enjoyed her acquaintance.

For a year after his wife's death Captain Preston never left his home—never went beyond the precincts of his own domain. But, at the expiration of that period, he paid us a visit, and as it was near our dinner hour, six o'clock, we invited him to stay and partake of the meal with us. He assented. We offered to send over a groom to his house to make known that he might not be

expected until after ten or eleven. He replied that we need not do so, as he had intimated to Annie that he intended to stay the night at Macquarie House (such was the name of our estate). We were rejoiced to hear this, albeit there was something in Captain Preston's manner and discourse which betokened that he was very unquiet and unsettled in his mind.

During dinner, and for some time afterwards, the Captain was not only absent, silent, or incoherent when he spoke, but he glared occasionally at the Major and myself after a very odd and suspicious manner. The dinner over, the cloth removed, and the dessert placed upon the table, our guest said that his object in paying us a visit that day was to impart some information, and that he hoped and trusted the course he was about to pursue would not involve the forfeiture of our friendship. "You are aware," proceeded Captain Preston, "of the situation in which I was placed, when I had the misfortune to lose my wife, notwithstanding I could command the services of one on whom such implicit confidence could be placed. I allude of course to Annie Saint Felix. To all of my children, from my daughter, who is now verging into womanhood, down to the little one, which can scarcely walk alone, her behaviour has been such that my esteem and regard for her has at length resolved itself into an ardent affection. I love Annie Saint Felix, and if she will accept the offer I am about to make her, she shall become my wife. Yes, I will marry my bondswoman, for mistressness, that is her title. Whatever may be the opinion of the world I will brave it."

"She is a worthy creature," said the Major, heartily, "and, with such a partner, there would be no particular valour in braving the opinion of the world. In the presence of my own wife, I desire to tell you, Preston, that, if I were in your position, my own feelings should be my sole counselor."

"You are silent," said the Captain, addressing me, and placing his elbow on the table, he rested his head on the palm of his hand, his long brown hair falling out between his white and tapered fingers. He gazed at me very intently when he uttered these three words—"You are silent?"

"I was thinking," I replied to him, in a solemn tone of voice, and meeting his gaze with one of equal intensity, "of a scene which I should never have mentioned, or alluded to, had it not been for what you have just stated."

"What scene?" he demanded, rather abruptly.

"A scene that occurred on the night which preceded that of your wife's death. I was with her, if you remember. Annie Saint Felix, worn out and exhausted by continual watching, had fallen asleep in the arm-chair.

Your wife motioned me to place my ear to her lips. I did so. With an effort she raised her head from the pillow, fixed her eyes on the sleeping girl, and whispered to me, "it my husband should ever think of marrying again, I hope that she will be his choice."

Captain Preston rose passionately from his chair, and grasped my hand. "You have plucked from my mind the most anxious doubt that for several weeks past has literally haunted it. I have asked myself over and over again,—What would she have said?"

"Have you put the question to Miss Saint Felix?" the Major inquired.

"No," said Captain Preston; "but I will do so to-morrow."

Annie at first objected to become the wife of Captain Preston, although she was very much attached to him. She was afraid that his union with her would prejudice his position in the colony, and eventually make him unhappy. But, at last, her scruples were overcome, and on one lovely winter-morning in the month of June Captain Preston led Annie to the altar, where their hands were joined. The Major and myself, as well as these neighbours with whom we associated, were present; and, albeit the church in point of structure bore a very strong resemblance to an English barn, and there were no merry peals of bells, still there were joyous faces to greet the newly wedded pair when the ceremony concluded. They lived very happily together, and Annie became the mother of a little boy.

About eighteen months after this event Captain Preston unexpectedly inherited a large property in England. The amount of income may have been exaggerated; but rumour put it down at fifteen thousand pounds a-year. The Captain's presence was required in England, but he would not leave the colony until he could be accompanied by his wife. Remember that she was still a convict under sentence of transportation for the term of her natural life, though the most debased and brutal person in existence would never have dreamt of reminding her of that frightful fact.

It must have been a bitterly painful interview that which Captain Preston had with the governor of the colony; but it resulted in the removal of the obstacle which lay in the way of Annie's returning to Europe, and they left New South Wales to the very great regret of my husband and myself, and of many others.

The last time I saw Annie before she left the colony was in the streets of Sydney. She was leaning on the arm of her stepson, Charles Preston, who was then a tall youth of twenty years of age, and an ensign in a Regiment of Foot. He regarded his mother (as he always spoke of her) with a look so replete with filial affection,—spoke to her so kindly and so gently—seemed so proud of her (for she was still a very

pretty woman) that my liking for him was far in excess of what it had been when he was only a boy.

AN EXECUTOR.

SILAS NESTEGG, ESQUIRE, having died suddenly, appointed me his executor, in conjunction with a gentleman whom I had never before heard of. I did not refuse the trust, as it was forced upon me by friendship; although I had no recollection of ever being consulted on the subject. Silas Nestegg was always extremely uncommunicative upon matters connected with his property, and I was always very unwilling to ask him any questions.

My deceased friend was one of those quiet, restless speculators, who are very common amongst middle-aged gentlemen of leisure commanding a certain amount of floating capital. He was always running down to the City for the purpose of selling out of something, buying into something else, and spreading his money over the greatest possible area. He was part of the tank in a large water-works; he was a station on an engine on a Canadian railway; he was twenty yards of road-pipes in a leading gas factory; he was half of a fishing-smack, and two-thirds of a steam tug-boat; he was so many tons of French bread that went into the mouths of French soldiers, and so many pounds of Austrian lead that went into these soldiers' hearts; he was a blind-alley in a Welsh coal-min; a dozen yards of electric cable at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean; another dozen yards of the same material about to be flung into the Red Sea; he was two omnibuses and six pairs of horses; he was five hundred sovereigns shovelled about on a banker's counter; he was eighty gallons of the finest gin turied out of a London joint-stock distillery; he was ready to carry the post-office mails; to provide for the widow on the death of her husband; to compensate the railway traveller for a smashed nose, or a wooden leg; to put out a fire or to make good the loss; to build a theatre to amuse a chapel, or to build a chapel to fulminate against a theatre. In short, he was that machine of universal adaptability, without thought, sentiment, or feeling, except for the everlasting per-centages—a capitalist who dabbled a little in almost every investment.

Some of the shares and undertakings I was not surprised to find, as I had heard of them, at different times, from my late friend's own mouth; but most of them came upon me quite unexpectedly.

Those I had heard of turned out to be the safe and profitable investments, while those I had never heard of were the dead leaves of the capitalist's cash-box. The late Silas Nestegg, Esquire, was never known to admit that his judgment had led him into anything like a failure.

Some of the unavoidable detail of this sudden trust duty was attended to by my late friend's solicitors: but much more—and that, perhaps, the most troublesome and responsible portion—fell upon me and my co-executor.

My co-executor was the mildest of all existing business men. He had no opinion of his own, and no voice to enforce it. He was small in body, weak in spirit, and feeble in mind. He was thin, fair, fifty-six, always scrupulously clean, and always dressed in old-fashioned tied shoes, that were like dancing-pumps.

He left everything to me; he listened attentively to everything I said, and he merely repeated a few of the last words I had uttered, which he looked upon as an answer. His name was Ebenezer Nutmeg, and he was very particular in informing me that he was no relation of the deceased, in case I should think so from the similarity of surname.

The difficulties attendant upon winding up a complicated estate were increased in the present instance, by the character of the people amongst whom we had to divide the property.

The chief legatee was a nephew of the late Silas Nestegg, Esquire (who died a bachelor), a muscular ruffian about thirty-five, who had been to sea; who had tried a digger's life or something of that kind, in California, without success; who had left the country after nearly killing a man in San Francisco over a game of dominoes; and who was found upon being advertised for, as a private soldier in a regiment of the line, with a very bad character, a love of raw brandy, and a tendency to delirium tremens. His commanding officers candidly told us, after we had paid the regulation amount to buy him off, that they would gladly have parted with him for half the money.

Besides this hopeful ward, whose interests we were bound to attend to under the strictest penalties of the law, we were brought into contact with a number of small legatees, of different degrees of relationship to the deceased capitalist. The smaller their claims under the will, the more importunate the claimants, the more suspicious of our legal authority over the property, and the more indignant at our alleged slowness in proceeding to realise and divide. There was one thin, middle-aged lady, whose legacy was something less than a hundred pounds, who was always waiting to see me when I came down-stairs in the morning, and who wrote me plaintive letters—not unlike begging-letters—when any business or pleasure took me out of town for a few days. She was pinched and shabby in appearance; she took snuff; she carried an umbrella and wore pattens; she always sat on the extreme edge of a chair, till she seemed in momentary danger of slipping off: and she held a glass

of wine or a cup of tea mincingly in her hands, which were always encased in long claw-like, faded, and darned black gloves. She had lived for many years without requiring parochial assistance, or without being taken to jail for debt; but the prospect of this small legacy seemed all at once, to overwhelm her with misfortune. The Broker's man had just that morning been put into possession of her apartments for one quarter's rent, and could I advance her five or ten pounds on her account? I must know how extremely inconvenient it was for a maiden lady like herself to lodge in the same rooms with a broker's man; and if it had not been for a sympathetic female in the same house, who lent her half a bed, she would have been compelled to walk about the streets all night, as she had no money to procure another lodging. My refusals only brought her back again, morning after morning, to rate me loudly, at last, upon my hard-hearted conduct.

"It's all very well for you," she said, glancing round my breakfast parlour, "who recline in the lap of luxury, but how would you like all your things to be standing on a truck in the street?"

"Not at all," I replied; "but that has nothing to do with my duties as a trustee."

"That's where my little hard-earned property will be then in a few minutes," she continued, not heeding my last remark, and bursting into tears. "I left them cording up the boxes, and throwing the crockery about, as I came away."

I was compelled to advance her five-and-twenty pounds out of my own pocket before I could get rid of her, although I had no idea whether the property spread about as it was, would realise any of the legacies after the sales were effected, and the debts were paid.

My co-executor fared even worse than I did: for the rampant nephew had found him out, and had favoured him with several unseasonable visits in a triumphant state of drink.

This hopeful legatee had already placed himself in funds, by means of a small bill transaction with a trusting friend; and as the bill had arrived at maturity without being paid, and the trusting friend began to get anxious for his capital and interest, the hopeful legatee was easily prevailed upon to make a demonstration against his tardy, self-interested trustees, especially as he was naturally inclined for such a hostile proceeding.

"Look here," he said. "I'm not a-going to be kept out o' my property in this way. Hand over the stuff."

"Hand over the stuff! Exactly," answered my timid co-executor. "Pray, sir, let me beg of you, sir, not to make such a noise, as you see I'm only in lodgings."

"I don't know anything about lodgings,"

returned the hopeful legatee, even more noisily than before, and striding about the apartment, which was on the first-floor. "I can't live upon air, can I? D'y'e want me to beg in the streets?"

"Not exactly," replied my timid co-executor, in his way; "you can't live upon air, can you? You don't want to beg in the streets? Pray, sir, let me implore you, sir; my landlady's very particular, and I think she's alarmed at the noise."

"Noise be jiggered!" continued the hopeful legatee, "she'll be alarmed at more than that, if I don't get fifty pound. There's no Court o' Chancery about me; I can take care o' myself without any law."

"Without any law, exactly, sir; pray, sir, don't strike the table, sir, because it's not mine."

Of course my timid co-executor was worked upon by these violent actions to advance various sums of money to the hopeful legatee, at different times, until the amount had reached something like two hundred pounds. He complained to me that this was not the worst effect of the legatee's visit, as his landlady—by whom he seemed to be governed, although he was never back in his rent—had already begun to suspect that the noisy visitor had some mysterious claim upon him, as an illegitimate or discarded son.

In all cases of sale and payment I had to consult my co-executor, although his character rendered this ceremony a purely formal matter.

"I think," I have often said, when one of the knotty points arose, which were constantly presenting themselves during the progress of our trusteeship, "we had better not incur any further responsibility without the advice of our solicitor?"

"Without the advice of our solicitor? exactly," he always replied; "we had better not go any further without the advice of our solicitor."

The advice of our solicitor was not worth much when obtained, except that it gave a legal sanction to our proceedings. On all occasions, when a question of extraordinary responsibility was involved, our solicitor flew for safety to counsel's opinion. By these means the risk (if any) was transferred from the shoulders of the attorney, who would have been responsible, to the shoulders of the barrister, who was not responsible, and so it came back in due course to us, that is, to me, being burdened through its journey with much writing, much talking, and much expense.

Time and industry enabled us, at last, to realise every variety of eccentric security, without much loss to the estate, except a positively inconvertible share in a joint-stock government annuity, called a Tontine.

A Tontine is, I believe, a scheme by which a number of persons subscribe a certain sum each to a fund, under Treasury management,

in consideration of which payment, they each receive a certain annuity up to the period of their respective deaths, when the whole of their lapsed interest is transferred to the credit of the survivors. The one who lives the longest thus becomes the recipient of all the annuities of his dead partners, and when he dies, in his turn, the yearly payment ceases. His claim, as long as he lives, may be transferred to any assignee, the only condition of payment being that he shall be produced personally at the office, except in cases of certified illness, or other, when satisfactory evidence of his existence must be tendered.

The late Silas Nestegg, Esquire, at the time of his death, was the holder and assignee of a share of this kind for a considerable sum, which had been transferred to him as consideration for a debt by the original owner, who was now the sole survivor—the last man—of this particular Tontine. The annuity payable upon this share became due twice a-year, in two equal amounts, and constituted a small or labor and trouble long after all the other duties of an estate had been discharged and almost forgotten. The faded female legatee had disappeared, having got some one to marry her on the strength of her property (the hundred pounds, less money drawn on account) and her excellent expectations: the hopeful legatee, who had never been sober since the day of his coming into his property, had kicked himself by tumbling head first from the top of an omnibus; my feeble co-executor had married his landlady, which produced such a marked change in his character, that on one occasion (probably stimulated by his wife) he positively refused to sign a necessary document, for fear of getting into trouble, and lent to our solicitor, before retiring in disgust from active co-executorship, that I had not consulted him upon important points of business in a respectful and proper manner. All these things, and many others had occurred, and still I was left to collect the half-yearly payments of the Tontine annuity.

It was no easy task. The annuitant was a rather vulgar, restless man who was always alive—and kicking. The annuity had been purchased for him when young, by a thoughtful relative, and he might now have been in the quiet enjoyment of it, but for an unfortunate tendency to inebriety. At the late Silas Nestegg, Esquire, was always ready to invest in any undertaking, without much investigation, the Tontine annuitant was always ready to conduct any undertaking, without any special knowledge or experience. This affinity of character may have been the cause of bringing the two me.—the dead and the living—together in the relation of creditor and debtor.

The Tontine annuitant, at the time when I wanted him, could never be reached. He had no longer any interest in obtaining the pay-

ment of the annuity, and he, therefore, never presented himself to prove his existence till he was sought out and fetched. He had always to get out all about it. When I proposed to give him a percentage upon the receipts, in order to secure his attendance, our counsel—or rather my solicitor, as I was now compelled to move individually—consulted counsel, as usual, who told the attorney, as usual, who then told me, that the man gave me no power whatever to act in such a sensible manner. There was no course left open but to use all due diligence in finding the Tontine annuitant when he was wanted, which I was bound to do in my capacity of trustee, under penalty of all the terrors of the Court of Chancery. My plan was to watch the published insolvents list, which saved me a good deal of useless labour. To go to any shop or house that had been in the possession of the Tontine annuitant on the day of payment, was only to find it empty and closed, or with another name on the door-plate or over the window front. The explanation of this peculiar reticence on the part of the Tontine annuitant was found in his description when he came before the commissioner. He had always been trading under the firm of Inkstand and Co., as general merchants; he had always been

at one street, then at another street, and afterwards renting furnished apartments in another street, while he followed no trade or occupation; he had always been a director of a company, a manager of a gold mining company, and auditor of some provident tradesmen's association, an accountant, a photographic artist, a temperance lecturer, or speaking convert, a chorus singer, a dealer in pictures, an author, a public reader of plays, a traveller on commission, and a

keeper of a servants' registry office. He had always been acting part of the time as a house-agent at the new marine settlement or Stillwater, and during the whole of the time had given lessons in animal magnetism and the art of clairvoyance.

All this apparent industry and activity never seemed to meet with a substantial reward, and he went as regularly to Portugal Street for the benefit of the Act, as some people do to the Bank of England for the benefit of the dividends. He knew all the Commissioners of Insolvency, with their temper, their prejudices, their weaknesses, and their peculiar interpretations of the law, and he was almost as much interested in the death or retirement of one of these judges as the crowd of rising old barristers who hoped to get the appointment.

So far my Tontine annuitant was always to be found; but the trouble of searching for him in the particularly stifling atmosphere of a Portugal Street law court, or the equally unsavoury atmosphere of a Portugal Street tavern, had soon too little of novelty about it to make it any longer agreeable. I had seriously begun to consider what course I could adopt to secure him in one spot, and had even written to a friend who had some interest about procuring him a government appointment, when, to my great regret, I heard that he had suddenly sailed for British Columbia to introduce a new system of life and life insurance. I have used all due diligence as a trustee to find him out, by writing a few letters to the colony, without obtaining any reply; and I consider my labours as an Executor finally closed. I never expect to see my Tontine annuitant again, and I shall certainly never blindly accept another similar trust.

A LAST HOUSEHOLD WORD.

The first page of the first of these Nineteen Volumes, was devoted to a Preliminary Word from the writer by whom they were projected, under whose constant supervision they have been produced, and whose name has been—as his pen and himself have been—inseparable from the Publication ever since.

The last page of the last of these Nineteen Volumes, is closed by the same hand.

He knew perfectly well, knowing his own rights, and his means of attaining them, that it *could not be* but that this Work must stop, if he chose to stop it. He therefore announced, many weeks ago, that it would be discontinued on the day on which this final Number bears date. The public have read a great deal to the contrary, and will observe that it has not in the least affected the result.

THE END OF THE NINETEENTH VOLUME, AND OF THE SERIES.

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